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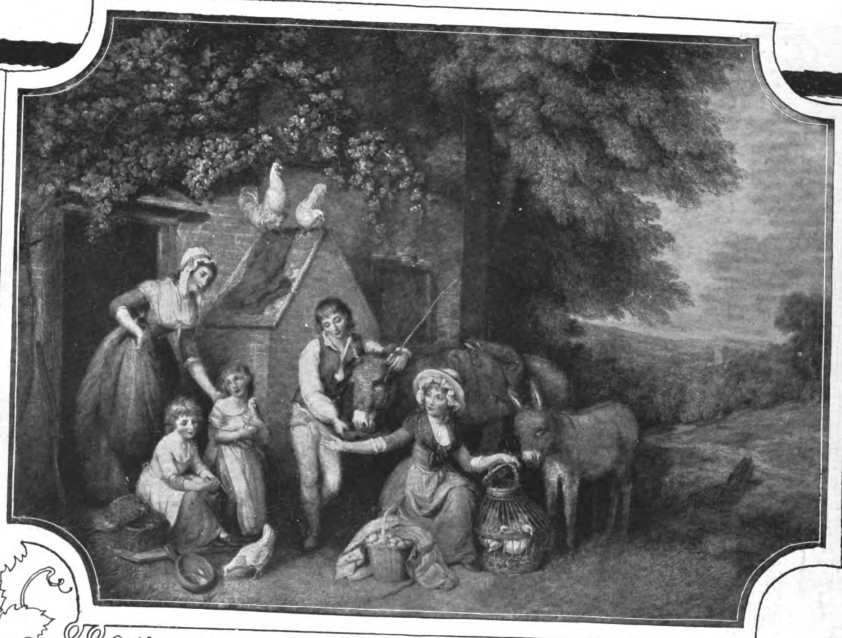

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1924.

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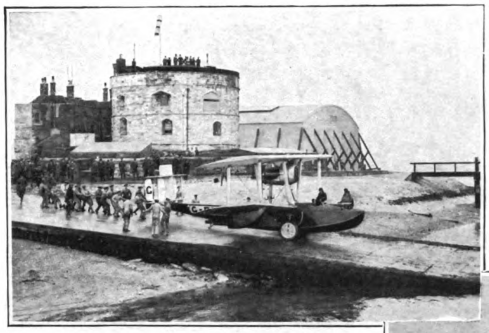
THE QUEEN OF A DEPOSED MONARCH: QUEEN ELIZABETH, WIFE OF KING GEORGE II. OF GREECE.

The Greek Assembly at Athens on March 25 passed a unanimous resolution proclaiming the dethronement of the Glucksburg Dynasty, depriving the members of the dynasty of all right of succession to the throne, and forbidding their sojourn in Greece. The resolution also proclaimed Greece to be a Republic, on condition that such decision be confirmed by the people by a plebiscite (to be held on April 13). Another clause authorised the forcible expropriation of the property belonging to all members of the deposed dynasty. Queen Elizabeth of Greece is the eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania, and her marriage to King George II., eldest son of the late King Constantine, took place in February 1921. They left Athens, in accordance with a decision of the Greek Cabinet, on December 18 last, and went to stay with Queen Elizabeth's parents at Bucharest. Ever since their departure the question of deposing the dynasty has been much discussed. After the announcement of the deposition the Monarchist leaders in Athens issued a strong protest.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIETTA.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE never been able to understand why certain ideas that are utterly different do, in practice, go together. I should be puzzled if I found that the same man who approved of chewing tobacco had a horror of smoking tobacco. But I am compelled to admit that the same man who makes a particular point of vegetables as food often has a particular horror of vegetables in fermentation. I should be much mystified if somebody were always urging two men on to quarrel and always imploring them not to fight. Yet I find that the very men who approve of other men going to war always denounce them as going to war when they are going on strike; and the very men who talk about declaring war when they declare a strike also talk as if all war was wicked. In the industrial struggle and the international struggle, the Pacifist and the Militarist always seem to change sides. The very man who says that international quarrels can always be settled by arbitration is the man who says that industrial quarrels cannot. Now I have great sympathy with the sense of industrial injustice, but I never can understand why those who think it right to resist injustice from a fellow citizen seem to think it wrong to resist injustice from a foreigner. I cannot understand why on earth the man who waves the red flag in the one case must wave the white flag in the other; thought personally I vastly prefer the red flag to the white. The flag I hate most is pink.



JUST BEFORE THE START OF THE BRITISH ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT: THE MACHINE ON THE SLIP-WAY AT CALSHOT, WHERE THE LEADER'S WIFE (MRS. MACLAREN) WAS TAKEN FOR A PRELIMINARY TRIAL TRIP.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

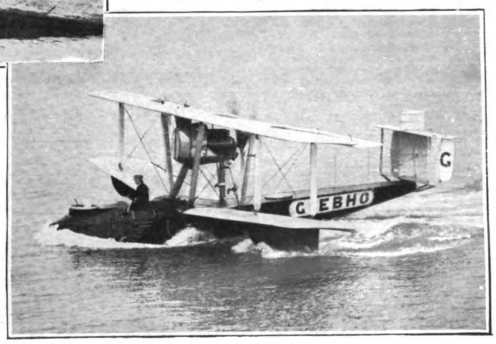
As some of the Labour leaders, in discussing armaments, have begun again to talk at large about Christianity and peace, it may be well to get our ideas clear about such things, or at least a little clearer than theirs. Now to begin with, there is a complication here that has nothing to do with the old notion of non-resistance as held by a Quaker or a Quietist. Somebody said recently that it was the duty of England to be the martyr among nations, as Christ had been the martyr among men. That is what all of us would call mysticism, and some of us would call madness; but it has a dark dignity of its own, and is akin to the madness of some great mystics. But that is not the thesis we are now asked to accept. One of the Labour politicians said the other day that the nation which first adopted a complete disarmament would be the safest nation in the world. But nobody ever said that the martyr was the safest man in the world. Nobody ever said that Christ was the safest being who ever bore the form of man. It may or may not be right to suffer martyrdom, but the martyrs did suffer martyrdom. The new Pacifists are actually falling back on what they would reject as the most fantastic and credulous of all the miraculous legends: the stories of how the executioner's arm was withered before he could strike the blow, or the curling flames pointed away from the victim and against the wind. They believe not only that a man should turn his left cheek, but that the other man will cut off his right hand.

Now the theory of the martyr nation is at least logical, but it does logically mean martyrdom. It means that, rather than arm ourselves with wicked weapons, we would see England laid waste like Serbia, tortured like Armenia, enslaved like Poland, subjected to centuries of oppression like Ireland. Most of us would see moral difficulties in this corporate sacrifice or suicide. One of the most obvious is that we should not only be sacrificing our fellow-citizens, whom we might or might not have consulted, but also our descendants, whom we could not possibly consult. Most of us would begin to fall back on the saner notion of the non-combatant as it was limited in the case of a monk or a nun; the notion that a person has a right to surrender himself without resistance, but not to surrender other people without consulting them. The old Christian idea of a counsel of perfection was also a counsel of common-sense. It was a piece of sanity, and in a sense a part of property and liberty. A man might allow people to pull his nose if he thought it would help to save his soul. It was his nose and it was his soul. He might make a present of his nose to a passer-by, as he might make a present of his goods to the poor. But he must not begin giving away other people's noses on any large scale, because they might take a more normal view of the nose problem. They might be disposed to insist on their rights, and (so to speak) to stand on their noses.

But nobody can seriously pretend that by merely offering his nose in the street, with a fascinating smile, a man will prevent it from being pulled. There are so many obvious motives for pulling it; including the smile. In the international case the motives are still more obvious; indeed, if they did not exist, the Pacifists would have no wars to denounce. And the case of the Pacifists is particularly extraordinary in face of what they are always denouncing. They are always denouncing France, for instance; they are always drawing dreadful pictures of her murderous militarism, of her arrogant aggression, of her swaggering trick of rattling the sabre or shaking the mailed fist. But if a hundredth part of what they say about France were true, it would be enough to prove that what they say about peace is untrue. If it is true that the armed man is so entirely wicked, it cannot be true that the unarmed man is entirely safe. Even if the whole of militarism is madness, it is enough to show that the whole of humanity is not sane. Their argument consists of two parts. First they prove that non-resistance is as heroic as martyrdom because martyrdom is the same as safety; and then they prove that their enemies are so wicked that it must be safe to treat them as friends.

The truth is simple enough. France does not believe in that Messianic notion of history that hangs about in the air for all our Nonconformists; especially, for instance, for a typical Nonconformist like Mr. H. G. Wells. France does not believe that wars are always just at the very point of disappearing for ever; any more than that quarrels such as family quarrels or lovers' quarrels are on the point of disappearing for ever. France believes, rightly or wrongly, that there is a certain texture of human experience which, though rather intricate, is pretty tough. She does not believe in the war that will end war, or the love-affair that will end love, or the new religion that will destroy all religions, or the new marriage in which nobody will be married, or the new economics in which nobody need be economical, or the gathering up of all the tares out of the wheat, or the final and positively last appearance of all the fools in the world. Not believing in any of this sort of thing, the French have built a large number of aeroplanes. Some of us may call it militarism, some may call it cynicism, some may call it paganism or pessimism, some may call it submerged Catholicism, but there it is. And there are the aeroplanes.

Now I for one have always desired, as an individual, that this country might have a regular and recognised alliance with France. It is the regular and recognised way of coming to an arrangement which shall influence an ally's policy, and even limit an ally's ambition. If we give serious and systematic support to an ally, we can ask for something in return. As long as we merely go on scolding a foreign country, we can ask nothing and we can get nothing. It is therefore quite in the interests of England that I should desire an alliance with France; but it is also, in my opinion, an advantage to have an alliance with civilisation and the historic culture from which we come. But all this is simply my own opinion, and this is not the place where I should particularly develop it. My remarks here are addressed equally to those who are convinced that direct opposition to France is essential to our international position. But if that opposition is essential, then we must learn to talk the same common-sense about France that we learned almost too late to talk about Germany. Upon every argument there is much more to be said for the Pro-German than there is for the Pacifist. Upon no argument is there anything to be said for the muddle-headed martyr who wishes to be martyred merely because it is safe.



SINCE COMPELLED TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING IN CORFU ON THE WAY TO ATHENS: THE VICKERS "VULTURE" ON THE WATER AT CALSHOT DURING A PRELIMINARY TRIAL BEFORE THE START.

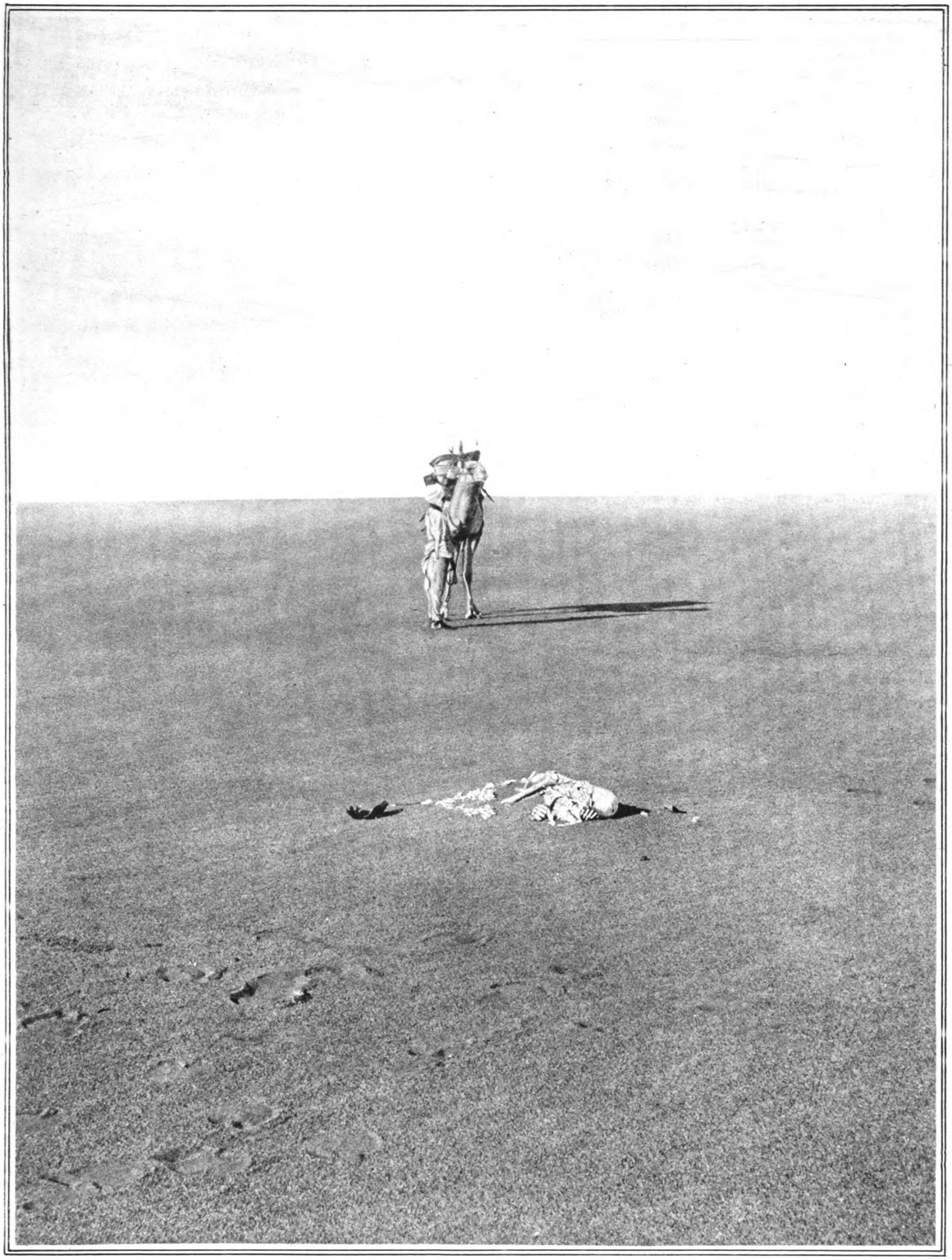
The British flying-boat "Vulture," in which Squadron-Leader Maclaren and his two companions recently started to fly round the world, experienced bad weather during its flight across Europe, and on March 31 had to make a forced landing in Corfu on the way from Brindisi to Athens. No serious damage was done, and after repairs the airmen hoped to continue their journey to Athens, and from there *via* Crete to Egypt. The start was made from Calshot Air Station, near Southampton, on March 25, and before the flight began Mrs. Maclaren was taken for a trial spin. One of our photographs shows the machine about to take the water from the slipway. Calshot Castle is seen in the background.—[*The "Times" World Copyright Photograph.*]

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

The remarkable Anaglyphs printed in "The Illustrated London News" of March 8 and March 29 aroused so much interest that it has been decided to publish others of equal importance from time to time. Readers who have not already obtained an Anaglyph viewing-mask under the conditions printed in our last issue may obtain **one** *mask by filling up the Coupon printed on page 622 of this issue, and forwarding it, accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News," (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2. Although there are no Anaglyphs in this issue, application should be made at once, so as to be ready for the next publication.*

THE TOLL OF THE DESERT: BETWEEN THE WELLS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. BRUNEAU DE LABORIE, THE FAMOUS FRENCH EXPLORER.



IN A PART OF THE LIBYAN DESERT NEVER BEFORE TRAVERSED BY A EUROPEAN: ONE OF THE HUMAN SKELETONS PASSED BY M. BRUNEAU DE LABORIE IN THE LONELY WASTES BETWEEN SARRA AND TELLAB.

This impressive photograph, bearing eloquent testimony to the perils of travel in the desert, was taken by M. Bruneau de Laborie, the French explorer, during his recent journey across Northern Africa from the Cameroons to Cairo, in an unknown part of Libya. Describing his experiences, he writes: "The wells are far apart: for twelve days the region was as devoid of timber and vegetation as if one were travelling on asphalt. . . . We left Sarra on October 14 to enter an unexplored part of the Libyan desert, and the route I was to follow had never yet been seen by a European. Its aspect is that of a level waste of sand, broken here and there by fragments of rock. . . . The wells of Bechara, cut in the rock, like those of Sarra, to a depth of about 110 ft., are marked by a conical mound of piled-up bones, which indicate its position. Close by were two fresh heaps of human remains. . . . Day was closing as we arrived (on October 17), and the men betook them to their prayers. . . . We remained there two days, and after two more days on the march we at last arrived at Tellab, the first village of the Kufra oasis." Previous photographs illustrating M. de Laborie's adventurous journey appeared in our issue of March 22.

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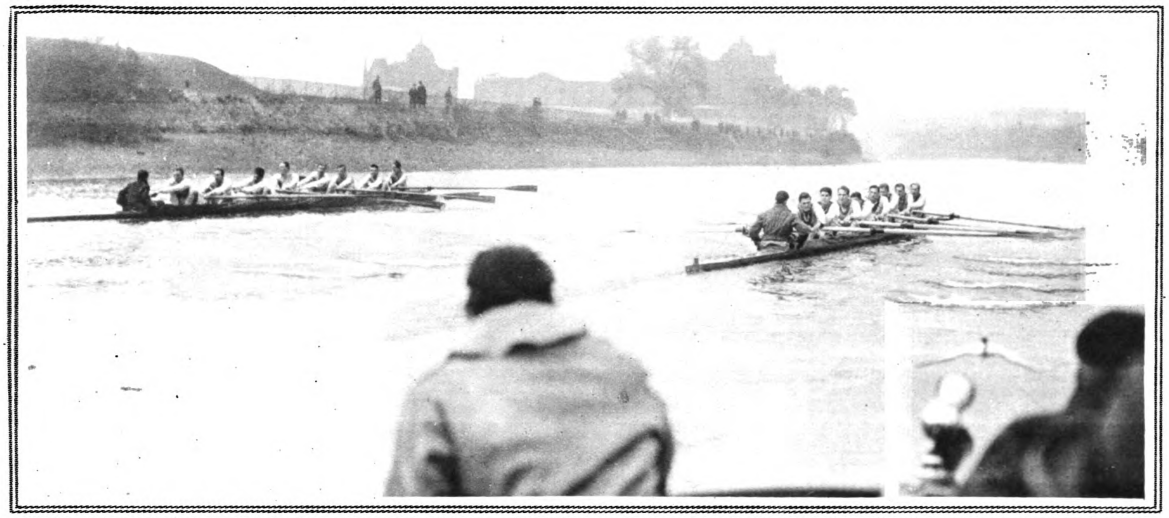
BOAT-RACE PRACTICE: THE CREWS DURING THE LAST WEEK OF TRIALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



OXFORD'S TRIAL SPIN AGAINST A SCRATCH CREW OF THE LONDON ROWING CLUB AT HAMMERSMITH: THE OXFORD CREW (RIGHT) REACH THE MILE POST IN TIME EQUAL TO THE PREVIOUS BEST—A VIEW FROM THE COACH'S LAUNCH, SHOWING MR. GOLD (COACHING) IN THE FOREGROUND.

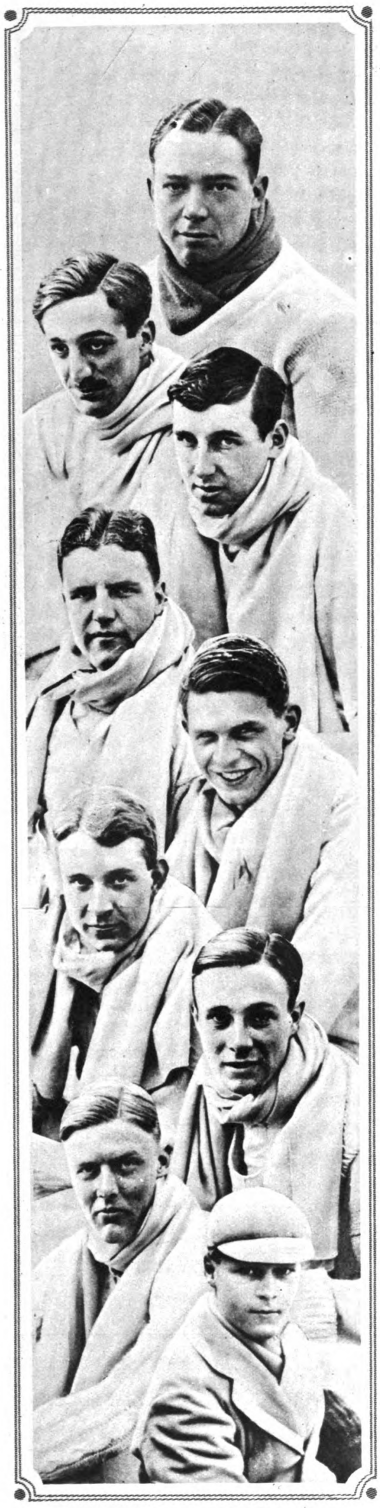
CAMBRIDGE OUT AT PUTNEY AFTER THEIR WEEK-END AT EASTBOURNE: THE BEGINNING OF A STROKE, WITH WRISTS DROPPED AND BLADES SQUARE TO THE WATER, READY TO DIP—AN INTERESTING STUDY IN ROWING EXPRESSIONS.

THE MIDDLE OF THE STROKE, WITH BLADES IN THE WATER AND BODIES SWINGING BACK: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW PRACTISING AT PUTNEY—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST AFTER THE ABOVE (THE FORESHORTENING EFFECT OF A LONG-DISTANCE LENS MAKING THE BOAT APPEAR ALMOST ASHORE).

THE END OF THE STROKE, WITH BODIES WELL BACK AND BLADES "FEATHERING" (HELD FLAT TO OFFER LESS RESISTANCE WHILE PASSING THROUGH THE AIR BEFORE THE NEXT STROKE): A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CAMBRIDGE CREW (SHOWING THE COX) TAKEN JUST AFTER THE ONE ABOVE.

These photographs of the Oxford and Cambridge crews were all taken on Monday, March 31, in the last week of practice before the race on April 5. On the Monday afternoon Oxford rowed a trial spin at Hammersmith against a scratch crew of the London Rowing Club. The course was to the Mile Post, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. Oxford gave the L.R.C. a start of rather more than half a length, and, drawing clear inside a minute, reached the post in 2 min. 54 sec., a time equal to the previous best. Mr. Gold, their coach, followed in a launch. The three photographs of the Cambridge crew were taken on the same day during their first outing after their week-end at Eastbourne. They are interesting as showing the successive stages of a stroke, with the changing positions of the hands, bodies, and blades of the oars, and also as studies in facial expression, which appears to be more intense at the beginning of a stroke, and to assume a look of relief at the end. The names of the crews can be identified from the lists given on the opposite page. In the above photographs of the Cambridge crew the order is (from left to right): the cox (seen only in the lower photograph), stroke, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and bow.

THE 76TH OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE: CREWS AND STATISTICS.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

THE RACES—from 1829 to 1923.

Year.	Date.	Winner.	Course.	Time.	Won by
1829	June 10	Oxford	Henley	14m. 30s.	Easily.
1836	June 17	Camb.	W to P	36m. 0s.	1min.
1839	April 3	Camb.	W to P	31m. 0s.	1m. 45s.
1840	April 15	Camb.	W to P	29m. 30s.	¾ length.
1841	April 14	Camb.	W to P	32m. 30s.	1m. 48.
1842	June 11	Oxford	W to P	30m. 45s.	13sec.
1845	Mar. 15	Camb.	P to M	23m. 30s.	30sec.
1846	April 3	Camb.	M to P	21m. 5s.	2 lengths.
1849	Mar. 29	Camb.	P to M	22m. 0s.	Easily.
1849	Dec. 15	Oxford	P to M	—	Foul.
1852	April 3	Oxford	P to M	21m. 36s.	27sec.
1854	April 8	Oxford	P to M	25m. 29s.	11 strokes.
1856	Mar. 15	Camb.	M to P	25m. 50s.	¼ length.
1857	April 4	Oxford	P to M	22m. 35s.	35sec.
1858	Mar. 27	Camb.	P to M	21m. 23s.	22sec.
1859	April 15	Oxford	P to M	24m. 40s.	Camb. sank.
1860	Mar. 31	Camb.	P to M	26m. 5s.	1 length.
1861	Mar. 23	Oxford	P to M	23m. 30s.	48sec.
1862	April 12	Oxford	P to M	24m. 41s.	30sec.
1863	Mar. 28	Oxford	M to P	23m. 6s.	43sec.
1864	Mar. 19	Oxford	P to M	21m. 40s.	26sec.
1865	April 8	Oxford	P to M	21m. 24s.	4 lengths.
1866	Mar. 24	Oxford	P to M	25m. 35s.	15sec.
1867	April 13	Oxford	P to M	22m. 40s.	½ length.
1868	April 4	Oxford	P to M	20m. 56s.	6 lengths.
1869	Mar. 17	Oxford	P to M	20m. 5s.	3 lengths.
1870	April 6	Camb.	P to M	22m. 4s.	1¼ lengths.
1871	April 1	Camb.	P to M	23m. 5s.	1 length.
1872	Mar. 23	Camb.	P to M	21m. 15s.	2 lengths.
1873	Mar. 29	Camb.	P to M	19m. 35s.	3½ lengths.
1874	Mar. 28	Camb.	P to M	22m. 35s.	3 lengths.
1875	Mar. 20	Oxford	P to M	22m. 2s.	10 lengths.
1876	April 8	Camb.	P to M	20m. 20s.	Easily.
1877	Mar. 24	Oxford / Camb.	P to M	24m. 8s.	Dead-heat.
1878	April 13	Oxford	P to M	22m. 13s.	10 lengths.
1879	April 5	Camb.	P to M	21m. 18s.	3½ lengths.
1880	Mar. 22	Oxford	P to M	21m. 23s.	3½ lengths.
1881	April 8	Oxford	P to M	21m. 51s.	3 lengths.
1882	April 1	Oxford	P to M	20m. 12s.	7 lengths.
1883	Mar. 15	Oxford	P to M	21m. 8s.	4 lengths.
1884	April 7	Camb.	P to M	21m. 39s.	2¼ lengths.
1885	Mar. 28	Oxford	P to M	21m. 36s.	3 lengths.
1886	April 3	Camb.	P to M	22m. 29½s.	2-3 length.
1887	Mar. 26	Camb.	P to M	20m. 52s.	3¼ lengths.
1888	Mar. 24	Camb.	P to M	20m. 48s.	4½ lengths.
1889	Mar. 30	Camb.	P to M	20m. 14s.	2¼ lengths.
1890	Mar. 26	Oxford	P to M	22m. 3s.	1 length.
1891	Mar. 21	Oxford	P to M	21m. 48s.	½ length.
1892	April 9	Oxford	P to M	19m. 10s.	2¼ lengths.
1893	Mar. 22	Oxford	P to M	18m. 45s.	1 lgth. 4ft.
1894	Mar. 17	Oxford	P to M	21m. 39s.	3¼ lengths.
1895	Mar. 30	Oxford	P to M	20m. 50s.	2¼ lengths.
1896	Mar. 28	Oxford	P to M	20m. 1s.	2-5 length.
1897	April 3	Oxford	P to M	19m. 12s.	2 1-3 lgths.
1898	Mar. 26	Oxford	P to M	22m. 15s.	Easily.
1899	Mar. 29	Camb.	P to M	21m. 4s.	3½ lengths.
1900	Mar. 31	Camb.	P to M	18m. 45s.	20 lengths.
1901	Mar. 30	Oxford	P to M	22m. 31s.	2-5 length.
1902	Mar. 22	Camb.	P to M	19m. 9s.	5 lengths.
1903	April 1	Camb.	P to M	19m. 32½s.	6 lengths.
1904	Mar. 26	Camb.	P to M	21m. 36s.	4½ lengths.
1905	April 1	Oxford	P to M	20m. 35s.	3 lengths.
1906	April 7	Camb.	P to M	19m. 25s.	3½ lengths.
1907	Mar. 16	Camb.	P to M	20m. 26s.	4½ lengths.
1908	April 4	Camb.	P to M	19m. 20s.	2½ lengths.
1909	April 3	Oxford	P to M	19m. 50s.	3½ lengths.
1910	Mar. 23	Oxford	P to M	20m. 14s.	2½ lengths.
1911	April 1	Oxford	P to M	18m. 29s.	2½ length.
1912	April 1	Oxford	P to M	22m. 5s.	3 lengths.
1913	Mar. 13	Oxford	P to M	20m. 53s.	¾ length.
1914	Mar. 28	Camb.	P to M	20m. 23s.	4½ lengths.
1915.—No Race, owing to War.					
1916.— "	"	"	"		
1917.— "	"	"	"		
1918.— "	"	"	"		
1919.— "	"	"	"		
1920	Mar. 27	Camb.	P to M	21m. 11s.	4 lengths.
1921	Mar. 30	Camb.	P to M	19m. 45s.	1 length.
1922	April 1	Camb.	P to M	19m. 27s.	4½ lengths.
1923	Mar. 24	Oxford	P to M	20m. 54s.	¾ length.

W. to P.=Westminster to Putney; M. to P.=Mortlake to Putney; P. to M.=Putney to Mortlake.

(*The table from 1829 to 1909 is reprinted by permission from "The Record of the University Boat-Race"; Published by T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.*)

THE BOATS—1924.

OXFORD.		CAMBRIDGE.	
Length	62 ft. 10 in.	Length	62 ft. 4 in.
Width (Middle)	23¾ in.	Width (Middle)	23¾ in.
Depth (Middle)	9⅜ in.	Depth (Middle)	9⅜ in.
Depth (Forward)	6⅜ in.	Depth (Forward)	6⅜ in.
Depth (Aft)	6 in.	Depth (Aft)	5½ in.
Run of Slides	16 in.	Run of Slides	16 in.
Spread of Riggers	31⅛ in.	Spread of Riggers	31 in.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

CAMBRIDGE. (Reading from Top.)	OXFORD. (Reading from Top.)
G. E. G. GODDARD (BOW).	P. C. MALLAM (BOW).
J. S. HERBERT (2).	P. R. WACE (2).
J. A. MACNABB (3).	W. T. GODDEN (3).
L. ELLIOTT-SMITH (4).	R. E. EASON (4).
G. H. AMBLER (5).	G. J. MOWER-WHITE (5).
T. D. A. COLLET (6).	J. E. PEDDER (6).
C. R. M. ELEY (7).	G. E. G. GADSDEN (7).
A. B. STOBART (STROKE).	W. P. MELLEN (STROKE).
J. A. BROWN (COX).	G. D. CLAPPERTON (COX)

THE OXFORD CREW.

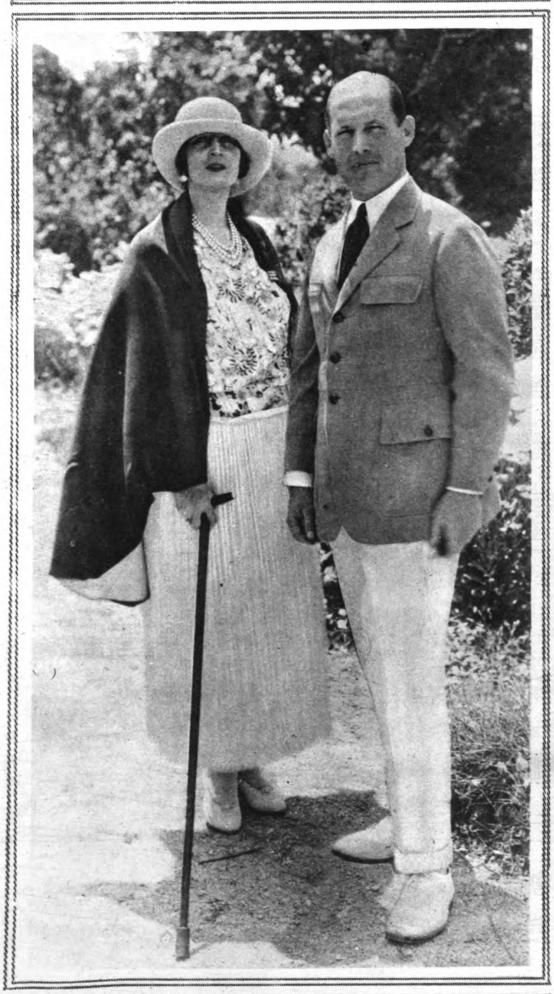
The University Boat-Race to be rowed to-day (April 5) is the seventy-sixth contest of its kind. Up to the time of writing, Oxford has won forty times, and Cambridge, 34. There was a dead-heat in 1877. The crews given above are as they were at the beginning of this week.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, NORVAL

ONE OF THREE FAMOUS MUSICIANS DEAD WITHIN A FORTNIGHT: THE LATE SIR WALTER PARRATT.

LEAVING, FOR HER LAST VOYAGE, THE ANCHORAGE (ROSYTH) FROM WHICH SHE SAILED FOR JUTLAND: H.M.S. "LION," BEATTY'S FAMOUS FLAG-SHIP, BOUND FOR THE SHIP-BREAKER'S.



DEPOSED ON THE PROCLAMATION OF A GREEK REPUBLIC: GEORGE II., KING OF THE HELLENES (SON OF THE LATE KING CONSTANTINE), WITH HIS CONSORT, QUEEN ELIZABETH.

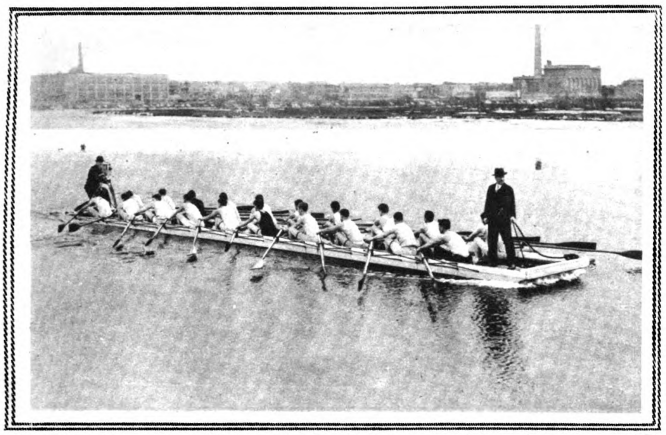
ATHENS ACCLAIMS THE PROCLAMATION OF A GREEK REPUBLIC: BANNERS BEARING PORTRAITS (L. TO R.) OF M. PAPANASTASIOU (PREMIER) AND THE MINISTERS OF MARINE AND WAR.

THE HEBRIDEAN MIGRATION TO CANADA: A FAMILY OF TWELVE—THE McDONALDS OF LOCHABER—AMONG THE TWO HUNDRED SETTLERS LEAVING SOUTH UIST ABOARD THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "MARLOCH."

By a tragic coincidence, three famous musicians have passed away within a fortnight, the death of Sir Frederick Bridge on March 18 being followed by those of Sir Walter Parratt on the 27th, and Sir Charles Villiers Stanford on the 29th. Sir Walter Parratt, who was born at Huddersfield in 1841, became organist of St. George's Chapel Royal at Windsor in 1882, and, some years later, Master of the Queen's Musick and private organist to Queen Victoria. He was Master of Musick also to King Edward and King George. He taught at the Royal College of Music, and was for ten years Professor of Music at Oxford. Sir Charles Stanford, who was eminent as a composer, was on the first board of professors at the Royal College of Music when it was opened in 1883. He was born in Dublin in 1852.——Admiral Beatty's famous flag-ship at Jutland, H.M.S. "Lion," arrived at Jarrow from Rosyth, to be broken up, on March 31. An appeal was made that she should be preserved as a national monument like the "Victory," but this was impracticable, as she had been specified by name for "scrapping" in the Washington Treaty. The battle-cruiser "Lion" saw more fighting in the war than any other British capital ship. Besides

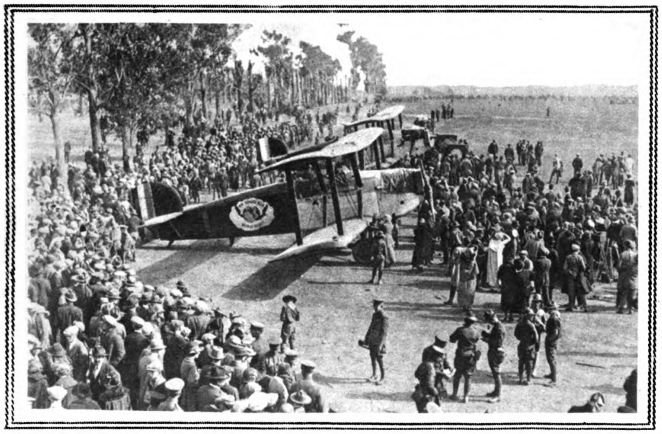
NEWS—INTERESTING EVENTS RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

(DUNFERMLINE), TOPICAL, BASSANO, AND INTERNATIONAL.



HOW THEY TRAIN FOR A BOAT RACE AT HARVARD: THE UNIVERSITY'S NEW TWENTY-OARED PRACTICE BARGE, "LEVIATHAN," ON THE CHARLES RIVER.

THE THIRD FAMOUS MUSICIAN DEAD WITHIN A FORTNIGHT: THE LATE SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD.



THE AMERICAN ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT: TWO OF THE U.S. ARMY MACHINES VISITED BY ADMIRING CROWDS AT CLOVER FIELD, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA, THE DAY BEFORE THE START.

THE GRAND NATIONAL CUP OF 1924: A RICHLY GILT TROPHY, BEARING A WINGED HORSE-SHOE AND THE ARMS OF LIVERPOOL IN ENAMEL, MADE BY MESSRS. ELKINGTON.

INSCRIBED WITH THEIR NEW "GREAT WAR" BATTLE HONOURS: THE COLOURS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS (HELD BY THE REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR AND TWO DRILL SERGEANTS) HANDED OVER BY LORD METHUEN ON BEHALF OF THE KING.

Jutland, she was at Heligoland Bight and the Dogger Bank.——Harvard University recently adopted a barge for rowing practice with seats for ten men on each side and a central gangway for the coach.——The U.S. Army aeroplane world-flight expedition started from Clover Field, Santa Monica, California, in three Douglas "World Cruisers" on March 17. On reaching Seattle they stayed for some days to fit floats to their machines, and arranged to proceed on April 2.——The Greek Republic and the deposition of the King were proclaimed in Athens on March 25.——Some 200 emigrants from the Hebrides left Lochboisdale, South Uist, for Canada, in the C.P.R. liner "Marloch" on March 29. They are to settle at Red Deer, Alberta.——The Great War battle honours of the Scots Guards record 26 famous actions. Ten of them have been added to their colours, including the "Retreat from Mons"; "Marne, 1914"; "Ypres, 1914, '17"; "Hindenburg Line"; and "France and Flanders, 1914-18."——The trophy for this year's Grand National was designed and made by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

IF one were to ask for information about the novelist Berrian, how many replies would be forthcoming? Here and there, perhaps, some careful reader with a good memory would recall him, but to most he would suggest nothing. The late Otto Braun could have told all that there is to be known about Berrian. He does not mention him by name, but he has left indications that he certainly had heard of him. It was unfortunately out of his power to leave any critical opinion of Berrian's works.

These works have interested me for many years. I do not know if there be any novelist who has given me material for more interesting and amusing speculation. I object to the abuse of the word "intriguing," but this is a case for its legitimate use. The effect of Berrian and his novels can be described only as intriguing, and it is likely that everyone who knows anything about him will agree with me in that.

The charm of Berrian is ultra-elusive. He is of all novelists the most difficult to grasp; but for that very reason he is only the more fascinating. For a generation at least I have turned to him with wonder and a great reverence, as one approaches unapprehended mysteries. He has a way of withholding himself, but you cannot doubt his reality. One day, you are persuaded, he will reveal himself in his full glory; but you may still have to wait his own good pleasure. Several times I have thought I had him; but what seemed a materialisation has always faded, leaving me to look ahead still and hope a little longer. Yet when first I heard of Berrian, his existence presented no difficulties. It fell naturally into the scheme of things. One believed in him with a great and simple belief. He was necessary and inevitable to his circumstances.

It became a favourite amusement of mine to try to visualise a novel of Berrian's. At the outset it was not altogether easy, for the world first heard of him at a time when Berrian's world seemed a more shadowy thing than it does to-day. We have moved nearer to it; perhaps in some details we have passed a little beyond it. That advance made it easier to understand how and why Berrian's novels presented humanity with the scale of human values entirely altered, and yet recognisable as the humanity we know. It was another part of the game to wonder if this or that new novelist, as he or she sprang up, was the incarnation of the shadowy yet appealing Berrian, of whom we had heard, in whom we believed, but of whose books we had been unable to read a single one. I often wished that someone would write a Berrian novel, boldly call it Berrian's, and risk the consequences of that imposture. Sometimes it seemed that Mr. Wells must be the authentic Berrian, and it may be that he comes nearest to the conception.

Nearest, that is, as far as the expression of a mechanical age is concerned. But Berrian seemed to promise a wider departure from traditional form. Such hints as were given of his method indicated a complete breaking away from use and wont in thought, motive, action, and method of presentation. Yet the novelist's people were so real, so sympathetic, that they could appeal to the reader who belonged to another age, and not only appeal, but hold him spellbound. So at least we were told by the only person who was qualified to speak on the question, the late Mr. Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," a book that made a sensation in the early 'nineties, and, although now almost forgotten, is worth taking down from the top shelf, dusting, and reading again.

To make an end of mystification: Bellamy invented Berrian, the great novelist of his Utopia, that bewildering place which hovered between an indefinite future and an equally indefinite past. For "Looking Backward" was also "Looking Forward." The narrator wrote in retrospect of a world that was for the reader of 1890 or so still far ahead. In mechanical contrivances it is very much the world of to-day, perhaps a trifle behind it here and there. Whether any writer of the present age has yet fulfilled the prophecy of the new fiction is another matter. Mr. Bellamy gave us scarcely enough definite information to enable us to decide. Yet it may not be very wide of the mark to indulge the fancy that some of the younger American novelists have written books that might answer to the description of the mythical Berrian's. They are sufficiently unusual in method and in thought to be his; they have the merit of resembling nothing else; and they have an uncanny power of interest. If certain elements are not altogether alluring, that may be because the reader who is not always allured to ravishment has hardly moved up to the period of which the Middle Western fiction is so curious a product.

That he may not have so moved up is not altogether his fault or his misfortune. If he still does a little looking backward, and sees in earlier forms something permanent and important to writers of all ages and all schools, his state is the more gracious; and there are signs that the best of these younger story-tellers, as they advance, are not blind to the things that concern their continued existence. It may not be altogether surprising that (if the centre of American literature is now in Chicago, as some say it is) a streak of hooliganism should have coloured the new product of the literary stockyards. Youth must be allowed to kick a little. But as it advances, and is praised for good work done or the promise of good work, it does well to look to its ways and to see whether some process of mellowing and of restraint be not indicated. Wherever there is conscientious artistry, this is sure to happen; but where there is only persistence in self-sufficiency and blatant self-assertion, a method still on trial prejudices its own case.

For a writer who has made a stir, but has not yet convinced men of sane literary judgment that he is really important, to pitchfork at the public his early experiments in fiction does not reassure the reader or the critic of that writer's essential stability. It is a pity that young enthusiasm should be allowed to play such prejudicial tricks. There the question may be left for pleasanter matters. Not all the young Americans are so froward. Edna Ferber, for example, lets nothing leave her hands until she has satisfied herself that it is finished to the utmost of her power, and every succeeding book of hers bears witness to her genius for taking pains. In the short story I think she has very little to learn; but in the novel she has not come to the height of her power. I doubt whether the novel is her true province at all; her earlier long stories never came up to her short; but her new novel, "So Big" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) marks an advance, if not in construction, at least in depth of characterisation and in human appeal.

When Miss Ferber tries her hand at a full-dress novel, she cannot get quite away from the short story. Her talent is to that extent microcosmic. Consequently, one is always haunted by the feeling that any novel of hers is just a series of splendid short stories thrown away. The book never becomes organic, a thing in which all the constituent parts function towards a definite end. In a word, Heaven has not granted to Miss Ferber the gift of keeping many horses running at once. Nor does she seem to understand that in the novel the characters, principal and subordinate, must end greater than they began. Hence there is something static about her portraiture. But in "So Big" admittedly the lines are more fluent.

THE MONTH'S MOST POPULAR BOOKS.

"THE TAPESTRY OF LIFE." *(Allen and Unwin.)* By Raymond Blathwayt.

"KILIMANJARO AND ITS PEOPLE." *(H. F. & G. Witherby.)* By the Hon. Chas. Dundas.

"THEY THAT WALK IN THE WILD" (Animal Studies.) *(J. M. Dent and Sons.)* By Chas. G. D. Roberts.

"WANDERING IN CHINA." By Harry A. Franck. *(T. Fisher Unwin.)*

"THE TECHNIQUE OF LIVING." *(Heinemann.)* By Harold Dearden.

"TWELVE TESTS OF CHARACTER." *(Hodder and Stoughton.)* By H. E. Fosdick, D.D.

"GOLF RULES AND DECISIONS." *(Methuen.)* By F. S. Shenstone.

"ONE ACT PLAYS OF TO-DAY." *(Harrap.)* Selected by J. W. Marriott.

"MAN AND MYSTERY IN ASIA." *(Edward Arnold & Co.)* By Ferdinand Ossendowski.

"CONFESSIONS OF A TURF CROOK." *(Philip Allan & Co.)* Edited by A. C. Bellingham.

"THE TEMPTRESS." *(Butterworth and Co.)* By V. B. Ibanez.

"MAY EVE." *(Hutchinson and Co.)* By E. Temple Thurston.

We have arranged with Messrs. Hatchards, the well-known booksellers, of Piccadilly, to supply us each week with a list of books that were specially popular during the past month. These lists will be divided into different categories—Fiction, Memoirs, etc.—and will serve as a guide to our readers. The books are given in order of selling merit.

Long short-story or novel, whichever it be, "So Big" will compel you to read, if once you begin. The attraction is not so much curiosity as to what will happen as pure friendly interest in the heroine, Mrs. DeJong, the ex-schoolma'am, who, widowed, carried on her husband's market-garden for the sake of their little boy, Dirk, nicknamed "So Big." The boy enjoys the honours of the title-rôle, but he plays a very small figure beside his heroic mother. It is her portrait that makes the book.

An idyll of the soil may be something of a surprise from Miss Ferber's pen, which has been so much occupied hitherto with the artificialities of American city life. The artificialities are not entirely absent even here; but the thing that gives the story its power and charm is the picture of a small Dutch agricultural community, into which there came an alien woman, a creature of imagination and some knowledge, eager for the beauty of life, and who, missing it directly, found it indirectly in a life of toil and racking struggle with the land. It may not be a novel in the strictest sense of the term, but it is a beautiful study of a character. One does not often find oneself endorsing the views of those who write what is known across the Atlantic as "blurb" (preliminary announcements of books), but in this case one cannot quarrel with the publisher who assured his clients that "So Big" is "the finest product of Edna Ferber's genius." It is fine with a fineness she has never achieved hitherto, and it gives the richest promise of further developments.

Something akin to Selina DeJong's experience of beauty realised amid a life of drudgery forms the keynote to another remarkable story by one of the newer school of Americans, who has been known for some little time in her own country, but has only within the last few weeks made an impression upon British readers. This is "LUMMOX," by Fannie Hurst (Cape; 7s. 6d.), a powerfully original and unusual study of a domestic servant's life in New York. Incidentally, the book may be a tract, exposing the horrible conditions of domestic service in well-to-do American households, and the revelations are sufficiently startling and revolting; but that is evidently not the author's main purpose. Had it been so, she might have made her propaganda more effective by choosing a commonplace heroine. As it is, the heroine is altogether extraordinary. It is with her strange soul that her creator is chiefly concerned; and compared with its dumb agonies the sufferings of the body are of minor account.

Bertha (her surname never appears) was a New York East Side waif, partly Scandinavian, partly Polish, with a suggestion of various other nationalities in her composition. She had been dragged up in a low waterside dosshouse frequented by the scum of the sea. She grew to be a great blonde giantess, equal to any toil, and of an unperturbed outward placidity—a cow of a creature, strong, clumsy, gentle, and generous-hearted, always ready to shoulder weaker people's burdens. Some curious old strain of European heredity had given her the inarticulate soul of a poet and a musician. She was alive to the magic of words and of sounds. "Chimes arrived to her dimly. Waiting-to-be-born thoughts. Bertha's prisoners."

In her first regular place, the son of the house was also a poet, of sorts. One fears that the trail of Greenwich Village was over this singer of the newer school. Perhaps it was necessary for Miss Hurst's purpose that Rollo Farley should be of this type, the fleshly spiritual. For a moment, when he was a little tipsy, Bertha inspired him. It meant fame for him, and a blind, groping, life-long sorrow for her. Rollo never knew that his inspiration had other consequences than the poem. Bertha's central tragedy was voluntary separation from her child. But she followed his career, and lived to see him a great musician, in whom the genius of his mother had become articulate. In some dumb fashion she realised this, yet without comfort.

Her life became a dreary procession from place to place. She had a talent for putting herself innocently in the wrong, but always through some act of self-sacrifice. Gradually she sank to the meanest casual drudgery, yet always she held her inner self superior to squalid surroundings. Otherwise the story would be unbearable. Except Bertha, there is hardly a character in the book that does any credit to humanity. High and low, most of them are vile or contemptible. Miss Hurst has not yet got balance into her work. She is the product of a school that has still some way to go in learning that a crude, hard, one-sided view does not mean strength. Over many incidents hangs the shadow of the Freudian psychology rashly accepted as a universal formula of life, and beguiling the author into passages that are merely disagreeable. But the book is the original experiment of a writer who can observe and communicate her impressions.

It might be objected to Miss Hurst's novel that it is too episodic and full of loose ends; but here there may be justification. It is a picture of what passes in Bertha's mind, and, as she was continually on the move, the temporary vivid concern with other characters who fade out of the canvas and appear no more is possibly a fair representation of the domestic servant's and casual drudge's daily experience of her fellow creatures.

This apparent lack of coherence has become almost a convention of writers who are most anxious to defy convention. It is to be found not only in the novel but in the short story, on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Sherwood Anderson, for example, has made this method very much his own, and he requires patience on the part of less nimble wits if they are to grasp his purpose. But the purpose is always there, and usually it is worth taking the trouble to discover. Personally, I am so fond of clarity and order in the unfolding of a story, long or short, that the chaotic method will never make the strongest appeal to me; but one's own private liking is not likely to deter others whose minds are less hide-bound.

"HORSES AND MEN," by Sherwood Anderson (Cape; 7s. 6d.), takes its title, in the first instance, from the stories that describe life on the trotting-tracks of the United States. But Mr. Anderson remarks in his dedication to Theodore Dreiser, that in that author's presence he has sometimes had the same refreshed feeling as when in the presence of a thoroughbred horse; so the intention of the title may be more subtle than superficial.

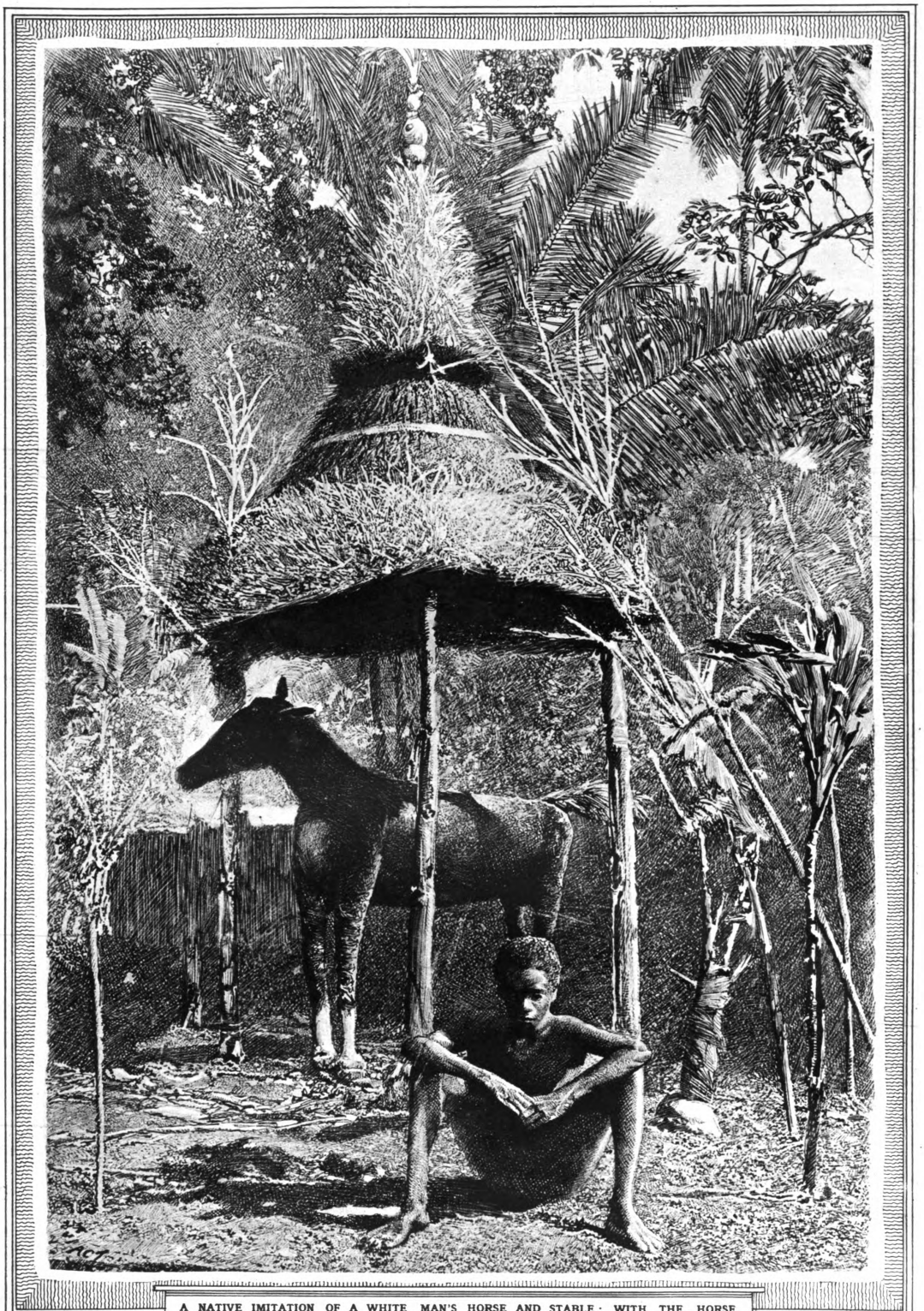
The influence of the horse comes out powerfully in the sketches of the "swipe" (stable lad) who tells some of the stories in the first person; but many of the episodes are studies in the vague miseries of adolescence, and not all of these have to do with the race-track. Again we are introduced to the hot, reeking, chaotic life of Chicago, which the author can make us realise as vividly as we realise it in Miss Ferber's work. He is a man groping after expression of things he feels, but still doubts his power to communicate. And that is what makes him interesting. As I read him, I was reminded of Goethe's Dedication of "Faust"—

> Again, ye ever living forms, I find ye
> As early to my clouded sight ye shone!
> Shall I attempt, this once, to seize and bind ye?
> Still o'er my heart is that illusion thrown?

Mr. Anderson's material is anything but grandiose, but that does not make his quest of the essential the less real and poignant.

A WOODEN HORSE TO CELEBRATE A WEDDING: PAPUAN CARVING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN "A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA," BY LILIAN OVERELL. BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LTD.



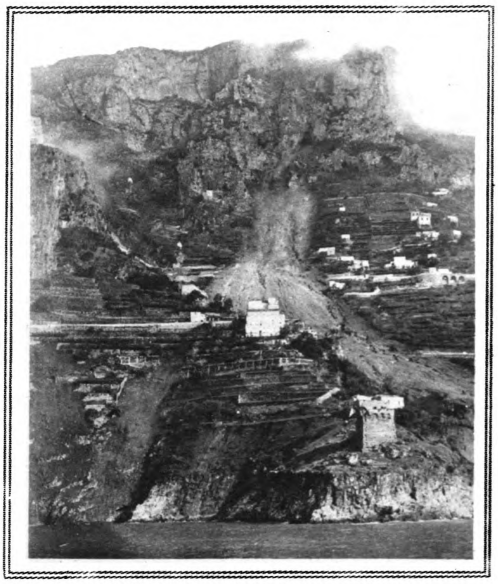
A NATIVE IMITATION OF A WHITE MAN'S HORSE AND STABLE; WITH THE HORSE CARVED OUT OF SOLID WOOD AND PAINTED BROWN AND WHITE: A CURIOUS STRUCTURE, WITH AN ORNAMENTAL GRASS ROOF, IN GERMAN NEW GUINEA.

There is something both picturesque and mysterious about this remarkable example of native art in New Guinea. As mentioned above, it forms one of the many interesting illustrations in a recently published book of travel, "A Woman's Impressions in German New Guinea," by Lilian Overell, which gives a vivid account of a little-known land and its people. In the particular passage referring to this subject, the author writes: "On the road from Kokopo to Rabaul we noticed a collection of quite elaborate buildings, apparently in imitation of a bungalow and a stable. They were beautifully built, with ornamental grass roofs, and in the stable was a horse carved out of solid wood and painted brown and white. This great effort was in celebration of a wedding, but we could not find out any more about it." It is not stated whether the man seen in the picture was the sculptor.

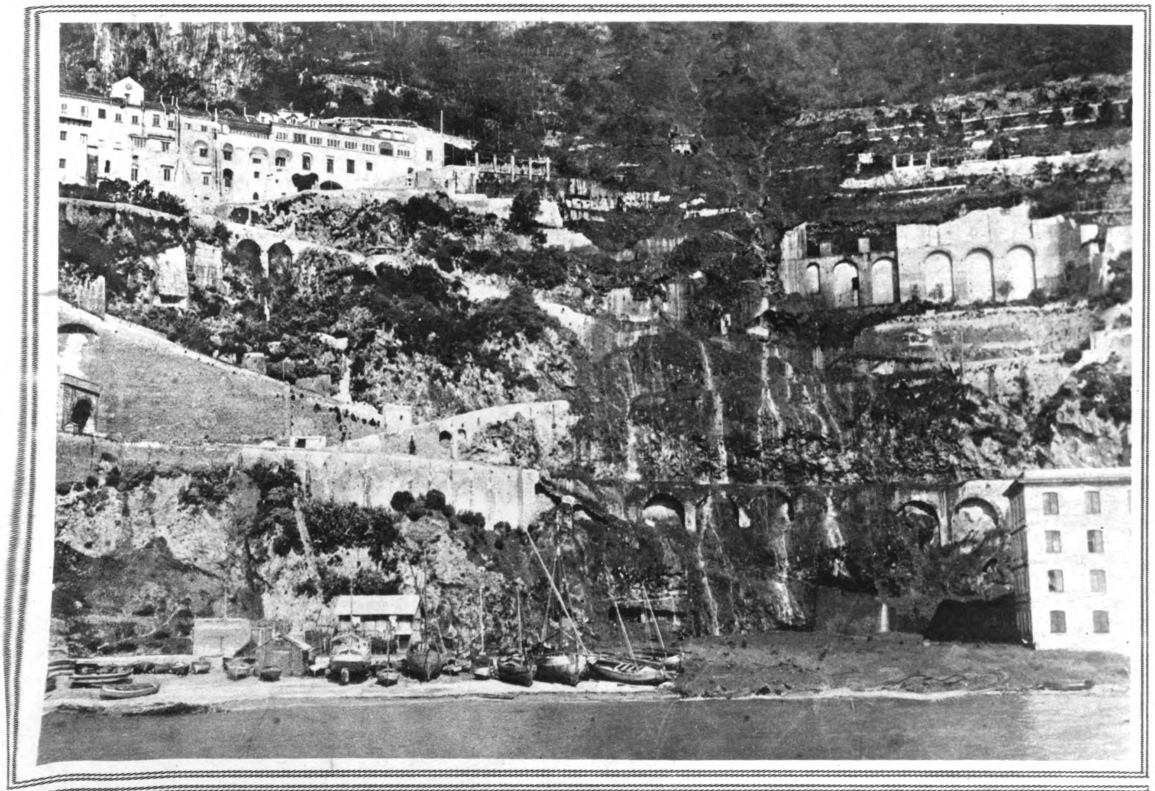
SWEPT BY A CATARACT OF MUD: AMALFI AFTER THE LANDSLIP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND C.N.

WHERE HOUSES WITH THEIR OCCUPANTS WERE OVERWHELMED BY AN AVALANCHE OF EARTH AND WATER: THE TRACK OF THE LANDSLIDE AT AMALFI.



OVERHANGING CRAGS FROM WHICH GREAT MASSES BROKE AWAY THROUGH A DELUGE OF RAIN: DEVASTATION AFTER THE LANDSLIP.

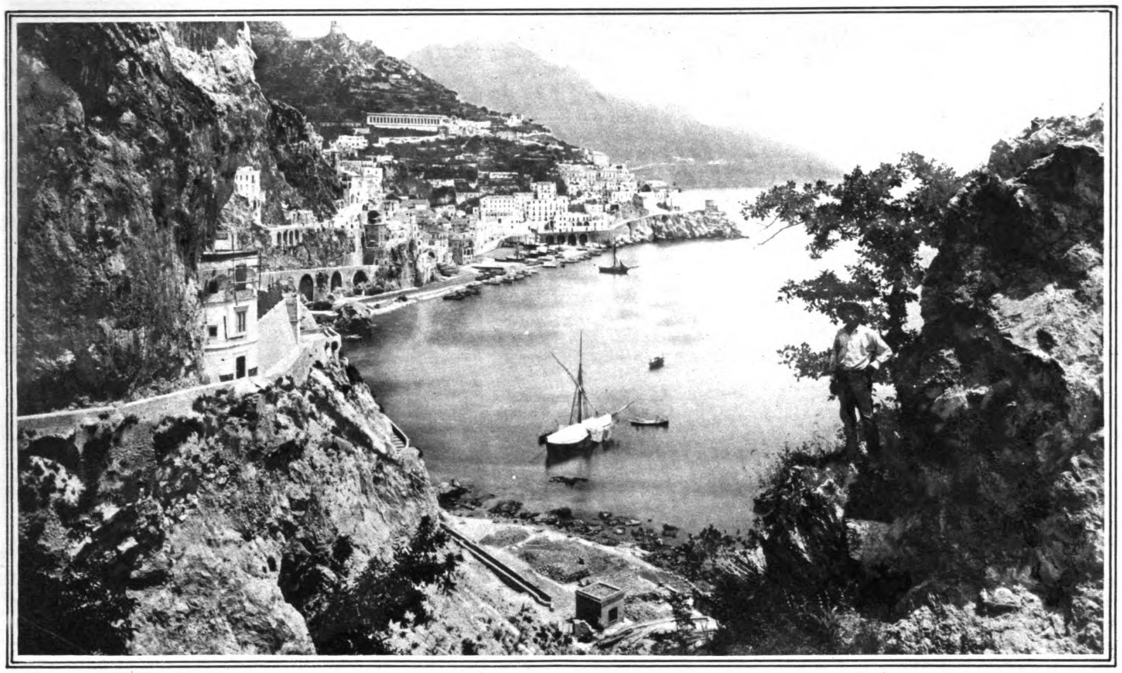


WHERE A CATARACT OF MUD DESCENDED, OVERWHELMING EVERYTHING IN ITS TRACK: HAVOC CAUSED BY THE LANDSLIP AT AMALFI, THE BEAUTIFUL COAST TOWN ON THE SORRENTO PENINSULA—A STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE PHOTOGRAPHS OPPOSITE.

These photographs, showing the havoc caused by the great rainstorm and consequent landslide at Amalfi, present a striking contrast to those on the opposite page, taken before the catastrophe, and well supporting its claim to be one of the most beautiful of Italian coast towns. As mentioned there, about a hundred lives were lost, and damage was done to houses and other property estimated at millions of francs. The coast road between Amalfi and Salerno was blocked in many places, and several villages were isolated. Relief work was at once undertaken; the Italian Government placed funds at the disposal of the Prefect of Salerno, and assistance was sent by sea, which had become the only practicable means of access. This is not the first disaster of the kind that has overtaken Amalfi. "Built at the foot of an abrupt mountain," writes Professor Halbherr in his account quoted opposite, "on a narrow strip of shore, it has more than once been severely damaged by storm and flood. The lower part of the town was submerged by the sea in the twelfth century, and was again devastated by a sudden flood, like the present one, in 1343. At successive periods, new quarters of the town were built on the impending craggy hills, forming the most fantastic and romantic settlement along that coast."

STRICKEN BY LANDSLIP AND STORM, CAUSING 100 DEATHS: AMALFI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALINARI BROTHERS, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



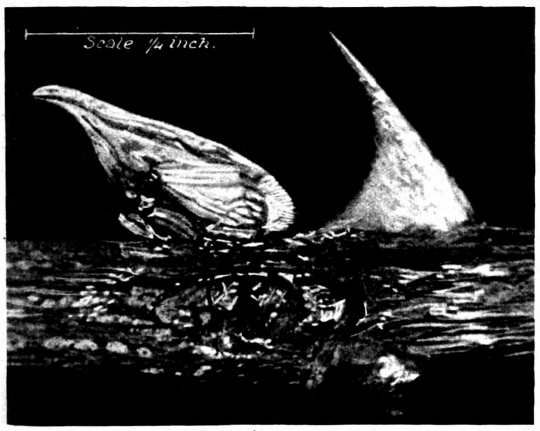
ONCE THE CHIEF PORT OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, BEFORE THE GROWTH OF PISA AND VENICE, AND NOTED FOR THE INVENTION OF THE COMPASS: AMALFI, ON THE GULF OF SALERNO, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE RECENT LANDSLIP.

SWEPT AWAY BY THE LANDSLIP: THE PICTURESQUE TERRACE AND COLUMNED PERGOLA OF THE OLD CAPPUCINI CONVENT AT AMALFI, IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF WHICH A HUNDRED PEOPLE WERE REPORTED TO HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE DISASTER.

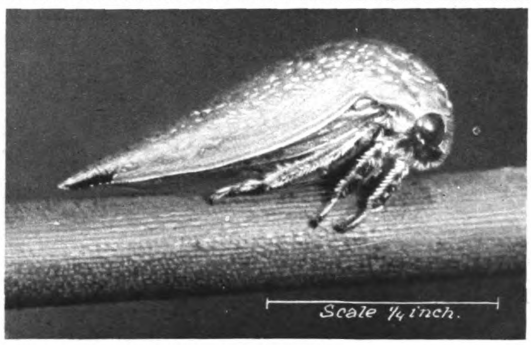
A great landslip, accompanied by violent storms and torrential rain, devastated the southern coast of the beautiful Sorrento peninsula, between Amalfi and Positano, on March 26. At the village of Vettica, near Amalfi, an enormous fall of rock killed 63 people, and the total loss of life was officially estimated at 100. At Amalfi itself the famous terrace and pergola of the Cappucini Convent Hotel was swept away, and much other damage was done. The King of Italy at once left Rome for the scene of the disaster, and personally visited the survivors. On the way his train was derailed by another landslip, but fortunately without serious consequences. In sending us these photographs, Professor Halbherr writes: "Amalfi is one of the most beautiful and lovely spots in the environs of Naples. The town has been a flourishing one since the earliest Byzantine times, and during the Middle Ages became one of the chief trading ports of South Italy, and the principal marine city of the Mediterranean, before Pisa and Venice grew in power. It was here that the compass was invented by Flavio Gioia in 1302. . . . By the present cataclysm considerable parts of the upper town have been destroyed."

REAL INSECTS WEIRDER THAN THE "BREAD-AND-BUTTER FLY": MEMBRACIDS.

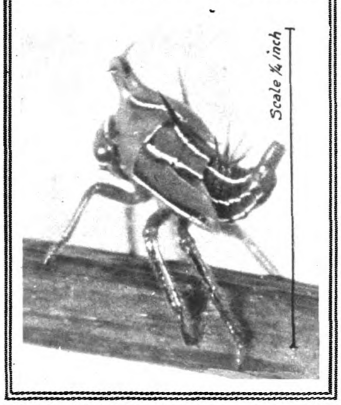
PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY L. G. SAUNDERS, M.Sc., F.E.S., MEMBER OF THE CAMBRIDGE (ZOOLOGY DEPT.) 1923 EXPEDITION TO BRAZIL. (SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



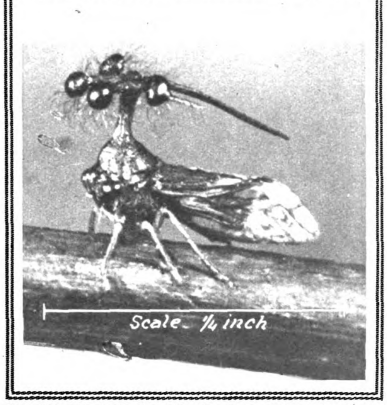
1. RESEMBLING THE ROSE-THORN BESIDE IT: *CAMPYLENCHIA* SP., A BRAZILIAN MEMBRACID FOUND ON THORNY ACACIAS (MAGNIFIED 7 TIMES).



2. RELYING FOR SAFETY ON HIS RESEMBLANCE TO THE BRACT OF A BUD: *STICTOPELTA* SP., ANOTHER MEMBRACID FROM BRAZIL (MAGNIFIED 7 TIMES).

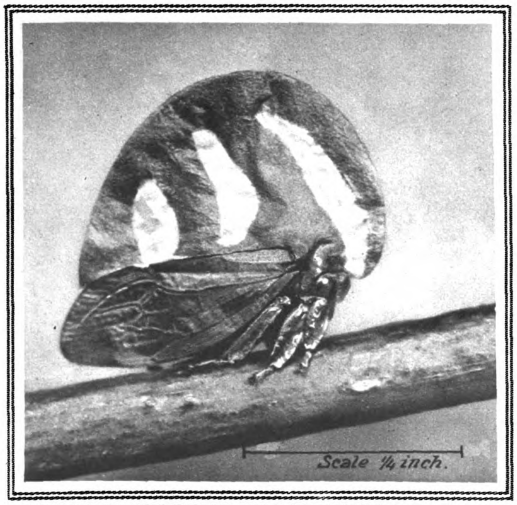


3. SHOWING THE THORAX GROWING UP IN FRONT AND BACK OVER THE BODY: A YOUNG MEMBRACID (MAGNIFIED 10 TIMES).

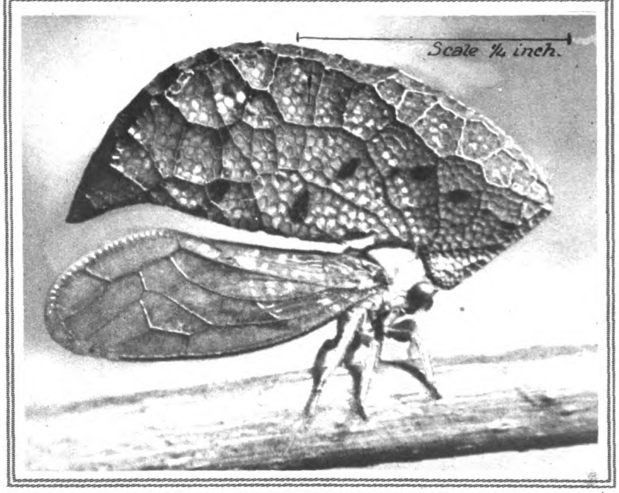


4. "THE PAWNBROKER," A PUZZLE TO SCIENTISTS: *BOCYDIUM GLOBULARE*, AN EXTRAORDINARY MEMBRACID (MAGNIFIED 10 TIMES).

5. ANOTHER THORN-LIKE BRAZILIAN MEMBRACID FOUND ON ACACIAS: A YOUNG SPECIMEN (MAGNIFIED 6½ TIMES).



6. "LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH" (UNLESS IT BE A TEA-COSY): *MEMBRACIS CARINATA*, FROM BRAZIL (MAGNIFIED 7 TIMES).



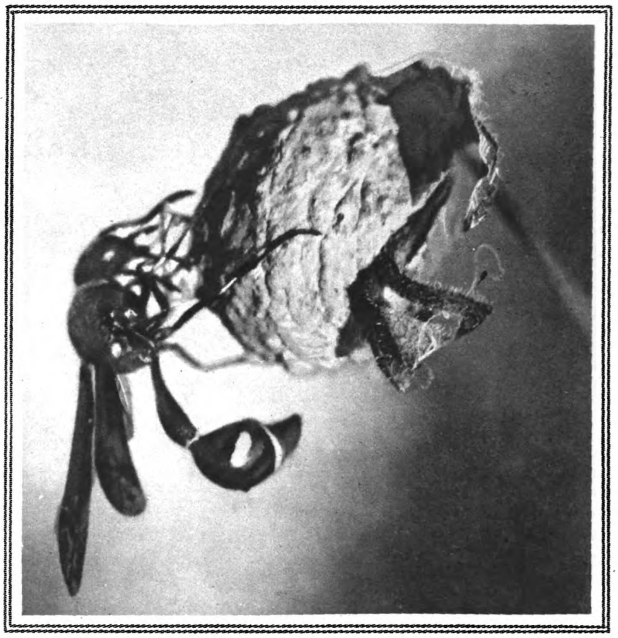
7. IMITATING A LEAF-CARRYING "PARASOL" ANT (ILLUSTRATED IN OUR ISSUE OF MARCH 8): *OEDA INFLATA*, A BRAZILIAN MEMBRACID (MAGNIFIED 8 TIMES)

These extraordinary little insects, Membracids from Brazil, are shown enlarged on the same scale as the magnifications of a ¼-inch indicated on each photograph. Mr. L. G. Saunders, of St. John's College, Cambridge, who sends them, writes: "Their strange appearance is due to the abnormal development of the thorax, which may be produced into spines, horns, knobs, and every conceivable fantastic structure. Usually the insect resembles other insects (ants, flies, weevils) or thorns, bits of bark, and lichen. Thus the adult No. 1 and the young one (a 'bug' in entomological parlance), No. 5, are somewhat like thorns, and are found on thorny acacias; No. 2 looks remarkably like the bract of a bud when sitting tight on a twig, and he prefers to rely on this resemblance for protection when approached rather than try to escape by flight. No. 3 is an exceedingly pretty little chap, with black and white stripes and a red patch on the abdomen. He is only a nymph. Nos. 4 and 6 are 'like nothing on earth.' How and why they have become modified in such extraordinary fashion is a puzzle to scientists. No. 7 is perhaps the most wonderful. In the photograph it looks strikingly like a leaf-cutting or 'parasol' ant carrying home its piece of leaf, but actually the dorsal structure is an inflated sack, and it is considered by entomologists to resemble more closely the empty cocoon of a certain tiny moth."

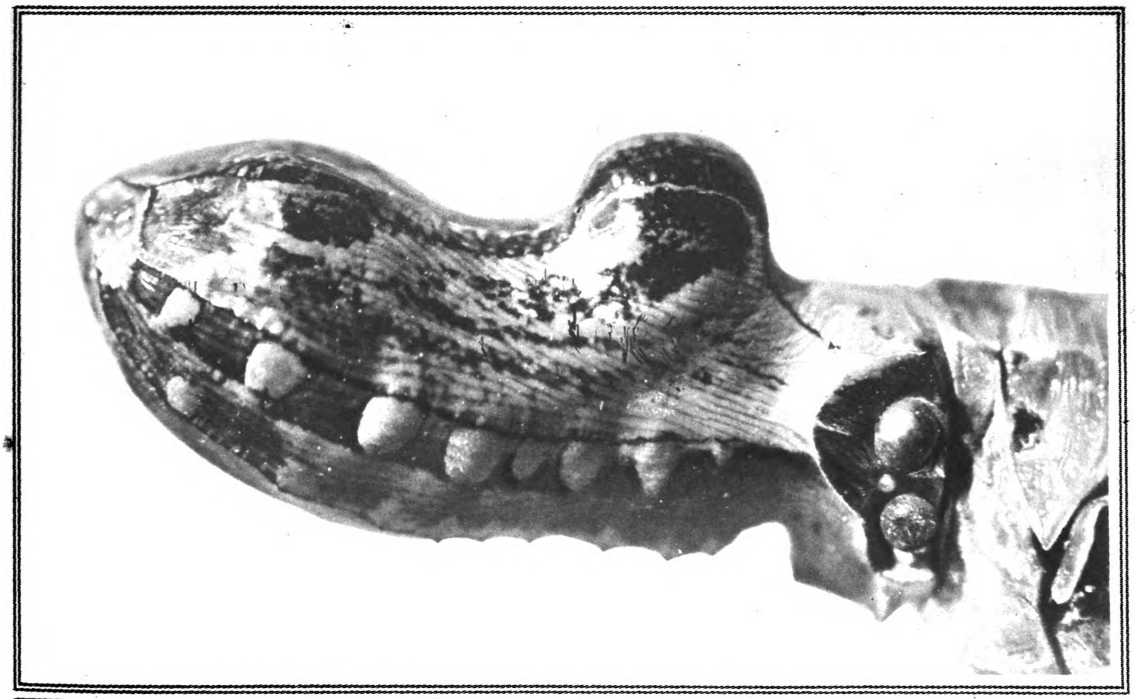
INSECT CAMOUFLAGE; AND THE POTTER WASP'S CURIOUS JUG NURSERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL GRISWOLD HOWES, ASSISTANT CURATOR OF THE BRUCE MUSEUM, GREENWICH, FAIRFIELD COUNTY, CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.

1. "AN EXACT COUNTERPART OF A GROWING TWIG" AND THUS SAFE FROM BIRDS: A CATERPILLAR ATTACHED TO A REAL TWIG BY ITS HIND "LEGS" AND HOLDING ITSELF RIGID IN AIR.



2. ON THE EARTHEN "JUG" OF HER OWN MAKE IN WHICH SHE DEPOSITS A SINGLE EGG, WITH WORMS (PARALYSED BY HER STING) FOR THE GRUB'S FOOD: THE POTTER WASP. (MAGNIFIED 6 TIMES.)



3. PROVIDED WITH A LARGE FALSE HEAD (WITH "FAKE" TEETH) FAR OUT IN FRONT OF ITS REAL INSIGNIFICANT MOUTH PARTS: A SOUTH AMERICAN LANTERN FLY, A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF CAMOUFLAGE IN THE INSECT WORLD. (GREATLY ENLARGED.)

Mr. Paul Griswold Howes, whose remarkable photographic studies of insect life have several times appeared in our pages (as in our issues of March 8 last and of May 5, 1923) supplies the following notes on these three further examples: "No. 1 is a case of protective mimicry, the larva or caterpillar of a moth, endowed by Nature with a skin bearing a very close resemblance to a twig. The insect's habit of clinging to the real twig with its posterior 'legs,' and allowing the body to swing out, adds to the illusion. The head of the caterpillar resembles a leaf bud very closely, while in colour the entire creature is an exact counterpart of a growing twig. Thus complete immunity is secured from the attacks of birds and all enemies which depend chiefly upon sight.

No. 2 is the potter wasp (*Eumenes fraternus*) on her earthen jug. This is a common species in the eastern United States. She is shown six times life-size. The jug is her nursery, which she fashions of clay. Upon the inner wall of this cell the wasp deposits a single egg. The jug is then filled with inch-worms that have been paralysed by her sting. The funnel entrance is then cut off and the jug sealed up, after which the young wasp or grub takes care of itself, consuming the caterpillars and, later, issuing as a perfect insect. No. 3 is an example of camouflage which is used very frequently by Nature. This South American lantern fly bears its great false head far out in front of its real insignificant mouth parts. Note the 'fake' teeth."

THE CONQUISTADORES: THE CREATORS OF A GREAT VICEROYALTY.

"THE CONQUEST OF THE RIVER PLATE." By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.*

RESTLESS with the fever of adventure that was burning in the veins of every Spaniard of his age, Juan Diaz de Solis, the Chief Pilot, "the most excellent man of his time in his art," set forth with his caravels on the eighth day of October, in the year 1515. Passing Cape Santa Maria after touching at Cape San Agustin, "he began to notice that the water was discoloured, and upon trial found that it was almost fresh, and, turning landwards, entered the mouth of a vast estuary. On every side stretched out a sea of yellow waves. As they drew nearer into the river's mouth, they passed the islands of Lobos, of Flores, and the hill which afterwards gave its name to the city of Montevideo. . . . There is some doubt as to how far he penetrated. Some seem to think he saw the island of Martin Garcia, just at the juncture of the Parana and Uruguay." Certain it is that he turned back. Then fortune deserted him. Imprudently enough, he sought to take an Indian captive, to bear him to Castille, as was the custom of the conquistadores. He landed; and "a war party of the Charruas, issuing from the bushes, fell upon him and massacred him with his few followers, in full view of his ship." His brother and his brother-in-law witnessed the tragedy, but were impotent. They did the only thing possible: joined the other vessels, decided to return to Spain, and dubbed the new-found river El Rio de Solis, a name destined to become the Rio de la Plata, the River Plate, from the thin plates of silver which hung from the necks of the Guarani Indians who trooped to the bank by Mount Lambaré, and were bartered for by Sebastian Gaboto, whom we know as Cabot, when he abandoned the idea of reaching the Moluccas by the way of Magellan's Straits, and continued his unlucky predecessor's exploration.

Thus it happened with Juan Diaz de Solis, first of those extraordinary fighting explorers who, sword in the right hand and crucifix in the left, won for their country the great viceroyalty of El Rio de la Plata, which comprehended some twenty degrees and comprised the Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Paraguay, and that part of Bolivia then called High Peru.

What a task was theirs! Mr. Cunninghame Graham cites it as unparalleled. There was nothing tangible with which to give battle. The experience of the past was of little avail. "In Mexico, in New Granada and Peru, the capitals once taken, and the kings slain or captured, the rest was easy. . . . In the Rio de la Plata all was different. . . . There were no cities to attack; no kings to conquer or to kill." The natives, with the exception of the Guaranis of Paraguay, were nomad savages scattered and lost in the enormity of the plains or in the thick forests of the north.

"On every side the illimitable Pampa stretched, a sea of grass, grass, grass, and still more grass—a great green ocean that the wind swept over as it sweeps the seas about the Horn. In it the man who ventured out and lost his way never returned; but wandered till, exhausted, he lay down to leave his bones beside some stream, haunted by flamingoes and Magellanic swans. Only on horseback could it be safely travelled over by Europeans, and even then the risks were great. . . . On foot, to cross the Pampa was to court death, for a man's vision in the bare steppes was so restricted, that it became almost impossible to see such landmarks as there were."

Unable to kill enough game to feed themselves—for their weapons were of small account when turned against the "lions," who were pumas, the "tigers," who were jaguars, and the "ounces," who were probably [illegible] cats—unable to lure their foes to a decis[illegible] by pillagers and raiders, in plagues and starvations, warring against bolas, club and spear and poisoned arrow, harassed on all sides, torn by dissensions amongst themselves, their power-seeking leaders in bitter, often guileful rivalry, political and personal; the Spaniards needed all their fortitude, all the strength of a race with a mission of "civilisation," all the pertinacity of the pioneer, all the glamour of glory.

That they went on and on and on is their claim to fame. There were giants amongst them, even if none was a Pizarro or a Cortés. Don Pedro de Mendoza, for example; he whose expedition founded Buenos Aires, in 1536—naming the camp of huts from the exclamation of the first to set foot upon the promised land—"*Que buenos aires son los de este suelo*" ("How good the air is of this country!")—and, incidentally, introduced to a horseless, cattle-less land the five horses and seven mares from which sprang the huge herds that "in two generations spread from where now stands the watering-place of Mar del Plata, to where the Andes rise like a buttress from the plain."

The bold Captain César, who set out from Fort Sancti Espiritu, upon the River Caracañal, and marched across the Andes to Peru, a feat well-nigh incredible; Juan de Ayolas, who pushed into the interior and concluded an alliance with the Guaranis; the subtle, honest Domingo de Irala, who invaded as though he were a pestilence, and, to his infinite credit, "died so poor that all he left as personal property was but a yoke of oxen and his armour"; the brilliant Nuflo de Chaves, founder of Santa Cruz, ruthless, ambitious, with a supreme gift of leadership; Felipe de Caceres, the treacherous; Rui Diaz Melgarejo, the rude soldier, renowned in Indian warfare; the cultured Riquelme; Don Juan de Garay, who founded Sancti Espiritu, now Santa Fé, on the very day that Cabrera founded Cordoba, re-founded the long-deserted Buenos Aires, and was slain while sleeping in the territory of the Minuanes, "pierced with a hundred wounds"—these were indeed men!

And above all, as a romantic figure in a romantic world, Alvar Nuñez Cabeça de Vaca, commonly called Alvar Nuñez, who "made himself a saviour and was crucified, as runs the Spanish saw"; spent ten years in captivity in Florida; started the first real settlement in the Rio de la Plata, at Asuncion; suffered arrest and imprisonment, hunger-struck; and at last came to quiet harbour. Truly, he was amazing. His desperate voyaging, with the castaway members of Panfilo de Narvaez's ill-fated expedition to the coast of Florida; cramped and saturated in a tiny craft of pine-wood caulked with pitch, its rigging of fibre from the palm-trees and of the manes and tails of the horses the crew had had to eat; with shirts as sails, with a few shell-fish as food, and with water in the horses' skins, is fairly called astounding; and no less astonishing are the sequels—the payment of "ransom" of hawk-bells, looking-glasses, and red cloth to propitiate the natives; the overturning of a boat which left all clotheless; death rapidly reducing the ranks; and Nuñez's own escape, still naked, after a year of barbarous treatment by the Indians. Then: "little by little he established himself with the tribe that sheltered him, as a wandering pedlar trafficking in shells. Out of these shells the Indians made their knives, and as some tribes lived far inland, he often journeyed forty leagues or more, passing from tribe to tribe. In exchange for the sea-shells, he brought back skins and yellow ochre, with which the Indians daubed their faces, flints to make arrow-heads, and glue to fasten upon the canes."

So for six years, and he stayed selflessly, because his one companion, Lope de Oviedo, feared the perils of the paths. At length, however, both set out—but Lope lost his nerve and went back. Later, Nuñez found three other Christians, and eventually, thanks to the fame he had earned as a medicine-man—he made the sign of the Cross and recommended to God—he and his companions were able to pass from tribe to tribe, earning skins with which to cover themselves. Nuñez even operated with a shell-knife, and the wonder of the healing was proclaimed abroad, so that he became almost as a god. And all the while the lost one's faces were turned towards the Spanish settlements in Mexico, and they were traversing what is now Louisiana and the State of Texas. Then, at long last, fellow-countrymen.

All this was before Nuñez's concern with the River Plate!

His was the true spirit of his kin: the unconquerable desire for adventure for its own sake. He does not seem to have made even the mental proviso that if there were wealth in it so much the better; although doubtless he would not have scorned the gold of the mythical Chilean city of the Cæsars had it come his way, or spurned the crystalline "mine nuts" about Guayrá.

Equally true to their salt were those women of Spain who sailed with their "lords and masters": is there not pathetic living witness in the letter of Doña Isabel de Guevara, who wrote to the Princess Doña Juana, dating from Asuncion on July 2, 1556, and saying: "To this province of the River Plate with the first Governor of it, Don Pedro de Mendoza, there came certain women, amongst whom fortune so willed it that I should be one, and that the fleet should arrive at the port of Buenos Aires with fifteen hundred men and that they all should be in want of food.

"So great was the famine that at the end of three months a thousand perished. . . . The men became so weak that the poor women had to do all their work . . . stand sentinel, care for the watch-fires, and prepare the cross-bows when the Indians attacked, and even fire the petronels; to give the alarm, crying out with all our strength, to drill and put the soldiers in good order, for at that time we women, as we did not require so much food, had not fallen into the same state of weakness as the men." And so on, to a reasonable petition for a perpetual Repartimiento to be given to her, and proper employment for her husband.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham's object was "to present some of the conquerors of the River Plate as human beings, and try to show that, taking into consideration the times in which they lived, they did not differ greatly from ourselves." He has succeeded admirably in a book written with understanding, with sympathy, and with a graceful pen.—E. H. G.

THE "INFANT NATIONAL GALLERY" OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: THE ORIGINAL COLLECTION IN ANGERSTEIN'S HOUSE IN PALL MALL—A WATER-COLOUR BY FREDERICK MACKENZIE. (18⅛ IN. HIGH; 24½ IN. WIDE.)

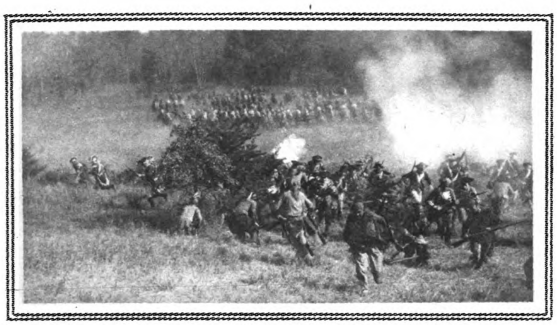
As mentioned in our issue of March 29, when we reproduced ten of the foundation pictures, the National Gallery celebrated its centenary on April 2, on which date in 1824 Parliament voted £60,000 for the purchase of Mr. J. J. Angerstein's Collection. It was opened to the public in the late owner's house, at 100, Pall Mall, on May 10, 1824. The above water-colour by Frederick Mackenzie (1757-1854), done before 1834, is in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Crown Copyright Photograph by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

[illegible] the River Plate." By R. B. Cunninghame [illegible]emann, Ltd.; 15s. net.)

AMERICAN HISTORY FILMED: THE WAR THAT MADE THE UNITED STATES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



MORGAN'S RAIDERS ROUT THE BRITISH AND THEIR INDIAN ALLIES: A SCENE FROM D. W. GRIFFITH'S FILM, "AMERICA."

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS TO WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN: THE EVENT THAT ENDED THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL ENACTED FOR THE FILM BY UNITED STATES TROOPS: REDCOATS CHARGING ENTRENCHED COLONISTS.

RED INDIANS AND HIGHLANDERS: BRITISH FORCES JUST BEFORE A BATTLE—A SCENE FROM THE FILM "AMERICA."

THE FRENCH GENERAL WHO AIDED THE AMERICAN COLONISTS: GENERAL LA FAYETTE QUESTIONING A BRITISH OFFICER TAKEN PRISONER.

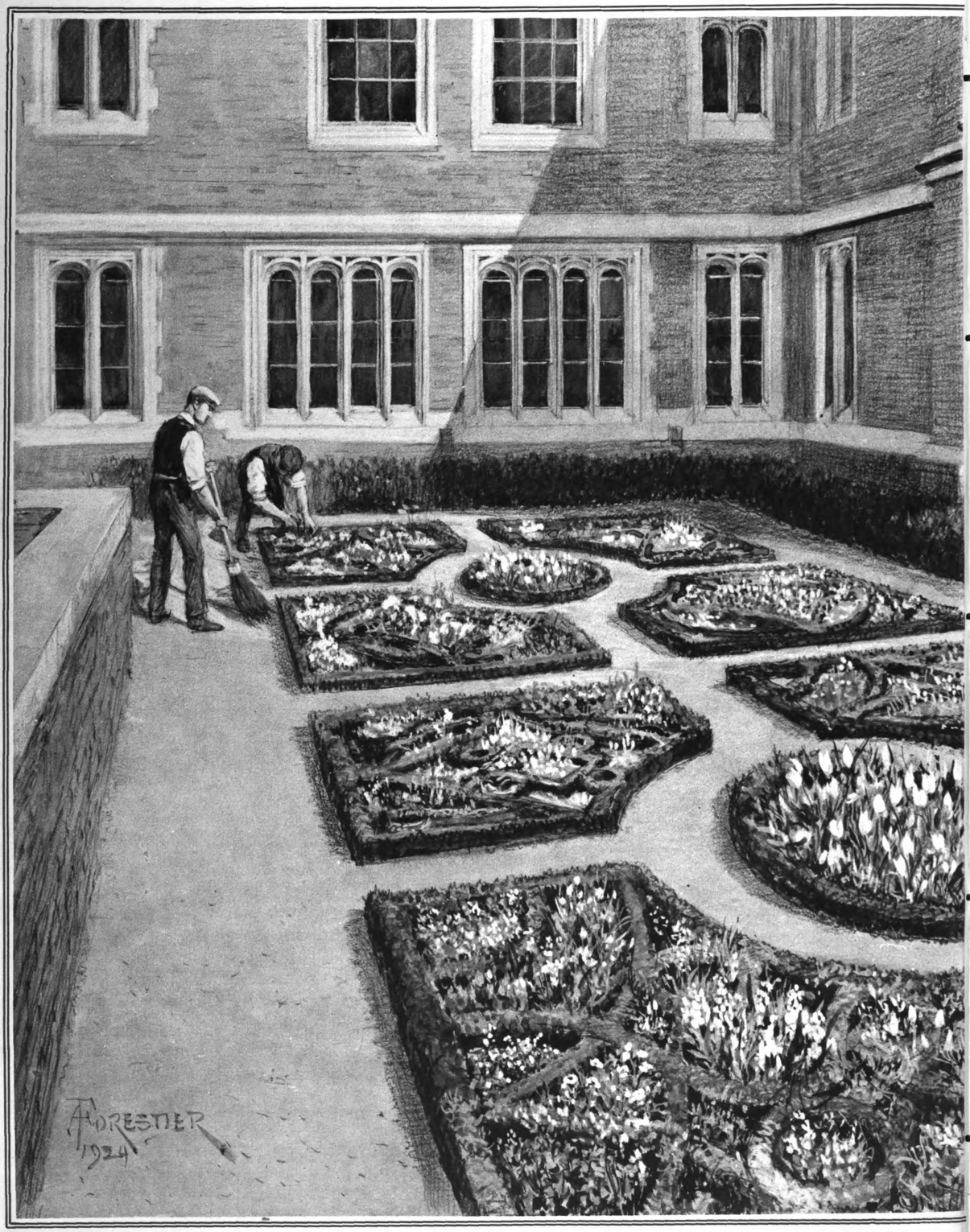
A ROMANTIC TOUCH: NANCY MONTAGUE (MISS CAROL DEMPSTER) MEETS GEORGE WASHINGTON (ARTHUR DEWEY).

WALTER BUTLER (LIONEL BARRYMORE) REPORTS TO KING GEORGE III. (ARTHUR DONALDSON) HIS PROGRESS IN OBTAINING INDIAN ALLIES.

Mr. D. W. Griffith's great historical film, "America," recently produced in the United States, deals with the American War of Independence, and some of the battle scenes, it is said, have been enacted by troops of the United States Army. So far, the film does not appear to have been presented in this country, and no further details have been supplied to us than those noted above under the photographs. They indicate, however, that the war episodes have been arranged with much realism and careful attention to costume. The war began, it may be recalled, in 1775, and the British forces were defeated in that year at Lexington and Bunker's Hill. The Declaration of Independence was passed by Congress on July 4, 1776. The war dragged on with varying fortunes until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown on October 19, 1781, which brought it to an end, and in the following year England recognised the independence of the United States.

"THE KNOTTS SO ENKNOTTED IT CANNOT BE EXPREST":

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MR. ERNEST LAW, C.B.,



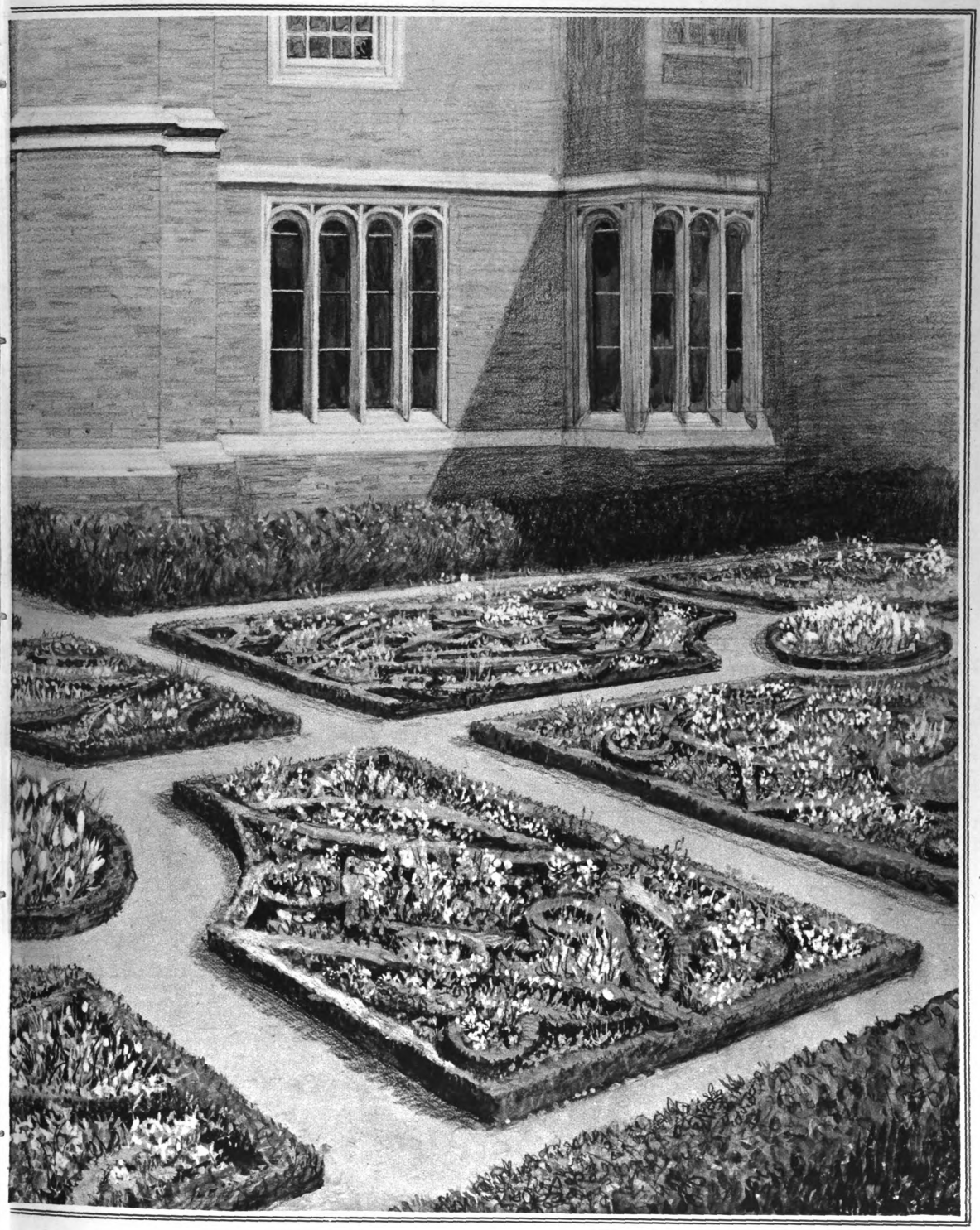
WITH KNOTTED "RIBBONS" OF BOX, LAVENDER COTTON, THRIFT, THYME, DWARF

THE NEW KNOTT GARDEN AT HAMPTON COURT (AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN

The revival of the old Tudor "knott" garden took shape a year or two ago, very appropriately, in the reconstruction of Shakespeare's garden at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon. The commencement of that work was illustrated, with a descriptive article by Mr. Ernest Law, in our issue of April 24, 1920, [illegible] and its completion in that of April 29, 1922. In the present number (on page 594), the same writer describes the similar "knott" garden (modelled on Stratford's that at Stratford) which the Office of Works recently began to lay out at Hampton Court. The spot chosen is immediately beneath the windows of Wolsey's [illegible] Cardinal Wolsey's private rooms, which, by order of the King, were last year thrown open to the public. It was Wolsey himself who constructed there

WOLSEY'S' KNOTT GARDEN REVIVED AT HAMPTON COURT.

AUTHOR OF "SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN," "THE GARDENS OF HAMPTON COURT," ETC. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 594.)



LAVENDER, AND SAGE; THE SPACES BETWEEN FILLED WITH OLD ENGLISH FLOWERS: IN FULL BLOOM) SIMILAR TO THAT LAID OUT BY CARDINAL WOLSEY IN 1525.

one of the earliest examples of this type of formal garden recorded in this country. As Mr. Ernest Law says: "Knott gardens had been known for nearly 100 years before Shakespeare alluded to 'thy curious knotted garden' in 'Love's Labour Lost,' for they are mentioned as having been laid out at Hampton Court by Wolsey about 1525. Cavendish, his gentleman usher and biographer, in his metrical life of his master, describes 'My gardens sweet, enclosed, [illegible] with walles strong, Embanked with benches to sytt and take my rest, The Knotts so enknotted it cannot be exprest.' Henry VIII., in his turn, [illegible] Knott garden here, often mentioned in his gardening accounts; and so did his daughter, Elizabeth."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

A "Curious Knotted Garden" at Hampton Court.

By ERNEST LAW, C.B., Author of "Shakespeare's Garden," "The Gardens of Hampton Court," etc. *(See Pages 592-593.)*

A "KNOTT" Garden! A "Knotted" Garden! What is it? And why "Knott" or "Knotted"? The answer is given by Mr. Forestier in his charming drawing on another page, and also in the four designs here appended, which are taken from the old books on gardening of the time of Queen Elizabeth and James I. Of these designs two are from Didymus Mountaine's "Gardener's Labyrinth," a famous book published in 1577, which had a great vogue in England at that time; two from Gervase Markham's "Country Housewife's Garden," published in 1613, three years before the death of Shakespeare; and one from William Lawson's "New Orchard and Garden," published two years after his death. As here reproduced, they are the ones adopted by the Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace for the Knott beds in his restored garden at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon; and they have also been adopted, and adapted, by the Office of Works for the small Knott garden which is being laid out underneath the windows of Cardinal Wolsey's private rooms in Hampton Court Palace, opened last year, by the King's orders, to the public. In order to profit by Stratford's experience and to ensure the best results, Mr. Marlow, the Superintendent of the gardens of Hampton Court, who is laying out the Knott garden there, paid a special visit to Shakespeare's Garden.

Knott gardens, however, had been known for nearly 100 years before Shakespeare alluded to "thy curious knotted garden" in "Love's Labour Lost," for they are mentioned as having been laid out at Hampton Court by Wolsey, about 1525. Cavendish, his gentleman usher and biographer, in his metrical life of his master, describes them thus—

> My gardens sweet, enclosed with walles strong,
> Embanked with benches to sytt and take my rest,
> The Knotts so enknotted it cannot be exprest.

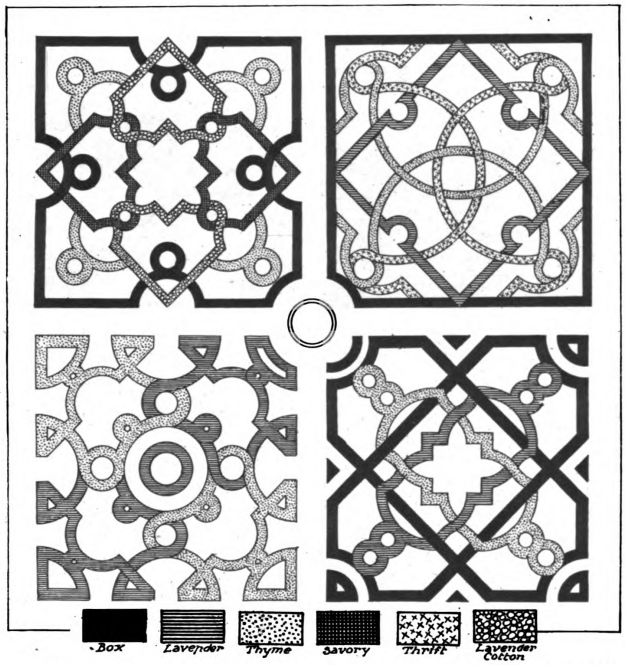
Henry VIII., in his turn, had a Knott garden here, often mentioned in his gardening accounts; and so did his daughter, Elizabeth, who was very fond of flowers, and whose gardens at Hampton Court were famous among all travelling foreigners.

The idea of the Knott designer was to set out plans, the more elaborate and intricate the better, of which the bands or "ribbons" were composed of such herbs as lavender cotton, thrift, thyme, dwarf lavender, sage, etc., and, "chief above all herbs, the small, low, or dwarf French or Dutch box, because it is evergreen, thick, and easily cut and formed," as one of the old writers observes. "The number of the forms, mazes, and knotts is very great," says Markham; "and men are so diversely delighted that I leave every housewife to herself," to design her own.

In the intervening spaces, between the bands of herbs, were planted all sorts of old English flowers, both native and "outlandish," such as daffodils, "of which almost a hundred sorts" are noted. Of hyacinths, Parkinson, in his delightful book published in the reign of Charles I., says, "there are about half a hundred sorts, some like unto little bells or stars, others like unto little bottles or pearls, both white and blue, sky-coloured and blush, all to give delight to them that will be curious to observe them." Tulips, also, "of wonderfully varied and mixed colours," appeared in profusion in the Knott beds, carrying "so stately and so delightful a form, and abiding so long in their bravery, there can be no lady or gentleman of any worth that is not taken with this delight."

The more, indeed, one studies the gardening of people of those days, the more one finds how keen was their delight in flowers and how understanding their knowledge of them. They loved the old herbs and flowers in a way which would have been quite incomprehensible to those who lived in the centuries between then and now; and they delighted in the scent of flowers, which people in our time seem so strangely indifferent to. They studied also the combinations of colours, hues melting into each other, so that Sir Henry Wotton, the famous Ambassador to Venice in the reign of James I., describing Sir Henry Fanshawe's garden in Ware Park, was able to speak of the "tinctures and seasons of his flowers, that in their setting the inwardest should always be a little darker than the outermost, and so serve them for a kind of gentle shadow, like a piece not of Nature, but of Art."

Their methods and their ideas are being followed in the Knott beds at Hampton Court, whose general appearance a little later on, when the bands have grown bigger and more compact, and the flowers are in full bloom, is admirably suggested in Mr. Forestier's drawing. They will, as Didymus Mountaine declared, "give such grace to the garden that the place will seem like a tapestry of flowers."



SHADED TO INDICATE THE VARIOUS HERBS OF WHICH THE "RIBBONS" WERE COMPOSED (ACCORDING TO THE APPENDED KEY): ELIZABETHAN AND STUART DESIGNS FOR KNOTT GARDENS, FROM WHICH THE NEW ONE AT HAMPTON COURT HAS BEEN ADAPTED.

Mr. Ernest Law writes: "Here are the designs of Knott beds from the old writers. They are shaded so as to show different sorts of herbs used in the 'ribbons' or bands. I enclose a 'key' showing what these are. The beds at Hampton Court are adapted from these, being elongated from the original square shape."

Illustrations Supplied by Mr. Ernest Law, C.B.

CARDINAL WOLSEY DIRECTING THE MAKING OF HIS KNOTT GARDEN AT HAMPTON COURT: THE PROTOTYPE OF THE NEW ONE JUST LAID OUT THERE IN SIMILAR STYLE.

The new Knott Garden at Hampton Court, under Wolsey's private windows, is illustrated in a double-page drawing by Mr. Forestier on pages 592-593 of this number.—[*Reconstruction Drawing by A. Forestier.*]

In the narrow borders outside the dwarf box-hedge enclosing the Knott beds, against the wall of the building, is being planted a row of that favourite flower with the Elizabethans, the beautiful "white lily," as it was then called, which our learned botanical gardeners nowadays insist that we should only speak of as "Lilium candidum." In the same borders will be a row of the Crown Imperial, which, says Parkinson, "for his stately beautifulness deserves the first place in our Garden of Delight"; and lavender and rosemary will likewise fringe the boundary of the beds.

Nothing, indeed, will be wanting to form a real, old-English Knott garden, such as once delighted the eye of Queen Elizabeth in this very picturesque corner of the old Tudor Palace.

LABOUR IN ROYAL HOUSEHOLD UNIFORMS: COURT OFFICIALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK AND BARRATT.

MR. THOMAS GRIFFITHS, M.P., Treasurer of the King's Household, recently had a nervous breakdown, and on medical advice went to his home at Neath for a month's complete rest. On the morning of the King's Levee, which he attended in Court dress, he had cut his hand while shaving, and that evening he was obliged to relinquish his duties. Some sixteen months ago he was knocked down by a taxi, on leaving the House of Commons, and he has since suffered from ptomaine poisoning, besides another illness. He was born at Neath in 1867, and in early life was a tinplate worker. In 1901 he married Miss Mary Elizabeth Morgan, of Neath. He was then studying at Ruskin College, Oxford. He has been Secretary of the South Wales Branch of the Steel-smelters' Union since 1899, and since 1918 has sat for the Pontypool Division of Monmouthshire. He is a Town Councillor, and on the Secondary Education Committee for Wales. He has published a "Report of Investigations of Steel and Tinplate Trades in Germany and Russia." His recreations are given in "The Labour Who's Who" as "football, cricket, bowls and golf."

THE TREASURER OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD: MR. THOMAS GRIFFITHS, M.P., IN HIS OFFICIAL COURT COSTUME.

COMPTROLLER OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD: MR. J. A. PARKINSON, M.P., IN HIS OFFICIAL COURT COSTUME.

MR. JOHN ALLEN PARKINSON, M.P., J.P., Comptroller of the King's Household, was born on October 15, 1870, the son of the late Mr. John Parkinson, and began life as a colliery lad. At the age of ten he worked in the pits as a half-timer, and at twelve became a full-time miner. Later, he was appointed Agent of the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation, a position which he occupied for many years. He is a Justice of the Peace for Lancashire, and from 1915 to 1918 he was a member of the Lancashire County Council. He has sat in the House of Commons, as a Labour Member for Wigan, since December 14, 1918, and has taken an active part in the public life of that town. Mr. Parkinson is interested in education, and is on the Board of Governors of Hindley and Abram Grammar School. A portrait of him with his wife appeared in our issue of February 16 last, along with photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Griffiths, and of Mr. J. E. Davison, M.P., Vice-Chamberlain of the King's Household, with Mrs. Davison.

These portraits of the new Treasurer and Comptroller of the King's Household are of particular interest from the fact that officials of the Royal Household have never before been chosen from the ranks of the Labour Party. Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Parkinson are shown in the Court dress of their respective offices, as they appeared at the King's Levee held at St. James's Palace on March 18. An article on the King's Household in our issue of February 16 said (after mentioning the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward and Master of the Horse): "There remain three other political appointments which have invariably been held by Members of the House of Commons. . . . They are offices subordinate to the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward. The Vice-Chamberlain acts as Assistant to the Lord Chamberlain, and as his deputy in his absence. The Treasurer of the King's Household is next below the Lord Steward, and his deputy in his absence; and the Comptroller of the King's Household ranks next after the Treasurer in the Lord Steward's department. These posts carry salaries of £904. . . . The Court duties of all these political officers of the Household have become nominal in a large degree. It is the Government that commands most of their services. Whether they be Lords or Commons, they act as deputies to absent Ministers, or as Assistant Whips in their respective Houses."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE ACTORS' MUSEUM.

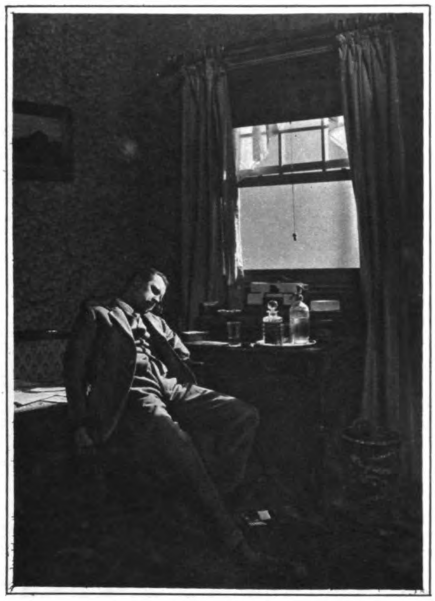
HAS anybody ever thought that the time has now come to found an Actors' Museum—a place where future generations will be able to hear the voices of the foremost actors of to-day? The cinema to a certain extent preserves the mute personality: in years to come the film of "Macbeth" will convey in some degree what manner of man Herbert Tree was; what facial expression he commanded; how he moved and gestured; what were his peculiarities and mannerisms. Of Charles Hawtrey too—to name another dear departed, although he was not a great success on the film and rarely his genial unconscious self—there is a semblance, if not of his genius, of his method. And as time goes by, and the cinema attracts more and more leading actors, as it undoubtedly will, it would be comparatively easy to collect in due course a moving-picture gallery for the benefit of posterity. Whether such a collection is in contemplation I do not know. Even America, always in the vanguard of enterprise, has so far given no sign that it has taken time by the forelock. But somewhere, I think it was in Germany, the subject has been discussed, and, if so far it has not materialised, the reason is evidently the economic question. State and municipalities are eager enough to take up new ideas, but the present financial standard hardly allows subsidies to the theatre, let alone to a project which would more directly benefit the future than the present day.

Besides, the picture means but half the battle; it is the voice that conveys the power of the actor and embodies the soul and emotion of the interpreter. By their delivery, by their diction, they shall be judged. And it is here that I always remain unsatisfied when I read in books of memories long contemplations of the best of actors of the past, whom the writers, no more than you and I, have ever seen or heard and whom they extol by hearsay of friends of their childhood or by criticisms which at best are but one man's impression.

So long as there was no mechanical way to revitalise the past, we had to remain content with traditions—we had to take for granted what we were told about the Keans and the Macreadys. Whether it was correct and truly representative of the artist no one can gauge. Nor is it a cogent answer to protest: "You accept the lives of great men as chronicled by historians; why should not the same procedure make you as well acquainted with the achievements of great actors?" Men of action live by the narrative of their deeds; the actor's achievement is never concrete, it is abstract. Hence the poet coined the immortal phrase: "Posterity twines no wreaths for the mummer"—in other words, the actor's work dies with him. When he ceases to act—the rest is silence. How, then, would I propose to perpetuate memorable histrionic work of to-day? I would reply: By gramophonic records. It could be easily done by the powerful companies such as the Columbia and His Master's Voice, if they were to combine in the creation of an Actors' Museum.

It is not a matter of great outlay, but one of selection and perseverance. Whenever a play of importance is produced by leading actors, a representative should be at hand. He should carefully scrutinise as to how far certain scenes are capable of "recording," and how far they are significant of contemporary acting; how far they are worth preserving for times to come. It is by no means an easy task, or one that should be lightly undertaken. A first-night verdict generally means nothing—eulogy of ordinary dramatic criticism; not much more. The test is whether a performance so deeply impresses the masses, whether lip-to-lip propaganda is so vivid, that in a comparatively short time all the world talks about the actor, all the world wishes to see him. Such events are few and far between, but that constitutes their value. To be able to judge what is ephemeral and what fit to live beyond a generation is the crux of the question. This reminds me of an anecdote which bears on the subject. A man of many ideas and more failures once came jubilant into the City and told a dazzling tale of his being promised a hundred thousand dollars by an American concern if he could carry out a contract which he had somehow been able to arrange at the Vatican, of all places in the world. He was promised that the Pope would deliver an encyclical into the gramophone. It would make history; it would appeal to all the millions of Catholics in the world, who would be eager to hear a sacred voice never heard beyond the portals of the Holy See. The promoter created interest and astonishment; people literally rushed him to death in their eagerness to underwrite shares. Had it come off it would have been a world-stirring event. But—the ways of mice and men!—just before the oration, the Pope fell ill and died. His successor—so goes the tale—disliked the idea, and of the great mirage nothing remained but a sore disappointment. Had it been otherwise the world of to-day and days to come would have preserved a priceless treasure of unique historical value. It was this same man who some time after formed a project to collect speeches of famous Parliamentarians in order to reproduce them broadcast. Of course, his idea was merely commercial, but it is indirectly to him that I owe my suggestion of the Actors' Museum. I know that on the surface it seems a chimera, and the queries will at once arise—will it pay? and what is the good of such a collection of voices to our contemporaries? Mme. Tussaud was confronted with these questions when she began to immortalise people in wax. "Patience; it will come," was her motto, and the Marylebone Road museum is still a Mecca of the young and the visitors to London.

It will take time, immense labour, great personal effort and influence to obtain the co-operation of the actors, but I contend the plan is not futile, and it is feasible; indeed, I believe that, when there is sufficient number of records assembled in a suitable place, there will be many people willing and eager to pay for an hour with our leading actors. We all have a wish to hear once again that which charmed us yesterday. As to the importance of the scheme for the future, there can be no dispute. It will at least forge some hitherto missing link between hearsay and reality.

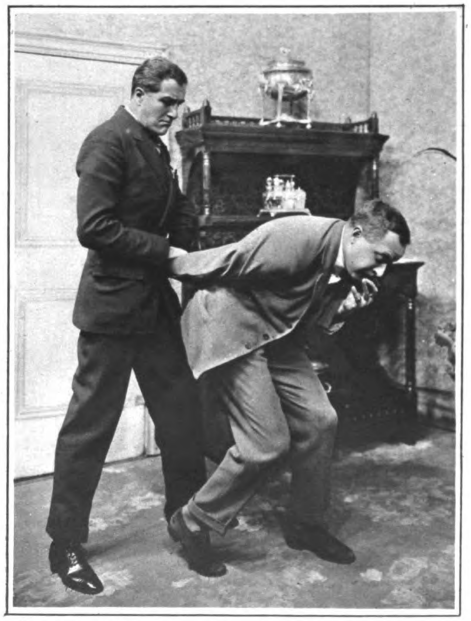


A PLAY THAT RAISES THE QUESTION OF JUSTIFIABLE MURDER: "THE FAKE," AT THE APOLLO—THE DRUNKARD AND DRUG-FIEND (MR. FRANKLYN BELLAMY) WHO IS "REMOVED" BY AN OVERDOSE.

The photographs on this page all illustrate Act III. of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's much-discussed play, "The Fake," at the Apollo Theatre, which raises the question whether deliberate murder may be morally justifiable in certain circumstances. A drunkard and drug-fiend of aristocratic birth, who has married the daughter of a socially ambitious politician (the "Fake" of the title), and makes her life a misery, is "removed" by an overdose of his drug intentionally administered by the "strong man" friend of the family.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.

INIMITABLE AS A COCKNEY WAITRESS IN "THE FAKE," AT THE APOLLO: MISS UNA O'CONNOR, WHO MAKES A GREAT SUCCESS OF A SMALL PART.

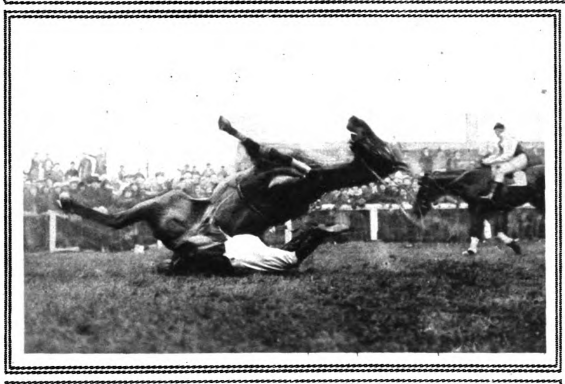


A SELF-APPOINTED NEMESIS: GEOFFREY SANDS (MR. GODFREY TEARLE) TAKES ON HIMSELF THE PUNISHMENT OF GERRARD PILLICK (MR. FRANKLYN BELLAMY), IN "THE FAKE"

THE GRAND NATIONAL: THE KING; THE FAVOURITE'S FALL; THE WINNER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO., AND I.B.

THE KING ACKNOWLEDGES THE ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME OF THE CROWD AT AINTREE: HIS MAJESTY (ON EXTREME LEFT) IN LORD DERBY'S BOX, WHICH HE LEFT LATER FOR A PRIVATE STAND NEAR THE CANAL TURN AND VALENTINE'S BROOK, TO WATCH THE GRAND NATIONAL.



THE FAVOURITE DOWN AFTER SWERVING TO AVOID A RIDERLESS HORSE AT BECHER'S BROOK: MR. H. A. BROWN FALLS WITH CONJUROR II.

ONCE A PLOUGH-HORSE: THE WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL, LORD AIRLIE'S MASTER ROBERT (R. TRUDGILL UP) PASSING THE WINNING-POST.

The Grand National was run at Aintree on March 28 in the presence of the King, who was received with immense enthusiasm by the great crowd on his arrival. His Majesty, who was the guest of Lord Derby, watched the opening races from his host's box in the Grand Stand, but for the Grand National he moved to Lord Derby's other private stand near Valentine's Brook and the Canal Turn, where a better view could be obtained. The race was won by Lord Airlie's Master Robert (ridden by R. Trudgill and trained by Hastings), which started at 25 to 1 against. Mr. T. K. Laidlaw's Fly Mask was second, and Mr. W. H. Midwood's Silvo was third. Master Robert is an eleven-year-old bred by a farmer in Ireland. As a two-year-old he was sent to A. Anthony, the well-known trainer, at the Curragh, but seemed worthless, and after two years was returned to the farm, where for a time he was put to the plough. Later, he improved, was used for hunting, and was sold to Lord Airlie, for 250 guineas. He won several races, including the Valentine Steeplechase last autumn, in which he defeated Shaun Spadah. Lord Airlie owns him, it is said, in partnership with Major Sidney Green, and has no other horse in training. Major C. Dewhurst's Conjuror II. (Mr. H. A. Brown up), which started favourite, fell at Becher's Brook in the first round through having to swerve to avoid one of the riderless horses which caused much havoc in the race. Several of them are shown on later pages in this number.

THE STIFFEST RACE IN THE WORLD: THE GRAND NATI

PHOTOGRAPH BY S

WHERE THE FAVOURITE (CONJUROR II.) CAME TO GRIEF THROUGH A RIDERLESS HORSE: A WHICH FINISHED SECOND; SERGEANT MURPHY (NO. 6, J. HOGAN, JUN.

There were thirty starters for this year's Grand National, which was run at Aintree on March 28, and of these only eight finished the course. It is nearly five miles in all, and all the obstacles have to be jumped twice, except the water-jump. There are sixteen of them, and, although they are not quite so formidable as they were last year, the race still remains the most dangerous and exacting in the world. Among the horses which fell at Becher's Brook, one of the stiffest fences, in the first round, was the favourite, Conjuror II., ridden by Mr. H. A. Brown, the well-known amateur. He came to grief through having to

)NAL—RIDERLESS HORSES IN FRONT AT BECHER'S BROOK.

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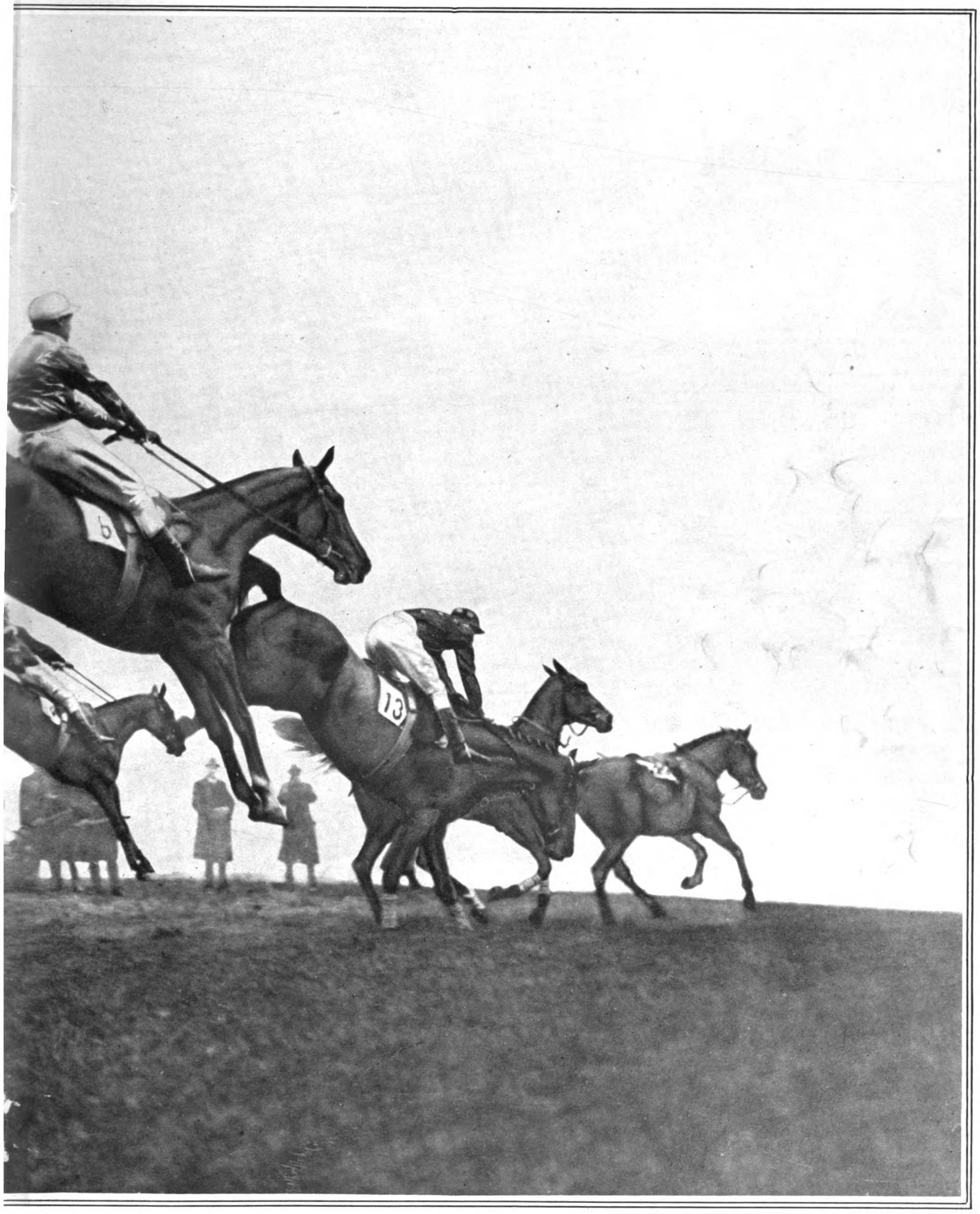
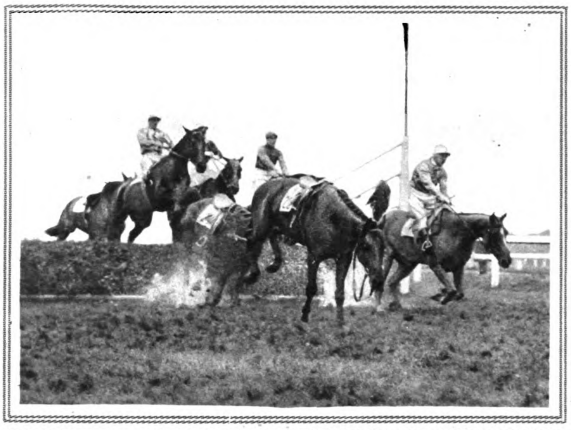


T BECHER'S BROOK IN THE GRAND NATIONAL—SHOWING FLY MASK (NO. 13, J. MOYLAN UP)., UP), LAST YEAR'S WINNER; AND EUREKA II. (NO. 9, A. ROBSON UP.)

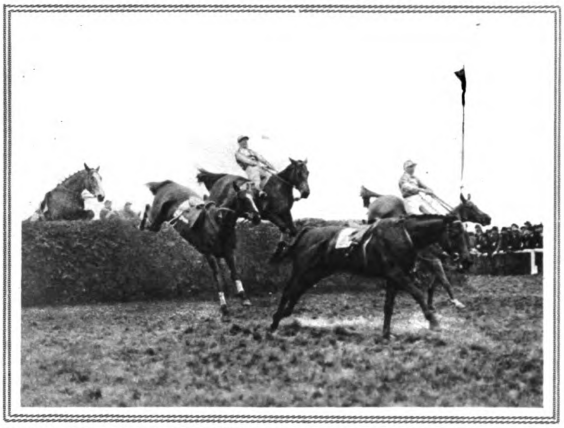
swerve to avoid one of the riderless horses which were the cause of many mishaps. The winner, as mentioned on the previous page, where he is shown passing the post, was Lord Airlie's Master Robert. Mr. T. K. Laidlaw's Fly Mask was second, four lengths behind, and Mr. W. H. Midwood's Silvo finished third, three lengths behind Fly Mask. Among the five others that finished were Sir M. McAlpine's Shaun Spadah, the winner in 1921, and Mr. S. Sanford's Sergeant Murphy, which won the race last year. Eureka II., seen in the above photograph, is owned by Lord Woolavington, and was going well until upset by a riderless horse.

A CAUSE OF MANY MISHAPS IN THE GRAND NATIONAL: LOOSE HORSES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., G.P.U., AND C.N.



WITH THREE RIDERLESS HORSES IN A "BUNCH" OF SEVEN: AN INCIDENT AT ONE OF THE FENCES IN THE GRAND NATIONAL.



WITH THREE OUT OF FIVE HORSES MINUS THEIR RIDERS: A SIMILAR SCENE AT A FENCE IN THE GRAND NATIONAL.

HORSES THAT CONTINUE THE RACE AFTER THEIR RIDERS HAVE FALLEN AND ARE AN INEVITABLE DANGER TO OTHER COMPETITORS: THREE LOOSE HORSES GOING STRONG IN THE GRAND NATIONAL IN A GROUP OF SEVEN AT THE WATER JUMP.

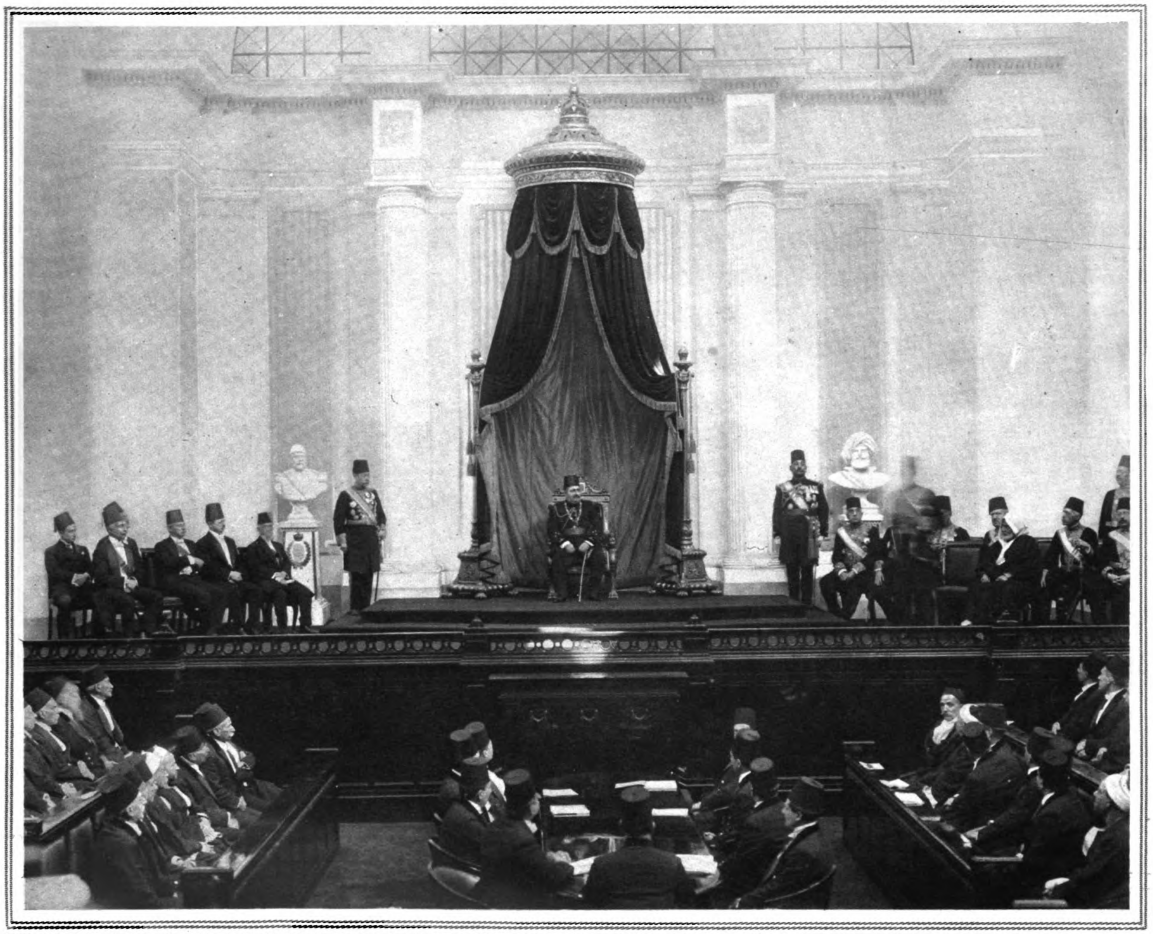
SHOWING GAY LOCHINVAR (NO. 37, S. DUFFY UP), A DOUBLE ESCAPE (NO. 28, G. SMITH UP), AND THE RIDERLESS PALM OIL (NO. 32), WHICH UPSET WINNALL: AT BECHER'S BROOK.

INCLUDING A LOOSE HORSE: ANOTHER GROUP AT BECHER'S BROOK—SILVO (NO. 4, G. GOSWELL UP), WHICH FINISHED THIRD, AND FLY MASK (NO. 13, J. MOYLAN UP) WHICH WAS SECOND.

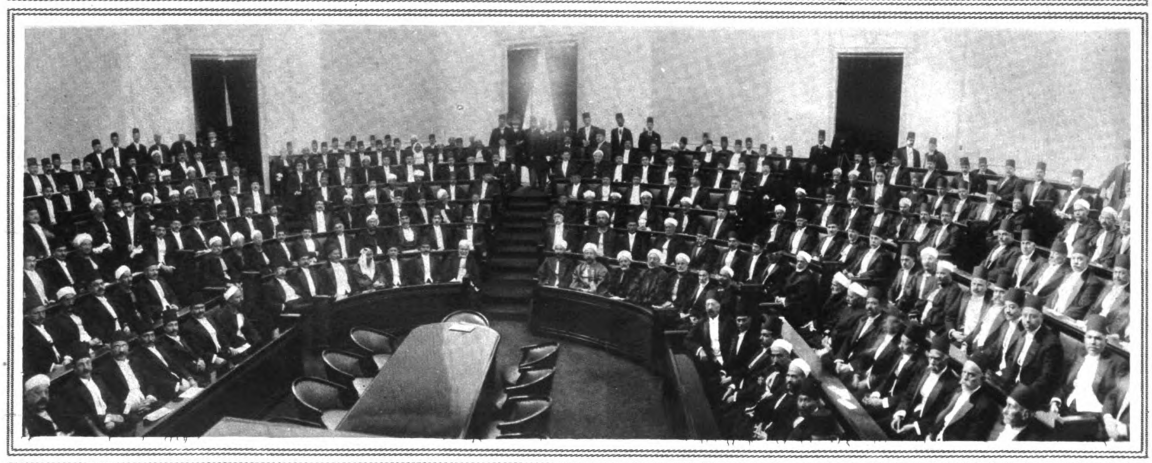
Many mishaps occurred in the Grand National this year, as mentioned on previous pages illustrating the race, owing to collisions with loose horses which, with the racing instinct strong within them, continued to run and clear fences after their riders had fallen. In a railed-in course like Aintree, such incidents are unavoidable. Among the horses that came to grief from this cause were the favourite, Conjuror II. (shown falling at Becher's Brook on page 597), and Mr. H. Liddell's Winnall, which was a long way in front at the beginning of the second round, going very strong, and looked a likely winner until the riderless Palm Oil, owned by Mr. H. E. Steel, caused him to refuse at the Canal Turn. At the start of the race Mr. G. E. Godson's Gay Lochinvar led off impetuously, and all the thirty starters cleared the first three fences. Trouble began, as usual, at the open ditch and Becher's Brook, where there were many falls. The water jump was taken by no fewer than eighteen runners, almost a record number.

THE YOUNGEST PARLIAMENT AND OLDEST CIVILISATION: EGYPT'S NEW ERA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY REID AND SON HELIOPOLIS; SUPPLIED BY C.N.



"MY GOVERNMENT IS READY TO ENTER INTO NEGOTIATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN . . . WITH A VIEW TO REALISING OUR NATIONAL ASPIRATIONS AS TO . . . THE SOUDAN": THE OPENING OF THE NEW EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT—ZAGHLUL PASHA (RIGHT) READING THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE FOR KING FUAD (CENTRE).



WITH THE CONVENTIONAL EVENING DRESS OF SENATORS AND DEPUTIES VARIED BY THE GAY ROBES AND TURBANS OF MANY MEMBERS IN NATIONAL COSTUME, INCLUDING FOUR IN BEDOUIN ATTIRE: THE ASSEMBLAGE AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES AT CAIRO.

The new Egyptian Parliament under the Constitution promulgated on April 30, 1923, and foreshadowed in the British Declaration of February 28, 1922, recognising the independence of Egypt, was opened in State on March 15, in the Chamber of Deputies at Cairo, by King Fuad I., who drove thither in a gorgeous gilded coach with Saad Pasha Zaghlul, the Prime Minister, at his side. The Speech from the Throne was read, at the King's request, by the Premier. It contained the words quoted above. Congratulatory messages were received from King George, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. In a telegram to Zaghlul Pasha, Mr. Macdonald said: "I assure your Excellency of the goodwill and friendship with which we welcome the youngest of Parliaments, and of our confidence that this day will be found to mark an important step in the advance of Egypt, the inheritor of the oldest civilisation." Zaghlul Pasha, who hopes to visit England this summer, said in his reply: "Coming from the great country which was first to lay down those principles and practice of political liberty that have given birth to real democracy, this welcome has been received as a brotherly tribute to the genius of a people in process of awakening."

ANCIENT ROMAN FUNERARY ART: NOTABLE NEW DISCOVERIES.

By Dr. Thomas Ashby, D.Litt., F.S.A., Hon. A.R.I.B.A., Director of the British School at Rome.

No sensational discovery has lately occurred in Rome, or indeed in Italy, such as that of the underground basilica, or of the supposed portraits of S. Peter and S. Paul, which acquired an undeserved reputation from having been wrongly thought to be contemporary with the Apostles themselves. (They were fully dealt with by Professor Lanciani in *The Illustrated London News* of Jan. 14, 1922.) But interesting finds have not been lacking; and, owing to the courtesy of the Italian Department of Antiquities, it is possible to give a number of photographs of some of the more recent discoveries. Those who desire further details will find them in the official publication, the *Notizie degli Scavi*, which is richly illustrated, but is, unfortunately, unknown in England outside the walls of a few archæological libraries frequented only by specialists.

Visitors to Rome will have noticed, during the last few months, that the principal streets have been "up," and that a yawning gulf (now closed) extended for a considerable length along the famous Corso (the ancient Via Lata, which was the first part of the great north road, the Via Flaminia). This gulf, dug for the construction of a new drain, did, as a fact, bring to light several interesting fragments of sculpture, but no detailed information is as yet available. Of course, the saying that the soil of Rome has inexhaustible treasures is true in only a limited sense, and will not perhaps remain true very long in any sense at all. Modern methods of construction, which involve the sinking of deep foundations and the excavation of the soil for a basement, under which a concrete bed is often laid, mean that the possibilities of a site on which a new building is put up are far more thoroughly exhausted than was ever the case in the past. As Rome grows in importance as a capital, the only buildings which are not subject to demolition in order that better use may be made of their sites are those which are of such historic and artistic interest that their preservation is rightly considered imperative.

For various reasons, the urgent need of housing accommodation in Rome is at present being dealt with by the construction of new quarters rather than by the rebuilding of old ones; and, as chance would have it, the discoveries made in the latter process have not been, of recent years, of very great importance. No unknown building of supreme interest, no ancient work of art of first-rate merit, has been found within the area of the city of the early Empire for quite a number of years. And the discoveries which we now record were made not even on the outskirts, but well beyond the limits of the ancient city—on the line of those great high roads which led from Rome to all parts of Italy. The first few miles of their course were flanked by tombs; and it is of a group of tombs along the famous Via Appia that we must first speak.

The church of S. Sebastiano, hardly two miles from the gate from which it takes its name, will be familiar to all who have driven along that classic road. It was founded after the middle of the fourth century after Christ, on the site of a number of earlier buildings, the existence of which has been revealed by recent excavations. The first researches were begun some years back by one of the Franciscan friars of the monastery attached to the church, Fra Damiano, whose enthusiasm, at first unaided, led to the discovery of a group of tombs of the first century A.D., aligned along a branch road, of the type called *columbaria*; that is, small chambers with niches for cinerary urns like the pigeon-holes in a dovecot. They were decorated with paintings and reliefs in stucco. An even finer group of three tombs was found some years after, two, if not all, of which had been completely transformed at a later date, and adopted for the burial of unburnt bodies. The three tombs of this group are shown in the section (Fig. 1), and their façades are to be seen more clearly in another view (Fig. 6). They are each of them faced with finely laid brickwork, and above the door is a marble tablet for the inscription, with an opening for light and ventilation on each side.

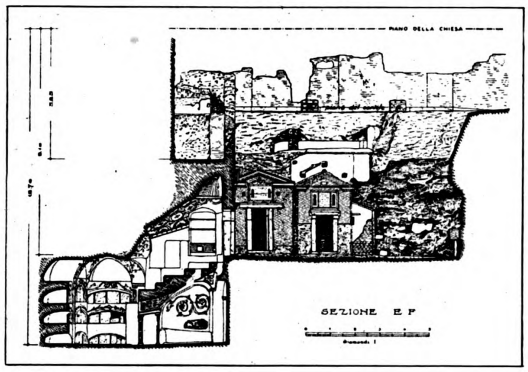


FIG. 1.—RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON THE VIA APPIA, OUTSIDE ROME, NEAR THE CHURCH OF S. SEBASTIANO: TOMBS OF THE "COLUMBARIA" TYPE—SMALL CHAMBERS WITH URN-NICHES LIKE PIGEON-HOLES IN A DOVECOT (SHOWN ALSO IN FIG. 6, ON PAGE 604).

The first tomb on the right (Fig. 11) was constructed by one Marcus Clodius Hermes, who lived to the age of seventy-five, for himself, his freedmen, and his freedwomen, while he was still alive. It consists of two chambers decorated with paintings: on the left we distinguish two birds, one plucking at the fruit in a bowl—a piece of symbolism which is frequent in sepulchral art. The niches for the bodies are clearly visible. There is another chamber below, excavated in the rock, originally intended (as was the whole tomb) for cinerary urns, but later used for burials.

In the second tomb we at once descend a flight of seven steps. The vault (Fig. 9), which is cut in the rock, has been beautifully decorated in white stucco; at the end is a shell-shaped niche in which is the figure of a peacock (Fig. 7), a well-known symbol of immortality, because it was believed that its flesh was incorruptible. The head has fallen, but the rest of the bird, with the conventionalised tail, is well preserved. The preservation of the whole is remarkably good, and, indeed, when the tomb was opened, three terra-cotta lamps were found standing on a slab of selenite, stained with oil. The tomb at one time, it seems, came into the possession of a burial club of young men, the *Collegium Innocentiorum*, who assumed the names of three emperors of the middle of the third century after Christ, Balbinus, Pupienus, and Gordian.

The third tomb is equally remarkable for the beauty of its stucco decorations. As before, the interior is entirely hewn out of the rock. Here, too, a passage descends from the entrance, and its ceiling (Fig. 8) has a pattern in niches; while beyond an arch we enter a rectangular chamber (Fig. 12) with niches for burials. The ceiling is decorated with vines which grow from vases placed at the springing of the vault; while the spaces between the tomb niches are decorated with pilasters. Under the stairs is another smaller chamber, the vault (Fig. 10) of which is also decorated in stucco. There is an entire lack of inscriptions in this, the third and most elaborately decorated of the three tombs; and we have therefore no idea as to the identity of the persons buried there.

This, the second group of tombs, was constructed in a deep depression, and the name catacomb (which originally belonged to this locality, and was only later extended to other Christian cemeteries) may, it has been thought, be simply derived from this locality.

All the tombs of which we have been speaking were filled in about the middle of the third century owing to the enlargement of an adjacent building (perhaps originally a dwelling-house) by the addition to it of a room for funeral banquets. On the walls of this room, numerous invocations to the Apostles Peter and Paul have been found, evidently scratched by visitors. This room itself was in turn destroyed when the church was founded in the latter half of the fourth century. It originally bore the name *Basilica Apostolorum*; but it is quite uncertain whether we are to suppose an actual residence of the two Apostles in this place, or a temporary deposition of their bodies here directly after their death, or, again, a transportation of their remains here in 258 A.D. The excavations are not yet completed, and their continuation may throw light on these problems.

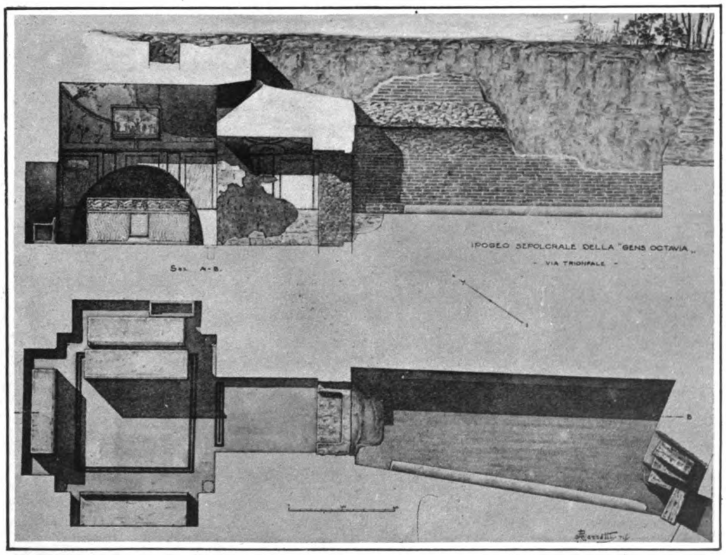


FIG. 2.—RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON THE VIA TRIUMPHALIS, THE NORTH ROAD FROM ROME, ON HIGH GROUND BEYOND MONTE MARIO: TOMBS OF THE OCTAVIAN FAMILY—(ABOVE) IN SECTION, SHOWING THE WALL-PAINTING ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 4 ON PAGE 603; (BELOW) GROUND PLAN.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Dr. Thomas Ashby and the Italian Department of Antiquities.

Two other tombs of considerable interest have come to light on the Via Triumphalis to the north of Rome, on the high ground beyond Monte Mario. The first of them (Fig. 2) is only a little way below the present ground level, and consists of a corridor (once in part open, and in part covered with a vault), leading to the vestibule of the tomb chamber, which was decorated with paintings of no great interest. The tomb chamber itself is about 10 ft. square, and has a low vault, most of the decoration of which has disappeared, the plaster having fallen. That of the walls is, on the other hand, well preserved. The back wall (Fig. 5) shows an interesting scene, in which a large figure of Hermes with his *caduceus* beckons

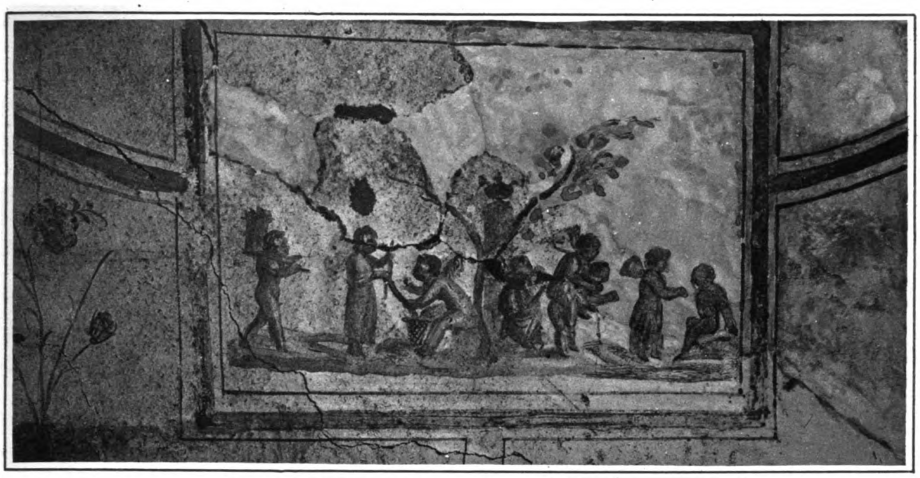


FIG. 3.—A GROUP OF CUPIDS PLAYING ROUND A COLUMN BESIDE A RUSTIC SHRINE, "A MOTIVE VERY FREQUENT IN ANTIQUE ART": WALL DECORATION IN THE OCTAVIAN TOMBS ON THE VIA TRIUMPHALIS NEAR ROME. (SEE FIG. 2 ON PAGE 602).

on a car drawn by two doves. In this car rides a Cupid, who is carrying off a little girl, who struggles in vain to release herself. This is no doubt the soul of a child—probably the little Octavia Paulina who was buried in one of the four sarcophagi which were found in the tomb. As the inscription tells us, she died at the age of six years; and her father, Octavius Felix, was himself buried in another sarcophagus. To the right, a group of children play in a flowery meadow round a column on which stands a statue of the triple Hecate. Whether this meadow be conceived as in the Elysian Fields, or whether the children are playing on this earth, still happily unconscious of their fate, is a moot point.

A rustic shrine is also seen on the right wall (Fig. 3), where Cupids play around a column, with a vase on the top of it and a tree close by. Such a motive is very frequent in antique art; and, if it be not merely conventional, the countryside must, in ancient days, have been full of such shrines

Not far off another tomb was found—originally a *hypogeum*, or underground sepulchre, like the first, but now much ruined. One of the sarcophagi (Fig. 4) which it contained is not without interest. On the front we see a seated woman holding a lyre, above which, in the right-hand corner, is a male bearded head, with the hair bound by a fillet. This probably represents the *imago*, the wax bust of the dead husband, which would have been made at the time of his death. it being a regular Roman practice to carry the wax figures of ancestors in funeral processions." The remainder of Dr. Ashby's article, which deals with discoveries in various parts of Italy, including Veii and Ostia, as well as in Sicily and Sardinia, will appear in a later issue.

FIG. 4.—CARVED WITH A WOMAN HOLDING A LYRE, AND A HEAD PROBABLY REPRESENTING THE WAX BUST OF HER HUSBAND CARRIED AT HIS FUNERAL: A SARCOPHAGUS IN ANOTHER TOMB ON THE VIA TRIUMPHALIS.

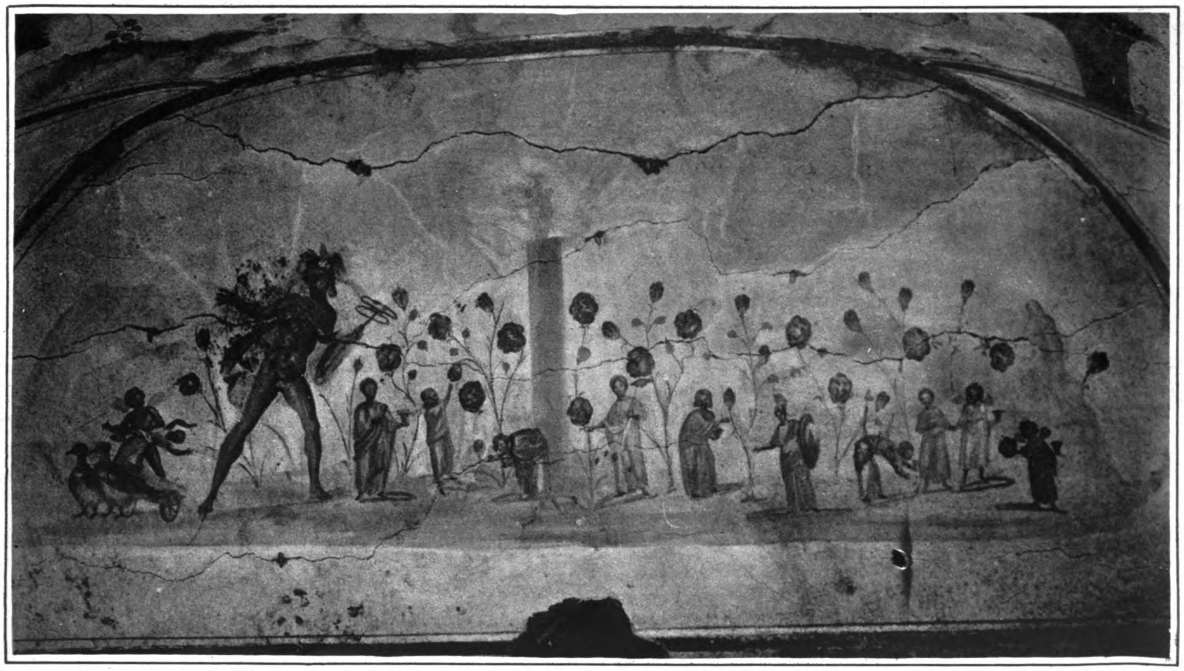


FIG. 5.—CUPID (EXTREME LEFT) CARRYING OFF THE SOUL OF A LITTTLE GIRL (PROBABLY OCTAVIA PAULINA) IN A DOVE-DRAWN CAR, WITH HERMES, AND CHILDREN PLAYING ROUND A STATUE OF HECATE: WALL DECORATION IN THE OCTAVIAN TOMBS ON THE VIA TRIUMPHALIS, NEAR ROME.

Photographs by Courtesy of Dr. Thomas Ashby and the Italian Department of Antiquities.

LIKE ADAM CEILINGS: ROMAN TOMBS WITH STUCCO ROOF DECORATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. THOMAS ASHBY, DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME, AND THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES.

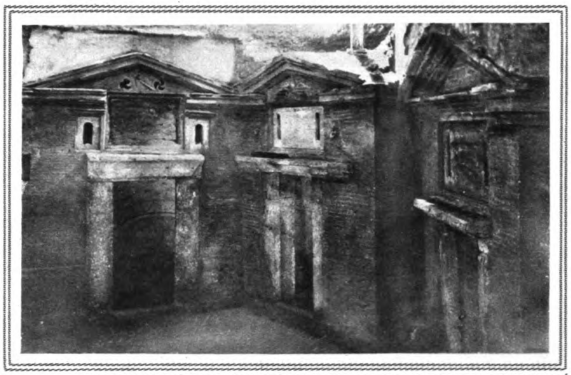


FIG. 6.—FOUND ON THE VIA APPIA: THREE TOMBS—(LEFT) UNKNOWN; (CENTRE) USED BY A THIRD-CENTURY BURIAL CLUB; (RIGHT) THE TOMB OF MARCUS CLODIUS HERMES.

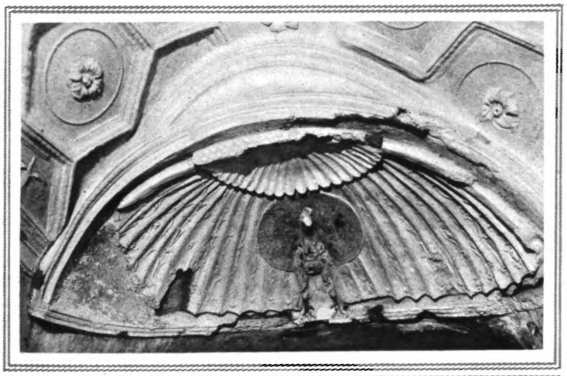


FIG. 7.—A SYMBOL OF IMMORTALITY, AS ITS FLESH WAS THOUGHT INCORRUPTIBLE: A FIGURE OF A PEACOCK IN A SHELL-SHAPED NICHE IN THE CENTRAL TOMB IN FIG. 6 (ADJOINING).

FIG. 8.—ANCIENT ROMAN STUCCO CEILING DECORATION SUGGESTIVE OF THE ADAM STYLE: A BEAUTIFUL CARVED CEILING IN A TOMB (ON THE LEFT IN FIG. 6) ON THE APPIAN WAY, PART OF IT "DECORATED WITH VINES WHICH GROW FROM VASES PLACED AT THE SPRINGING OF THE VAULT."

FIG. 9.—ONCE OWNED BY "A BURIAL CLUB OF YOUNG MEN WHO ASSUMED THE NAMES OF THREE EMPERORS": THE CENTRAL TOMB (IN FIG. 6) WITH CEILING DECORATED IN WHITE STUCCO.

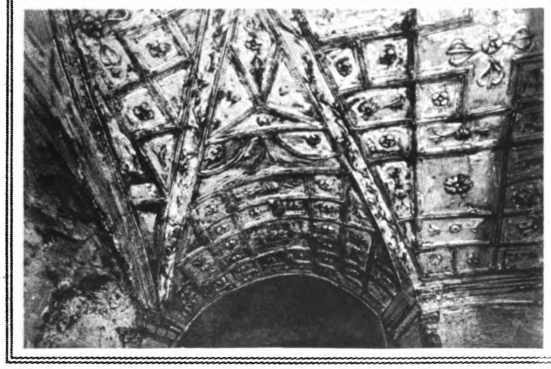


FIG. 10.—UNIDENTIFIED OWING TO THE ABSENCE OF ANY INSCRIPTIONS IN IT: THE LEFT-HAND TOMB (IN FIG. 6)—THE CEILING OF A SMALL CHAMBER UNDER THE STAIRS DECORATED IN STUCCO.

There is a strangely modern aspect, suggestive of the Adam style of ceiling decoration, in the stucco work adorning the roofs of the three tombs recently discovered on the Appian Way near the Church of S. Sebastiano, outside the boundary of Rome, some two miles from the gate that gives the church its name. The façades of the tombs are shown in the first photograph above (Fig. 6) and their general plan is seen in the diagram (Fig. 1) on page 602. There, too, will be found an article by Dr. Thomas Ashby, Director of the British School at Rome, describing fully the tombs and their contents. The numbers of the figures attached to all the illustrations, on this and other pages, correspond to those in the article. Of the central tomb (in Fig. 6, above) containing the peacock (Fig. 7), Dr. Ashby writes: "The tomb at one time, it seems, came into the possession of a burial club of young men, the *Collegium Innocentiorum*, who assumed the names of three Emperors of the middle of the third century after Christ, Balbinus, Pupienus, and Gordian."

BIRDS AND VINES AS FUNERARY SYMBOLS: ROMAN DISCOVERIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. THOMAS ASHBY, DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME, AND THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES.

FIG. 11.—DECORATED WITH WALL-PAINTINGS OF BIRDS, "ONE PLUCKING AT THE FRUIT IN A BOWL, A PIECE OF SYMBOLISM FREQUENT IN SEPULCHRAL ART": THE TOMB BUILT BY MARCUS CLODIUS HERMES FOR HIMSELF, HIS FREEDMEN AND FREEDWOMEN.

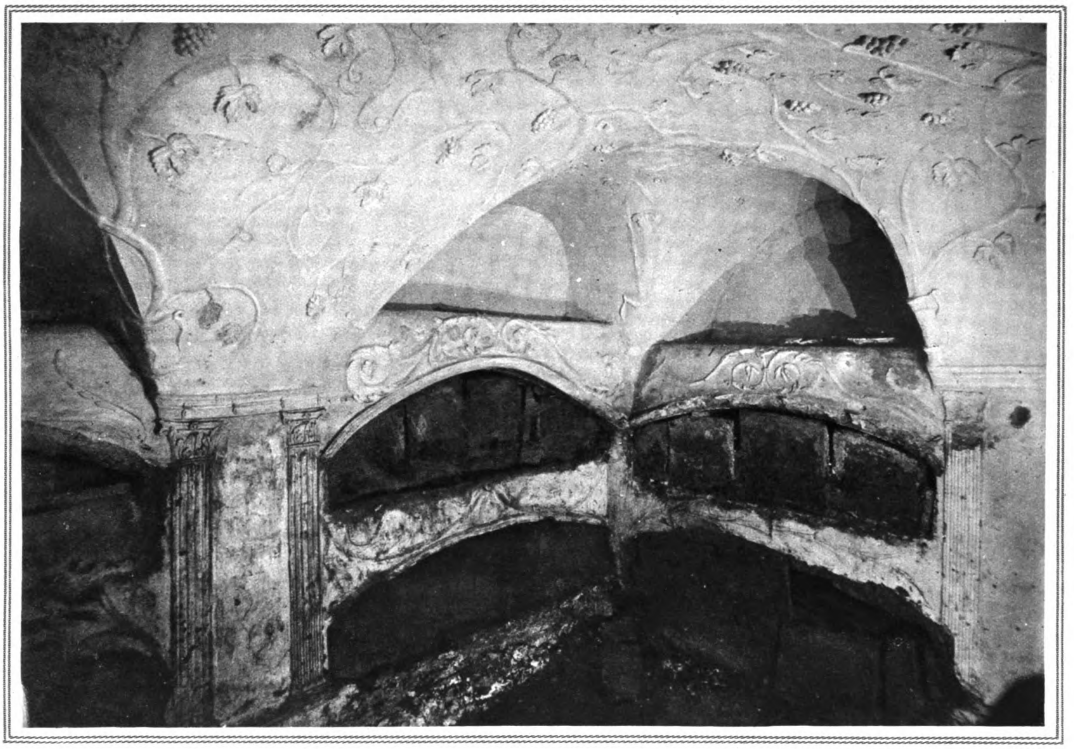


FIG. 12.—WITH CEILING "DECORATED WITH VINES WHICH GROW FROM VASES PLACED AT THE SPRINGING OF THE VAULT," AND PILASTERS BETWEEN THE TOMB NICHES: A RECTANGULAR BURIAL-CHAMBER IN THE UNIDENTIFIED TOMB (ON THE LEFT IN FIG. 6 ON PAGE 604).

Describing these tombs, Dr. Thomas Ashby writes (on a preceding page): "The first tomb, on the right (as shown in Fig. 6 on page 604, and in Fig. 11, above) was constructed by one Marcus Clodius Hermes, who lived to the age of seventy-five, for himself, his freedmen, and his freedwomen, while he was still alive. It consists of two chambers decorated with paintings: on the left we distinguish two birds, one plucking at the fruit in a bowl—a piece of symbolism which is frequent in sepulchral art. The niches for the bodies are clearly visible. . . . The third tomb (Fig. 12) is equally remarkable for the beauty of its stucco decoration. As before, the interior is entirely hewn out of the rock. . . . Beyond an arch we enter a rectangular chamber with niches for burials. The ceiling is decorated with vines which grow from vases placed at the springing of the vault; while the spaces between the tomb niches are decorated with pilasters. . . . There is an entire lack of inscriptions in this, the third and most elaborately decorated of the three tombs; and we have, therefore, no idea as to the identity of the persons buried there."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING THE PECCARY.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

NOT for a very long time have visitors to the Gardens of the Zoological Society had an opportunity of seeing what a live peccary looks like. And many of those probably who see it for the first time will fail to realise that fortune has smiled upon them. For the peccary is not only "very like a pig"—it *is* a pig; albeit of a race apart, zoologically and geographically, from all other pigs. The only representative of the pig-tribe in the New World, the peccary differs from the Old World swine in some very interesting particulars. For example, it has no visible tail, a very conspicuous adjunct to the Old World pigs; from which it differs, again, not only in the matter of its dentition and other anatomical characters, but also in the fact that no more than two young are produced at a birth, and these are never longitudinally striped, as is the fashion among young pigs in the Old World.

Other features will be taken into account presently; but for the moment it will be more profitable to say something of what has been gleaned by sportsmen and others of the life-history of the peccary in a wild state. Before going further, it ought to be made clear that there are two distinct species of peccary. One of these, the "Collared Peccary" (Fig. 1), is the species which has just been added to the Society's collections. It is a relatively small animal, not exceeding thirty-six inches in length, and ranges from Texas to Patagonia. The other, somewhat larger, being about forty inches long, is darker in colour, and has white lips and lower jaw. Hence it is known as the "White-lipped Peccary." It has a less extensive range than its smaller, greyer relative, not extending further north than British Honduras, or further south than Paraguay. Furthermore, they differ conspicuously in habits.

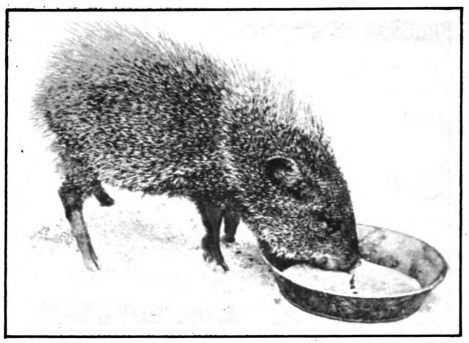


FIG. 1.—THE NEW WORLD'S ONLY NATIVE PIG: THE PECCARY (COLLARED VARIETY), SPECIMENS OF WHICH HAVE JUST BEEN PLACED IN THE "ZOO," THE FIRST FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

Four peccaries from South America have recently been placed in the "Zoo." Their general build, bristly hair, and long mobile snout reveal their kinship to the Old World pig, but they are smaller and more active, and have no visible tail.—[*Photograph by F. W. Bond.*]

Fearsome stories have been told of the ferocity of the Collared Peccary. As a matter of fact, it is a very harmless creature, save when cornered, when it must be approached warily, for it has formidable knife-edged tusks, which can inflict very ugly wounds. In tropical America, this animal haunts dense forests and low jungles; but in northern Mexico and the south-western United States it contrives to flourish among scattered thickets of cactus and other thorny plants, on plains and in the foot-hills. It is a very sociable little beast, roaming about in bands, which may number as many as forty, led, usually, by the oldest and most powerful boar. Nothing comes amiss to them in the matter of food, from roots, fruits, nuts, and other vegetable matter, to snakes and lizards or any small mammals chance may throw in their way.

Taken young, the Collared Peccary makes a most amusing and interesting pet, and even in a wild state displays no inherent fear of man. This much is shown by the description of Mr. E. W. Nelson, who tells us that "one moonlight night, on the coast of Guerrero, two of us, after a bathe in the sea, by a small Indian village, strolled along the hard white sand to enjoy the cool breeze. Suddenly a little peccary, not weighing more than eight or ten pounds, came running to meet us, and, after stopping at our feet to have its head scratched, suddenly circled about us, away and back again in whirling zig-zags, with all the joyous frenzy of a playful puppy. Continuing this performance, it accompanied us for several hundred yards, until we returned to the village."

FIG. 3.—WITH UPPER CANINES CURVING BACKWARDS AND LOWER ONES LARGER THAN IN THE WART-HOG: THE SKULL OF A BABIRUSA, SHOWING ALSO THE DIFFERENT POSITION OF THE EYE-SOCKET.

The larger, White-lipped Peccary is by no means of an amiable disposition; and since, after the breeding season, it combines to form herds of a hundred or more, possessed with an innate desire to attack any animal that comes in the way, even an armed man would stand but a poor chance of escaping with his life, unless he could contrive to scramble up a convenient tree. Tales are told, indeed, of men who have been compelled to remain in such a refuge for many hours, while the expectant herd impatiently awaited his descent. They cherish a particular hatred for the jaguar; and with good reason, for he makes them his special prey. But he has to be cautious in his hunting, for the instant he has seized one, the others rush to its rescue, and if he is not quick in leaping with his catch to some limb or rock out of their reach, they will cut him to pieces by force of numbers.

Among the many characters by which the peccaries are distinguished from the swine of the Old World, the most remarkable is the large gland in the middle of the back, which secretes a vile-smelling odour recalling that of musk. Unless this be cut out immediately after death, the flesh is rendered nauseous beyond words. But even when this is done, opinions differ as to the quality of the flesh. Some say that it is as well-flavoured as good pork should be; others declare that it makes but very indifferent meat. In scientific text-books, the peccaries form the family *Dicotylidæ*—creatures with two navels: the second, of course, referring to the shape of this gland.

The peccaries differ, again, from the Old World pigs in the matter of their teeth. In all the pig-tribe, the canine teeth are large, sometimes excessively so. In the peccaries, the upper canines point directly downwards, and have their edges constantly sharpened by rubbing against the canines of the lower jaw. But in all the Old World pigs, the upper canines turn upwards, directly they leave the socket in which they are rooted. Some idea of the formidable size to which these upper teeth may attain will be gained by a reference to the photograph of the skull of the wart-hog (Fig. 2). In the Babirusa (Fig. 3), their exaggerated size and position attains its maximum. For herein these tusks rise vertically and, in consequence, actually force their way through the skin, so as to embrace the snout between two semicircular columns of ivory. As weapons they must be useless, for their points curve backwards till they nearly touch the skin above the eye. The lower tusks are, relatively, larger than in the wart-hog.

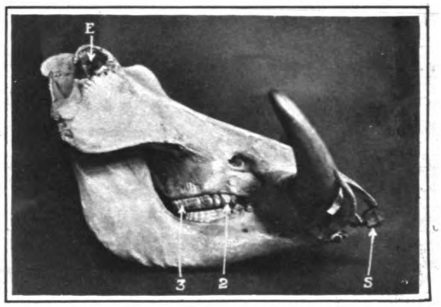


FIG. 2.—WITH HUGE UPPER CANINE TEETH POINTING UPWARDS, INSTEAD OF DOWNWARDS (AS IN THE PECCARIES): THE SKULL OF A WART-HOG—*E*, EYE-SOCKET; 2 AND 3, MOLARS; *S*, SNOUT-BONE.

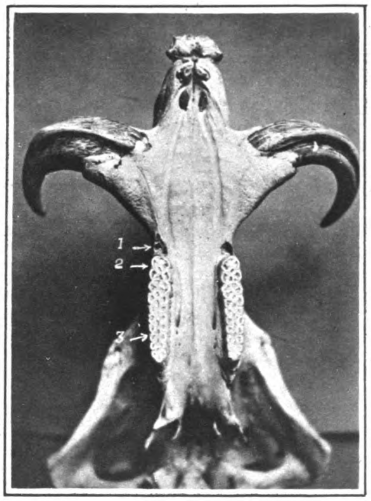
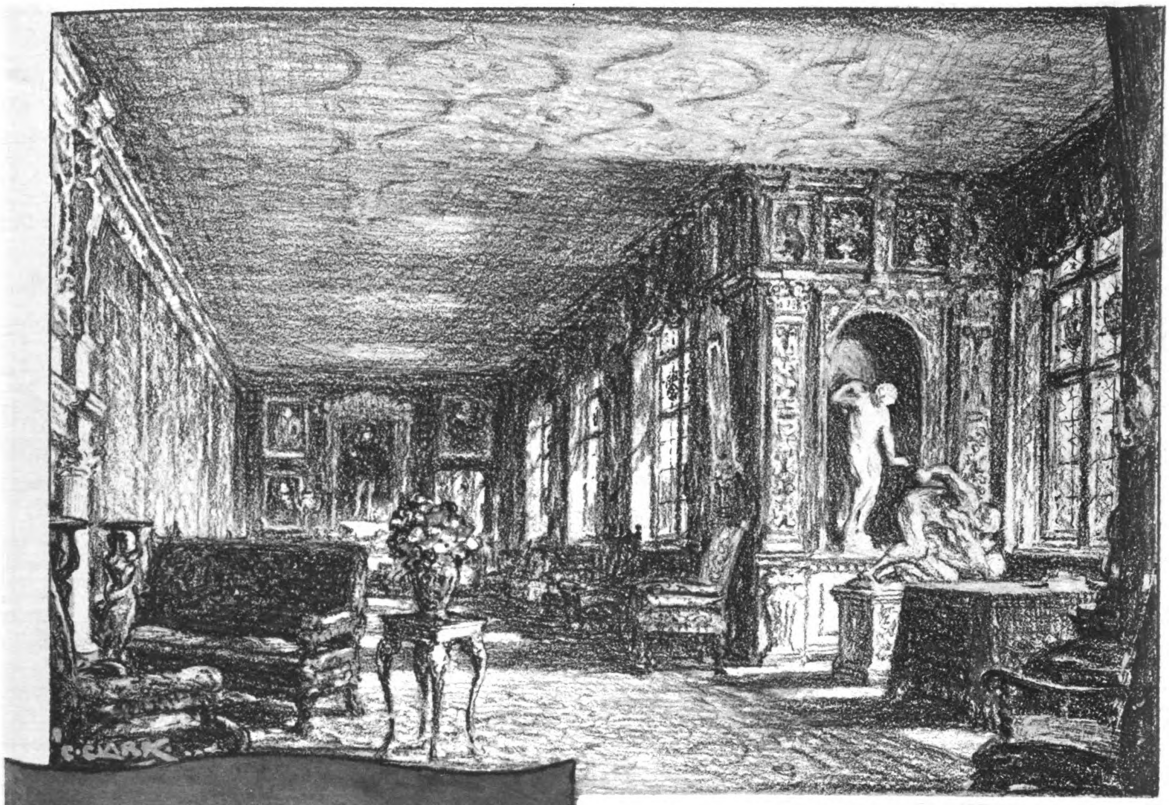


FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE GREAT SIZE OF THE UPPER TUSKS (CANINES) AND OF THE HINDMOST MOLAR: A PALATE VIEW OF THE SKULL OF A WART-HOG.

The numbers indicate—1, the socket of the front molar (shed); 2, the penultimate molar; and 3, the last molar, of astonishing size.

The wart-hog has yet another remarkable peculiarity in its dentition. In the young animal there are three pre-molars and three molars, or cheek-teeth. But in the adult only the last two molars remain. In very old animals the penultimate molar is also shed, leaving but the ultimate tooth, which is enlarged to an enormous size, recalling the huge molar of the elephant. The astonishing size of this tooth is seen in the accompanying photographs (Figs. 2 and 4), showing the side and palate views of the skull. What factors have brought about this strange reduction in the number, and the increase in size of the last molar, have so far not been discovered, nor does it seem likely that the riddle will ever be solved. The cutting teeth, or incisors, it will be noticed, are reduced to a single pair.

Finally, attention must be drawn to the square nodule of bone wedged in, under the nasal bones, at the tip of the snout. This is characteristic of the pig-tribe, and serves the purpose of strengthening the snout, which is so commonly used for uprooting the soil when feeding. The whole skull, indeed, of the wart-hog has undergone a profound transformation, as will be seen by comparing the position of the eye-socket in the Babirusa, on the one hand, and the wart-hog on the other. The skull of the peccary is like that of the Babirusa in this respect. That is to say, it is less "specialised."



Knole.—The Cartoon Gallery.

Silver table at Knole, part of the famous silver furniture made for the 6th Earl of Dorset in James II reign. Repoussé silver superbly embossed, maker's name, T.L. with an escallop and pallets English, London Hall Mark, 1680-1.

By Appointment.

"Embosomed High in Tufted Trees"

IN a sylvan setting of stately beech and venerable oak trees, Knole is magnificently feudal in appearance. Its ancient towers and battlements vividly recall the days of chivalry and romance and the wonderful views of the mediaeval interior serve further to complete this impression.

The architecture speaks of many styles, dating from that of King John's reign to that of Queen Elizabeth, whose counsellor and kinsman, Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, completed the present building which covers five acres and is said to contain 365 bedrooms.

Amid objects of art of inestimable value assembled here by the Sackville family during many centuries there is a superb collection of portraits and other works of old Masters, exhibited in the Cartoon Gallery. Mention of old Masters permits reference to one of different kind, first produced nigh three hundred years ago, but ever since famed for age and quality incomparable—John Haig's Scots Whisky, blended by the oldest distillers in the world—1627.

Dye ken

John Haig?

The World of Women

Fine black repp, bordered with vivid Madonna-blue, makes this attractive spring costume sponsored by Harrods. (*See page* 610.)

THE QUEEN was the admiration of the workers at Wembley. Mud, and planks over trenches, and rain had no terrors for her Majesty, who, with the King, made an extensive tour of the rising Empire Exhibition, and had luncheon in the Royal Pavilion, which will be resplendent on the 23rd of this month—Shakespeare's Day and St. George's Day, and a great day for Wembley. I hear from good authority that two State balls will grace this season, possibly one for each of the royal visits, or perhaps one early and one late in the season. These will be very welcome, for they are great State shows. Dancing is not at its most enjoyable at such functions; it is a *raison d'être*, and the formal measures trod by royalty and ambassadorial representatives of royalty are watched with great interest, and impressions discussed later with much pleasure.

The King and the Queen are, I am told, very much in earnest in wishing all our across-seas kith and kin coming here for the Exhibition to be given a hospitable welcome and a really good time. Their Majesties will themselves entertain them, probably on a big scale at Windsor; and the Colonial Office is also considering a great function. These things are only maturing; there are all sorts of smaller affairs, very interesting and sure to be acceptable; and much private entertaining will take place. The announcements of four Courts with the dates is also heartening, and, after a dull and troubled time, we begin to feel more hopeful and brighter.

Reading of the guests at Lady Astor's party last week for representative women was a liberal education in the capabilities and activities of our sex. Federations, associations, societies that one never dreams of, exist and do good and useful work. Lady Astor had a small dinner party for a few friends before the party, at which she appeared in the dress she wears in the House of Commons. Her guests, M.P.'s and representative women, dressed as they pleased, usually simply but suitably — it is rather a pose when women go out in the evening in aggressively morning clothes. They would not do so among their own friends. There were the fine rooms, all flower-decked as for the wedding reception the day before, and there was music, and everybody seemed very merry and bright.

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Winn, who was until last week Miss Perkins, is an individual likely to be greatly missed in a household of which she has been for long periods a member. Lord and Lady Astor's children will miss her, as will their parents. She is a singularly bright and natural girl, much enjoying her life, and contributing to the enjoyment of her fellow voyagers through this vale of smiles and tears. Her wedding retinue of little people was said by all present to be the prettiest ever seen, and the eight behaved nobly, carrying out the bride's instructions to be good and not to sit down during the service, which was curtailed as to hymns in order not to put too severe a strain on them. The bride's favourite colour must be green, for not only was it that chosen for her little attendants, but many of her friends wore green hats. This might be, but was not, a very unselfish proof of friendship. The hats were in every case becoming.

Every time one sees the embroideries done by the War Service Legion of disabled men, new wonder comes over us. How the hands that dug trenches, cut wire, worked machine-guns, cleaned and kept them and equipment in order, can do the really beautiful work some of which was displayed for sale at the American Women's Club last week is a marvel. The beautiful music-room—the house is one upon which the German whom we knew as Sir Edgar Speyer spent many thousands—was a charming setting for the display, of which the Marchioness of Titchfield and Miss Endicott were in chief charge, assisted by some very capable American saleswomen, members of the club, and by Viscountess Erleigh, Lady Barbara Bingham, and other pretty English girls. Mrs. Kellogg, wife of the American Ambassador, inaugurated the sale; there was no formal opening. Mrs. Kellogg, who is fast making friends, is neat of person and in dress, and quiet in manner; she has a clever face, and has always liked England when over here unofficially. Lady Titchfield, who looked, as always, charming in a one-piece black dress embroidered in Persian pattern with russet and tan and brown, and a smart little wide hat to correspond—acted as saleswoman to Mrs. Kellogg, who immensely admired the work and became possessed of some fine pieces. Katharine Duchess of Westminster, the Dowager Countess of Leicester, her sister the Countess of Arran, and the Countess of Limerick were all early visitors, and through the day I heard there were many more, and the sale did very well. Several people asked where the depôt is. I told them Duke Street, Manchester Square, but, could not remember the number. Would it not be a good plan to have the address where special orders can be executed on every stall? One wants these men kept in work all the time.

Effective beige embroidery in silk braid has been chosen by Harrods to reinforce this well-cut coat and skirt of marine-blue repp. (*See page* 610.)

Black summerweight repp enhanced with silk braid expresses these two distinctive coats, which may be studied in the salons of Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. (*See page* 610).

Princess Marie Louise is a fluent and convincing speaker when she is engaged with a subject so near her heart as the Friends of the Poor Society, of which she is President. Not even the blue and silver waterfall at her back, painted and therefore silent, disturbed her fascinated audience as she told them of the ways the friends befriended the poor, and sketched the really terrible hardships which they so patiently endured. Her Highness was concerned with the inception of this personal befriending of poor folk. The ball-room of Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane was lent for the meeting, which her Highness, the Rev. R. H. L. Sheppard, and Lady Emmott addressed. It is the "curiousest" room, if I may quote Alice, that ever I did see. The ceiling looks like waves of silver and blue. All round are scenes of tropical trees and natives of tropical lands, and nowhere is the colour scheme interfered with. I should imagine as a setting for a number of dancers in modern dress it is unique. It certainly has been the setting for some very brilliantly successful dances. In the Friends of the Poor audience were Lucy Countess of Egmont and Mrs. Briscoe, Viscountess Marsham, the Hon. Lady Mallet, the Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham, and many others all pledged to be the friend of at least one poor family and well fulfilling that pledge.—A. E. L.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Old Tapestry in Modern Guises.

The quaint tapestry designs of olden days are introduced into many of this season's newest models, treated in a variety of amusing ways. At Harrod's, Knightsbridge, S.W., there are some fascinating examples, decorating short Chinese mandarin jackets, which are equally suitable for afternoon or evening wear. One boasts an all-over pattern worked in gaily-coloured silks, outlined by gold-and-silver thread; another has occasional motifs of the same genre standing out in bold relief against a black background; and a third is bordered with the subdued colourings of the real old tapestry. Again, a deep flounce of heavy embroidery completes many of the new spring coats made of shimmering reversible satin, which may be obtained from 6½ guineas upwards. Sketched on page 608 are two attractive and really practical coats of fine black summerweight repp. The one on the left is lined throughout with white crêpe-de-Chine, leaving a narrow edging visible down the front. Touches of white are cleverly repeated in the high collar and inset pockets. The second model, also of black repp, trimmed with silk braid, introduces an amusing feature in the shape of a small pocket placed above each cuff, and in the loose side panels. These models will change ownership for 12½ guineas each.

Rivals to the Long Coat.

Nevertheless, long coats, however attractive, will find formidable rivals in the imposing array of distinctive coats and skirts to be found at Harrod's, two of which are also pictured on page 608. On the left is a striking affair of marine-blue repp, the short embroidered Chinese coat hanging loosely over a deep belt of vivid Madonna-blue. Two narrow bands of the same hue appear on the plissé skirt. The second model, built of the same material, is generously embroidered with beige silk braid, the little sac coat tying at the neck and hanging loosely over the well-cut wrap-over skirt. Surprising though it may seem, it is obtainable for 8½ guineas, and the same amount secures a plain, perfectly tailored coat and skirt in striped covert repp. An irresistible jumper-tailleur in navy wool marocain is priced at £7 19s. 6d., the jumper top boasting a scarf and pockets lined with gay Paisley silk, while the plissé skirt is mounted on a perfectly fitting yoke. The same suit in white, substituting a bold gipsy handkerchief for the scarf, may be made to order for 6½ guineas, and is a really delightful tennis outfit. The finishing touch is supplied by the owner's monogram worked in her club colours and placed wherever desired!

April showers hold no terrors for these country enthusiasts, protected by well-built waterproofs from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W. The model on the left is a new fawn featherweight mackintosh, and the other is carried out in scarlet waterproof cashmere, trimmed with touches of Cambridge-blue.

Mackintoshes of Silk and Satin.

This year, Easter falls at a season which must inevitably be associated with frequent April showers, and consequently the attractive rainproof wraps pictured on this page are very essential items to the holiday outfit. They may be studied at Elvery's, Conduit Street, W. The new featherweight silk mackintosh pictured on the left makes a distinctive wrap, which can be worn on almost every occasion. It is obtainable for 3½ guineas, in twelve fashionable shades, and a silk envelope-case to match is 4s. 6d. The outfit is completed by a comfortable pull-on hat of the same material, for 12s. 6d. Another attractive new Elvery model is a satin mackintosh (price 5½ guineas) completed with a large hood which can be quickly slipped on without damaging the most elaborate hat. When the hood is down, it forms a well-shaped cape collar. The small personage on the right is well protected from the fiercest storms by a gay scarlet coat of waterproof cashmere, with touches of Cambridge-blue on the collar and cuffs. It is obtainable in various colourings at prices ranging from 30s., and cosy sou'westers to match are from 8s. 6d. An equally practicable alternative is a Red Riding Hood cloak and hood, in featherweight silk, for 1½ guineas, including a little satchel to hang it over the shoulder during sunny intervals. To any reader of this paper furnishing the usual trade references, Elvery's will be pleased to send any models on approval, and ensure a perfect fit if the height and chest measurements are given, or, in the case of a child, the age.

A Boon to Housewives.

It is welcome news to every housewife that the invaluable O-Cedar mop has been invested with yet another advantage in the shape of an interchangeable handle which clips on to the mop fitting, allowing it to be used in any position from horizontal to the vertical. It must be noted that the O-Cedar polishing wax, which has just made its début, is excellent for preserving golf-clubs and the bodywork of motor-cars, as well as for use on floors, etc. It also prevents rain from adhering to the windscreen of a car.

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P 219.

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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

FREE AIR. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net.)

Although this story by the famous author of "Main Street" and "Babbitt" comes fresh to English readers, it is really an earlier work, having originally appeared in the States in 1919. It was Mr. Lewis's fourth book. Of the previous three, "Our Mr. Wrenn" and "The Trail of the Hawk" have now attained English editions, and "The Job" is promised soon. The new novel which he is now writing will not be ready till next year. "Free Air," which takes its title from the sign on the air-hose of a garage in a little country town of Minnesota, adopted as the motto of a pilgrimage, is a motoring idyll of the open road, the great transcontinental highway from New York to Seattle. Romance, which "brought up the nine-fifteen," brings a vision of beauty in a Gomez-Deperdussin to an impressionable garage-owner, and sends him flying in protective pursuit in his own little Teal "bug." Hence many adventures, romantic and otherwise, the clash of class with class, human nature at war with snobbery. But even more vivid than the sketches of Western character, and the queer turns of Western talk, is the flying panorama of the great continent that forms the ever-changing background. We scorch across America with youth at the wheel.

OLIVER OCTOBER. By GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. (Harrap; 7s. 6d. net.)

Here also the scene is laid somewhere in the United States, and among people of a type refreshingly unfamiliar to the English reader. Oliver October Baxter, the hero, is introduced at the earliest stage of his career, and the story turns on the strange fulfilment of a gipsy's prediction at his birth. She did not prophesy smooth things, although she promised him political fame, and the plot works up to a harrowing climax, with a saving element of romance.

GREAT GIFTS. By ANNE DARNAY. (Collins; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a first novel of considerable technical promise, but likely to antagonise many readers by its advocacy of perverse ideas and conduct. Its purpose is to ask (as the publisher's summary puts it) "How far is it possible for a powerful and intelligent man, whose opinions are anathema to the majority, to preserve them and his honour against the terrific pressure of the Great Herd Mind, when that pressure threatens the happiness, and even the life, of those whom he loves?" It is easy to sneer at the "herd mind," but in other words it is merely commonsense, the accumulated wisdom of human experience; and those who defy it, whether the possessors of great gifts or not, are usually asking for trouble. The scorners of convention in this story have many weak points in their armour.

THE TIMBER PIRATE. By CHARLES C. JENKINS. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

This story takes us to another part of the American continent, among the Canadian lumberjacks of the great North-West. The author knows his country well, with the hard-bitten men who dwell there, and the stress of their commercial struggles and intrigues. The main theme is the strong, mysterious personality of the "timber pirate," a man who had been obsessed with a desire for revenge, and, having gained his ends, came under the chastening influence of love, with tragic results.

THE LAW OF NEMESIS. By ANTHONY CARLYLE. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

The dire results of ambition combined with utter selfishness and callous cruelty provide materials for the plot of this sensational story. It presents the rather unusual feature of a murder case without a detective, and of a criminal brought to book by his intended victim. The title is drawn from a passage in the preface to Balzac's "La Peau de Chagrin," declaring that "The Law of Nemesis—the law that every extraordinary expansion or satisfaction of heart or brain or will is paid for—paid for inevitably . . . is an eternal and immutable verity."

GOLDEN EYES. By SELWYN JEPSON. (Harrap; 7s. 6d. net.)

No! The golden eyes do not belong to the Chinese pirate depicted on the cover, rushing out of a mansion in Carlton House Terrace, to the discomfiture of a gentleman in green. The eyes belong to the heroine, and the pirate was not a real Chinaman, but the hero in fancy dress. They were both involved, however, in an adventure not far removed from piracy, and quite as exciting—the interception of a ship in the North Sea bringing arms to England for a Bolshevist revolutionary plot. Other important elements in the story are the hero's "crook" father and pickpocket valet, a villainous "nineteenth baronet," and the fondness of Grimsby fishermen for "sugar cakes."

THE SWEDISH WOMAN. By R. E. C. LONG. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net.)

Scandinavia is rather a *terra nova* for the English novelist, who, when he seeks Continental colour, usually prefers to lay the scene in France or Italy. It is a change, therefore, to read a story that describes "manners and customs" in Sweden, along with scenery and sport. Against this background is unfolded the tale of a war-disabled Englishman's love adventure in the land of Linnaeus and Strindberg. The problem of passion is complicated by the respective positions of hero and heroine, and there is an effective contrast of opposing temperaments.

PERISSA. By S. P. B. MAIS. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d. net.)

Perissa was not her real name. Mr. Mais only calls her by it because of her resemblance in character to the Perissa of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," who was "full of disport, still laughing, loosely light"; had "no measure in her mood, no rule of right"; and was "of her love too lavish." Her real name was Felicity Morgan (eighteen, artist's model), and we meet her first in one of her unmeasured moods, about to commit suicide by jumping into the sea from a Channel steamer. Julian Dethick saved her from that indiscretion. He was an ex-officer out of a job, and withal a somewhat sporadic lover. The story tells of his and other people's amorous adventures, and, like most of this author's works, it has a scholastic element, and is full of lively dialogue.

THE PENTAGRAM. By HUNTLY ROBERTSON. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d. net.)

"A pentagram," we are reminded in a prefatory quotation from the dictionary, is "a five-pointed star; the magic circle." This particular pentagram is fully defined (in colours) on the jacket. It consists of Greg Share (the central "point" of the story) and his friend Clive, school friends of leaving age; Greg's father; the Brown Girl; and Rolf von Rudesheim, an Austrian. Greg's ambitions lie in the direction of operatic singing, and there is much talk of music, a trip to the Continent, and adolescent heart-burnings over questions of morality, especially in regard to Greg's erring father. The trivialities of schoolboy chatter are rather overdone in the early chapters.

A PAWN AMONG KINGS. By C. S. FORRESTER. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)

This story is a spirited addition to the Napoleonic legend, and it is probably more accurate to class it as historical romance rather than as a romantic episode in history, though it introduces many famous people in person. The "pawn" is "a beautiful Hungarian girl who plays a decisive part in the tremendous events that end in the tragedy of Waterloo." We first meet Marie de Berzeny at a reception in Dresden given by the Duke of Friuli, in May 1812, "to his Imperial and Royal Majesty, Napoleon, Emperor and King." We leave her, under far other circumstances, at Ligny on the eve of the "world-earthquake" of 1815.

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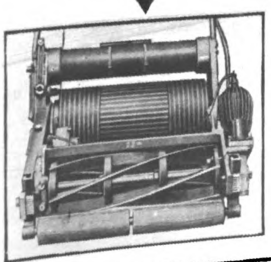

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RADIO NOTES.

MOST of the great army of broadcast listeners who have used their receiving-sets consistently during the last few months would agree, we believe, that the performances by the Royal Air Force Band and the Savoy Hotel Dance Band, respectively, stand in the front rank of the numerous musical items provided by the B.B.C.

Whenever these bands are announced for inclusion in forthcoming programmes, much satisfaction is felt, we imagine, by all who have enjoyed previous performances.

So far as the Royal Air Force Band is concerned, we believe that the majority of listeners would never tire of hearing it, even though the same programme were repeated whenever the band played. In any case, we feel certain that the public seems never weary of listening to the beautiful rendering of the characteristic intermezzo, "In a Monastery Garden" (Ketelbey), which the band performs on almost every occasion—"by special request."

A year or more ago many alleged dance bands sought public favour by broadcasting, but most of them gave very indifferent performances, as will be remembered by all who listened to them. That a large number of the public likes to hear good dance music was realised by the B.B.C., but it was not until the Savoy Bands commenced broadcasting that the demand on the part of radio listeners for genuine dance music was satisfied.

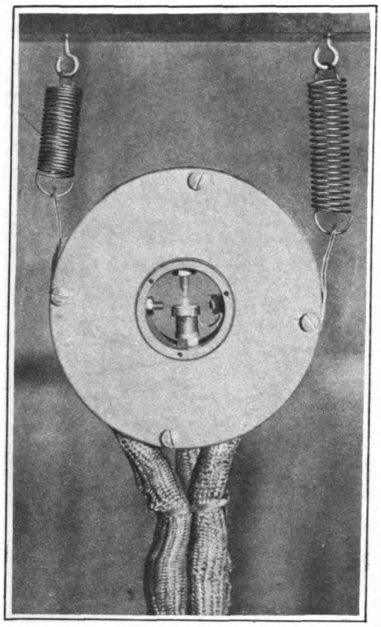
In recent years the performance of dance music has become a matter requiring to be dealt with by specialist musicians. Most listeners who hear the Savoy Bands marvel at the clever way the various tunes are played. To some tunes a "symphonic" rendering will be given, executed in a manner satisfying any reasonable lover of the best musical compositions. Other tunes, whether they deal with the story of a horse and the attitude of its tail, or with "Maggie," the young lady whose attendance upstairs is so desired by her mother, are extraordinary examples of the versatile treatment accorded by these modern dance musicians, each one of whom must be a highly skilled and intelligent performer on his particular instrument.

Some interesting statistics have just been published dealing with the kinds of broadcast entertainment most favoured by American listeners. Three Chicago broadcasting stations—KYW, WDAP, and WJAZ, received 263,410 replies from listeners, in response to a request for opinions. These replies were classified into three sections: the first giving 50.3 per cent. in favour of popular selections, including dance music; 27.3 per cent in favour of classical music; the third section comprised miscellaneous items such as vocal and instrumental quartettes, organ solos, dramatic recitals, and the like.

At the broadcasting stations the microphone is one of the most important parts of the transmitting apparatus. Every kind of sound, whether it be of the voice or a full band, must be recorded faithfully by the microphone. When the instrument is affected by sounds made in the broadcasting studio, the flow of an electric current is broken up into pulsations of varying intensity corresponding to the rate of sound-vibrations. After passing through space in the nature of radio-vibrations, it is the function of our receiving-sets to convert these to sound-vibrations which are created by the rapid but invisible movement of the diaphragms of the telephones or loud speaker.

Low notes cause vibrations in the air of about 40 per second, and middle "C" about 246 per second. A note of high pitch vibrating 12,000 times per second is audible to most ears, but human ears will not respond to sounds of still higher pitch having vibrations of 20,000 per second.

It is known, however, that the air can vibrate up to a million or even more times a second; consequently there may be sounds ranging from 20,000 vibrations a second to a limit of which human beings have lived in ignorance hitherto. Recently, however, Dr. Phillips Thomas, of the Westinghouse Electric Company, has invented a new form of microphone by which ultra-audible sounds may be studied. It consists of a ring fitted with a pair of electrodes between which a soft purple light is formed when an electric current of high voltage is passed into the apparatus. The glowing light vibrates in sympathy when affected by sound-wave vibrations. Already the invention has been introduced for broadcasting purposes, and is stated to be a great improvement upon the ordinary microphone, which will not respond to sound-vibrations above 4000 per second. The new microphone will interest entomologists, as it is expected to give information upon the methods by which insects may inter-communicate. W. H. S.



FOR THE STUDY OF ULTRA-AUDIBLE SOUNDS: A NEW MICROPHONE.

This device will record sounds, which, on account of their high pitch, would not be recorded by less sensitive microphones. Apart from the fact that broadcast transmissions are greatly improved by its use, the new instrument is stated to be of great interest to scientists as it is expected to reveal information bearing upon the methods by which insects may communicate with each other.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Need for Unification.

At no time in the history of motoring in this country has the need for unification of the representative bodies been more insistent. At the present time we have before Parliament the Criminal Justice Bill, which incorporates several clauses intended to stiffen the law against the motorist. Protests have been made against these objectionable provisions, but they have gone in over the names of a dozen or so relatively small organisations, and, obviously, cannot carry the weight that similar representations coming from a single unified body would have. Another measure which is now being considered, and which may profoundly affect the motorist, is the London Traffic Bill. This measure will have to be carefully watched on behalf of the motoring community, and again it would be infinitely better done by one body, speaking with a single voice, than by a number of more or less detached units.

A little later on we are promised a new Bill for codifying and consolidating the laws affecting the use of the motor-car. This will take the place of the present patchy legislation which now governs the mechanically propelled vehicle. It will be to all intents and purposes a piece of final legislation, which it is very improbable indeed will be altered by a single comma after it once becomes law. It would be needless to elaborate the urgent necessity that will exist for careful examination and diplomatic handling of this measure when it is before Parliament. It is bound to be highly controversial in many of its aspects, and beyond all doubt some of its clauses will have to be opposed tooth and nail by the motoring interests. But, so far as it is possible to foresee, the opposition will not be solid because of the way our representation is split up between several organisations, each of which seems to be out for its own hand and for that alone. It is a thousand pities that vested interests have been allowed to sway the destinies of the attempts which have been made in the past to bring together the two principal organisations—the R.A.C. and the A.A. Is it too late even now to reopen the negotiations and to effect some sort of union between the two? Surely they ought not to be kept apart by the self-interest of individuals who have, or imagine they have, something to lose in the shape of prestige if such a union were to take place? The full story of past negotiations which proved abortive has never been told publicly, and it is to be hoped the necessity for so telling it will not arise; but the interests of the motorist at large come first, and unless something is done to end the present state of affairs and to bring about the union that every disinterested person feels desirable, it will have to be told—chapter and verse.

MOUNTAINEERING BY MOTOR-CAR: A CITROËN-KEGRESSE TRACTOR AMONG THE SNOWS AT CHAMONIX.

White Coats for Policemen.

In reply to a question put in the House recently, Mr. Rhys Davies, of the Ministry of Transport, said that the safety of the traffic in London did not depend upon the colour of a policeman's coat, but on the carefulness of the driver. The question was as to whether white overalls might be provided for the London police when engaged in traffic direction duty. I certainly do not agree all the way. I should say that Mr. Rhys Davies is not a motorist or a driver of any sort—at least, not in London. If he had had any experience at all, he would appreciate the difficulty of seeing the directing constable at all, let alone being certain of what he is doing or wants the traffic to do. If he would like to see for himself, let him go out on a dark night to a traffic point like the junction of Roehampton Lane and the Upper Richmond Road. Let him come down the Lane and try to make out the pointsman at the crossing. He will find that there is a high standard lamp which lights a small circle and throws everything beyond into obscurity. The policeman is there, but in his dark clothing he more often than not cannot be seen at all; and only once in twenty times can his signals be discerned. I have given this example because the crossing is well known to most London motorists; but I could mention a dozen or more other points at which the same disability will be encountered. Now, if the policeman were wearing a white overall, as they do in some provincial towns, he could be seen

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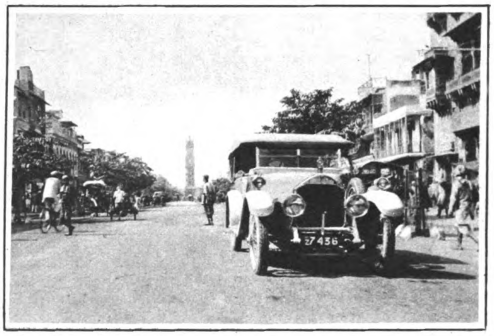

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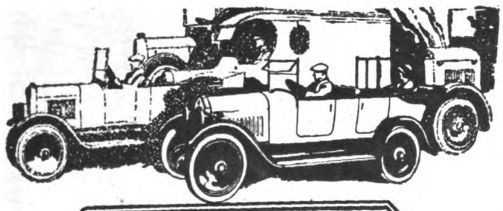

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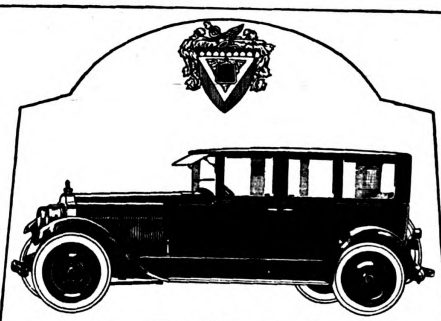

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The Fournier collection includes works of Dutch and Italian masters, as well as fine specimens of French art among which Perronneau, Nattier, Largillière, Drouais, Greuze and Boucher may be mentioned.

Gothic art is also represented by a masterpiece of Nicolas Froment—a large triptic reproducing the panorama of Avignon and surroundings. The donors belong to the family of Peruzzis.

The sale of the magnificent collection has been fixed for June 24th, 1924; a marvellous illustrated catalogue has just been issued.

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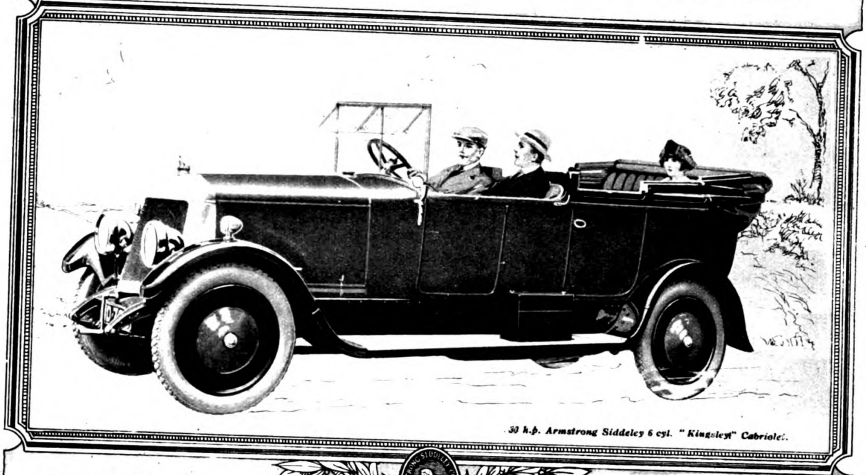

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REDUCING THE WEIGHT
HOW TO TAKE OFF ALL EXCESS FAT

We all know that after babyhood fat is ugliness, that where Obesity enters beauty flees, because fat distorts the features, smothers grace, eclipses charm and shrouds youth.

But how can we reduce our fat quickly, easily, without discomfort or privation, yet safely and altogether successfully? That is a question that a great many of the overstout are asking. We do not wish to take dangerous, poisonous or purging drugs. Neither do we wish to take exhausting exercises nor to use the sweat cure or starve ourselves. Yet there is a way—a way that will please you to the extent of happiness. It is a simple way that has stood the test of years, and it has required years to perfect, and to-day it stands a monument of perfection. Thousands of men and women all over the civilized world endorse it.

This illustrates the benefits of the Hartland Method of fat-reduction.

Here are a few extracts from some of their letters. One lady writes:—"It is splendid. I have not quite finished the treatment yet, but I have nearly reduced the 20 lbs. and have felt a lot better in health."

Another lady writes:—"I have removed about 16 lbs. of fat, proving that your treatment is all you can say, and more. I feel it a duty to write, as it is such a comfort to go out and feel I am not being laughed at for being unduly fat. Now I have no fear."

A Scotch client says:—"I have lost 2 st. so far, and I have still some of the treatment left. I sleep better than I have done for years."

Another writes:—"I feel years younger now: your treatment seems to have given me new life. I think it is worth its weight in gold. I have lost about 2 st."

The above extracts from letters are, of course, just a few, but it gives an idea of what one is to expect. Do not confound this method with the ordinary treatment for reducing weight, but if you are stout, or getting stout, and want to reduce, write to-day (enclosing two penny stamps to pay postage) to Winifred Grace Hartland (Dept. 849), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, E.C.1, and ask for the Free Book on Weight Reduction and give the method a trial. Either it will reduce your weight or it will not, and it costs nothing if it fails. This should be good enough. Your letter will be treated quite confidentially.

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tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired — brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 the Flask.

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Continued.]

and his signals appreciated. The cost of providing such overalls would be very small and quite out of proportion to the additional safety it would bring. I am assuming, of course, that the pointsmen are really there to assist in preserving the public safety and not merely to catch motorists who offend by ignoring signals they cannot see.

THE NEW HOUSE OF BRINSMEAD IN CAVENDISH SQUARE: A FINE OLD GEORGIAN BUILDING BY ADAM—THE NEW ENTRANCE, WITH FIGURES OF MUSIC (LEFT) AND ART (RIGHT) BY MR. GILBERT BAYES.

The famous piano firm of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, temporarily closed down during the war, has been reconstructed, and has acquired as its head office, No. 17, Cavendish Square, designed by Adam and formerly the home of the Earl of Bessborough. It has been tastefully adapted for business purposes in a style in keeping with its architectural character, and the front is adorned with remarkable sculptured reliefs by Mr. Gilbert Bayes. The figures, which include also one of Science, are painted cream colour against a darker background. The new House of Brinsmead was opened recently by Lord Howard de Walden.

Photograph by Sidney W. Newbery.

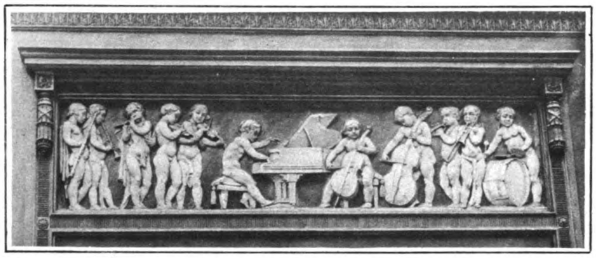
The Weymann Body.

Some months ago, when the Weymann system of closed-body construction was introduced to this country, I was "told off" by a number of my motoring friends, trade and private, for writing that this form of body would ultimately take the place of the present heavy construction so beloved by the old-fashioned coach-builder. The increasing vogue of the Weymann leads me to conclude that the process of supplanting will be even shorter than I thought. It is astonishing how quickly the doubters become converted by experience. One motorist I know used all kinds of language to me when I told him what I thought of the new system, and called all his gods to witness that he would not be seen in such a contraption. He came over to see me the other day in a new car—with a Weymann body—of which he spoke with absolute enthusiasm. Being in diplomatic mood that day, I did not remind him of his revilings of less than six months before; but I know he reads these notes every week, and when he sees this he will know whom I mean.

The World Flight.

Organising a world flight, such as that upon which Squadron-Leader Archibald S. C. MacLaren has just embarked, is by no means so simple a matter as may be imagined. A chain of petrol and lubricating oil supply dumps has had to be established all round the world, and this work has not been without incident. The Shell Company, who have placed their organisation at the service of Squadron-Leader MacLaren for the purposes of these dumps, and whose petrol and lubricating-oil are being used exclusively by the British representatives, had their arrangements upset by the Japanese earthquake, and new measures had to be devised at short notice. Dumps of Shell spirit (which, it may be recalled, was also used exclusively in the great pioneer flights to Australia and across the Atlantic) and Shell motor oil had to be established in the almost uninhabited Aleutian Islands—a task with no small amount of risk, and one which might have proved an almost insurmountable difficulty but for the splendid co operation of the Canadian Government, with whose help a vessel was specially chartered.

It is very well to note that, whilst Britain is represented in the flight by only one machine, with no financial co-operation upon the part of the Government whatsoever, America, engaged in the same enterprise, is solidly behind her four aviators, already on their way. All expenses are being defrayed by the American Government, and their Army and Navy have sent groups of officials to different points *en route*, in order to assure there being no hitch in the necessarily involved arrangements. Our official interest seems to be purely "academic," encouraging but not particularly helpful under the circumstances.



WITH A LITTLE GIRL AT THE PIANO APPROPRIATELY IN THE CENTRE: A CHARMING PANEL IN SCULPTURED RELIEF, BY MR. GILBERT BAYES, OVER THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF MESSRS. JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' NEW HEADQUARTERS IN CAVENDISH SQUARE.

106 Miles an Hour on "B.P."

The fastest speed recorded at the opening meeting of the British Motor-Cycle Racing Club on Saturday last—106¼ miles an hour—was made by C. F. Temple on a British-Anzani machine using the British petrol—"B.P."

[*Continued overleaf.*

Lanchester Cars

FOR more than a quarter of a century we have been engaged in the manufacture of motor-cars of the highest grade. The 40 H.P. 6-cylinder model of the present day exemplifies the advance that has been made in Automobile design and construction. It abounds with features of outstanding merit, exclusively "Lanchester," and each one has been determined by actual experience. In coachwork, too, the name signifies excellence of craftsmanship. All Lanchester bodies are built in the Lanchester Works with the full co-operation of the Chassis designers and every Car presents a symmetrical combination of the coach-builder's art and skilful engineering. Photographs of the full range of Lanchester 40 H.P. Models are contained in our new illustrated Catalogue. We shall be pleased to send you a copy.

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD.,
Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 88, Deansgate, Manchester. 95, New Bond Street, London, W.

Read this extract from an article which appeared in the "Autocar" of 29.2.24

"But fine car building is an art not so common as may be imagined, requiring knowledge and experience possessed by comparatively few. How many cars possess the refinements to be found in, say, the Lanchester? It's *ensemble* and detail are so distinctive and original that to even the casual observer it has a distinction and dignity of its own."

In addition to the 40 H.P. Car referred to above we are now producing a new 6-cylinder Model of 21 H.P., designed to meet the demand for a high-grade Car of medium power. It is almost a replica of the "Forty," but in no way supersedes or competes with it. Particulars will be gladly sent on request.

Travel the Lanchester way in Luxury, Comfort and Safety

Investigate the Ner-A-Car made by The SHEFFIELD SIMPLEX Co; Canbury Park Road. KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

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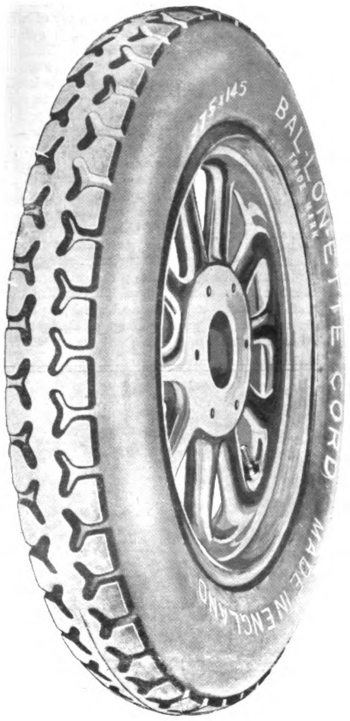
THE PREMIER LOW-PRESSURE CORD TYRE MADE IN ENGLAND.



USERS' OPINIONS.

Wellington Mills,
Bradford,
March 19th, 1924.

Dear Sirs,

"Re the set of tyres you supplied recently to our order, we have great pleasure in stating that our experience of these on the 8/18 Talbot Coupé has so far been very satisfactory; especially do we find their utility when crossing tramlines or greasy patches of road, the feeling of anti-skid being very decided. There is no doubt also about the more comfortable conditions for passenger and driver due to the increased size of the tyres and comparatively low pressure. It is yet too early to report as to the wearing qualities of the tyres, but so far as we can judge there seems to be every probability of good service in this respect.

We enclose our order for another spare tyre and tube of the "Bal-lon-ette" type.—Yours faithfully,

CRESSWELLS, Ltd."

AFTER 5,000 MILES NO SIGN OF TREAD WEAR.

1/3/24.

Dear Sirs,

"I am pleased to inform you that I feel nothing but satisfaction for your tyres.

I have now completed about 5,000 miles on all kinds of road service and in all conditions of weather, and the tyres are now singularly free from cuts and show no signs of wear whatever. The springing of the car is greatly improved, the minute vibrations being absolutely eliminated and all violent shocks very greatly subdued.

In wet weather the car now shows practically no tendency to skid, and the braking greatly improved.

My car is an 11.9 h.p. Morris-Cowley and I have no hesitation in saying that your "Bal-lon-ette" tyres were the only addition needed to make this otherwise excellent car practically perfect.—Yours truly, ——."

244, Old Christchurch Road,
Bournemouth,
March 19th, 1924.

Dear Sirs,

"Re the "Bal-lon-ette" low-pressure tyres supplied by you. These were fitted to a 7-h.p. 4-seater Jowett and we are pleased to state that the comfort of the car is increased immeasurably.

We were able to sell one of these cars two or three days ago, very largely owing to the riding comfort, and are convinced that from this point of view the "Bal-lon-ette" tyres are a vast improvement on the ordinary cord tyre.

So far as wear is concerned we have not been running the car sufficiently as yet to judge the life of the "Bal-lon-ette," but they do not show any wear up to the present time.

Yours faithfully,

BOURNEMOUTH
IMPERIAL MOTORS, Ltd."

We have made arrangements with car manufacturers and can supply the leading makes of cars without any extra charge for "Bal-lon-ette" tyres, so that you can get from us your car complete and up to date, because no car is up to date that has not got the low-pressure tyre.

SPECIAL OFFER!

We undertake to supply you with a set of four 715 × 115 tyres, including wheels, sent to you pumped up to the right pressure ready to put on. Price with steel pressed spoke type £20 1s. 0d., or fitted on disc wheels for £18 6s. 0d. If you prefer to go back to your old wheels and tyres, we will return you 75 per cent. of the purchase price so long as the wheels and tyres are returned to us within a month, having had fair wear and tear, that is to say, that they have not been damaged by an accident.

Call at 172, Great Portland St., W.1. for a Trial Run

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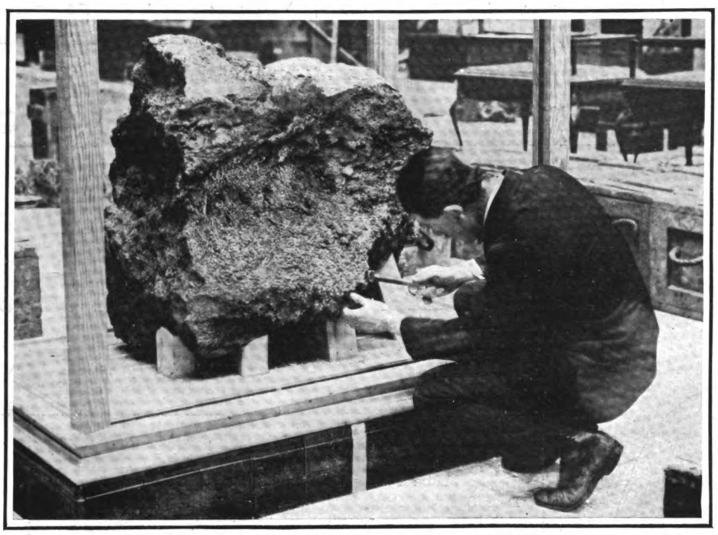
Continued.]

Noise at Brooklands.

I fancy the powers that be at Brooklands are rather disquieted as to the possible attitude of residents near the track towards the noise of racing cars engaged in competitions there. It is a matter of common knowledge that injunctions have been applied for and obtained, restraining the track authorities from committing a nuisance by allowing undue noise. I really do not appreciate where the difficulty comes in. It is possible to get even a powerful racing car silenced within practical limits, if only its owner can be persuaded to forgo the pleasure of hearing the boom of an overpowering exhaust. The average Brooklands "knut" is a person of overweening vanity, and the noisier his car, the greater attraction he is supposed to be to the flapper habitués of the track. The obvious remedy is to insist upon all cars being equipped with adequate silencers. Speeds may fall a mile or two per hour, but that is purely a matter which affects the aforesaid "knuts," who like to boast about the marvellous speeds attained by their cars. That is a small thing in comparison with racing or no racing.

An Ex-Enemy Car.

Even at this distance from the Great War one feels a little diffident about cars coming from ex-enemy countries; but I think we should be foolish to blind ourselves to the merits of the productions of countries against which we fought a few years ago. All the same, I don't think I should trouble to talk about a German car, but an Austrian is rather another matter. After all, we don't hate the Austrians, who are quite nice people when you know them, and they certainly can build a car. I recently tried out a 23·6-h.p. Steyr, built by the people who used to make nearly all the machine-guns for the Austrian Army. It is a car that really I think many of our British makers would do well to study. It is beautifully made—a real ordnance-factory job, showing the most meticulous attention to detail. I have never seen a car, no matter what its nationality or price, in which fine finish had been given more prominence than in the Steyr. And its road performance was on all fours with the beauty of its design and finish. There is only one thing wrong with the Steyr—it is not a British car.



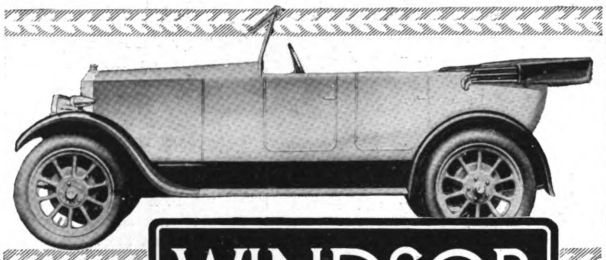
A THREE-TON SILVER NUGGET, THE LARGEST EVER QUARRIED: AN EXHIBIT IN THE CANADIAN PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

This enormous nugget, which is practically solid silver, and weighs three tons, is the largest that has ever been quarried. It arrived recently at Wembley, where it has been placed in the Canadian Pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition. Canada's main exhibit is divided into two sections, one representing natural resources, including minerals, timber, fisheries, water power, dairy produce, and agriculture; while the other section covers national industries.—[*Photograph by Special Press.*]

The Smaller Classes.

Anyone who contemplates buying a car in the smaller classes, say from among the "tens" and "eleven-point-nines," may well be bewildered at the multiplicity of choice offered him. There are such cars as the 10-15-h.p. Fiat—an incomparable car in its class, as I know from experience; the Wolseley "Ten," also a really fine little car; the Humber, which some good judges say is just about the best British car in its class; the 11·9-h.p. Standard; the Singer; the Hillman—this is a car of which I have a very high opinion; and the B.S.A. This does not by any means exhaust the list, but these are familiar names that occur to me as I write. Incidentally, I had for the moment forgotten the Morris models, the Morris-Oxford and the Morris-Cowley, which are sterling little cars, and quite marvellous value for the price charged. Indeed, their price has no relation to their value, since nothing is cheap about them but the price. If the selection is made from among these, plus others which will readily occur to the reader of experience, there is no fear of going wrong, a thought both grateful and comforting!

W. W.



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WITH FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

REFINEMENT and economy do not always go together. In the Windsor they are blended in a unique manner, the result of which is completely satisfactory motoring service. This quality-built car strikes a new note—it is a medium-sized vehicle of luxury type, which can be maintained at no greater expense than that of many light cars.

The Windsor incorporates the latest proved features of automobile design, including four-wheel brakes as standard equipment. It invites the critical examination of the engineer and the practical trial of the experienced motorist.

CHASSIS SPECIFICATION.

4-cyl. engine, 65 x 102 mm. unit construction; detachable cylinder head; overhead valves; oil circulation by pump; battery ignition; thermo-syphon cooling; dry-plate clutch; 4 speeds and reverse, right-hand change; internal expanding brakes on all four wheels, electric starting and lighting; 5 detachable wheels with 710 x 90 cord tyres; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; speedometer; clock; patented non-glare illuminated dash; Wefco spring gaiters; oil and petrol gauge; luggage grid; large tool box at rear with complete set of tools, jack, pump, etc.

MODELS & PRICES

Two-Seater completely equipped - - £360

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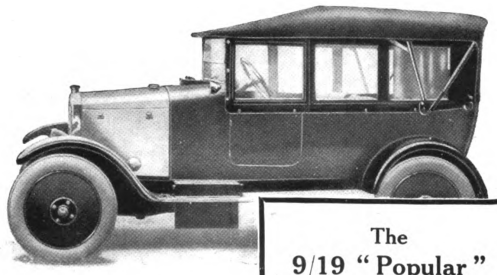

Have you thought seriously of a car?

Perhaps you have—and turned down the proposition regretfully as being "beyond your means." But *is* it? Very probably you have feared the continuous expense of upkeep—the repair charges as well as the running costs.

But take a new line of thought, and your views will change. Remember that the Bayliss Thomas is good for a hundred thousand miles without ever a visit to the repairer; that 35 to 40 m.p.g. will very possibly represent a saving to you rather than an expense. Remember that the initial cost of the Bayliss Thomas is the lowest of any car of like quality made. Your agent will be able to arrange for you to use your car whilst you pay for it—but make sure it is a Bayliss Thomas.

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The "Major" said in 1916:

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What was true then, is true to-day, but with these added advantages:—You get the best *ribbed Rice* paper, and smoke no printers' ink, for on the **NEW** "Army Clubs" only the best *ribbed Rice* paper is used, and there is no contamination with printers' inks.

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M.A.A.

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In the Home or the Club this Table will indeed prove an acquisition. Conveniently fitted, and made in a Jacobean design, it is a most pleasing piece of Furniture.

OAK SPIRIT TABLE (P.S. 6408), of Jacobean design. Fitted with two pint bottles, five tumblers, five whisky glasses, one combined ash tray and match stand, and two drawers for cigars, etc. Made with fall-down front, which forms a convenient table.

£18:18:0

Write to-day for illustrated list of Gifts.

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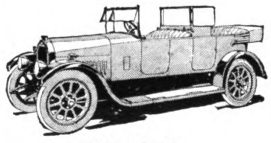
Models from £250 to £915.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. SUTRO'S "FAR ABOVE RUBIES." AT THE COMEDY.

IT is to be feared that "Far Above Rubies" will hardly be numbered among Mr. Sutro's stage successes; and that is a pity, because, with a cast at the Comedy including Miss Marie Löhr and Miss Marie Tempest, this author had the chance of fitting two popular artists with parts which might have afforded a pretty contrast in comedy acting. If his title had meant anything, we might have had presented as foils to each other two different types of womanhood: on the one hand, the perfect wife, the pattern of domestic virtue; and on the other, the frivolous, adventurous, and challenging type—and here at Mr. Sutro's elbow were just the actresses who could embody the two species. But the Scriptural phrase, unless it is intended ironically, is simply grotesque as applied to the heroine of the Sutro play, and one refuses to believe that any wife who loved her husband would be, as she is made, so silly a little fool. Indeed, of the two women of the story, the one who flirts because she cannot help herself, and enjoys the game, is vastly nearer life than the sham-innocent who throws herself at men's heads and involves herself in equivocal situations with the idea of advancing (whereas, of course, she nearly ruins) her husband's prospects. That husband is supposed to be a Civil servant, and Mr. Sutro does not make his tale any the more plausible by offering an absurdly fantastical picture of the work and *personnel* of a Government department. Mr. Bromley Davenport and Mr. Robert Minster provide amusing caricatures of departmental chiefs, and Mr. Herbert Marshall is pleasant enough as the young husband who resents his wife's meddling with his career. Miss Löhr, however, looks far too demure and domesticated for the heroine's overtures to old men and young to seem for a moment credible, and the burden of the play has to rest on the shoulders of Marie Tempest, whose sense of fun is as keen as ever, but who is not over-well equipped here with material.

"LEAP YEAR." AT THE HIPPODROME.

The Hippodrome has got a real success in its "Leap Year" revue, and should soon attract hosts of visitors from abroad, as well as from London, to see how far its jolly forecasts of the Wembley Exhibition compare with the actual thing. Whether Wembley will be able to offer them all the glitter and spectacular splendour and fun the Hippodrome can promise, remains to be seen. But visitors from the Dominions, no less than his Cockney idolators, are sure to enjoy the humour of Mr. George Robey—whether in coster guise, or as Guy Fawkes, or in his burlesque of the latest Drury Lane hero: for, fortunately, this mellowed comedian is afforded plenty of opportunities for mirth-making; while two other established favourites, Miss Betty Chester and Mr. Laddie Cliff, of Co-optimist fame, can also count on extending their circle of admirers. As for the Gertrude Hoffman Girls, eighteen in all, their agility must be admired, even if their costumes and movements are dubbed grotesque. The other dresses are handsome, and the scenery is uniformly sumptuous.

"BLINKERS." AT THE SAVOY.

The acting, notably that of Mr. Horace Hodges, is the only thing really worth noting in respect of the new Savoy production, "Blinkers," the play, with its novelettish story of "caste" snobbishness, and an impossible quixote of a journalist, being utterly unworthy of the talents of either Mr. Vachell or Mr. Leon M. Lion, the accredited authors. Where in a sane world can these collaborators have struck anything approximating to their London editor who "searches for copy" in a forest, or tells friends that his "subs" mark paragraphs in his newspaper for him to read? And who is going to believe that so outrageous a little cad as they present as a sprig of nobility would attract for a moment any modern girl who is intent on making her own living? No, the play is negligible; but out of the character of an old wall-paper designer, shy of manner, but genial-hearted and rich in wisdom, Mr. Hodges makes a wonderfully attractive and life-like study. Miss Renée Kelly, Mr. C. V. France, and Miss Mary Jerrold are not so lucky in their parts, but they do all that good artists can.

"YOUNG IMESON." AT EVERYMAN'S.

One of the best dramatic efforts of the month has been Mr. J. R. Gregson's "Young Imeson," given at Everyman's. This new Yorkshire play, which deals with a conflict between father and son—the elder man a factory owner, and the younger the leader of a strike against his father—does not possess such careful technique and so closely woven a plot as Mr. Gregson's earlier piece, "T'Marsdens"; but there is rugged strength in some of its scenes, and it has the recommendation of being studied at first hand, of being written by a man who knows his North country types through and through and can put their dialect and their idiosyncrasies on to the stage. It also provides a moment of great acting. Mr. Gregson

[Continued overleaf.

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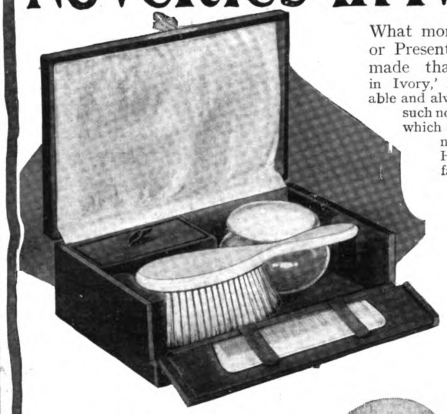

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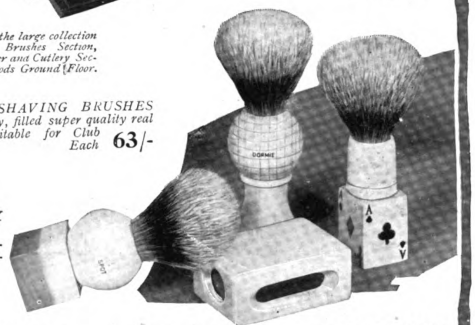

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Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Use Germolene for

Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Continued.]

himself hits off his old Imeson capitally. Mr. George Merritt, Miss Nadine March, and Miss Dorothy Holmes Gore, all three call for praise. But Miss Louise Hampton, with the familiar situation of a woman learning of the death of an estranged husband, gives a performance of such emotional sincerity, such quiet power, as to eclipse for the time being everything done by competent colleagues.

At Messrs. Vickers' Yard, Barrow-in-Furness, will be launched, on May 20, the *Orama*, the first of the two new steamers at present building for the Orient Line. Both these steamers will be of 20,000 tons register and 20,000 tons h.p., and will be oil-driven. They will be 658 ft. long, 75 ft. broad, and 63 ft. deep. No first-class cabin will be without a window or port-hole, and there will be a larger number of single-berth cabins than on any other ship afloat. A handsome model of the *Orama* has just been placed in the window of the Orient Line Branch Office, 14, Cockspur Street.

In the equipment taken on board the Vulture amphibian flying-boat by Squadron-Leader Maclaren was included an interesting item which shows what care has been taken to render the expedition as independent as possible in the matter of repairs. This was a miniature brazing and soldering set, including blowpipes and a small cylinder of dissolved acetylene for light brazing and soldering work. In case of the need for more acetylene, Squadron-Leader Maclaren has a list of nearly fifty places on his route where the cylinder can be recharged. The set was supplied by Allen-Liversidge, Ltd., through Messrs. Vickers.

INSECT ABSURDITIES: MEMBRACIDS FROM BRAZIL.

(*See Illustrations on Page 588.*)

DESCRIBING his remarkably interesting photographs of Brazilian Membracids, reproduced on page 588, Mr. L. G. Saunders, M.Sc., F.E.S., of St. John's College, Cambridge, writes: "This family is one of the most fascinating in the whole class of insects, on account of the endless variety of grotesque and extravagant shapes assumed by its members. They are known as Membracidæ, belonging to the order Homoptera, and their closest relatives are the common Frog-hoppers, or 'Spittle-bugs,' which make the 'cuckoo-spit' on grasses and other plants in early summer. Central America is considered their headquarters, and by far the greatest number are found there; but they have spread right round the world, and up into cooler countries; we have two modest species in England, but they are not often encountered.

"Like all the Homoptera, they live by sucking the juices of plants, the young which have hatched from the eggs of one or more females congregating in a colony on a twig or plant. In this state they are slow-moving, and attend strictly to the business of feeding; but with the growth of wings they become active, moving about freely and jumping and flying if disturbed. The early stages are frequently attended by ants, who come for the honey-dew secreted, just as in the case of the Aphides (Green-fly), and some Scale insects. The Membracids cause no appreciable damage by their feeding, but in North America there is a species known as the Buffalo Tree-hopper (*Ceresa bubalus*), which inflicts severe injuries to apple-trees by the egg-puncture which the female makes in the twigs; the wounds never heal up, but grow with the twig until large scars are formed; these weaken the branch, and it finally breaks under the weight of its fruit.

"The strange appearance of these insects is due to the abnormal development of the thorax, the head being pushed down in front and showing nothing from the side but the bright, beady eye. The thorax grows right back over the body, and may be produced into spines, horns, knobs, and every conceivable fantastic structure." The remainder of Mr. Saunders' article is given under the photographs.

At Bournville Messrs. Cadbury have installed, in one of the girl-workers' dining-rooms the "Cafetaria" system of serving meals in a canteen, which abolishes "waiting" from the point of view of customer and staff alike. Messrs. Cadbury are, we believe, pioneers in adopting this American idea in an English industrial canteen. The girls pass in a queue before a long counter, selecting their food. At the end the checker totals the cost and issues a ticket for the amount. This ticket the customer hands with the money to the cashier. The system is superior to any method employing waitresses in point of quickness, economy, cleanliness, and accuracy. Before it had been in operation a week at Bournville, it enabled several hundred girls to serve themselves with a hot dinner in fifteen minutes. The fact that nobody but customers themselves handles the food makes especially for popularity with management, kitchen staff, and customer alike.

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN £500

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EVE
THE LADY'S PICTORIAL
with which is incorporated The Woman's Supplement.

In this week's EVE you will find particulars, rules, and entry coupon for a unique competition. The first prize is £500, the second £50, and the third £20. In addition there are 25 Consolation Prizes of £5 and 100 Folding Kodak "Hawk Eye" Cameras.

All you have to do is to finish off a Nutshell Novelette illustrated by nonsensical pictures to be taken from the advertisement pages of EVE. The novelette appears in this week's number of EVE, and when you have studied the story and the pictures for a few moments, you will grasp the idea at once.

A sense of humour, a pair of scissors, a copy of EVE for the next few weeks . . . and the £500 may be yours.

Buy this week's EVE and begin *now*.

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Inclusive terms: Fr. 12 to 16 per day.

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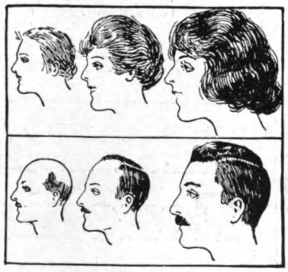

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An elegant growth of beard and hair can be produced when using Comos Hair-Balsam during 8 days. This balsam causes hair and beard to grow on all bald-headed persons or persons with thin hair. "Comos" is the best product of the modern science of this domain, being the only balsam which really produces hair and beard even on persons of old age. "Comos" brings the Dormant Papillæ of the hair to grow again after having been used in a few days, and within a very short time you will have a very vigorous growth of hair. Harmlessness is guaranteed.
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"Comos" gives to the hair and beard a becoming wave, as well as a soft and delicate texture. It will be sent on application to the head works all over Europe against payment in advance or against cash on delivery. Out of Europe, payment only in advance
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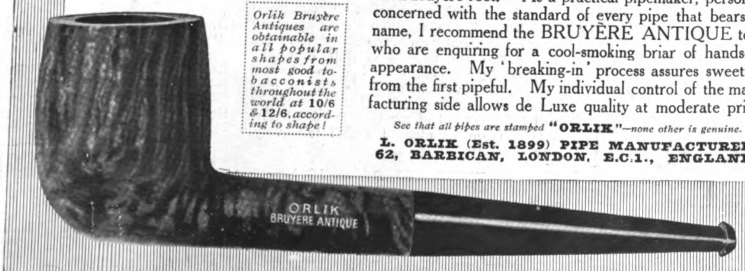

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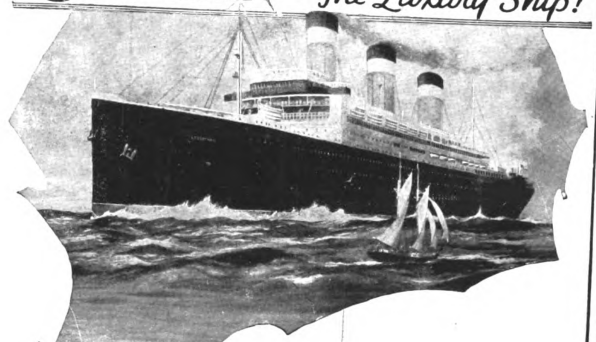

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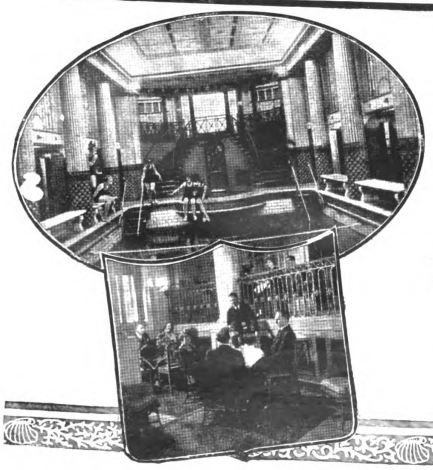

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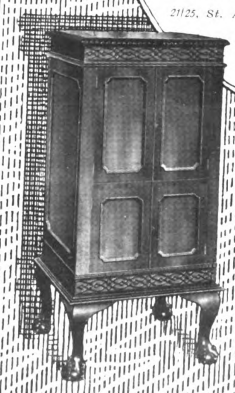

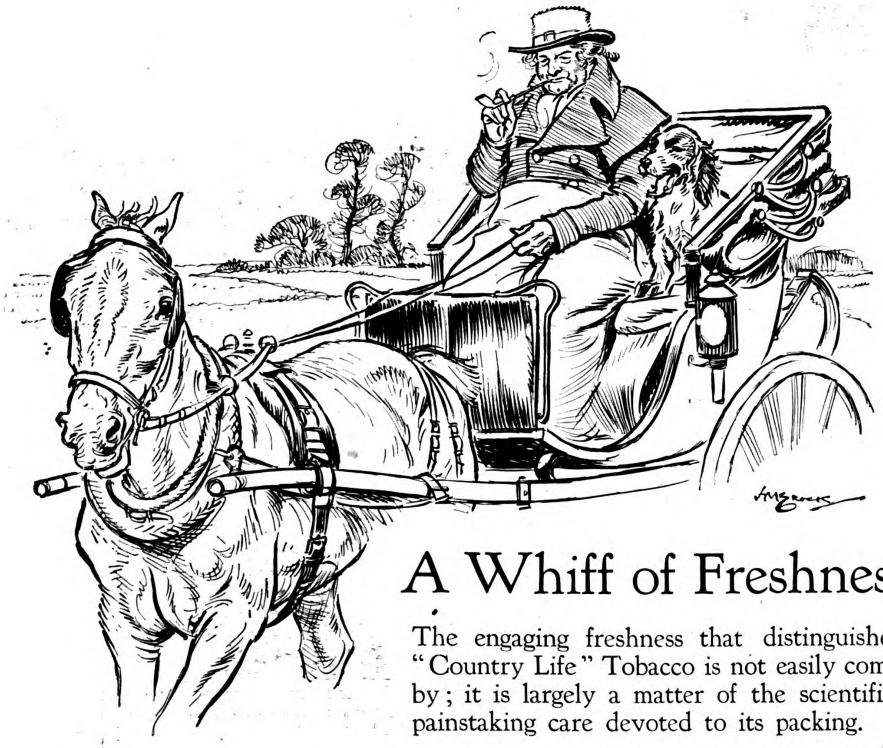

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Pure Virginia
5½d for 10
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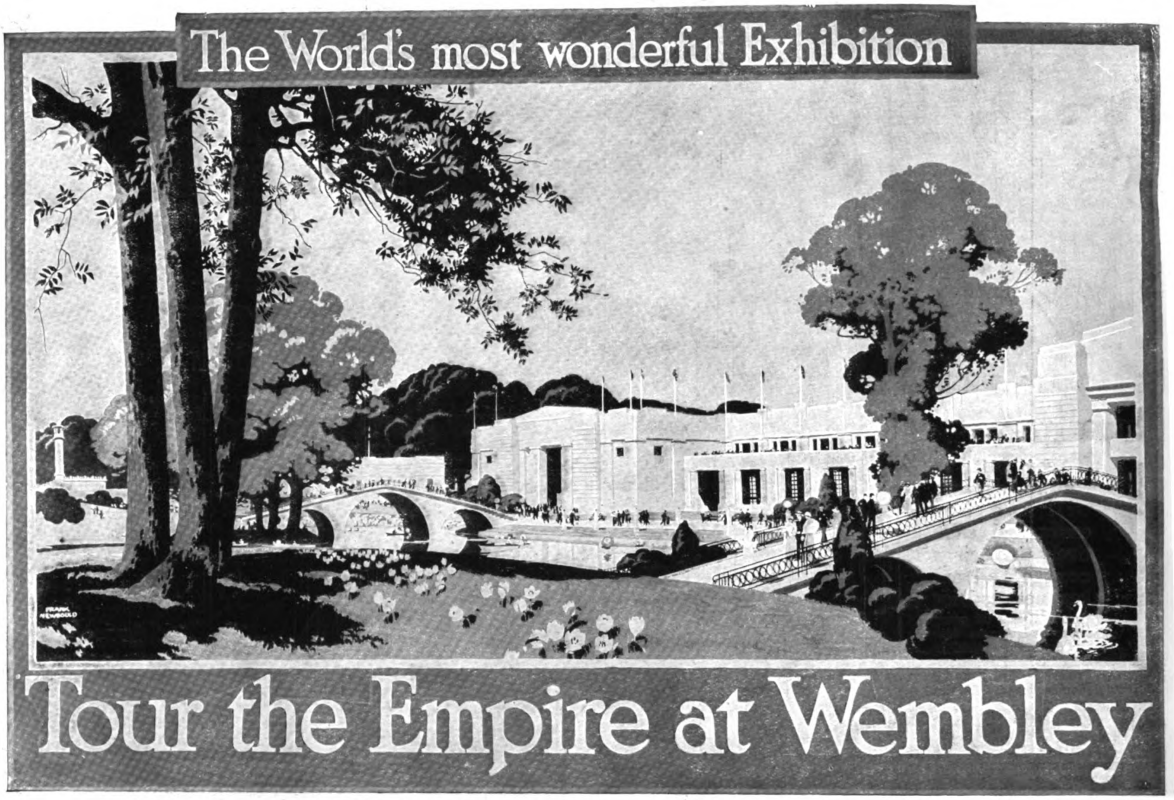

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Wembley was chosen for its accessibility; it can be reached from 126 stations in central London in an average of eighteen minutes. Tubes, trains, trams, and 'buses will provide an unending stream of transport, and new wide motor roads have been specially built that motorists to Wembley may avoid traffic congestion.

Through the great gates a congregation of Nations extends over 216 acres. Countless flower gardens are intersected by glistening waterways and fine broad avenues. Hundreds of electric vehicles and the world's first "Never-stop" railway will convey visitors over fifteen miles of roads.

300,000 visitors will be able to see the Exhibition day by day without confusion and in comfort. Restaurants in profusion will seat 30,000 persons at one time. Great care has been taken that all tastes shall find food to their liking, and at prices that will suit all purses. Visitors to Wembley may lunch in South Africa, take tea in India, and dine in New Zealand, Australia or Canada.

Wembley's Amusement Park, the largest ever built, contains 1,000 thrills and side shows. The entire world has been combed for attractions.

Start in an Indian jungle, realistic to the very grass brought from India. Enter Burma through the bridge-house of the famous Arakan Pagoda of Mandalay, thence into a walled West African city.

Next you are among the plantations of Nyassaland, where cotton and tobacco are growing, and so onwards to a South African ostrich farm. You can lunch on a luxurious South African train or eat sharks fins in Hong Kong.

On a water stage in the British Government Pavilion, you will witness great naval engagements. Then come the forests of Newfoundland, orchards of Canada, sheep farms of Australia and New Zealand.

On your journey you will meet many strange peoples, you cross the great ornamental lake to the vast Palaces of Industry and Engineering, where all the manufacturing activities of the United Kingdom are assembled.

The BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

APRIL——OCTOBER 1924

JOIN THE EMPIRE FELLOWSHIP: SUBSCRIPTION £2 2s. including season ticket.

ADMISSION 1s. 6d. CHILDREN 9d.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1924.

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ON HOLIDAY AT BIARRITZ, AFTER HIS ACCIDENT: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS CAIRN TERRIER ON THE GOLF COURSE; WITH GENERAL TROTTER.

The Prince of Wales, who left England for a holiday at Biarritz last week, is already benefiting by the splendid air of that delightful seaside resort, and is rapidly recovering from the effects of his accident. Our photograph shows him on the Biarritz golf links, with General Trotter. The Cairn terrier which the Prince is holding is a great favourite, which H.R.H. bred himself. The Prince—as our photograph shows—is already looking much better, and has been enjoying motoring to St. Jean de Luz and other places near Biarritz. He has also been at the Casino to watch the dancing since his arrival.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFIERI.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHAT amuses me most, about the debates on "St. Joan," is that the modern mind, which failed to prove that her inspiration was entirely clerical, has now started to prove that it was entirely anti-clerical. Anatole France and Bernard Shaw, the two great sceptics of our day, seem to have flatly contradicted each other about her. The French freethinker tried to suggest that she was the mere tool of a clerical conspiracy. The English, or rather, Irish, freethinker represents her rather as a mere rebel against clericalism. The moral superiority is all with the Irishman; for Mr. Shaw is as generous as M. France was mean. Moreover, there is some truth in the view of Mr. Shaw, while there was not a shadow of truth in that of Anatole France. He said, or suggested, that St. Joan carried about with her everywhere a mysterious priest and prompter, who seems to have worked her like a doll, as Svengali worked Trilby. From this reverend gentleman came all the originality, the visionary foresight, and the revolutionary genius of Joan of Arc; but he preferred to whisper it to a common country girl from Lorraine rather than to say it out loud, and get the credit for it for himself. Of this talented man not a trace can be found in all the really vast and voluminous records that we happen to have about St. Joan and her period. Of course, the whole thing is simply impudent invention and blank humbug, for anybody who knows anything about St. Joan and her period. It is as if somebody were to tell us that a typist or a shop-girl had been heard to say that she had always been respectable, and wouldn't steal or get drunk. It is as if he were then to say that she must be in daily communication with a Nonconformist minister, who was probably hidden in her desk, or shut up in her cupboard. From nobody except a Nonconformist minister could these moral counsels possibly come. If anybody said that, we should tell him he was a fool; for the idea that theft and drunkenness are disreputable does not need nowadays to be traced to anybody, for it is known to everybody. So, in the mediæval world, the idea that a virgin might conquer the powers of evil was known to everybody. Joan applied it with heroism and genius because she happened to be a genius and a heroine; but the morality for which she stood was quite a popular morality. And the distinguished French sceptic and humanitarian had the highly liberal and enlightened purpose of insinuating three things: first, that a poor peasant could not be so intelligent; second, that a woman could not be so brave or so original; and third, that a popular sentiment could not find expression in a genius.

THE FIFTH EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND THIS YEAR: DAMAGE AT NO. 1, VICTORIA STREET, SOUTH NORMANTON.

England experienced an earthquake—the fifth this year—late on the night of Friday, April 4. The district affected was the Alfreton coalfield, which is in Derbyshire, on the borders of Nottinghamshire. South Normanton has been described as resembling a town that has been shelled. Damage was also done at Alfreton, Riddings, Pinxton, Mansfield, and Matlock Bath. The earthquake was caused by a settling-down of rocks along "fault lines" in the strata.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

But there is another aspect of all the discussions about St. Joan, especially as conceived by Mr. Bernard Shaw, that might well be worthy of more attention than it has received. The time when the reformer or the rationalist thought it a sign of enlightenment to scoff at Joan of Arc, or score off her in any fashion, has obviously passed away. A man would look as much of a fool from the modern standpoint in continuing to call her a fanatic, as continuing to call her a witch. It is amusing to note that there has been a sort of gradual retirement of the rationalist attack at this point. The most famous sceptic of the eighteenth century, Voltaire, wantonly insults the heroine of the fifteenth century. The most famous sceptic of the nineteenth century, Anatole France, only ventures to patronise her and try to explain her away. Shakespeare in the sixteenth century, in many ways so romantic, is blind to her romance. Shaw in the twentieth century, professedly so anti-romantic, is even dazzled by that romance. All this is obvious, and is one of the real examples of the world being enlightened through a process of time. If ever there was a historical personality that in the long run literally conquered all its enemies, it was that of St. Joan of Orleans. Englishmen as much as Frenchmen, Protestants as much as Catholics, agnostics and atheists as much as Christians, have surrendered to that strange Amazon. It is now assumed by everybody, and especially by Mr. Shaw, that her voices and visions were of larger and higher things than any known to the world around her; that they were leading her onward as she was leading the world. All agree that, while the Church may have been wrong, it is certain that the Saint was right.

And yet this is exactly what such rationalists might quite rationally dispute. For, if Joan was a leader in advance of her age, where was she leading her age? If she was a reformer, what was her reform? What new thing was it that she stood for, as against all the old things of her own religion and civilisation? The answer is obvious. The new thing was the Nation, the idea of nationality in the form that we call nationalism: the right of certain European groups to regard themselves as units and ultimates, as things possessing separate popular souls. Now, some of us very strongly agree with her in this. But not all of us do; and certainly not all of her new admirers. Those who look for nothing but an international system, ignoring flags and frontiers, ought really to go back to the Christendom that existed before Joan of Arc. Jeanne d'Arc waged the greatest and one of the first of the great national wars; not the first, for something of the sort had already been done by William Wallace in Scotland, and by some of the great chiefs in Ireland; but all these were much more mixed and dubious quarrels, full of feudal ambition and purely local as distinct from national sentiment. Joan, so original in every respect, was supremely original in this: that she appealed from first to last to France, to something that was larger than the feudal unit, but smaller than the Catholic unity. Since she died a nation has been a sacred thing; indeed, patriotism has been sacred to many to whom nothing else is sacred. But there seems no reason why those to whom patriotism is *not* sacred should see anything particularly sacred in Joan of Arc. We may well be glad that they do; for it proves that their sympathies are larger than their theories; or in other words that their hearts are larger than their minds, as well they may be. But there is nothing logical in their notion that a saint oppressed by bishops and lawyers must be on the side of what they call progress and truth. As a matter of fact, this saint was on the side of what they call reaction and international hatred. She was the patron saint of Nationalism. Patron saints of internationalism could be found easily; not after her time, but before it.

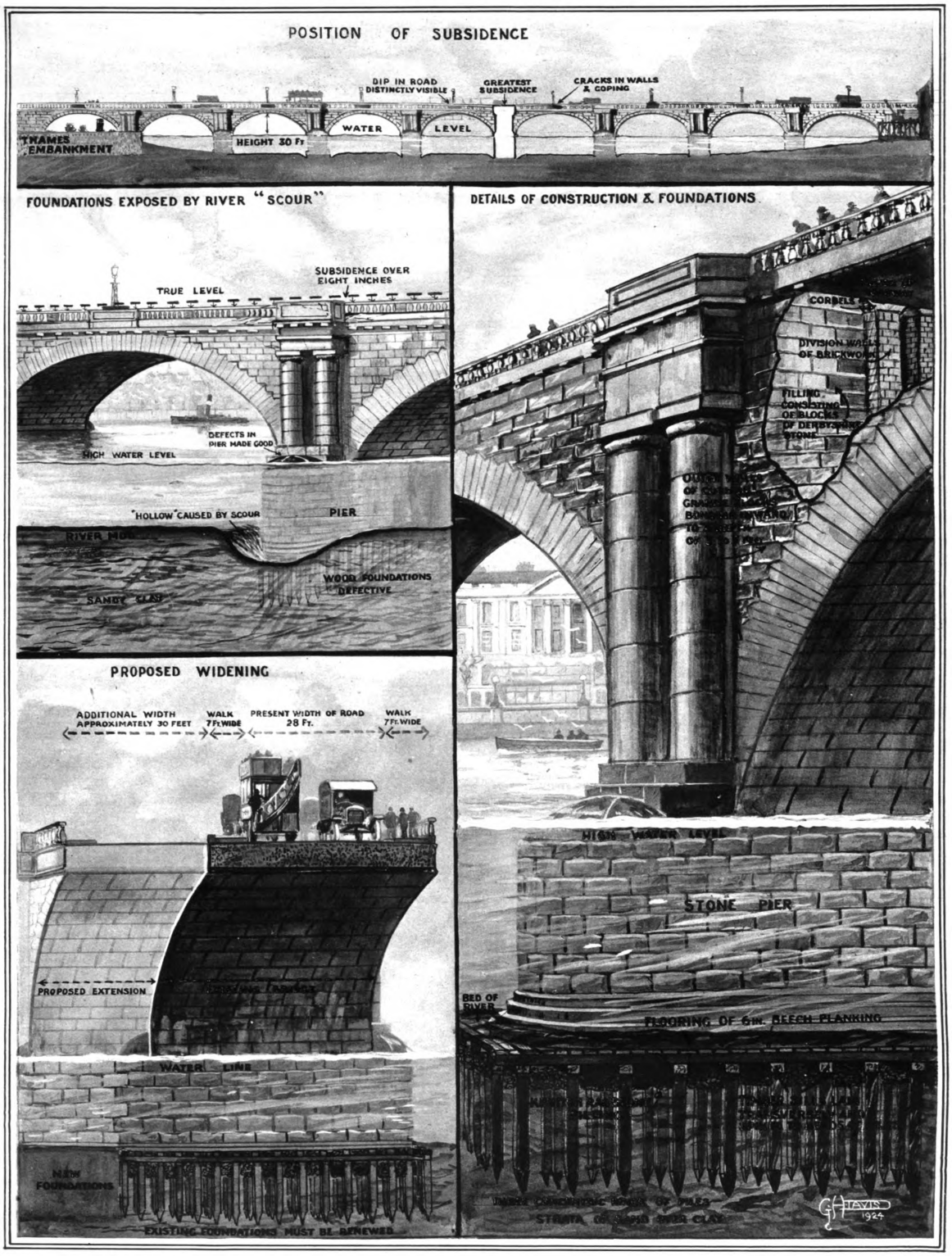
For the whole world in which Christianity originally rose was a cosmopolitan world. It was the world of the Roman Empire. It was practically what Mr. Wells calls a World State; and it is curious that Mr. Wells should so fondly desire a World State and so furiously hate the only World State there has ever been. Perhaps it is something like a delicate intimation that, if Mr. Wells ever had one of his own Utopias, he would hate it as soon as he had it. Perhaps he would hate it as much as he hates the World State of Rome. But, anyhow, the Church undoubtedly first appeared in the World State of Rome. In the earliest phase of the Middle Ages, at least, it was almost as cosmopolitan as Rome. Consequently the early Church simply glittered like a constellation with cosmopolitan saints and sages; that is, with holy men who talked of humanity as one brotherhood, and who had never so much as heard of a nation. St. Joan of Arc was simply the proof that the Christian spirit could create nations out of Christendom and saints for the new divisions. Yes; St. Joan certainly was leading the world; but she was leading the world away from the World State.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

The remarkable Anaglyphs printed in "The Illustrated London News" of March 8 and March 29 aroused so much interest that it has been decided to publish others of equal importance from time to time. Readers who have not already obtained an Anaglyph viewing-mask under the conditions printed in our last issue may obtain **one** *mask by filling up the Coupon printed on page 668 of this issue, and forwarding it, accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News," (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2. Although there are no Anaglyphs in this issue, application should be made at once, so as to be ready for the next publication.*

THE WATERLOO BRIDGE CONTROVERSY: CAUSES OF THE SUBSIDENCE.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)

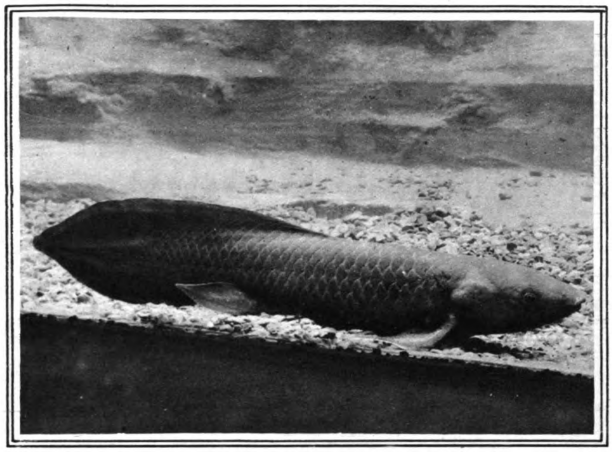


THE FATE OF "THE FINEST BRIDGE EVER BUILT" NOW IN THE BALANCE: DIAGRAMS SHOWING DETAILS OF THE STRUCTURE OF WATERLOO BRIDGE, WHICH HAS DEVELOPED AN OMINOUS SUBSIDENCE, AND OF THE PROPOSED WIDENING.

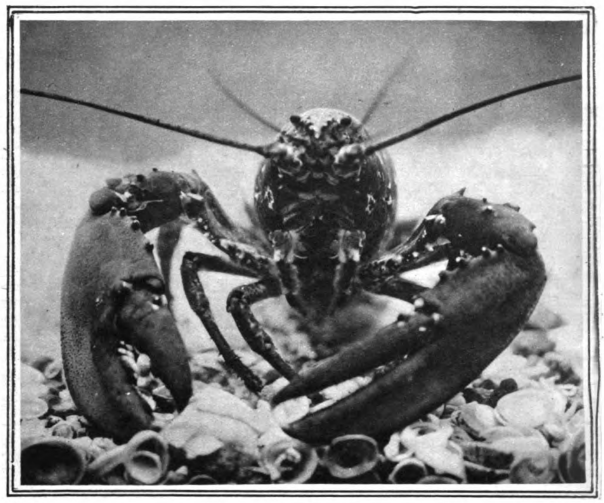
The scheme for the reconstruction and widening of Waterloo Bridge (owing to the recent subsidence), at a cost of about £1,000,000, now before the London County Council, has caused acute controversy, in which not only architects and engineers have participated, but men of eminence in art and literature, including Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, Sir Martin Conway, Sir Sidney Lee, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. The bridge was designed by John Rennie, and was opened on the second anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1817, and has been described by Sir Reginald Blomfield, the well-known architect, as, "from the æsthetic point of view, the finest bridge ever built." The Improvements Committee of the L.C.C. said in a statement accompanying their report to the Council: "The bed of the river in and towards the centre is composed of gravel, but underlying the gravel is the London clay. . . . The thickness of the gravel bed is relatively small. Under the masonry of the third and fourth piers from the Lambeth side the gravel is only about 9 ft. to 10 ft.; consequently, piles of the length shown on Rennie's drawings would pass right through the gravel and be standing in the London clay. . . . In 1882-84 the late Metropolitan Board of Works expended about £62,000 in laying concrete slabs around the timber platforms with the object of protecting them from erosion or scour."

VISITED BY 4000 PEOPLE ON THE OPENING DAY:

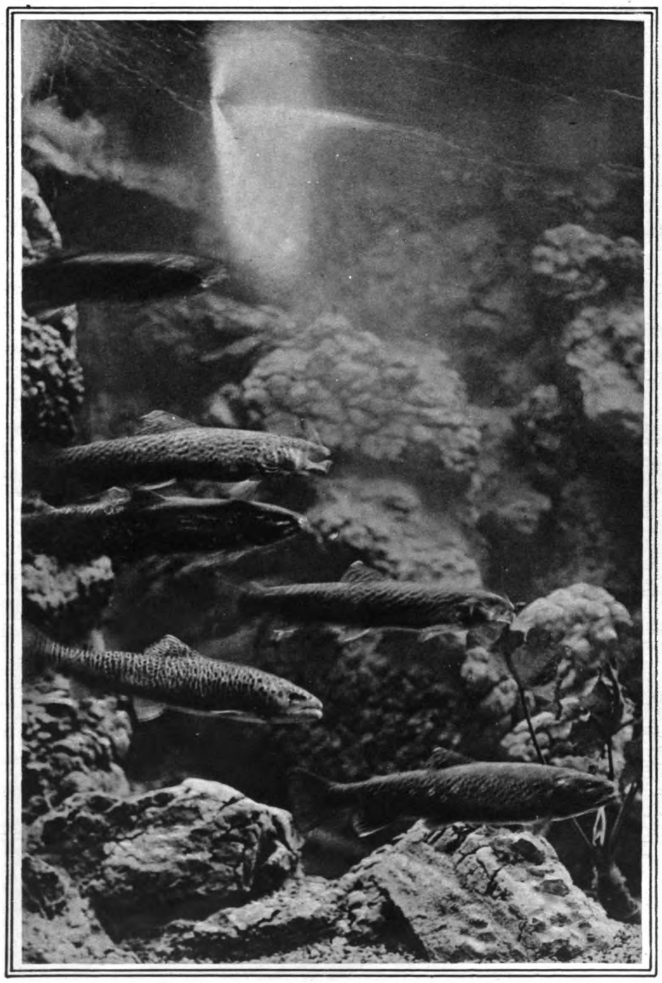
Photographs by the "Times"



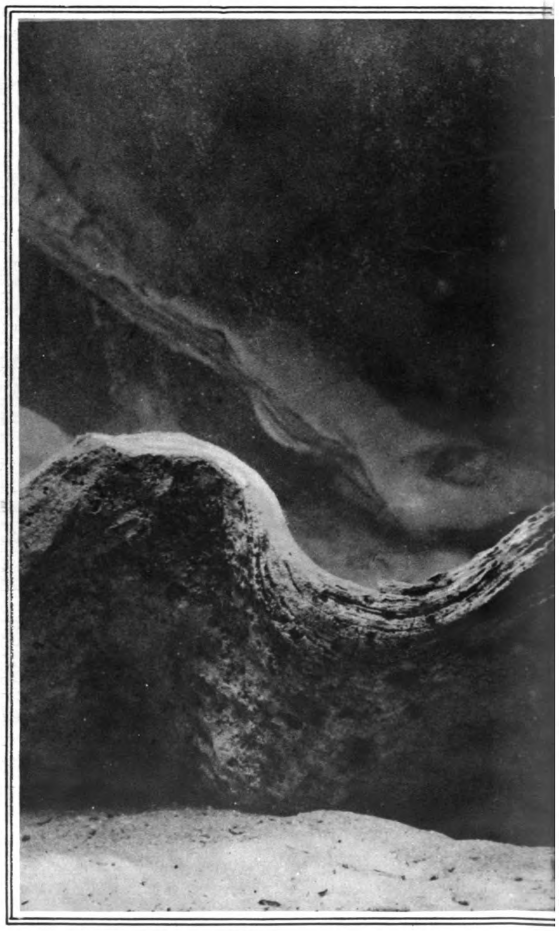
A STRANGE AND RARE SPECIMEN FROM THE ANTIPODES IN THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM: THE AUSTRALIAN LUNG FISH.



MUCH ADMIRED BY THE KING AND QUEEN DURING THEIR PRIVATE VISIT TO THE AQUARIUM: A MAJESTIC LOBSTER.



FISH DEAR TO THE HEART OF IZAAK WALTON AND HIS DISCIPLES: A GROUP OF SPOTTED TROUT.



A WICKED-LOOKING CREATURE WHOSE POWERFUL TENTACLES AND CURIOUS THE AQUARIUM: THE OCTOPUS LURKING

The great Aquarium at the "Zoo," which is declared by those who have seen others to be the finest in the world, was opened to the public for the first time on April 7. By noon over eight hundred visitors had come in, and up to six o'clock the total had reached 4000. Such evidence of the great interest taken in it by the public affords hope that the additional gate-money will pay the heavy cost of upkeep, and help towards a sinking fund for the capital outlay. The Aquarium is open on every week-day, the charge for admission being sixpence on Mondays and a shilling on other days. The King and Queen

THE WONDERFUL NEW AQUARIUM AT THE "ZOO."

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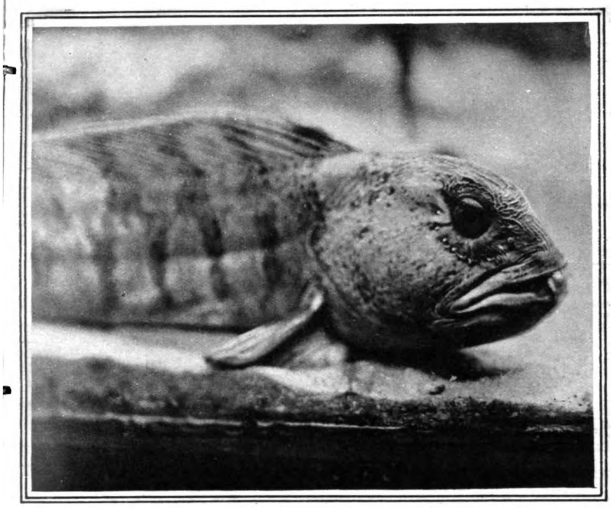
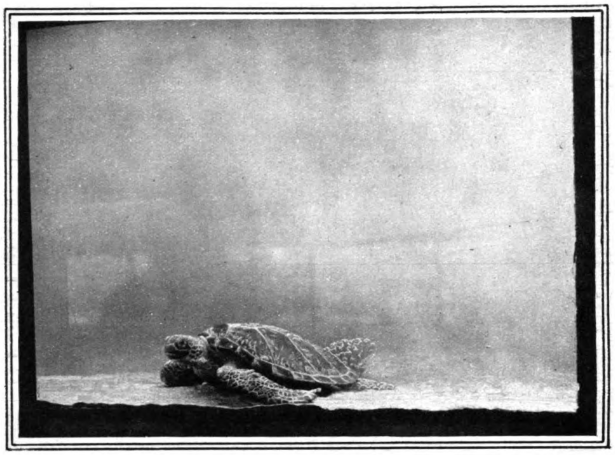
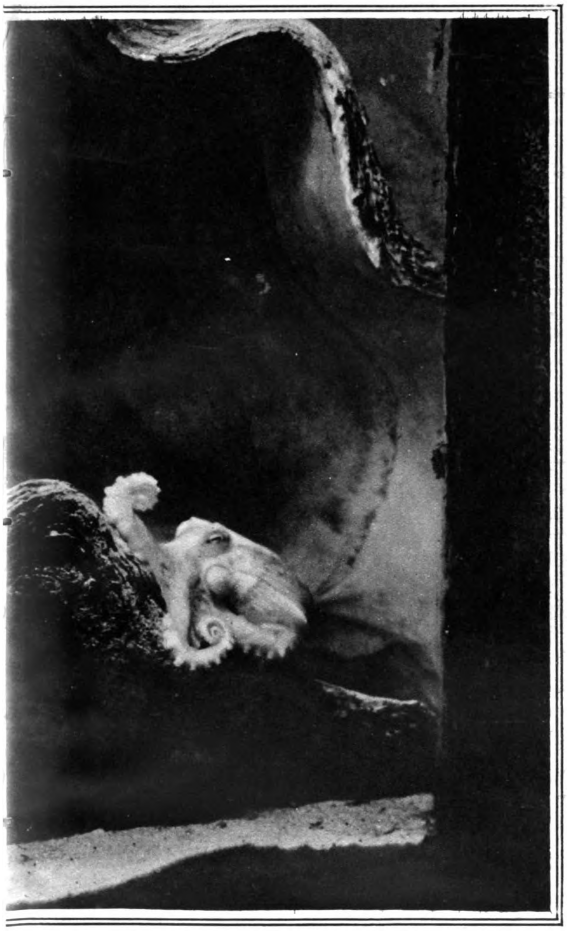


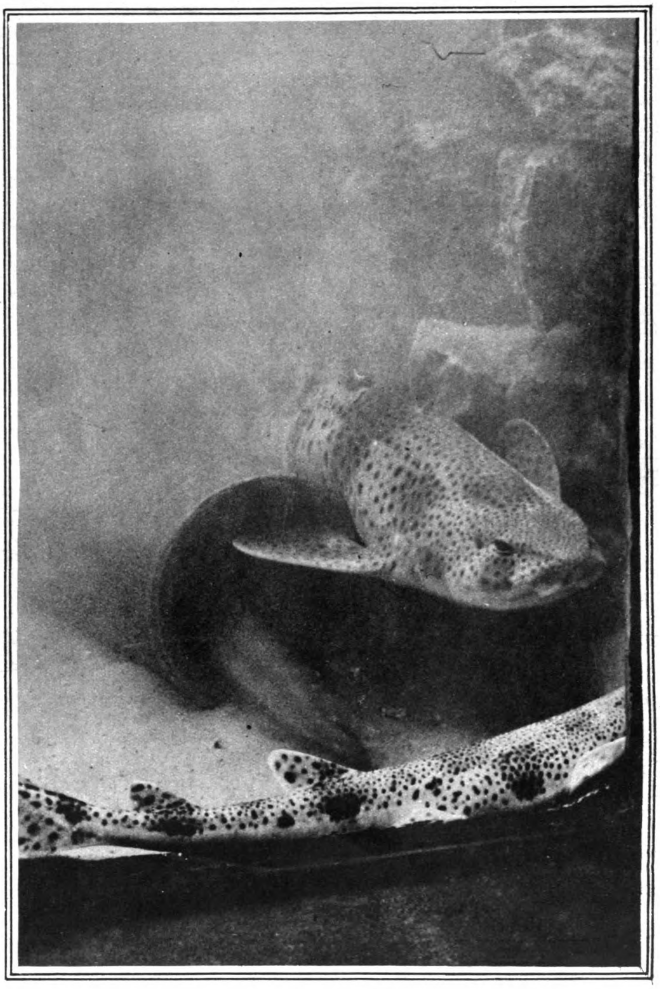
WITH SHARP FRONT TEETH, AND WEARING AN EXPRESSION OF GLOOMY DISILLUSION: THE HEAD OF THE WOLF FISH.



ONE OF THE TURTLE TRIBE WHO ALSO ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THEIR MAJESTIES: THE HAWK-BILLED TURTLE.



CHANGES OF COLOUR FASCINATED THE KING AND QUEEN WHEN THEY VISITED IN THE SHELTER OF A ROCK.



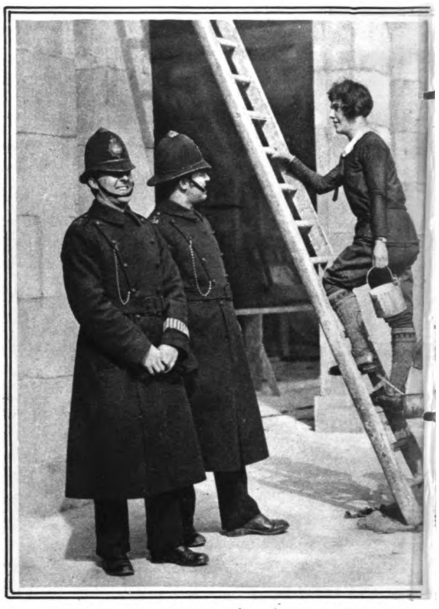
IN A LARGE SEA-WATER TANK CONTAINING VARIOUS OTHER FISH, CONGER EELS, AND KING CRABS: SPOTTED DOG FISH.

paid a private visit to it on April 1, and were fascinated by the exhibits, more particularly by the octopus, the crabs and lobsters, and the turtles. The King was also greatly interested in the mechanical arrangements for the circulation, filtering, and aeration of the water. Their Majesties congratulated the Council and staff, and declared that the Aquarium was a valuable addition to the Gardens, both from the scientific and popular point of view. On April 5 the Aquarium was formally opened by the Duke of Bedford, President of the Zoological Society, for a private view by the Fellows and their friends.

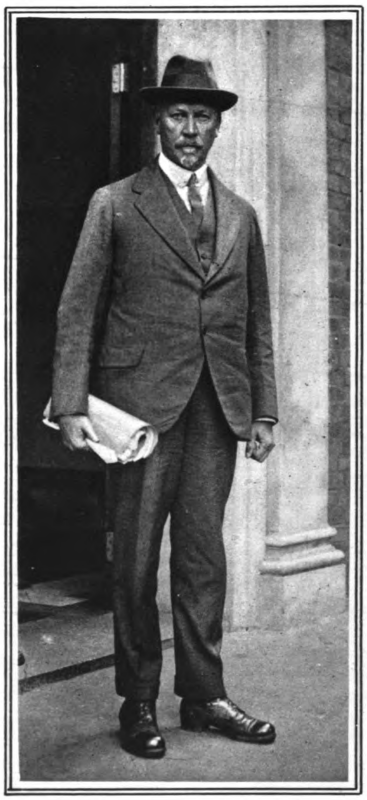
AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL NEWS BUDGET—

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, I.B., AND THE "TIMES." THAT OF MILLET'S

BAREFOOT RITUAL DANCING IN A NEW YORK CHURCH IN DEFIANCE OF THE BISHOP: EURHYTHMICS ON THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION AT ST. MARK'S-IN-THE-BOUWERIE.



RESUMING WORK UNDER POLICE PROTECTION AFTER AT WEMBLEY EMPLOYED TO DECORATE THE



FACED WITH A POLITICAL CRISIS IN SOUTH AFRICA: GENERAL SMUTS, WHO A FEW DAYS AGO ANNOUNCED A DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION PARLIAMENT.

SPONSOR OF THE RENT RESTRICTIONS BILL OVER WHICH THE GOVERNMENT WAS DEFEATED: MR. JOHN WHEATLEY, M.P., MINISTER OF HEALTH (ON THE LEFT).

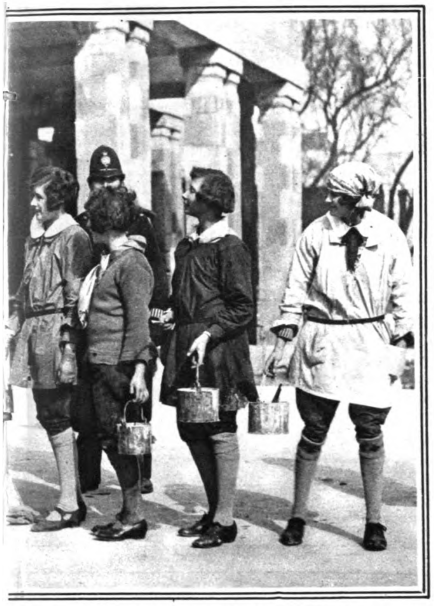
OF IRISH DESIGN? THE BRONZE REVERSE OF A VIKING GOLD BUCKLE FOUND IN NORWAY.

MINTED BY AETHELRED THE UNREADY: AN ANGLO-SAXON COIN FOUND IN NORWAY—PART OF A RANSOM RAISED BY MEANS OF THE DANEGELD.

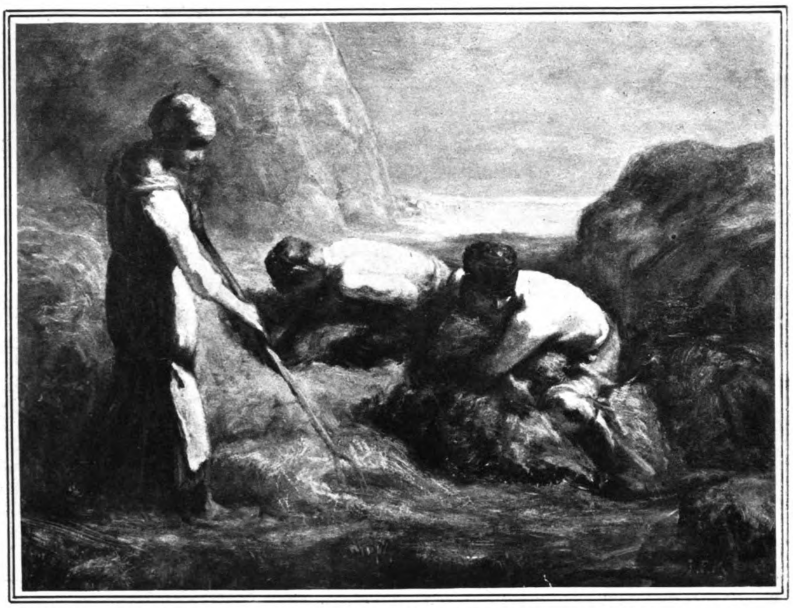
The Rector of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, New York, Dr. W. N. Guthrie, has introduced into his services rhythmic dances by barefooted girls, in defiance of Bishop Manning, of New York, who has deprived the church of episcopal administration. A ritual dance was performed on Sunday, March 23, in honour of the Annunciation, before a large congregation, including 75 clergy invited to act as a jury. Dr. Guthrie, whose object is to revitalise the Church, denies that such dances are innovations, and claims for them the sanction of ecclesiastical tradition.——The girl art students engaged on painting the Exhibition buildings at Wembley refused to descend from the scaffoldings when the strike began, saying that they were professional workers and not concerned with the dispute. The strikers used threats of violence, and the girls had to stop, but they resumed operations next day when a large force of police appeared on the scene. Later, most of the men started work again.——The National Gallery of Scotland has acquired, through Mr. D. Croal Thomson, Millet's important picture, "Les Botteleurs" (The Haybinders), the original study in oil, painted at Barbizon in 1849, for his larger work now in the Louvre. During the war the house of Millet's daughter at Rheims was seized by the Germans, but the picture, then in her possession, had been safely removed to a cellar at Marles,

INTERESTING EVENTS RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

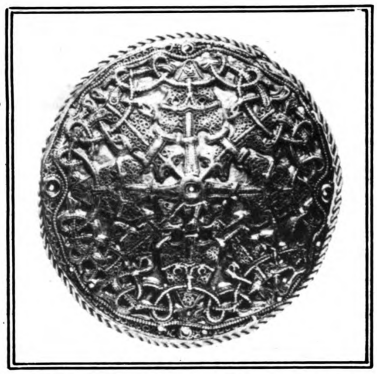
PICTURE BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND.



BEING THREATENED BY STRIKERS: GIRL ART STUDENTS BUILDINGS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.



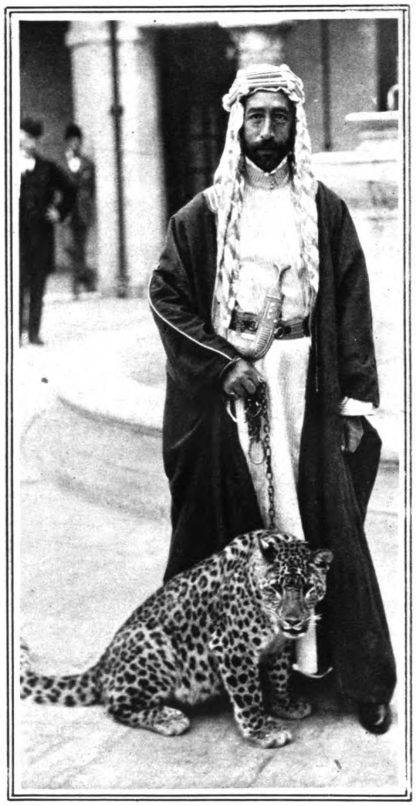
SAVED FROM THE GERMANS AT RHEIMS, AND JUST ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: MILLET'S "LES BOTTELEURS" (THE HAYBINDERS), THE ORIGINAL STUDY FOR THE PICTURE IN THE LOUVRE.



NORWAY'S FINEST EXAMPLE OF VIKING GOLD-WORK: THE OBVERSE OF THE BUCKLE (3 IN. DIAM.).

TRIBUTE FROM AETHELRED THE UNREADY TO THE VIKINGS: ONE OF A LARGE NUMBER OF HIS COINS LATELY FOUND IN NORWAY.

ON POINT DUTY BENEATH A LARGE YELLOW UMBRELLA: A BRITISH POLICEMAN IN WHITE TUNIC AND HELMET, ON A PEDESTAL, REGULATING TRAFFIC IN RANGOON.

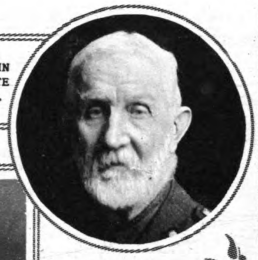


WITH HIS PET PANTHER: KING FEISAL, WHO RECENTLY READ HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE AT THE OPENING OF THE IRAQ ASSEMBLY.

near Laon.——On April 7 General Smuts, the Premier of South Africa, announced the Dissolution of Parliament owing to the result of a bye-election. In view of the consequent General Election, the Prince of Wales has postponed his South African tour.——The division on the Rent Restrictions Bill, the Second Reading of which had been moved by Mr. J. Wheatley, Minister of Health, resulted in the defeat of the Government, on April 7, by 221 votes to 212.——On the Bukn Islands near Stavanger, in Norway, have been found some 320 coins, including 160 of Anglo-Saxon origin, all but one minted in the reign of Aethelred the Unready (A.D. 975-1013). He constantly paid large sums, raised by means of the Danegeld, to buy off Viking raiders from Norway and Denmark. There was also found a beautiful buckle, with gold obverse decorated in Norwegian filigree, and bronze reverse with a design believed to be Irish. It is considered the finest example of gold-work of the Viking Age that Norway possesses.——At the opening of the Iraq Constituent Assembly at Baghdad, on March 27, King Feisal, dressed in Sherifian robes, read his Speech from the Throne. He commended the Anglo-Iraqui Treaty, and said that Iraq needed the help of Great Britain and the League of Nations.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, LAMBERT (BATH), KEYSTONE VIEW CO., AND PHOTOPRESS.



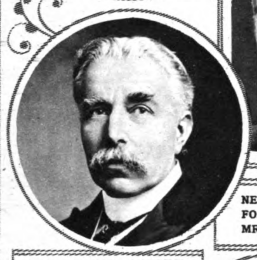
LONG PROMINENT IN CHESHIRE: THE LATE SIR GEORGE DIXON.

A ROYAL SOCIETY APPOINTMENT: PROF. O. W. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.

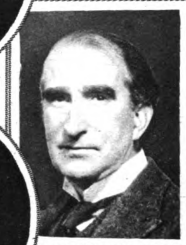
EX-HEADMASTER AT OSBORNE: THE LATE PROF. C. GODFREY, M.V.O.

A VISITOR FROM HONG-KONG: MISS MARY HO TUNG.

A PROMINENT BANKER: THE LATE MR. W. F. COURTHOPE.

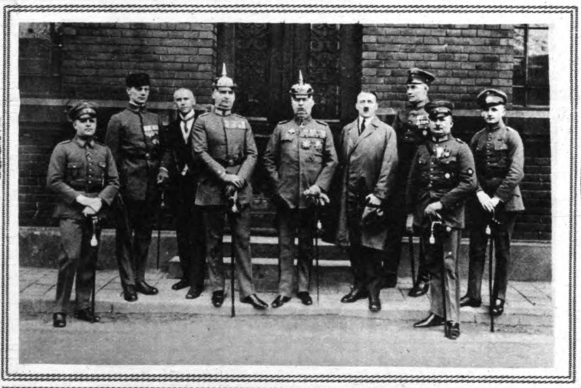


LIBERAL M.P. FOR WELLS: THE LATE MR. T. B. SILCOCK.



NEW ARTS' DIRECTOR FOR BRITISH OPERA: MR. FREDERIC AUSTIN.

PRINCIPAL OF ST. HUGH'S COLLEGE, OXFORD: THE LATE MISS E. F. JOURDAIN.



INDIGNANT AT BEING ACQUITTED WHILST "HIS GALLANT COMRADES" WERE CONDEMNED: GENERAL LUDENDORFF (5TH FROM LEFT), WITH HERR HITLER (6TH), HIS ASSOCIATE IN THE NATIONALIST REVOLT AT MUNICH, AFTER THE VERDICT.

A WELL-KNOWN DECORATIVE ARTIST: THE LATE MR. G. C. HAITÉ, R.I.

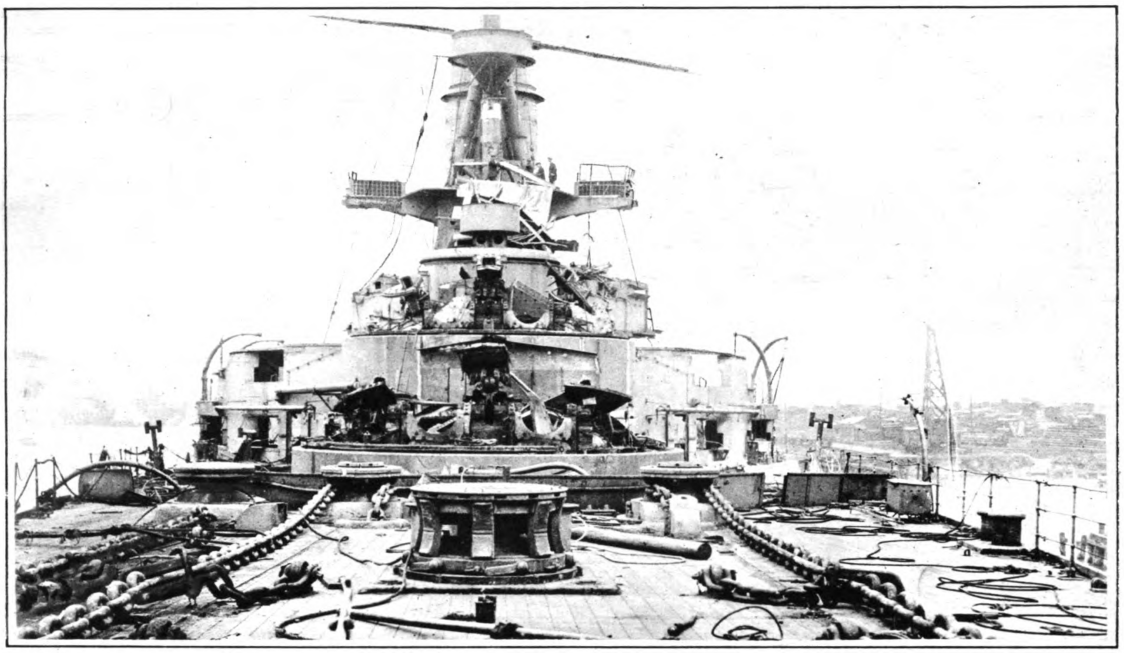
THE NEW ORDER IN SPAIN: KING ALFONSO (LEFT) WITH THE MARQUIS DE ESTELLA AT THE SWEARING-IN OF RECRUITS FOR THE MADRID GARRISON.

ENTERING HER CARRIAGE TO ATTEND THE SWEARING-IN OF RECRUITS IN THE CASTELLANA AT MADRID: THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

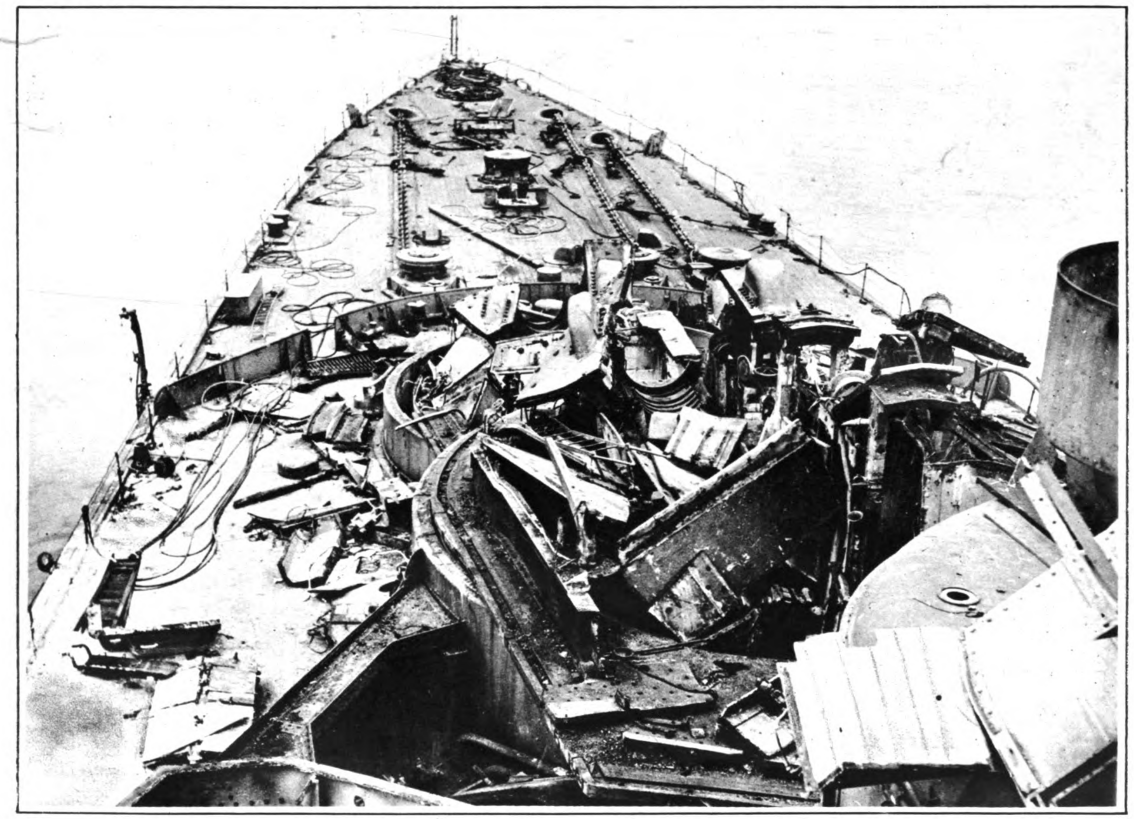
Professor O. W. Richardson, F.R.S., of King's College, London, has been appointed to the third of the research chairs of the Royal Society endowed by Sir Alfred Yarrow, Bt.——Colonel Sir George Dixon had long been associated with public life in Cheshire, where he had been Deputy Lieutenant and Chairman of the County Council. In 1866 he served with the King's Own Borderers against the Fenians in Canada.——Professor Godfrey in 1905 became Headmaster of the Royal Naval College at Osborne, and when it was closed was appointed Professor of Mathematics at Greenwich.——Miss Mary Ho Tung recently arrived in England for the British Empire Exhibition, from Hong Kong, with her parents, Sir Robert and Lady Ho Tung.——Mr. W. F. Courthope was a director of Williams Deacons Bank.——Mr. T. B. Silcock, M.P., was found dead in his bed-room on April 2, kneeling in an attitude of prayer. He was an architect and had been twice Mayor of Bath.—— Mr. Frederic Austin is well known for his work in arranging and conducting the music of "The Beggar's Opera," in which he at one time took the part of Peachum.——Miss E. F. Jourdain had been Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, since 1915, before which she had been Vice-Principal for thirteen years. Under her rule, the College greatly expanded.——The trial of General Ludendorff, Herr Hitler, and their associates for high treason ended on April 1. General Ludendorff was acquitted. Herr Hitler was sentenced to five years in a fortress, but will only have to serve six months, and will then be released on his own recognizances, the rest of the sentence being suspended.——The King and Queen of Spain recently attended the swearing-in of recruits for the garrison at Madrid.

BEATTY'S JUTLAND FLAG-SHIP "SCRAPPED": BREAKING UP THE "LION."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPECIAL PRESS.



SPECIFIED FOR "SCRAPPING" IN THE WASHINGTON TREATY AND SO NOT PRESERVED AS A "VICTORY": THE FAMOUS BATTLE-CRUISER "LION" BEING BROKEN UP AT JARROW—A VIEW FROM THE BOW TO THE BRIDGE, SHOWING THE GUN-TURRETS AND CONNING-TOWER DISMANTLED.



THE MOST BATTLE-SCARRED OF BRITISH CAPITAL SHIPS THAT SURVIVED THE WAR: H.M.S. "LION"—WHICH FOUGHT IN THE ACTIONS OF HELIGOLAND BIGHT, THE DOGGER BANK, AND JUTLAND—IN THE HANDS OF THE SHIPBREAKERS—LOOKING TOWARDS THE BOW.

Strong protests were made against the decision to "scrap" the famous battle-cruiser, H.M.S. "Lion," which was Admiral Beatty's flag-ship at Jutland and saw more fighting in the war than any other British capital ship. She was in the action of Heligoland Bight, three weeks after war began; and in the Dogger Bank engagement, when the "Blücher" was sunk, she was holed below the water-line. In the battle of Jutland she had one of her turrets blown from her deck, and was only saved from destruction by the heroism of an officer who flooded a magazine and gave his life to save the ship. It was hoped that the "Lion" might have been preserved as a national monument, like Nelson's "Victory," but the Admiralty pointed out that this was impossible, since she had been specifically mentioned by name in the Washington Treaty as one of the ships to be "scrapped." In our issue of April 5 we gave a photograph of the "Lion" leaving Rosyth (whence she had sailed for Jutland) on her last voyage, to the shipbreakers' yard at Jarrow-on-Tyne.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

TWO books of the week might each have had for epigraph on the title-page Meredith's lines—

Four things greater than all things are:
Women and horses, and power and war.

War alone is explicitly mentioned in the title of one of these volumes, but from that subject power and horses are inseparable; and as the theme of the other book is love, or an important manifestation of love, it is necessarily a book in which women play an important part. These works, founded on the oldest and most universal themes in the literature of the world, cannot fail to appeal to a wide circle of readers.

The appeal, however, will not be quite the same in each case, nor will the books interest the same public. For one—the book on love—is frankly a popular compilation that has some pretensions to be critical, but will not always pass critical muster on certain points of detail; while the other—the story of war—is the work of a scholar whose authority on his subject comes as near finality as fallible human learning may. This hint of the pundit need not discourage or deter the general reader, who is apt to turn away from what he calls the "highbrow" (abominable term), for in this case the "learned Epistemon," as Rabelais would say, "instructs us with lively and vocal documents," from which all suggestion of Dr. Dryasdust has been purged away by the winnowing fan of a delightful and persuasive literary style.

Here let me digress a little further, and indulge in reminiscence not altogether irrelevant. The name of the author in question, no less than his subject, takes me back to an evening now rather more years distant than I care to count. The scene was the Junior Common Room of a College famous for traditions rather ecclesiastical than military, but at that time it was the home of a later Oxford Movement entirely concerned with secular warfare. These were the early days of the University Volunteers—irreverently nicknamed at the time the "bug-shooters," and held in light esteem for their flaring red coats. The time was to come when they, or their successors, would justify their existence abundantly in the World War. They held on their course smiling, guided and stimulated, at the College in question, by the pioneer of the cyclist corps, the late Professor Cook Wilson, who combined Platonism appropriately enough with enthusiasm for the art of war. He foresaw the time when "our Guardians" would have need, above all things, of military training.

On the evening to which I refer, the warlike philosopher, with the beard like Jove's, had commandeered the Junior Common Room for an entertainment to be conducted by Senior Members of the University; but Juniors were welcome, and they attended in good force, for to many of them the sport afoot provided a new sensation. Professor Cook Wilson was to play Krieg-Spiel with other military enthusiasts. Some part in the game was taken by a Fellow of Magdalen, Mr. (now Sir Charles) Oman, author of the book that started me off on this track of personal memories.

I forget the precise details of the problem, but I think the general idea was the advance of an artillery or transport column to a point at a cross-roads, to effect a junction with its main body, before the enemy could come within striking distance of that point. It was a race against time, which the spectators, moving between the two rooms where the opponents had laid out their separate maps and pieces, followed with breathless interest. The scale of the manœuvre seemed large in those far-off days, when strategy had still something of the Waterloo touch, despite the increased range of guns; but, in the light of what has happened since, it looks a tiny enough operation. Motor-transport was then undreamed of, and the column crawled forward at a snail's pace. If my memory serves me, it did not arrive in time. That is now neither here nor there. The point is that in the home of lost causes, during those middle 'nineties, certain farseeing men, by profession Humanists, were awake to those sterner realities which Lord Roberts spent his later years in pressing home on a country largely indifferent. What seemed to many the useless hobby of a few misguided dons is now admitted to have been propaganda of vital national importance.

It was some four or five years after that Krieg-Spiel evening at Oriel that Sir Charles Oman first published his "Art of War in the Middle Ages," which has now been reissued, revised, and greatly enlarged, under the title "A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES FROM THE FOURTH TO THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY" (2 vols.; Methuen; 36s.). The author warns his readers that he has not written a book of annals, but a treatise on the art of war. He makes no claim to have described every normal military incident within his period. But his choice of salient examples is so happy that the account of characteristic strategy, tactics, and military organisation in successive periods has the effect of coherent and continuous history of a wider sort. Many readers will realise, perhaps for the first time, how marvellously the consideration of purely military affairs serves to illustrate and unify the period under discussion, even in its political and social aspects. It provides a common factor and key that one often seeks for in vain in other works dealing with the transition from the later Roman Empire to the Middle Ages.

The period covered by the two volumes is A.D. 378 to 1485, and the record begins with the transition from Roman to Mediæval forms in war. The author describes the passing of the Legion, the most characteristic symptom of the period between the middle of the third and the middle of the fifth century. The disappearance of the Legion was due to the growing supremacy of cavalry. "By A.D. 450 the cavalry was all in all, the foot-soldiery had fallen into disrepute, and the very name of the Legion was almost forgotten." With this account of purely military changes, Sir Charles has interwoven in outline the story of the gradual drawing in of the outer defences of the Empire, as its power declined. Similarly throughout all the successive periods under review, he maintains this substructure of more general history.

He considers the early Middle Ages, the period from Charles the Great to the Battle of Hastings, the Byzantines, the Crusades, down to the Battle of the Marchfeld in 1278, with which the first volume ends. The second volume opens with a discussion of Arms, Fortification, and Siegecraft between 1100 and 1300. The next section gives a most interesting account of the development of the longbow (of Welsh origin), and of the part it played in the campaigns in France and Spain between 1337 and 1396. The rest of the volume is occupied with the introduction of firearms and its effect, together with a detailed examination, in part retrospective, of the military system and wars of the Swiss; the Italian Guelf and Ghibelline struggles, and the often unreal and farcical campaigns—mere manœuvrings for position—of the later Condottieri. The final sections of the work deal with Eastern Europe and the Near East (1250-1500), and Western Europe in the fifteenth century. The documentation of the book will satisfy the precise critical scholar; but it is never allowed to interfere with the flow of lucid narrative which makes the work most attractive even to the layman, who will be delighted in particular with the brief, but always vivid, reconstructions of old battles and the descriptions of tactics and weapons. To these the maps and illustrations are an invaluable auxiliary. Without making any concession to popularity, Sir Charles Oman has made a work of exhaustive historical erudition acceptable to Everyman.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"ANNA NUGENT." *(Hutchinson.)* By Isabel C. Clarke.
"CURE OF SOULS." *(Hutchinson.)* By May Sinclair.
"EVE AND THE ELDERS." *(Hutchinson.)* By Winifred Graham.
"FIR AND PALM." *(Hutchinson.)* By Elizabeth Bibesco.
"POMBOMBO." *(Nisbet.)* By T. S. Stribling.
"GERALD CRANSTON'S LADY." *(Hutchinson.)* By Gilbert Frankau.
"JANE—OUR STRANGER." *(Heinemann.)* By Mary Borden.
"RECOMPENCE." *(Constable.)* By Robert Keable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"MY WANDERINGS AND MEMOIRS." *(Fisher Unwin.)* By Lady Norah Bentinck.
"JOURNAL OF THE HON. EDWARD FOX." *(Butterworth.)* Edited by the Earl of Ilchester.
"AN AMBASSADOR'S MEMOIRS." *(Hutchinson.)* By M. Paleologue.
"TRUE ADVENTURES OF THE SECRET SERVICE." *(Hurst and Blackett.)* By Major C. E. Russell.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library. The volumes are given in order of demand.

To turn now from war to love. The other book before me is "LOVE LETTERS OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN," from the Eighteenth Century to the Present Day, edited by C. H. Charles, Ph.D. (Stanley Paul; 12s. 6d.). The subject-matter is undeniably attractive, but I doubt whether love letter upon love letter throughout a whole volume is altogether wooing to the reader who tries to take the book continuously. I have found it a little cloying, despite the diversity of styles and sentiments—diversity sufficient in all conscience, for there are upwards of 150 epistles, more or less impassioned; but the proper and most enjoyable use of the volume is to reserve it for occasional dipping. It would make an excellent bed-book, although now and then pages occur that are more soporific than the best kind of bed-book should be. Some of the greatest of these lovers were amazingly matter-of-fact in their correspondence.

Cynics might refuse to include in such an anthology the letters of married people (married to each other, that is); but there are exceptions. The Brownings, for example, contrived to keep their post-nuptial letters on the high level at which they approached marriage. But they were terribly diffuse. Browning's letter of proposal runs to a thousand words at least. Perhaps the finest love letters—apart from those of fiction—never come to light; and that, after all, is as it should be, for they concern only two people in the world, and must be to a great extent cryptic to the outsider. There is but one letter in this book that is from first to last the outpouring of passion, a love letter indeed! It is Byron's. But even that moves us very little. It falls far short of Julia's famous letter in "Don Juan." The fictitious love-letter wins.

The playful intimacies and pet names used by Mozart sound atrocious in German, and more atrocious still in any attempted English translation. Heine to his wife seems to use a language of devotion that comes perilously near lip-service, and he descends constantly to commonplace details of ill-health. To Camille Selden he is more affectionately playful, but his fun is still very German, and there is little to suggest the master of the love lyric. What to lovers themselves is precious, tends to appear silly when it is read by the cold eye of a third party.

Mr. Charles has made the daring experiment of attempting to analyse and classify the love letter. He considers, not without justice, although proof is difficult, that love-letter writing is now a lost art. He asks which of our young people of to-day could write a love letter worth keeping. If he had his way he would have classes in all the schools to teach our adolescents "in love with loving" not only how to love, but how to say so. The idea lends itself to amusing speculation. The practical demonstrations in class might be popular were they practicable; but one seems to see them break down in inextinguishable laughter. And the system would necessarily be confined to the co-educational schools. As for the literary side of the instruction, how would so delicate a flower as the love letter escape the blight of the academic?

Imagine a lecture beginning somewhat on this wise: "Yesterday, ladies and gentlemen, we were considering the case of two young people, of whom one (for the sake of argument, the male) is considerably attracted towards the other, obviously the female, while the female has as yet given no sign that the liking is reciprocated. You will remember the line of procedure indicated and the appropriate form of epistle suggested. To-day we are to go a step further, and consider how the girl is to reply to the communication, supposing (*a*) that she remains quite indifferent to the other's advances; (*b*) that she is not indifferent, but uncertain of her own heart: and (*c*) that she returns the affection ardently. In the third instance, it will be necessary to consider the young man's position and obligations minutely, and to instruct him in the most favourable means of approach to the lady's father." By this time, it is to be feared, Cupid would have flown out of the window, and the class would be entirely in the hands of Momus.

No, a policy of *laissez faire* is the only rule for love. The ingenious author's proposal will not do. It is as unsuitable as his attempt to reduce the intangibilities of the perfect love letter to a reasoned system, historical and critical. I am inclined to advise the reader to confine himself to the examples of great love letters quoted. He will find there much entertainment, or, as Kai Lung would say, many agreeable Half-Gong Strokes of Gravity-removing devoid of Inelegance.

The translations often leave something to be desired, and once at least the actual mistranslation is surprising. When we find the title of Béranger's famous lyric of Bohemian Paris, "Le Grenier," given in English as "Garner," we suspect a too casual and trusting use of the dictionary. Thackeray's charming version of the poem would have kept Mr. Charles right, and would have directed him safely upstairs to "The Garret."

The ideal and intangible treatment of love (in close connection, by the way, with war of the civil order) finds an excellent and rather unusual example in a little novel—in effect, a long short-story—"STAR OF EARTH," by Morris Dallett (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), the work of an American writer, who knows how to be strong without those violences of language and crudities of method which discount so many otherwise praiseworthy efforts of his young compatriots. It is a tale of action and yet of contemplation, not perfect in expression, but still in its final result nearer to dream-life than to reality.

It is the story of a young merchant seaman, a simple yet imaginative creature, Max Lantern, victimised by cunning and callous rascals. In the port of Laragan, Max finds himself caught in the toils of a revolution, and is sent ashore to rescue the daughter of the murdered President. It is no business of his, not even in the line of his duty, but he accepts the situation, and, in strange bewilderment, does what he can, at the cost of his life. It is a tense, hot little drama, full of subtle characterisation of many nationalities, and bizarre in its delineation of passion—often almost bafflingly elusive, but never aimless. It is romance set in the modern key; a book of curious originality and one it would be a loss not to read.

Among recent works of fiction worth noting are the following: "THE CATHEDRAL FOLK" (John Lane; 7s. 6d.), by Nicolai Lyeskov, a Russian contribution to the fiction of the Minster, recently so much discussed; "ACCORDING TO THEIR DESERTS," by Cherry Veheyne (Collins; 7s. 6d.), a book that marks further progress in an author who is making a reputation; and "THE COAST OF FOLLY," by Coningsby Dawson (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Dawson's vogue in America has never, curiously enough, found its counterpart in this country, on which he has claims, for, although strongly influenced by American methods, he is an Englishman, and a Merton man at that. Perhaps his new book will mark a turning point.

A TRIUMPH OF GOLF GENERALSHIP: THE LADIES' VICTORY AT STOKE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.

AFTER THEIR MATCH: MRS. ALAN MACBETH AND MISS MOLLIE GOURLAY (R.), WITH MR. O. C. BRISTOWE AND MR. BERNARD DREW.

MISS JOAN STOCKER AND MISS CECIL LEITCH (R.), WITH MR. T. A. TORRANCE AND CAPTAIN A. G. PEARSON, WHOM THEY DEFEATED.

MR. BERNARD DREW, MISS GLADYS BASTIN, MISS D. R. FOWLER, AND MR. E. NOEL LAYTON DISCUSSING THE SITUATION.

WITH MRS. ALAN MACBETH: MRS. WETHERED, THE MOTHER OF MISS JOYCE WETHERED.

WITH MR. R. H. DE MONTMORENCY AND MR. ROGER WETHERED, WHOM THEY DEFEATED: MISS DORIS CHAMBERS AND MISS JOYCE WETHERED (R.).

WITH MR. G. RUSSELL, MRS. G. RUSSELL, AND MR. A. RUSSELL: MRS. CAUTLEY (WITHOUT HAT), WHO WAS THE "HEROINE OF THE DAY."

For the first time, the result of the annual Ladies v. Men match at Stoke Poges resulted in a victory for the feminine golfers, and the triumph has been described as one of logical and courageous strategy. The odds given by the men were the usual half, but the ladies, having always lost the match when taking these strokes at the odd holes, decided to have them at the evens, and to play the Foursomes before lunch instead of after. The result of this arrangement was that in the morning the ladies won by three matches to two. In the afternoon Mrs. Cautley may be described as the heroine of the day, for, with nine out of the ten singles played, the men were one ahead in the singles. Mrs. Cautley was one down to Mr. C. G. Osborne at the fifteenth, and there was a stampede to watch the end of the match. She won the sixteenth and seventeenth, thus becoming one up and "locking the door" for the men; and the eighteenth provided a thrilling finish, as Mrs. Cautley had to hole a putt of a yard and a-half in order to halve the last hole and win the match for the feminine players—a feat which she "pulled off" like a brave golfer. Thus the Ladies won by 8 points to 7.

NEW TREASURES FROM ITALY'S CLASSIC SOIL.

By Dr. Thomas Ashby, D.Litt., F.S.A., Hon. A.R.I.B.A., Director of the British School at Rome.

[*The following article is a continuation of that in our last issue, where Dr. Thomas Ashby described recent discoveries of ancient tombs near Rome, on the Via Appia and the Via Triumphalis.*]

ANOTHER five or six miles along the same road (the Via Triumphalis, to the north of Rome), we reach the site of the famous Etruscan city of Veii. Most people will have heard of the Temple of Apollo which came to light there a few years back, with the splendid life-size statue of the god in terra-cotta (part of a group representing the theft of the sacred stag of Apollo by Heracles, while Hermes, and perhaps Artemis, watch the scene). From such a statue, as has already been pointed out, we can form a very good idea of the statues which adorned the great Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol at Rome, which, we are told, were the work of one Vulca, an artist of Veii, and belonged to the same period. And fragments of the architectural decoration of the temple have come to light also—some of the fine *antefixæ*, as they are called—the ridge tiles with heads in relief which came along the lower edge of the sloping roof. The heads show two types of the river-god Achelous (Figs. 15 and 17) and two types of Medusa (Fig. 16), both of which are shown in the photographs (on page 644), besides a head of Silenus (not illustrated here).

Other remains of Veii have also been investigated of recent years — notably those on the acropolis of the city, the so-called Piazza d'Armi, which is separated from the rest of the site by a narrow neck. Here remnants of a gate and part of the defensive wall have been brought to light. The gate (Figs. 2 and 3) had originally one opening, 9½ ft. wide; but two others were added later. Still later, in Roman times, they were closed. The citadel was then no longer occupied by dwellings, and a part of it was certainly used for burials. It has not been possible to excavate by any means the whole area, and the most prominent building that has come to light is still the large elliptical cistern (Fig. 4)—if so it be; others conjecture that it is the lower part of a huge hut used for some public purpose—which was found by previous excavation in 1913.

Before we go further afield, it would be well to speak of what has been done and found in other places in the environs of Rome. At Ostia, the ancient port of the city, situated on the left bank of the Tiber, and not far even now from its mouth, work is being actively continued. The most interesting discovery from a historical point of view has been the finding of the original nucleus from which the city developed. This was, as excavations have now shown, a rectangular fort measuring some 210 by 140 yards. Two of its four gates lie under the Decumanus, the main street of the town of the imperial period, and their foundations have been laid bare. The gate towards Rome has three openings, one behind the other. The other two gates lie under the foundations of the two principal temples of the later town, the lofty Capitolium (generally known as the Temple of Vulcan,* but erroneously), and a newly discovered but much destroyed building, which may be the Temple of Rome and Augustus (Fig. 7). Fragments of its architectural decorations in marble have been brought to light; but its massive base has been robbed of the stone walls which once carried the external colonnades.

Of the modernity of the domestic architecture of Ostia I have already spoken in *The Illustrated London News* of Jan. 28, 1922.

The Alban Hills, so prominent a feature in the southward view from Rome, were a favourite place of residence in ancient days, and the vineyards which now clothe their southern and western slopes conceal the remains of many a country house of classical times. These buildings were decorated with marble columns and wall linings, and adorned with fine works of art, sometimes, though rarely, the original works of Greek sculptors. More often a Roman of moderate means would content himself with a copy; but these are often of considerable merit and interest, inasmuch as they may bring back to us some lost work of a Greek master.

Thus, not long ago, was found in a vineyard below Aricia, an ancient country house, in the domestic chapel of which stood a colossal statue (Fig. 14) of Artemis, 9½ ft. high, not shown here as the huntress, but in a far more stately form clad in dignified draperies falling to the feet. It is probably copied from a work of Pheidias, the sculptor of the Parthenon: the body has distinct affinities in type to the famous statue of Athena which stood within the sanctuary, while the head is the replica of a type represented by the so-called Hera Farnese, now in the museum at Naples.

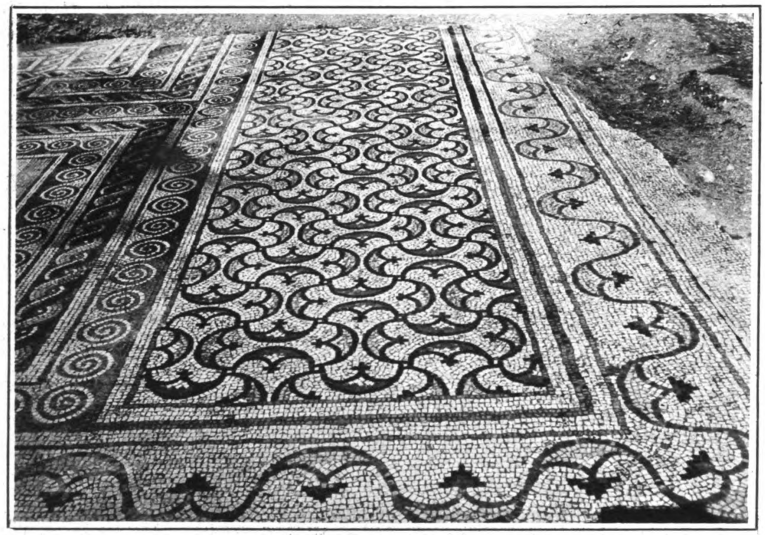


FIG. 1.—WITH GAULISH SHIELDS (*PELTÆ*) AS A DECORATIVE DESIGN: PART OF A MOSAIC PAVEMENT FOUND IN A ROMAN VILLA OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D., NEAR VERONA.

Photograph by Courtesy of Dr. Thomas Ashby and the Italian Department of Antiquities.

The villas belonging to the emperors, and, above all, the colossal villa constructed by Hadrian below Tivoli, were even more magnificent. The site of this great villa now belongs entirely to the Italian Government, and a certain amount of excavation has recently been undertaken, while more still remains to be done. An interesting series of baths (Figs. 9 and 10) adjacent to the so-called Hall of the Philosophers and the Teatro Marittimo, has recently been cleared. A large rectangular swimming-tank was found, with a portico of grey granite columns on three sides, and a dressing-room on the fourth: on this side stood two rather large columns which, as the photographs show, have been re-erected. Adjacent is a series of large rooms which could be heated by hypocausts (the well-known Roman method of heating by hot air) to a considerable temperature. To this was added the heat of the sun's rays, a factor of no little importance (the Romans seem to have been aware of their curative properties), for the exposure is towards the south and west, and the windows, which we must suppose to have been glazed (or the heating would have been futile), are large and numerous. The window-frames were probably heavy, and the panes, whether of glass, of talc, or of selenite, proportionately small. In the church of S. Sabina, window-frames of plaster, with panes of selenite, belonging to the sixth century, were found some years ago.

Numerous discoveries have been made in other parts of Italy, though a good many of them do not lend themselves readily to illustration, owing to the fact that the remains found are not preserved to any great height. It is difficult to overestimate the advantages that will accrue to archæology, in the matter of discovery and of publication, from a more extended use of aeroplane photography. The fine work of Mr. O. G. S. Crawford in this field has already produced important results in our own country, notably in the case of Stonehenge (See *The Illustrated London News*, Aug. 18, 1923).

The discovery of some fine mosaic pavements at Negrar di Valpolicella, near Verona, seems, however, to claim special attention. They were found in a Roman villa belonging to the end of the second century after Christ; and the large pavement of the principal room, which has been laid bare, is interesting in design (Fig. 11). The meaning of the central panel has not yet been made out, but the panels which surround it (two of which are missing) represent Cupids driving two-horse chariots in a race in the circus. At each end is a panel (Fig. 1), with Gaulish shields (*peltæ*) used as a decorative motive. The execution falls behind the design to some extent—this is an even more prominent feature in Roman mosaics found in Britain, where the local workmanship leaves much to be desired in this respect.

From the islands comes news of discoveries of a far earlier period. The fortified plateau of the Giara di Serri, in the centre of Sardinia, has already been studied in 1909-10, and near the little church of S. Maria della Vittoria a temple enclosing a sacred well had been found. An open-air shrine, belonging to a still earlier stage of the Bronze Age, has now been brought to light. It was a small rectangular structure with two altars on one side of it. Within it were found numerous small figures in bronze (Figs. 12 and 13), which were votive offerings. They had originally been placed on the benches round the interior, but were torn from their places and thrown down before the building was set on fire, as it appears to have been after the capture of the place by some hostile tribe.

Among the more interesting representations we may note the figure of a fox (Fig. 12), and a group of three doves (Fig. 13). The deity worshipped here is unknown, but was probably akin to the Zeus of the primitive Greek cults, who was worshipped on the mountains and was lord of the winds and thunderbolts.

Near the open-air shrine were several other circular buildings, and in one of them an altar with a bronze votive axe was discovered. The interest of these remains of the early worships of Sardinia is very great, especially in view of the parallelisms with Ægæan, and especially Cretan, cults, which appear to be recognisable.

Excavations have also been made on the citadel of Selinus, in the south of Sicily, on a hill overlooking the sea (Fig. 18). It was found to have been largely occupied by dwellings between 409 and 250 B.C. The famous Greek temples have all been laid low by an earthquake, and no doubt the houses shared the same fate. Their internal arrangements may be seen in the photographs (Figs. 18 and 19). They were not grouped according to a fixed plan, but their arrangement was largely dictated by pre-existing buildings which were in great part demolished before being incorporated in the new constructions. These earlier buildings go back to the best period of Greek architecture (the sixth and fifth centuries B.C.). They were mostly of a sacred, or at least of a public, character, and are remarkable for the regularity of their construction. The houses of the Hellenistic period, on the other hand, are of a poor and mean character.

It will be seen that the classic soil of Italy has not failed to yield a good harvest of interesting and important discoveries; and any advance in our knowledge of the centre of the ancient world, and the chief source of our own civilisation, it is hardly necessary to say, is much to be welcomed.

* Fig. 4 shows this temple on the right, a building which may be the Curia, or council chamber, in the centre, and on the left a court-yard and surrounding shops, already illustrated in *The Illustrated London News*, Jan. 28, 1922.

A CITADEL, SHOPS, AND BAR: ROMAN DISCOVERIES AT VEII AND OSTIA.

DRAWING AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. THOMAS ASHBY AND THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES.

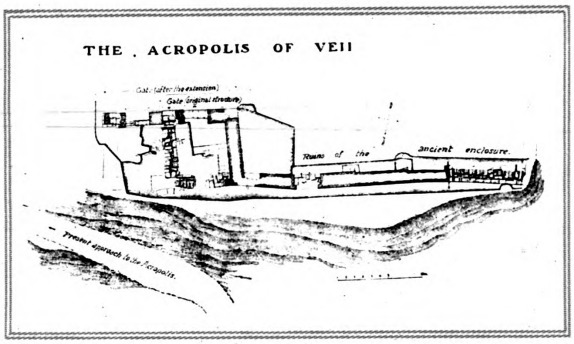


FIG. 2.—WHERE NEW EXCAVATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE (SHOWN IN FIG. 3): VEII, AN ETRUSCAN CITY CONQUERED BY ROME—A PLAN OF THE CITADEL, SEPARATED BY A NARROW NECK.

FIG. 3.—RECENTLY EXCAVATED ON THE ACROPOLIS (CITADEL) AT VEII: REMAINS OF A GATEWAY AND DEFENSIVE WALLS, BUILT OF MASSIVE SQUARE BLOCKS OF STONE.

FIG. 4.—THE MOST PROMINENT BUILDING FOUND ON THE CITADEL AT VEII: AN ELLIPTICAL UNDERGROUND STRUCTURE GENERALLY BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN A CISTERN.

FIG. 5.—THE SCENE OF THE MOST INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT OSTIA: THE SO-CALLED TEMPLE OF VULCAN (RIGHT) BENEATH WHICH HAVE BEEN FOUND TWO GATES OF THE ORIGINAL FORT.

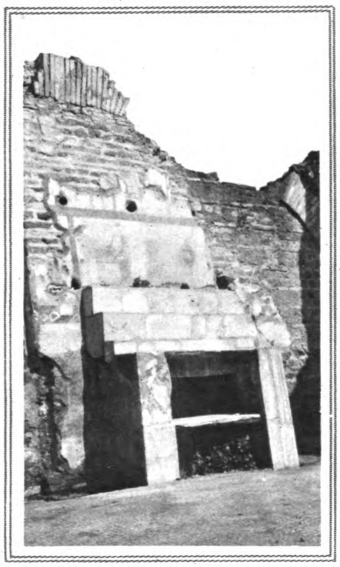


FIG. 6.—WITH A WALL-PAINTING ABOVE SHOWING (LEFT) A VEGETABLE ON A PLATE: A ROMAN REFRESHMENT BAR AT OSTIA.

FIG. 7.—NEWLY DISCOVERED AT OSTIA: MARBLE FRAGMENTS OF A MUCH-RUINED BUILDING, POSSIBLY THE TEMPLE OF ROME AND AUGUSTUS.

FIG. 8.—WITH SHOPS OPENING ON A COURT-YARD: A MASSIVE BRICK BUILDING AT OSTIA, TYPICAL OF ROMAN COMMERCIAL ARCHITECTURE.

Interesting discoveries have recently been made on the Acropolis, or citadel, of the Etruscan city of Veii, as described by Dr. Thomas Ashby in his article on page 642, in which he enumerates the latest results of excavations in various parts of Italy, as well as in Sicily and Sardinia. Veii, on the river Cremera, was one of the oldest and most powerful cities of Etruria, and was for several centuries a thorn in the side of Rome, from which it was distant only about twelve miles. In the early period of the Roman Republic there was almost continuous fighting between the two cities for some 350 years, until Veii was at last captured, after a long siege, by the great Dictator, Camillus, in 396 B.C., and became incorporated into the Roman polity. The wonderful excavations at Ostia, revealing the great seaport of ancient Rome at the mouth of the Tiber as vividly as those of Pompeii, have frequently been illustrated in our pages, notably in our issues of March 22 last (with an article by Professor Halbherr), March 15 (a double-page air view of the whole site), January 28, 1922 (with an article by Dr. Ashby) and June 3 of the same year. The reference figures of the above illustrations correspond to those in Dr. Ashby's article.

ROMAN BATHS, MOSAIC, STATUARY; AND BRONZE AGE WORK OF SARDINIA.

DRAWING AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. THOMAS ASHBY AND THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES.

FIG. 9.—ON THE SITE OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN'S GREAT VILLA AT TIVOLI: BATHS RECENTLY EXCAVATED, WITH A LARGE RECTANGULAR SWIMMING TANK.

FIG. 10.—WITH TWO COLUMNS RE-ERECTED: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ROMAN BATHS, HEATED BY HYPOCAUSTS, EXCAVATED AT HADRIAN'S VILLA BELOW TIVOLI.

FIG. 11.—SHOWING (IN TWO LOWER PANELS) CUPIDS IN A CHARIOT RACE: A SECOND-CENTURY ROMAN MOSAIC PAVEMENT NEAR VERONA.

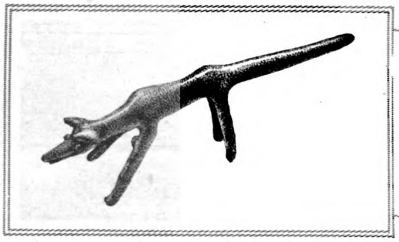


FIG. 12.—BRONZE AGE ART IN SARDINIA: A SMALL BRONZE FOX AS A VOTIVE OFFERING FOUND IN AN OPEN-AIR SHRINE.

FIG. 13.—FOUND IN A SARDINIAN SHRINE (APPARENTLY BURNT BY ENEMIES) OF THE BRONZE AGE: A GROUP OF THREE BRONZE DOVES.

FIG. 14.—PROBABLY COPIED FROM PHEIDIAS: AN ARTEMIS (9½ FT. HIGH) FROM ARICIA.

FIG. 15.—THE RIVER-GOD DEPRIVED OF ONE OF HIS HORNS BY HERCULES: A HEAD OF ACHELOUS—A RIDGE TILE FROM VEII.

FIG. 16.—THE SNAKE-HAIRED GORGON WHOSE LOOK CHANGED PEOPLE INTO STONE: A HEAD OF MEDUSA ON A RIDGE-TILE FOUND AT VEII.

FIG. 17.—ANOTHER HEAD OF ACHELOUS FROM THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO AT VEII: THE RIVER-GOD WHO BECAME A BULL.

An interesting account of the various archæological discoveries in Italy and Sardinia, represented by these photographs, will be found in Dr. Thomas Ashby's article on page 642, where the reference figures correspond to those of the illustrations. The most ancient objects shown above are the two Bronze Age figures found in a shrine in Sardinia, where, as Dr. Ashby mentions, the early forms of worship show affinities with the Minoan cults of Crete. The colossal statue of Artemis (Diana) was found among the Alban Hills near Aricia, and is a valuable copy from one of the masters of Greek sculpture. Greek mythology is recalled by the heads of Achelous and Medusa found at Veii. Achelous was the god of the river of that name, the largest in Greece, and was regarded as the representative of all fresh water, as Poseidon (Neptune) represented the sea. Legend tells that Achelous fought with Heracles (Hercules) for the hand of Deianira, but was overcome. He then took the form of a bull, but was again conquered by Heracles, who deprived him of one of his horns. According to Ovid, it was this horn which became the "horn of plenty." Horns are shown, it will be noted, in both the above heads of Achelous.

GREEK HOUSES OF 2500 YEARS AGO: NEW DISCOVERIES IN SICILY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. LO CASCIO, NATIONAL MUSEUM, PALERMO. BY COURTESY OF DR. THOMAS ASHBY.

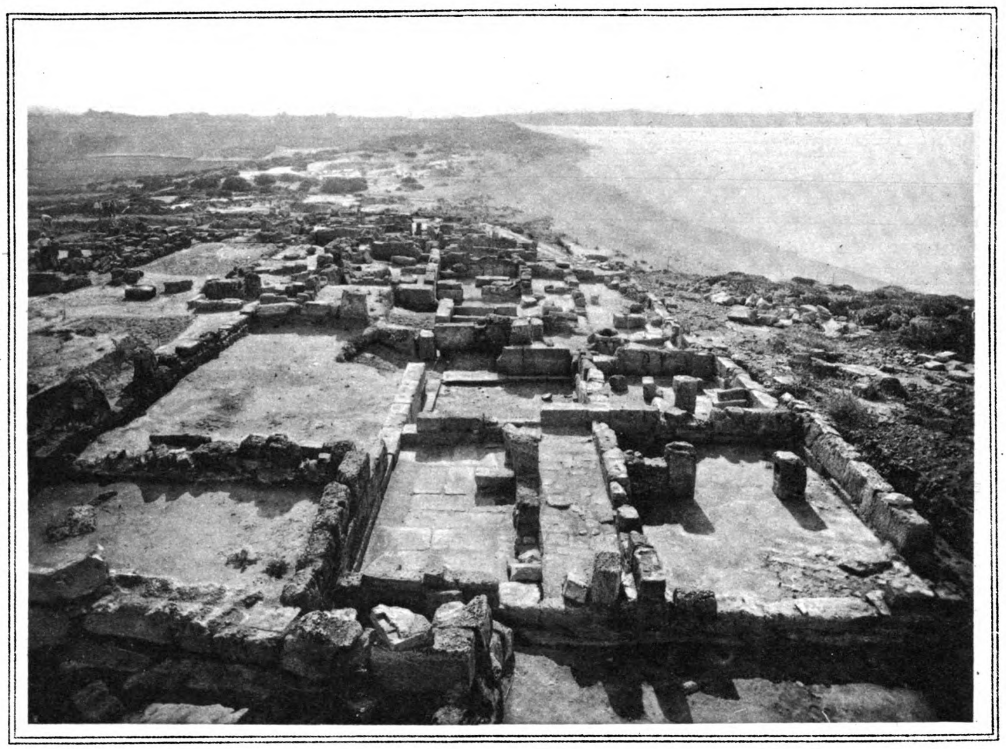


FIG. 18.—WHERE THE EARLIER BUILDINGS DATE BACK TO THE FIFTH AND SIXTH CENTURIES B.C., THE BEST PERIOD OF GREEK ARCHITECTURE: THE SEA-COAST CITADEL OF SELINUS, IN SICILY, WHOSE FAMOUS GREEK TEMPLES WERE ALL DESTROYED BY EARTHQUAKE.

FIG. 19.—SHOWING THE INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS OF ANCIENT GREEK HOUSES, WITH STONE STEPS LEADING TO THE UPPER FLOORS: EXCAVATIONS ON THE CITADEL OF SELINUS, FOUND TO HAVE BEEN LARGELY OCCUPIED BY DWELLINGS BETWEEN 409 AND 250 B.C.

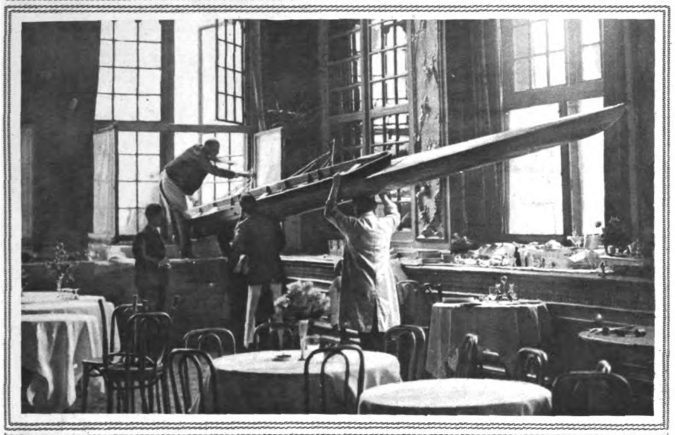
As Dr. Thomas Ashby mentions in his account (on page 642) of recent discoveries in Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia, the excavations at Selinus revealed the fact that the ancient citadel, overlooking the sea, had been largely occupied by dwellings between 409 and 250 B.C. Some of the earlier buildings, however, date back to the fifth and sixth centuries B.C., or about 2500 years ago. At some period both the houses and the Greek temples for which the city was famous were laid low by earthquake. It is interesting to trace in the above photographs the internal arrangements of the houses, whose general disposition was not regular, but was largely determined by pre-existing buildings incorporated in them. Selinus, which stands on the south-west coast of Sicily, was in former times one of the most important towns in the island. It was founded in 628 B.C. by Dorians from Megara Hyblæa, an earlier Greek colony on the east coast, and soon attained great prosperity. In 409 B.C., however, it was taken and sacked by the Carthaginians, who killed or sold into slavery most of its inhabitants.

A LIGHT BLUE TRIUMPH IN THE BOAT RACE: BEFORE AND AFTER.

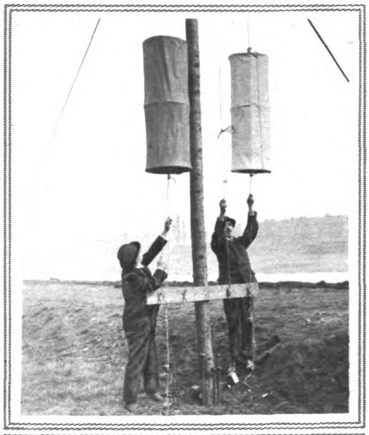
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., KEYSTONE, AND PHOTOPRESS.

NOT GREATLY DISTRESSED: THE VICTORIOUS CAMBRIDGE CREW AT MORTLAKE AFTER THE FINISH OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE, WHICH THEY WON BY 4½ LENGTHS IN THE FAST TIME OF 18 MIN. 41 SEC.

ROWED OUT: THE DEFEATED OXFORD CREW AT MORTLAKE AFTER THE FINISH OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE—THE SEVENTY-SIXTH OF THE SERIES, OF WHICH OXFORD HAS WON FORTY AND CAMBRIDGE THIRTY-FIVE, WITH A DEAD-HEAT IN 1877.



A RACING "EIGHT" AS A BALL-ROOM DECORATION ON BOAT RACE NIGHT: OXFORD'S TRAINING BOAT ENTERING A WINDOW OF PRINCE'S RESTAURANT IN PICCADILLY.



HOW THE PROGRESS OF THE RACE WAS SIGNALLED: HOISTING THE DARK AND LIGHT BLUE EMBLEMS.

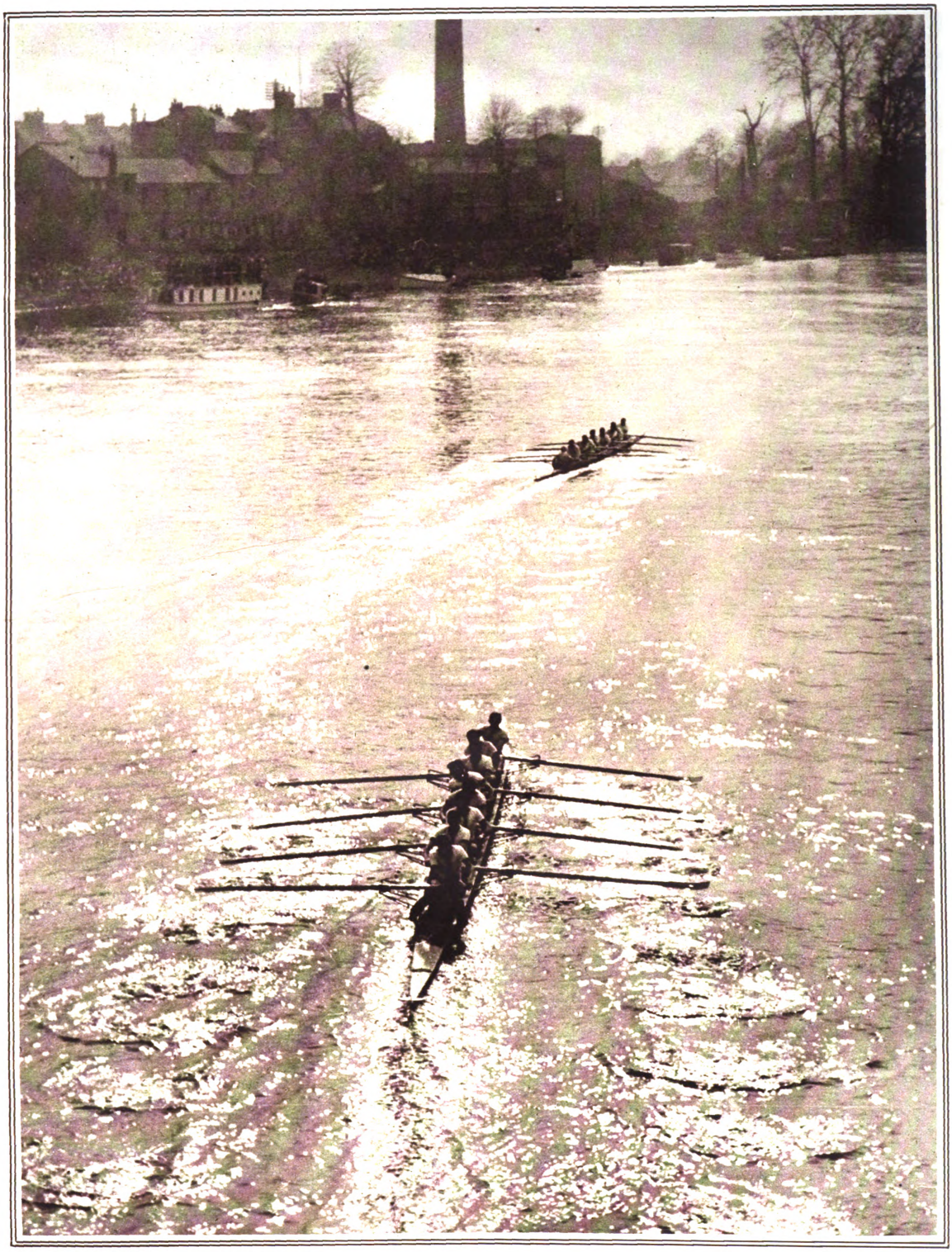
CAMBRIDGE WINS THE TOSS: MR. T. D. A. COLLET (ON LEFT), PRESIDENT, C.U.B.C. CHOOSES THE SURREY SIDE.

OXFORD'S AMERICAN STROKE LOOKING DEPRESSED AFTER DEFEAT: MR. W. P. MELLEN (MIDDLESEX SCHOOL, CONCORD, U.S.A., AND BRASENOSE) IN A CROWD AT MORTLAKE.

The seventy-sixth University Boat Race, rowed on April 5, resulted in an unexpectedly decisive victory for Cambridge by 4½ lengths. Cambridge won the toss and chose the Surrey side. At the end of the first minute Oxford were leading by a few feet, but Cambridge soon drew ahead, and gradually increased their lead throughout. The Oxford boat contained six old Blues, including the cox; while Cambridge had only one, their President, Mr. T. D. A. Colle[illegible]. The names of the crews, as seen in the two upper photographs f[illegible]ight, were as follows (old Blues being marked by an asterisk):—[illegible]ssrs. J. A. Brown (cox), A. B. Stobart (stroke), C. R. M. Eley (7), T. D. A. Collet (6), G. H. Ambler (5), L. Elliott-Smith (4), J. A. Macnabb (3), J. S. Herbert (2), and G. E. G. Goddard (bow). Oxford: *G. D. Clapperton (cox), *W. P. Mellen (stroke), G. E. G. Gadsden (7), *J. E. Pedder (6), *G. J. Mower-White (5), R. E. Eason (4), W. T. Godden (3), *P. R. Wace (2), and *P. C. Mallam, President of the O.U.B.C. (bow). In the evening the Cambridge crew dined at the Bath Club, and the Oxford crew at the New University Club. At Prince's Restaurant in Piccadilly the ball-room contained the actual boat in which Oxford had done much of their training. Our photograph shows it being lifted in through a window.

CAMBRIDGE DO THE SECOND BEST TIME ON RECORD: THE LAST STRETCH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



WITH OXFORD (IN THE FOREGROUND) TOILING IN THE WAKE OF CAMBRIDGE, AND FOUR LENGTHS BEHIND: THE CREWS JUST AFTER PASSING BARNES BRIDGE TOWARDS THE END OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

Rowing conditions were excellent on the day of the Boat Race. The weather was fine, and the wind favoured the crews nearly throughout the 4¼-miles course from Putney to Mortlake. It was expected that a good time would be made, as the water was smooth and the tide was coming up very fast. This expectation was not disappointed, and Cambridge accomplished the very fast time of 18 min. 41 sec., which had only once been surpassed—in 1911, when Oxford covered the course in 18 min. 29 sec. In only two other years has the race been rowed in less than 19 minutes—by Oxford in 1893 and by Cambridge in 1900. This year Cambridge were much the lighter crew, but they were well balanced and kept beautifully together with a long steady stroke, as the above photograph shows. The Oxford crew, whose superior weight had been expected to tell, disappointed their supporters and were not up to their previous form. Barnes Bridge for the last stretch of the race, Cambridge led by which they increased to 4¼ at the finish.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING ELEPHANTS.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WHEN one starts to talk of elephants, one is certain of sympathetic listeners, for all of us, young and old, have a soft place in our hearts for these great, uncouth-looking beasts. We love to read stories of their almost uncanny intelligence, and of the recklessly magnificent charges they will occasionally make upon over-daring hunters; while, for the children at any rate, no visit to the "Zoo" is complete without an elephant ride, and a visit afterwards to the elephant-house, where nuts and buns can be thrown into the curiously triangular mouth, widened for the purpose by the uplifted trunk.

To some people all elephants are "much of a muchness"; but most of us know that, as a matter of fact, there are two distinct species now living—the Indian and the African. The first named has relatively small ears and a portentously high forehead; while the second has enormous ears and a conspicuously receding forehead. But there are yet other external features by which the two species can be distinguished. The trunk, for example, in the African species looks rather as though it were made up of a series of broad rings, while its circular tip is provided with two short, finger-like processes; wherein it differs from its Indian cousin, in which there is but one of these finger-like extensions arising from the upper surface of the rim. The partition which divides the aperture of the tube which he thrusts

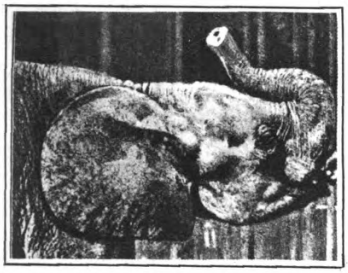


FIG. 1.—WITH THE EAR ALMOST OVAL IN SHAPE: A TYPICAL HEAD OF THE WEST AFRICAN OR SOUTH CAMEROONS ELEPHANT.

forward to timorous children, in order that they may place therein some dainty morsel, answers to the partition which forms the nostrils in all other animals, including ourselves. But the trunk, as a whole, is not, as some suppose, the equivalent of the "nose": it is this, and something more; *for* it is formed partly of the nose and partly of the upper lip, which has become drawn out to form the base of the trunk. There is, of course, another version of how the elephant got his trunk, but not even the distinguished author of that version would, we feel certain, insist on our acceptance of his interpretation. But this by the way. That trunk is a very singular organ. So much so, indeed, that it is exceedingly doubtful whether even the wisest of the men of science would ever have suspected its presence if we had no evidence of the existence of elephants save from the bones of fossil species, for there is nothing in the structure of the skull which would afford even an inkling of so curious an organ. Finally, the Indian elephant has five nails on the hind-feet, while the African species has but three.

After the trunk, perhaps the most striking feature of the elephant is the pair of tusks which guard each side of the base of the trunk, through the flesh of which they emerge. These answer to our second pair of "front teeth," and in the African species may attain to a prodigious size. The largest of such teeth on record is, I believe, that in the British Museum of Natural History, which weighs 238 lb., and measures 10 ft. 2 in. long. Its fellow, which unfortunately the Museum does not possess, is reported to have been of the same approximate size. These tusks were those of an animal killed in East Central Africa. A pair of remarkal e tusks were taken from an animal killed bout 1905, on the White Nile. One of t 59½ lb., and measured 7 ft. 11 in. in length; while its fellow weighed 135½ lb., and measured 8 ft. 3 in. in length. This disparity in length and weight between the two tusks is not unusual.

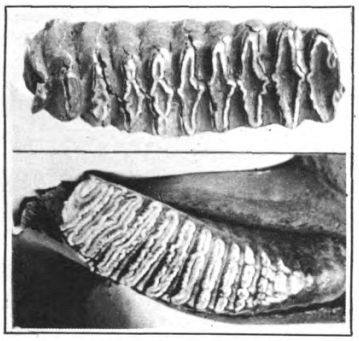


FIG. 5.—"A" FOR AFRICAN (ABOVE) AND "I" FOR INDIAN (BELOW): "GRINDERS" OF THE TWO SPECIES OF ELEPHANTS COMPARED.

In the "grinder" (molar tooth) of an African elephant the ridges look roughly like the letter A with an inverted A beneath, while in that of the Indian elephant they resemble the letter I. These ridges provide the crushing mechanism for breaking-up food, acting like the roughened surface of a mill-stone.

These tusks, as everybody knows, are the source of our "ivory." No other animal produces a tooth-substance of this peculiar quality. Those who possess ornaments or billiard balls of reputed "ivory" can easily test their genuineness by looking for the curious "engine-turning" pattern, which will be found wherever the exposed section has been taken approximately at right angles to the long axis of the tooth. This pattern recalls that seen on the back of a watch.

That tusks from different parts of Africa possess distinctive characteristics of their own is a fact well known to ivory merchants and brokers, and it would, no doubt, be possible to distinguish the various sub-species, or geographical races, now recognised by systematists, on this evidence alone. But tusks, being valuable commercially, seldom find their way into museums, and thus it is that attention was called, some years ago, to the fact that the ear might be used with equal facility.

Always, in the African elephant, of great size, it was pointed out that no less than *eleven* distinct types of ears could be distinguished, each characteristic of a definite area. An important feature of the ear in this connection is the point, or "lappet," formed by the lower extremity, which varies greatly in shape in the different races; but there is also a large amount of local variation in regard to the contour of the ear as a whole, and likewise in regard to its relative size. The four most diverse types are respectively presented by the West African, or South Cameroons race, in which this organ is nearly oval in shape (Fig. 1); by the Addo Bush, or East Cape race, in which they present a square form (Fig. 2); by the Masai elephant, in which they are relatively small and form an almost equilateral triangle (Fig. 3); and by the Abyssinian, or Sudan race, in which they are very large, and form a long and acutely pointed triangle (Fig. 4).

The Abyssinian or Sudan elephants possess the largest ears of all, measuring as much as 6 ft. 5 in. in vertical height. The more usual size is round about 4 ft. 5 in. in vertical height, and 3 ft. across. But it would be wearisome to enter into minute details as to the precise measurements of the ears of these numerous races; suffice it to say that these differences of shape and size in the various races appear to be correlated with differences in the general form of the body and the relative sizes of the tusks. Why are the ears of the African so huge, while those of the Indian species are so small, at least relatively? So far no explanation of these conspicuous differences has been attempted. Before this question can be satisfactorily answered, some "Nature study" enthusiast must live laborious days in African and then in Indian jungles, minutely watching the manners and customs of these great beasts as they live their daily

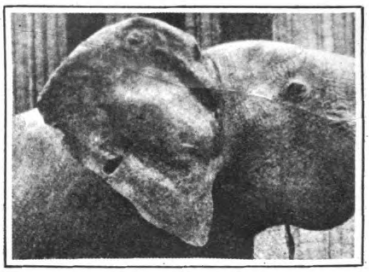


FIG. 3.—WITH THE EAR RELATIVELY SMALL, AND FORMING AN ALMOST EQUILATERAL TRIANGLE: THE HEAD OF A NORTH-EAST RHODESIAN ELEPHANT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

life in fancied security against their greatest enemy, man.

Now a word as to the great molar teeth, which are sometimes found wrongly labelled in local museums. One can distinguish between those of the African and Indian species at a glance (Fig. 5). In the last named the hard, upstanding ridges which distinguish the grinding surface of the tooth take the form of a series of elongated loops, fancifully compared to the letter "I" for Indian. In the African species these ridges recall a pair of "A's" placed together by their bases. These markings afford valuable aids in determining the teeth of fossil elephants. Thus the teeth of the extinct "Mammoth" were of the Indian type, while those of the straight-tusked elephant (*Elephas antiquus*) which once roamed about "Our England" were of the African type. When a large series of such teeth, belonging to a number of distinct species, are examined, however, the matter is by no means so simple, and this because the various types show a bewildering number of intermediate forms.

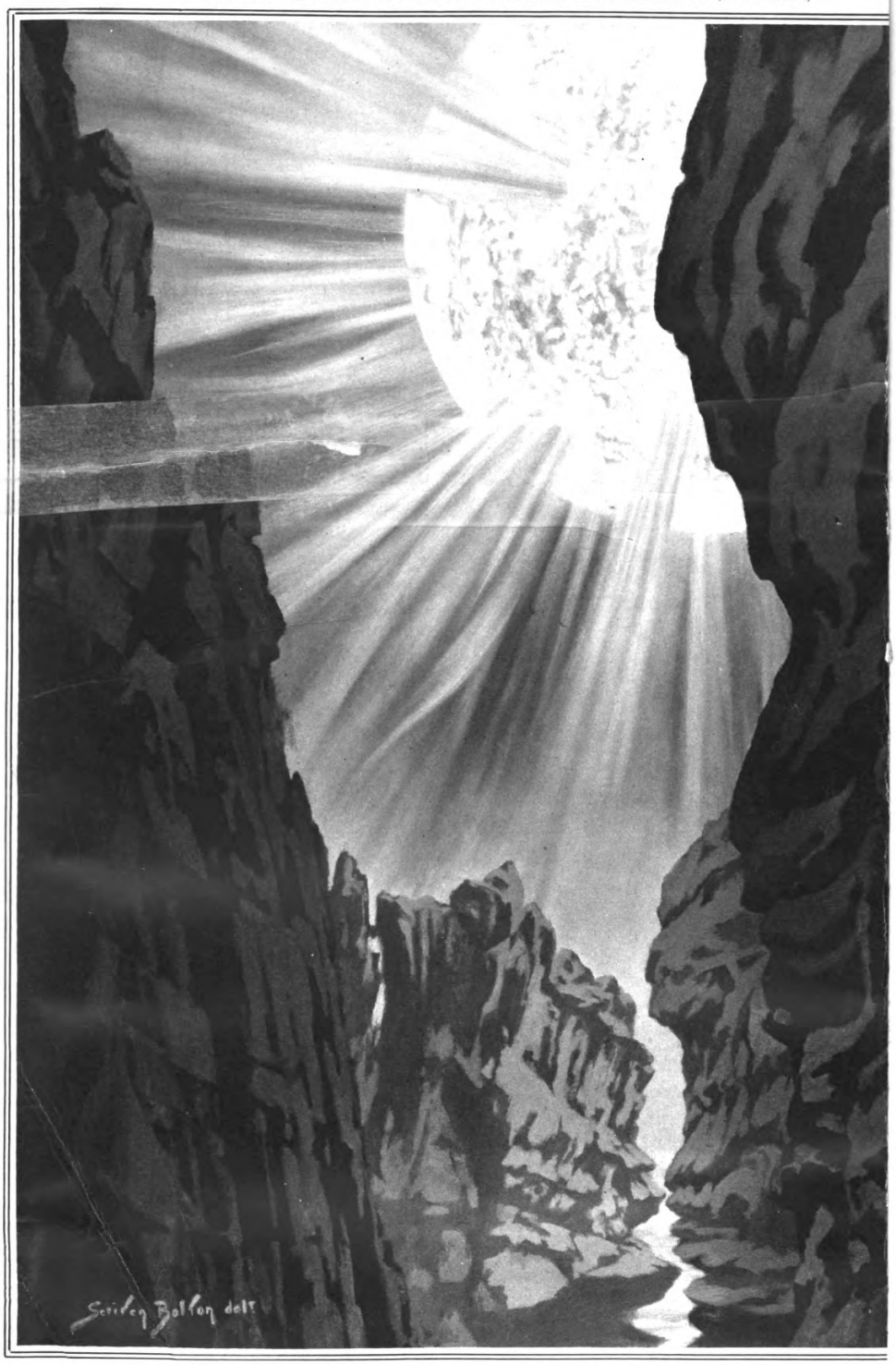
Why is it that the Indian elephant cannot approach his African cousin either in the matter of the size of his ears or his tusks? Even in the matter of size he is inferior; for African elephants over 11 ft. at the shoulder have been killed. But even such as these are mere pigmies compared with the Chatham elephant, discovered when digging trenches during the war. This animal, which is soon to be exhibited in the British Museum, stood just 20 ft. at the shoulder! A learned man once showed, conclusively, on mechanical grounds, that no elephant could ever have exceeded 12 ft. in height. It is never wise to prophesy until you know.

FIG. 2.—WITH THE EAR ALMOST SQUARE: PART OF THE HEAD OF A BRITISH EAST AFRICAN ELEPHANT IN LORD ROTHSCHILD'S MUSEUM.

FIG. 4.—WITH A VERY LARGE EAR, FORMING A LONG AND ACUTELY POINTED TRIANGLE: THE HEAD OF THE SUDAN OR ABYSSINIAN ELEPHANT.

MIRA CETI AS OUR SUN: WHAT ITS RECENT EFFULGENCE WOULD

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S. THE WELL-KNOWN ASTRONOMER-ARTIST. (COPYRIGHTED.)



IF THE EARTH WERE A PLANET OF THE EXPLODING STAR, MIRA CETI: A BOMBARDMENT OF POISON BELIEVED TO HAVE CAUSED THE STAR'S RECENT REVIVAL IN BRIGHTNESS, BURNING UP TERRESTRIAL

"Mira Ceti," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "a star in the constellation Whale, which attracted attention last year by an increase in brightness, has again recently exhibited a similar revival. Astronomers think that its light fluctuates because a crust is forming on its surface. Pressure becomes so great that the imprisoned gases break through with exploding violence, and more light is emitted. This star is rapidly dying down, and is not now as hot as the sun. But it is so vastly superior in size that, if the earth were as near to it as it is to the sun, our globe would be a charred, lifeless world, without air or oceans, and bombarded by hydrogen fumes. It is by chance that the earth enjoys such an equable temperature. The very dependable. Think what would happen if every now a were suddenly increased twenty or thirty fold! Mira Ceti gaseo-liquid interior. Its outer layers are composed of titi hydrogen. Many people are disappointed when told that life exists on any one of the fixed stars. All are gaseou with heat. Some have temperatures of 20,000 degrees C. found on the tiny dark bodies supposed to circle round r as the sun is attended by the earth and planets."

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"THE SUPERB BULL ON THE RIGHT, MOV FROM RIGHT) HEAD ON,

No photograph of big game in their native wilds has ever equalled this was accompanied on this occasion by Mr. I Hugh Barnes. In the dramatic description of the encounte for the camera. A second photograph w nd Mr. Maxwell went on focussing. The great beasts w produced above) at barely twenty yards'

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH B

ILLUSTRATED LONDO

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FRO

ON, DETERMINED ANI LORIAN SWAMP."

by
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H BY MR. MARIUS MAXWELL.

distance. There was no ging off, the cow, head on, determined and aggressive, making for study." We may add that, on our "World of Science" pa continent.

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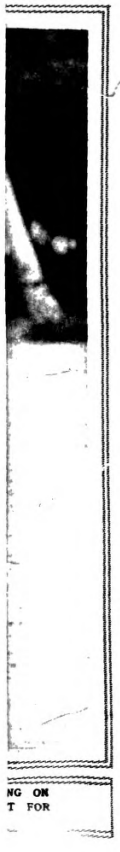

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M FIRE-WALKING TO HEAD-HUNTING: STRANGE SOUTH SEA CUSTOMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.

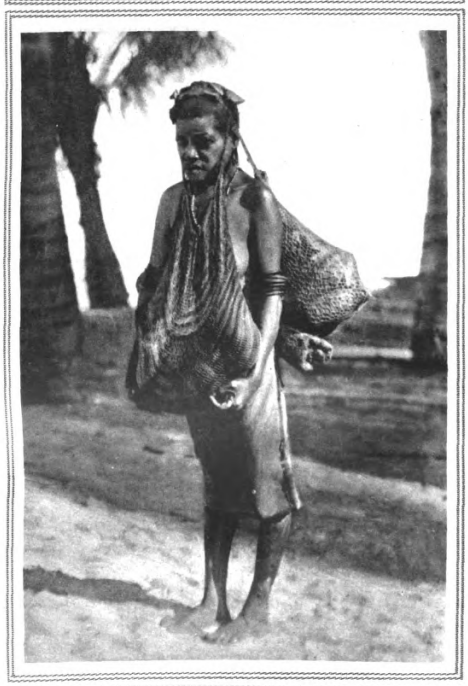
"RE-WALKING" AT BEQUA: WHITE-HOT STONES (OVER A FURNACE) WHICH NATIVES WALK WITHOUT APPARENT INJURY—A VERY RARE CEREMONY THAT IMPRESSED THE PRINCE OF WALES.

FUNERAL RITES IN A SOUTH SEA ISLAND: A GROUP OF MOURNERS SEATED IN A SEMI-CIRCLE, WITH A BIER FOR THE CORPSE IN THE BACKGROUND.

WITH "STROKE" SEATED AND THE REST OF THE CREW STANDING ON THE GUNWALES: WARRIORS OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA, DESCRIBED AS "HEAD-HUNTERS."

AN ORCHESTRA CONSISTING SOLELY OF DRUMS, LARGE AND SMALL: A NATIVE BAND IN THE ADMIRALTY ISLANDS, OFF NORTH-EAST NEW GUINEA.

WHERE "SHAVING" IS A PAINFUL PROCESS PERFORMED BY PULLING OUT THE HAIR WITH TWO STICKS: A NEW GUINEA BARBER, ADORNED WITH EAR-RINGS AND NECKLACE, OPERATING ON A "CUSTOMER."



WITH NET-BAGS HUNG FROM HER HEAD CONTAINING HER BABY (IN FRONT) AND THE FRUITS OF HER DAY'S WORK (BEHIND): A NEW GUINEA WOMAN.

FIG. 1.—WITH
A TYPICAL H

e on page 651, showing a bride and a widow of New Guinea, these
hs of native life in the South Seas were taken by Mr. and Mrs. . Gowan, of Cleveland, Ohio, during a cruise round the world in or-yacht, the "Speejacks." A note on the "fire-walkers" of Bequa For eight hours stones are heated over a furnace built in a hole he ground. When the stones have been brought to a white heat, es form in a column and walk placidly over them. Their feet are unmarked. The ceremony has been performed only eight twenty-eight years, and was last done (before the demonstration for jacks' pa the Prince of Wales. No one but a native can the st in 25 ft. because of the terrific heat. The ceremony so impressed the Prince, it is said, that he had it investigated by scientists, who, however, could not solve the mystery." A description of a native funeral is given by Mr. Henry Newton in his book, "In Far New Guinea." "The body," he writes, "is dressed in its best ornaments and feathers. . . . The grave is lined with leaves and small branches, a sleeping-mat is laid in the bottom . . . ornaments and cooked food are placed in the grave." Of shaving methods the same writer says: "The happy possessor of a looking-glass holds this in front of him and amuses himself pulling out the hair with a sharp shell or stone and the nail of his thumb. . . . If he has no glass, he must get his friend to shave him in the same way. . . . When your friend has so barbered you, you return the compliment for him."

THE MEDICINE-MAN: FIGHTING "WERI KUBUMBA" AND THE GHOSTS.

*"THE BAGESU AND OTHER TRIBES OF THE UGANDA PROTECTORATE." By JOHN ROSCOE.**

WHATEVER his fee—goats and pots of beer, cow, fowl, elephant-tusk, or meat of sacrifice—the medicine-man of ghost-ridden Uganda was very much of a general practitioner. Assistant midwife and director of midwives, watcher over the ceremonial prescribed for twins, wielder of the knife at the initiation of the boys, blesser of seeds and of hunters, caller-down of rain, exorcist of spirits, taker of auguries in times of illness and at the coming of death, purifier of warriors who had killed, surgeon in the day of battle, and detector of thieves, he had a full and exciting life.

The risks he ran were few, for, even if he failed, he was feared: no Basabei would curse him by the rainbow; the Bagesu might threaten and beat him, carry off his goods and fire his hut when the mantle of the weather-prophet fell from him and disclosed his nakedness; but he would always be forgiven and have the confiscated chattels returned to him, with presents by way of interest.

His gains were substantial. With the Basabei it was reckoned: 2 cows = 1 woman; 10 goats = 1 young bull; 20 goats = 1 cow; 15 fowls = 1 male goat; 20 fowls = 1 female goat; 5 rats = 1 bunch of plantain; 10 rats = 1 basket of grain of about 20 lb.

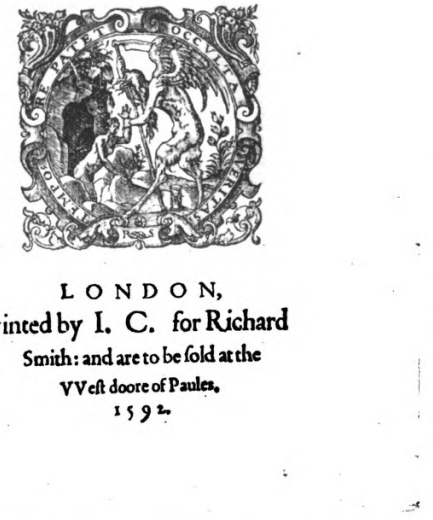
Only if he were a *Basizi* of the Busoga did he lurk in danger of being burnt to death, for the *Basizi* did evil. "They were said to come by night and dig up dead bodies from which they made medicine. They sprinkled this on gardens and cursed the place and people. When the owners of a garden found that such magic had been used, they left the place in terror and it was allowed to become waste. The *Basizi* were also said to be able to make fire by clapping their hands. Thus the whole population of a village might be made to flee from the place, which soon became a wilderness."

Ordinarily, he was both specialist and G.P. As specialist he would be visited; as G.P. he would visit. In each case, patients seem to have been a little "shy," even as they are in the civilisations of to-day. "When a man fell ill of some minor complaint, his wife might treat him. . . . if the illness increased, the wife summoned the man's relatives. If they thought it necessary they called in a medicine-man and gave him a goat that he might by an augury find out the cause of the illness and how to deal with it." The first thing to be determined was the precise cause—the creator (*Weri Kubumba*) or a ghost. The "cure" varied. "Should the augury indicate that the illness was due to the god *Weri*, a goat and two long branches of a tree were brought to the house in which the sick man lay. The branches were planted outside near the door to form a resort or shrine for the god, and the goat was offered to him beside them. . . . When a ghost was causing illness, a bull was brought and killed near the man's house, and the medicine-man examined the entrails. The body was presented to the ghost, which was told to come and eat it; after which the medicine-man and his followers carried the meat to a distance where they ate it, for the members of the sick man's family might not touch it lest they should contract the illness.

"When a woman was ill, the husband called in a medicine-man who demanded a fowl or a goat for the augury. If he decided that the illness was caused by a ghost which had taken possession of the woman, he killed an animal, cooked some of the meat, and with it tempted the ghost to leave the patient. If this did not succeed he proceeded to more vigorous methods, and tried to frighten the ghost by threats or to smoke it out by burning herbs, wool, or feathers. He invariably planted before the door of the house two trees or reeds in which the ghost could take up its residence when it had left the patient. Offerings of beer and food for the ghost were placed beneath these trees from time to time. . . .

"When the medicine-man found by augury that magic was the cause of illness, he proceeded to discover the guilty person, and advised the relatives to call together the members of the clan and the culprit that they might come to an agreement. A cow was killed and the people ate a sacred meal, adjuring the magic-worker to remove his spell. When he had been persuaded to do so, possibly by the payment of an animal or by the settlement of some dispute, the illness could be treated with ordinary remedies.

"Should a man die under the influence of magic, his relatives held the magic-worker responsible for the death and would kill him in revenge."



MARKED "FOR 4D." BY A FORMER OWNER, AND RECENTLY SOLD FOR £2700: THE ONLY KNOWN COPY OF HENRY CONSTABLE'S "DIANA" (PRINTED IN 1592), FROM THE BRITWELL LIBRARY—THE TITLE-PAGE.

During the sale of the Britwell Library at Sotheby's, the only known copy of "Diana—The Praises of his Mistres," containing 23 sonnets by Henry Constable, published in 1592, was bought by Dr. Rosenbach for £2700. In the top right-hand corner of the title-page, here reproduced, will be seen the words "for 4d.," probably inscribed by a former owner of the book and representing the price he paid for it. It was purchased by the founder of the Britwell Library for £9 12s. at one of the Heber sales some ninety years ago. Other illustrations of the Britwell sale appear on a double-page in this number.—[*By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.*]

That was with the Bagesu—the Bagesu, whose custom it was to eat their dead—and it was much the same with the other tribes and clans. The Basabei medicine-man sacrificed goats and fowls and puffed beer over the patient's head, chest, and back, saying to the ghost: "There is your fowl. Go into that!" He who was of the Busogas consulted fetishes and treated accordingly. The Bakyiga sprinkled grain, watching how it fell and spread, and noted the shapes taken by the watered powder of leaves of herbs. The Bambwa had a drastic method: "If . . . the ghost was of a hostile class . . . the medicine-man killed a fowl, allowing the blood to flow over various medicines which he had brought and spread in front of the sick man. He then proceeded to make incisions in the flesh of the sick man's chest, arms, legs, and back and, powdering some of the medicines which had an irritating effect in the palm of his hand, he spat on his thumb, dipped it into the powder and rubbed it into the incisions. A small hut was built near and the patient laid in it, after which it was set on fire. A strong man was deputed to stand near, and as soon as the patient was in danger of burning, he was snatched out. By this time the ghost was supposed to have fled from the fire."

Much of the other work of the "doctor" was at least as curious. Amongst the Bateso, "robbery was not common, but there were certain men who were known to be expert thieves, and who were hired by others to steal for them. They took auguries by the *ngato* leathers to find out where and how to do the required work, and were often tracked afterwards by their foot-prints." There is the "medico" giving aid to the miscreant. With the Busoga, he functioned on the side of the State. "Auguries for discovering a theft or other crime were often taken by means of *ngato* leathers, which were pieces of leather, nine in number, made of thick cowhide, and measuring five inches by three. The medicine-man threw these along a strip of leather, and by their position read his augury. The office was hereditary and each man taught his skill to his son, who succeeded him."

More legitimate was the surgery as performed by medicine-man or clansman. In the case of the Busoga, both acted. "A wounded warrior was nursed by some male relative. Some members of the tribe had attained to great surgical skill and treated wounds and broken bones with success. Wounds in the head from stones were common, and the medicine-men were expert at removing the splinters of bone, after which the wound was dressed with pounded herbs."

In the same rank may be put the midwifery, with its different practices; the bleeding by cupping; the blistering; the provision of healing and soothing drugs; and, possibly, the making of those poisons which enabled the hunters to secure game for the food that was vital to them, although it cannot be gainsaid that the toxins were also employed in war. "The poison used was a very virulent one, and they stated that a wounded animal rarely managed to go more than a few hundred yards before it died. The poison was extracted from the tree *Kyetit*, the bark being specially valuable, though the roots and branches also contained it. The parts were pounded to pulp and boiled until the water became thick, when it was rubbed on the spears and arrows."

Least harmful of all duties was the fashioning of amulets, as the Bakyiga knew it. "A man would pay as much as a large sheep for one. They were made from wood or horns of sheep or antelope; and herbs and other ingredients, which had been blessed by the medicine-man who made them, were put into them. They were worn on the neck, arms, and legs to ward off illness, attack of wild animals, and every other evil to which man is subject."

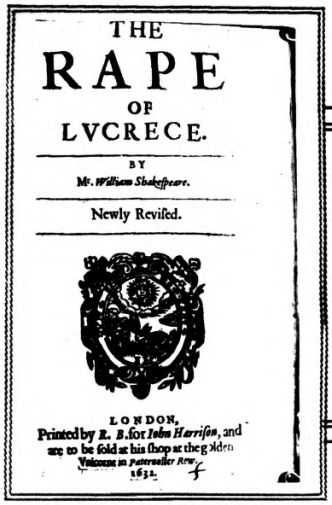
So much for the medicine-man and his methods as set down by Canon Roscoe in this third part of the report of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition to Central Africa; and it must be understood that the phase I have chosen to quote from is but one of many. The others are every bit as valuable, as throwing light on primitive peoples who are passing, or, if not actually dying out, are becoming so involved in Europeanised civilisation that before long they must be lost in the pattern woven by the pioneers from lands strange to them. It is well that so skilled and so devoted an observer should have recorded his impressions and the knowledge he has gained. None can fail to enjoy his book; although a few—reading, more particularly, the details of the initiation ceremonies of boys and girls—will note it as "for adults only." By doing so, they will simply acknowledge its status: Science cannot call a spade an agricultural implement!

E. H. G.

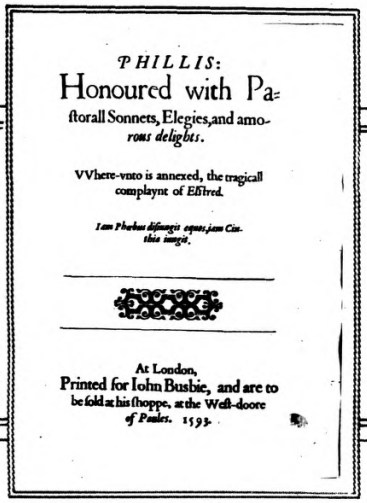
* "The Bagesu and Other Tribes of the Uganda Protectorate." The Third Part of the Report of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition to Central Africa. By John Roscoe, M.A., Hon. Canon of Norwich and Rector of Ovington, Norfolk; formerly of the Church Missionary Society. Illustrated. (University Press, Cambridge; 20s. net.)

TEN BOOKS THAT FETCHED NEARLY £10,000: TREASURES IN

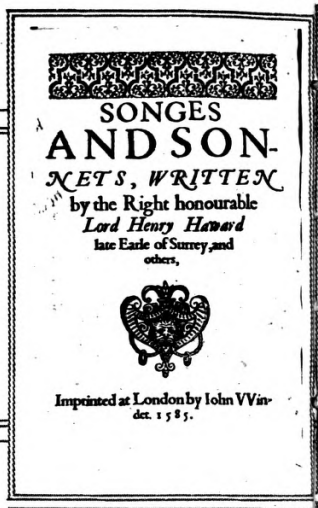
BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKI


THE
RAPE
OF
LVCRECE.
BY
Mr. William Shakespeare.
Newly Reviſed.
LONDON,
Printed by R. B. for John Harriſon, and
are to be ſold at his ſhop at the golden
1632.

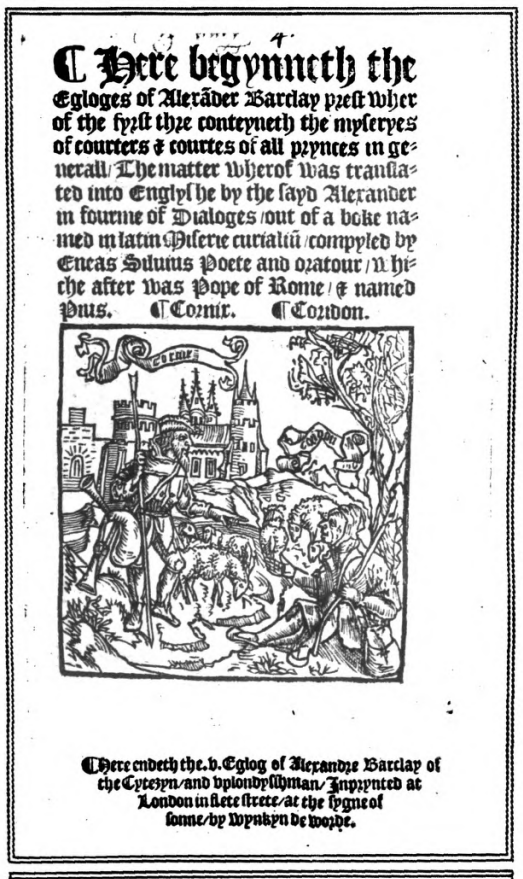
SOLD IN 1800 FOR 15s., AND NOW FOR £1860: SHAKESPEARE'S "RAPE OF LUCRECE"—ONE OF 5 KNOWN COPIES OF THE 7TH EDITION, 1632.


PHILLIS:
Honoured with Paſtorall Sonnets, Elegies, and amorous delights.
VVhere-vnto is annexed, the tragicall complaynt of Elſtred.
At London,
Printed for Iohn Busbie, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe, at the Weſt-doore of Paules. 1593.

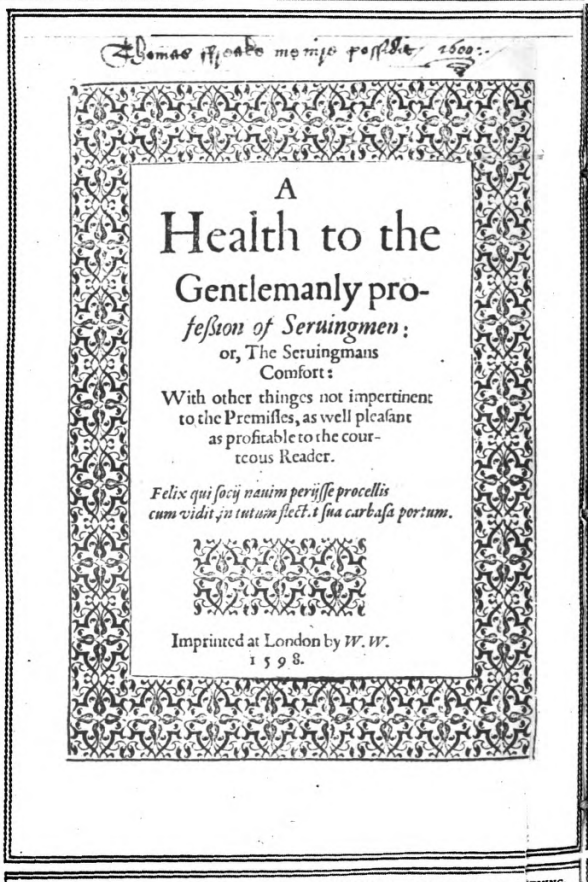
SOLD FOR £1600: T. LODGE'S "PHILLIS HONOURED WITH PASTORALL SONNETS," (1593)—ONE OF FOUR KNOWN COPIES.


SONGES
AND SONNETS, WRITTEN
by the Right honourable
Lord Henry Howard
late Earle of Surrey, and
others,
Imprinted at London by Iohn VVinder. 1585.

SOLD FOR £740: "SONGES AND SONNETS," BY HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY—A RARE COPY OF THE 7TH EDITION, 1585.


CHere begynneth the Egloges of Alexãder Barclay preſt wher of the fyrſt the conteyneth the myſeryes of courters & courtes of all prynces in generall/ The matter wherof was tranſlated into Engliſhe by the ſayd Alexander in fourme of Dialoges/out of a boke named in latin Miſerie curialiũ/compyled by Eneas Siluius Poete and oratour/ & he che after was Pope of Rome/ & named Pius. CComyr. CLondon.
CHere endeth the .v. Eglog of Alexandre Barclay of the Cytezyn/and vplondyſhman/ Inprynted at London in flete ſtrete/at the ſygne of ſonne/by Wynkyn de worde.

SOLD FOR £1020: ALEXANDER BARCLAY'S "EGLOGES," AND "FYFTE EGLOG"—TITLE-PAGE OF FORMER, AND (BELOW) IMPRINT OF LATTER.

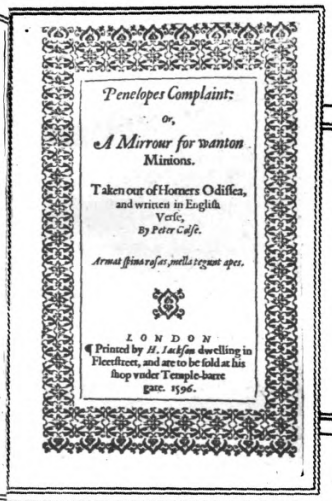

Thomas Meade moste possible 1600.
A
Health to the
Gentlemanly profeſſion of Seruingmen;
or, The Seruingmans Comfort:
With other things not impertinent to the Premiſſes, as well pleaſant as profitable to the courteous Reader.
Felix qui ſocij nauim periſſe procellis
cum vidit in tutum flect. ſua carbaſa portum.
Imprinted at London by W. W.
1598.

SOLD FOR £910: "A HEALTH TO THE GENTLEMANLY PROFESSION OF SERVINGMEN" (1598), CONTAINING AN ANECDOTE USED IN "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST."

The five days' sale at Sotheby's (from March 31 to April 4) of a further selection of rare books (858 lots in all) from the famous library formerly at Britwell Court, Burnham, and owned by Mr. S. R. Christie-Miller, realised the unexpectedly large total of £77,684. This exceeds by about £14,000 the total reached for the portion of the library that was sold last year. Out of the total of the sale just concluded, no less than £63,392 was paid by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of New York, who bought the principal treasures, including most, if not all, of those illustrated above. Our photographs show the title-pages of ten of the volumes which brought some of the highest prices, and the sums paid for these ten alone amount to £9810. It was notable that any connection with Shakespeare greatly enhanced the value of a book. Thus the copy of his "Rape of Lucrece" (1632) was bought by Rosenbach for £1860. It had formerly belonged to George Steevens, the Shakespearean editor, and at his sale in 1800 it fetched only fifteen shillings.

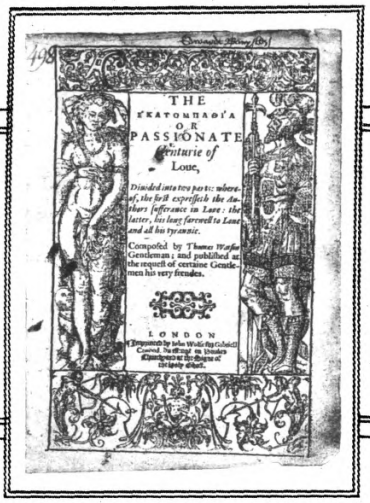
IN THE BRITWELL SALE THAT REALISED CLOSE ON £78,000.

WILKINSON AND HODGE.



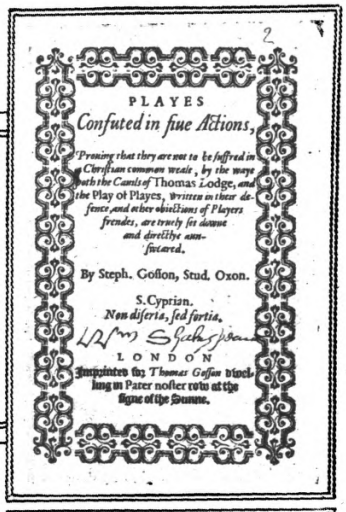
Penelopes Complaint:
Or,
A Mirrour for wanton Minions.
Taken out of Homers Odiſſea, and written in Engliſh Verſe,
By *Peter Colſe.*
Arma ſtima roſas, mella teguut apes.
LONDON
¶ Printed by *H. Lackſon* dwelling in Fleetſtreet, and are to be ſold at his ſhop vnder Temple-barre gate. 1596.

SOLD FOR £770: "PENELOPES COMPLAINT": BY PETER COLSE—A VERY RARE COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION, PRINTED IN 1596.



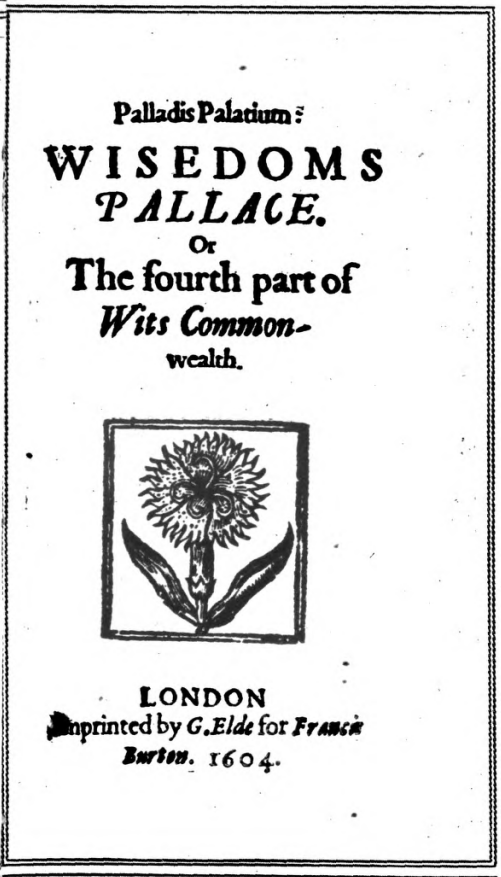
THE
ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ
OR
PASSIONATE
Centurie of
Loue,
Diuided into two parts: where-of, the firſt expreſſeth the Authors ſufferance in Loue: the latter, his long forſeruice to Loue, and all his tyrannie.
Compoſed by *Thomas Watſon* Gentleman; and published at the requeſt of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes.
LONDON

SOLD FOR £710: THOMAS WATSON'S "PASSIONATE CENTURY OF LOVE" (1582), FROM WHICH SHAKESPEARE BORROWED IN "LUCRECE."



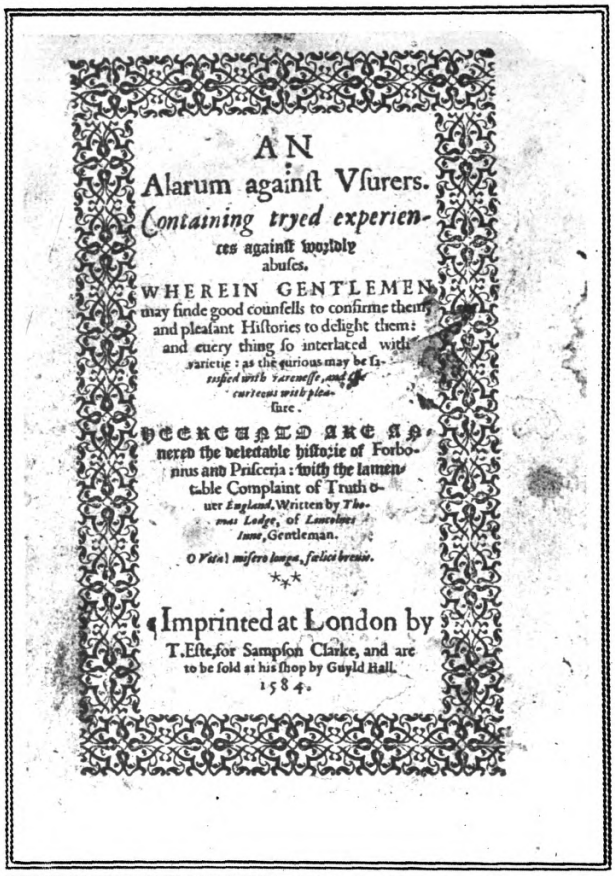
PLAYES
Confuted in fiue Actions,
Proouing that they are not to be ſuffred in a Chriſtian common weale, by the waye both the Cauſes of Thomas Lodge, *and the Play of Playes, written in their defence, and other obiections of Players frendes, are truely ſet downe and diretlye anſwered.*
By Steph. Goſſon, Stud. Oxon.
S. Cyprian.
Non diſeria, ſed fortia.
Wm Shakespeare
LONDON
Imprinted by *Thomas Goſſon* dwelling in Pater noſter row at the ſigne of the Sunne.

SOLD FOR £550: GOSSON'S "PLAYES CONFUTED IN FIVE ACTIONS," BEARING SHAKESPEARE'S SIGNATURE, APPARENTLY FORGED BY IRELAND.



Palladis Palatium:
WISEDOMS
PALLACE.
Or
The fourth part of
Wits Common-
wealth.
LONDON
Imprinted by *G. Elde* for *Francis Burton.* 1604.

SOLD FOR £860: W. WREDNOT'S "PALLADIS PALLATIUM: WISEDOM'S PALLACE" (1604), FOUND IN AN OUTHOUSE AT LAMPORT HALL.



AN
Alarum againſt Vſurers.
Containing tryed experiences againſt worldly abuſes.
WHEREIN GENTLEMEN may finde good counſells to confirme them: and pleaſant Hiſtories to delight them: and euery thing ſo interlaced with varietie: as the curious may be ſatisfied with *Grauenesse*, and the *curteous with pleasure.*
HEREUNTO ARE ANnexed the delectable hiſtorie of Forbonius and Priſceria: with the lamentable Complaint of Truth ouer *England*, Written by *Thomas Lodge*, of *Lincolnes Inne*, Gentleman.
O Vita! miſero longa, felici breuis.
¶ Imprinted at London by T. Eſte, for Sampſon Clarke, and are to be ſold at his ſhop by Guyld Hall. 1584.

SOLD FOR £790: "AN ALARM AGAINST USURERS," BY THOMAS LODGE (1584), ONE OF THE ONLY TWO COPIES KNOWN (THE OTHER BEING IN THE BODLEIAN).

It was bought at Heber's sale, in 1833, for £4 12s., and thence it passed into the Miller library at Britwell. Thomas Watson's "Passionate Century of Love" also has a Shakespeare interest from the fact that the seventy-seventh poem in the book was the origin of a passage on Time in "The Rape of Lucrece." Again, Shakespeare's debt to "A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving Men" for an anecdote in Act 3, Scene 1 of "Love's Labour's Lost," sent up the price of the former work. The signature "Wm. Shakespeare" on the title-page of Gosson's "Playes Confuted in Five Actions" is stated in the sale catalogue to be "apparently one of Ireland's forgeries." Nearly all the books in the sale were acquired by Mr. Miller, who founded the Britwell Library, at prices that rarely exceeded £20 or £30, during the first half of the nineteenth century. On page 653 we give the title-page of the book that fetched the biggest price in the recent sale—a unique copy of Henry Constable's "Diana," bought by Dr. Rosenbach for £2700.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE MAN AND HIS MEDIUM.

THE man is the critic. The medium is his paper. And when I speak of these twain I must always think of the delightful French minor philosopher, Alphonse Karr, who in his genial way has uttered so many golden words that will live as long as the French language. One of them he uttered during a political crisis, when the Government fell in consequence of the persistent enmity of a newspaper—or rather, its proprietor, who no doubt vowed vengeance for thwarted aspirations of office. When the Cabinet fell, Karr simply said: "*Un journal, c'est un monsieur*"; and that embraced the question in a nutshell.

How true that word is to-day! How it applies to the Press of the whole world! It is a man's power behind the paper that makes public opinion. But what may have escaped Karr, and, if he had thought of it, might have added a foil to his diction, is the inversion of his pronouncement. In journalism — apart from the man who owns and dictates the paper—it is not the man who makes the medium; it is the medium that makes the man. In other words: *Un monsieur, c'est son journal*; and, more than to any other brother of the craft, it applies to the musical and dramatic critic.

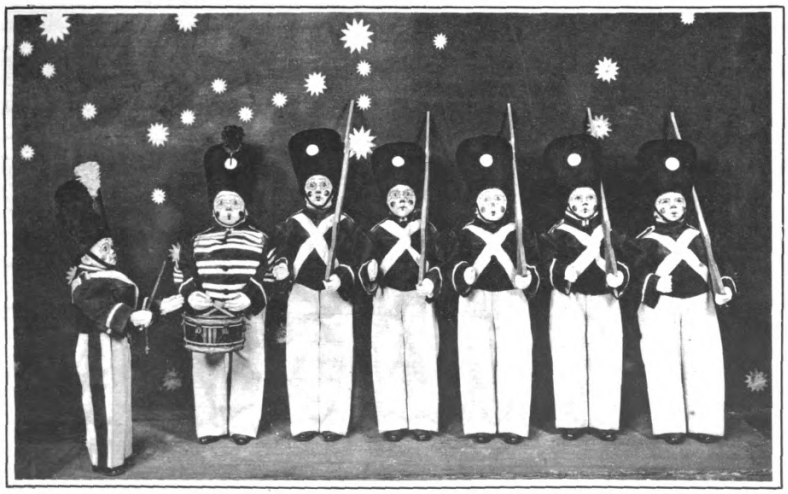
THE CHARMING ROSE BALLET IN "LEAP YEAR" AT THE HIPPODROME: MISS MAUD FANE AS THE SINGER; MISS ETTIE LANDAU AS THE DANCER; AND THE HIPPODROME EIGHT AS FRIEZE FIGURES, IN THE SCENE "EMBLEMS OF THE DOMINIONS."—[*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]

If a critic writes in a paper of small circulation or of a particular kind, so that it does not come under the eyes of the average reader, he may be a great authority, a profound scholar, a stylist of quality; he may pour out his impressions in eloquence and cogency; yet he will not penetrate or count as an influence in the world of art.

On the other hand, a writer may be inexperienced, of slender knowledge, infelicitous in expression; but if by chance—for chance counts for much in journalism as well as on the stage—he finds favour in the eyes of an editor controlling a large circulation, he will become, if not necessarily famous, well known. He will become a power, a kind of oracle; he will be sought, followed, asked for counsel; he will be thanked and adulated for his praise; he will be cursed (in secret) for his censure. He may be nothing, yet he will be a monsieur — who counts. And what will happen to him if he is truly competent, brilliant, if his judgments are Solomonic, can only be conjectured. So long as he is at his post he can, like a king, do no wrong.

Now change the scene. Let him—competent or not, it does not matter—leave his pedestal by choice or constraint; let him seek a new venue, but of lesser widespread power, and set to work confident that his name will create a following—and the change will be as miraculous as it is disappointing. He will find no longer an oracle; he will only occasionally figure as a guide, philosopher, and friend; he will still be sometimes mentioned and sometimes flattered, but the hold has gone with the wielding of power. He may feel conscious that he is the same monsieur that he was before, but he has no longer his journal, no longer his tribune. He may plead, he may orate and fulminate, he may blare trumpet and clarion; but his voice will go no further than the dead wall of a little corner in a cul-de-sac. And then he will recognise, to his dismay, that it was not he that mattered, and that his successor, whatever his equipment, will rise on the crest of the wave and be acclaimed, if not as Allah, than as the next best thing to the Prophet for the time being.

Of course there are exceptions: some few men hold such a sway over the masses that the average reader will go out of his way to follow and to listen to them. When "G. B. S." left the large circulation of an evening paper and joined a weekly, his own prestige rose as quickly as the circulation of his organ. On the other hand, when Clement Scott finally left the *Daily Telegraph* and founded the *Free Lance*, his dictatorship of the drama, undisputed for years, came to an end: his powers remained unimpaired; but his power ceased to rule the policy of managers.



A COMIC SQUAD OF "CHAUVE-SOURIS" WOODEN SOLDIERS IN A SCENE CALLED "PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT MACHINES": RATOUCHEFF'S RUSSIAN LILLIPUTIANS IN "LEAP YEAR," AT THE HIPPODROME.

"Leap Year," the amusing revue recently produced at the Hippodrome by Mr. Julian Wylie, lives up to its name by an abundance of leaping and acrobatic dancing. Even Mr. George Robey is infected with the prevailing agility. He is the principal mirth-maker, well supported by Miss Betty Chester, Mr. Laddie Cliff, and the rest of the company, including the Hippodrome Eight, the Gertrude Hoffman Girls, and Ratoucheff's Russian Lilliputians.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]

I always think of the tale of woe of the young actor who vainly attempted to find an engagement in London after great successes in the provinces. "I can't understand why I don't get on here—in Cardiff they gave me an ovation." It was with difficulty that I tried to persuade him that London makes names, and that he could continue a triumphal progress in the provinces with laurels galore on his brow, and yet that London would not hear of it and knew him not. And I remember also that other apt experience when a well-known journalist, bursting with ambition, rushed in and said, "I hold two appointments in my hand—one for eight pounds a week on a London daily, and one for £2000 per annum in Pittsburg."

"Will they allow you to sign your articles?" was my first and only question.

"Yes, in full, and on whatever subject I like."

"Well, then, there is no choice unless you prefer money to kudos—your place is in London, for London is the capital of the universe; and, with due respect to the great city of Pittsburg, what does fame over there mean?" I then told him the story of the hero of Cardiff, and he made up his mind on the spot. To-day he easily makes his £2000 a year, and his name is a household word.

This question of the man and his medium is of great importance not only to the individual but to the cause. I could name at present at least two critics, one of the drama and one of music, whose learning, judgment, and style stamp them as masters. These two men know more about their art than many whose opinions are printed by the million. Their very independence, if manifested in the right quarter, would be invaluable to the artists as well as to art. To read them is, to me at any rate, a liberal education and an incentive to follow in their footsteps of ceaseless study, constant observation, of the movement across the seas. Yet both of them write in organs which will never reach the public at large. Their essays, so well written, so fervid, remain tucked away in their small circle; they are rarely quoted, seldom mentioned in places where art is discussed. Thus their illumination shines, if not in darkness, in the little coteries where art is a cult. This valuable appreciation of the few may satisfy them, but is it not a thousand pities that their voices remain unheard by the multitude, when so much modernity and commonplace is scattered broadcast? If these two had their medium, what could they not achieve for the enlightenment of the public and the elevation of the theatre and the musical taste of the nation? And there are others!

The
Spirit of Empire
PAX
BRITTANICA
EDMUND J. SULLIVAN 1924
Dewar's
The Imperial Spirit

The World of Women

THE QUEEN always likes being at Windsor. Although her spring stay there began in very cold weather, there were yet signs of spring coming, and the interior of the Castle, with all its historical associations, affords her Majesty absorbing interest. The Queen's love of art is very genuine, and her taste is very cultivated. The head of a well-known art gallery says that her Majesty is there much oftener than the public knows anything of. Sometimes questions are asked about the sale of pictures, and it is characteristic of our well-loved Queen that, at times, if a picture has hung long, she will buy it, not for its merit, but to keep the artist from being discouraged. On the other hand, the manager knows that when the Queen buys from choice, it will be of the very best in his gallery.

The Hon. Mrs. Coulson Churchill Fellowes is not only a clever artist, but a hard-working one, as is proved by her exhibition of pictures in Walker's Gallery. She is the widow of Lord de Ramsey's eldest son, whom she married as his second wife. There is one son, who will be nine on May 1. He is not, however, heir to his grandfather, as there is a son and a daughter of the late Captain the Hon. C. C. Fellowes' first marriage. Mrs. C. C. Fellowes is a half-sister of Lord Inchiquin (her mother, the late Ellen Lady Inchiquin, was a sister of the late Lord Annaly, and was a very clever woman). Many of the pictures were painted from Senator Marconi's yacht, *Elettra*; and some are of those places of Amalfi which have perished in the recent landslide: these are of special interest, since these beauty spots can never be quite as they were.

There were a good many sales at the Private View, which was well attended. The Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn was there, greatly interested in water-colours, her kinswoman who became Marchioness of Waterford having been an amateur artist who would, had circumstances been different, risen to fame professionally. The Countess of Kimberley was there; and Kathleen Viscountess Falmouth, who was in black with green and bronze feathers in a black hat. Mrs. Baldwin came with Sir Philip Burnes-Jones, who became a purchaser. Mrs. Baldwin wore a long worked kolinsky coat over a wallflower-red embroidered dress and a hat of wallflower red velvet, trimmed with brown ostrich feathers. The Hon. Mrs. Donough O'Brien, Major the Hon. F. W. White, the Hon. Maud O'Brien, Captain the Hon. Henry O'Brien, and the Hon. Reginald Fellowes were relatives who were at the Private View. Mrs. Fellowes, who was busy receiving friends, was in black, with a black gauze scarf over her shoulders. An embroidered grey-and-black wrap was soon laid aside. Mrs. Fellowes is handsome and very interesting-looking, and was charming to everyone. She was much more anxious to call attention to the sculpture of Signor Assanti, which formed part of the exhibition, than to her own pictures, about which she was very modest.

Aquascutum, of 126, Regent Street, W., are responsible for this well-tailored coat and skirt, built of the famous Aquascutum cloth, and christened the "Bruton." (See page 660.)

Hawthorn Hill has a nice spring-like sound, but there was not much of spring there for the first day of the Household Brigade Steeplechases. However, those who came out to enjoy did enjoy, and the various events provided thrills quite as warming as the braziers full of red-hot charcoal provided in paddock and lawn. Some there were who were disappointed at the absence of Royalty, while other altruistic souls rejoiced that their Majesties were not subjected to the rigour of the nor'-easter. The Guardsmen and their friends were in great form, and there was plenty of chaff and laughter among them. In dress there was not anything spring-like, except some gaily-coloured hats and scarves tied in all sorts of ways—a fashion likely to prove as ephemeral as it is picturesque.

It was pleasant to see Lady Mary Fox-Strangways strolling about with her fiancé, Captain Hubert, R.H.G. She looked handsome and bright, wearing a blue serge skirt, a short nutria coat, and a small hat of dark-blue tegal straw, with a narrow plain band round the crown and a regimental jewelled badge in front. This way of wearing badges seems to commend itself to our sex at race-meetings, particularly, of course, at those in which soldiers are interested. Lady Warrender, who was wearing a plain black hat, had a badge in jewels and enamel, and wore a long moleskin coat over a dark-grey skirt and a coloured silk scarf. The Duchess of Westminster had a lovely coat of sable marten in long shaded stripes, and wore a brown velvet small plain hat.

The second day, but for some sunshine, would have been colder than the first: the wind was stronger and keener. Prince Henry was present, looking very well and bronzed, like an open-air Prince. When I saw him he was chatting gaily with the Hon. Mrs. Monckton-Arundell, who, as the Hon. Lucia White, was Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra. The Marchioness Curzon was all in black, and looking very handsome. Viscountess Ednam, in grey and moleskin furs, was walking with Lord Dalmeny. The Marquess of Blandford brought Lady Blandford, in a fur coat and dark tweed dress, with a soft pale-blue felt hat. Lady Victoria Bullock wore a long nutria fur coat and a grey hat, the brim turned back in front and held to the crown with a regimental badge. Lady Desborough was there with her husband and son, the Hon. Ivo Grenfell; the Hon. Lionel Tennyson escorted his handsome wife; the Countess of Carlisle, looking very distinguished in grey tweed and moleskin, had with her two tall twin sisters, the Hon. Jean and the Hon. Alison Hore-Ruthven, who were dressed exactly alike, in tones of brown, even to their brown and red gold bandanna scarves. Viscountess Cantelupe was looking very handsome in pale-cinnamon colour, wearing a dark-brown hat and a sable fur. No one seemed to mind the cold much. The band of the Coldstream Guards played, and everyone decided to ignore the weather and enjoy the racing.

The Inverary cape coat on the left is an ideal wrap for wearing over a coat and skirt on chilly days. It is built by Aquascutum in their famous pure wool cloth. The small maiden on the right is wearing the practical Aquascutum Lockerbie coat. (See page 660.)

The Prince of Wales is practically well again, and has been out and about. By doctor's advice he is taking a rest at Biarritz. He had intended to start on May 2nd for South Africa, but his tour has been put off for political reasons. It is to be hoped that the British Empire Exhibition will soon be in good going order and giving promise of great success. His interest in it has been keen and beneficial. It is constantly threatened with strikes—horrors of civilisation as they are. It is very puzzling that, at this time of advance in business methods generally, no one seems able to prevent the injury of strikes being always inflicted on the wholly innocent and helpless public. Women particularly are victims, for they suffer with their striker menkind, and also from the strikes.

Plans for Easter holidays are now made: many people are going by rail to their chosen happy golfing grounds rather than by road. The ostensible reason is crowding of roads and dust; the real one that the car is becoming *démodé* for this purpose, now that it is a conveyance for use and a necessity, rather than for pleasure and a luxury. It conveys the baggage, if it goes at all. Long-distance journeys by big cars are still fashionable; but Easter is somewhat early in the year to undertake them lightheartedly. An owner of a smart and beautiful big car, of the high aristocracy of motor-making, told me that the way people who had cheap cars talked about them made her feel ill. All the same, hers was bought from the profits of a not high-sounding trade.

A. E. L.

Springtime is "Kodak" Time

Easter comes nice and late this year, doesn't it? By Easter Sunday (April 20th) there will be a "summery" feeling in the air: the thoughts of the children will be turning from the nursery to the garden—the grown-ups will be thinking of tennis, boating, holidays and all the joys of summer. Get that "Kodak" *now*—don't delay as you did last year! Make the pictures you want when you want them—those pictures of your children, your home and your friends which will mean so much to you in the years to come. Anyone can learn to use a "Kodak" in half-an-hour; and to learn to use a "Kodak" is to learn how to catch and to keep the happiness of life.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Country Clothes for the Spring. Easter, with its promise of a delightful holiday in the country, draws rapidly nearer, and the pleasant duty of assembling a suitable outfit can no longer be delayed. Sketched on page 658 are a few practical suggestions from Aquascutum, 126, Regent Street, W. For travelling and race-meetings, the Inverary cape coat on the left is invaluable. Built of the famous Aquascutum cloth, it is a straight, well-fitting coat with cape sleeves which allow perfect freedom of movement, and can be worn with ease over an ordinary coat and skirt. The coat and skirt above, christened the "Bruton," is also of Aquascutum lightweight pure wool cloth, and is a perfectly tailored model, which can be worn anywhere. The finishing touch to these ideal country toilettes is added by the neat 'Scutum hats (price 27s. 6d.), made of feather-weight fur felt, and obtainable in four becoming shapes. The small maiden is comfortably clad in a diminutive edition of the well-cut Aquascutum Lockerbie coat, a reliable protection from every vagary of the climate. This firm will be pleased to send an illustrated brochure giving full details of their many practical models to all who mention the name of this paper, and readers will find it a very useful guide indeed.

School Outfits for the Coming Term. During the last week or so, every train has been thronged with happy little people home for the holidays, and parents are busily seizing the opportunity of overhauling sadly depleted wardrobes in readiness for the coming term. Sketched on this page are some useful models which hail from Gamages, Holborn, E.C. The useful little frock of fine navy serge in the centre, trimmed with silk braiding and tiny scarlet beads, can be obtained for 26s. 6d. (size 7 inches); and 33s. 6d. is the price of the navy gabardine coat, size 33 inches. Then the new jumper suit makes an excellent outfit for early summer days. It is of stockinette, and is priced at 45s., size 42 inches. Well-tailored summer-weight cloth coats, equally indispensable accessories, range from 25s. to 45s.; and sports blazers can be made to order for 21s., striped or plain.

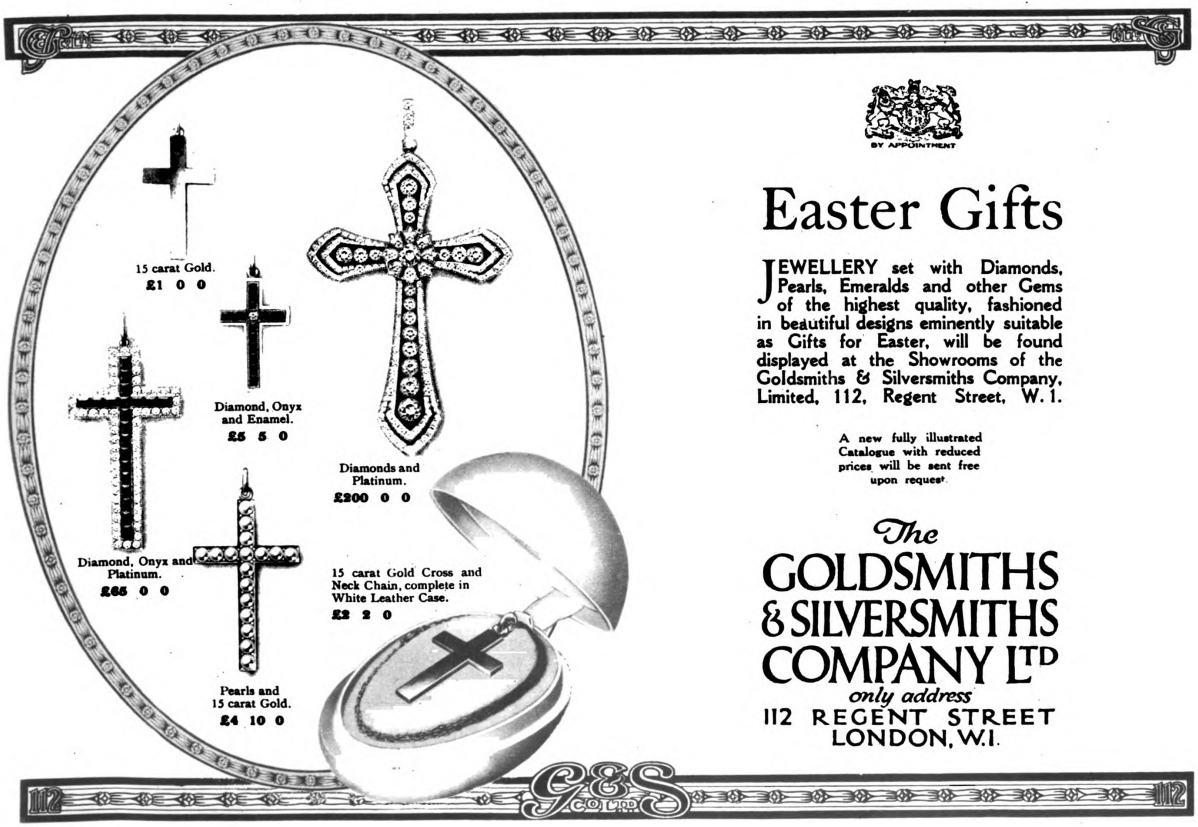
The Schoolboy's Equipment. Even the most critical schoolboy admits that outfits from Gamages are invariably approved of by the severe autocrats who rule the schoolroom, and parents will find it an immense help to write for their brochure relating to school outfits. It will be sent gratis and post free, and includes the famous "Marlboro'" jacket and vest in black cheviots, vicunas, etc., ranging from 29s. 6d., upwards, and well-tailored Eton suits, from 35s.; the trousers in various shades and materials being 16s. 6d. Sports outfits and underwear are also dealt with in detail.

Three practical suits which hail from Gamages, Holborn, E.C. Fine navy serge trimmed with silk braid and tiny scarlet beads makes the frock in the centre; fine gabardine the coat on the left; and soft stockinette the pretty jumper suit on the right.

New Loom-Woven Furniture. Now is the time to consider seriously the question of new furniture for the house and garden, and, before deciding definitely on a plan of action, everyone should study the distinctive merits of the new Lloyd Loom furniture. These artistic chairs and tables, which resemble the most perfect cane-work carried out in beautiful colourings, are actually loom-woven from an improved fibre which is waterproof, does not creak, and has no loose ends to catch in one's clothing. Many of the Lloyd Loom easy chairs and settees are super-sprung in both seat and cushion, which gives a comfort not inferior to that of the most expensive and luxurious furniture. The firm who weave them are W. Lusty and Sons, Bromley-by-Bow, E., who will gladly send an illustrated brochure giving full particulars, gratis and post free, to all who mention the name of this paper.

The Care of the Teeth. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of keeping the teeth in good condition, for on them depends very largely the general state of health. It is essential, therefore, that the preparation used for cleansing the teeth should possess also qualities that will neutralise any process of fermentation and decay in the mouth. These are virtues which can be claimed to the full by Wright's Coal-Tar Dentifrice. It is in powder form, and quickly removes all dull, filmy deposits by the friction. Large 6d. tins are sold everywhere, and their regular use ensures the healthy, well-polished teeth which are universally desired.

Novelty of the Week. A fascinating walking stick and vanity bag combined (price 29s. 6d.) has just made its début. The neat triangular bag, made of hand-tooled leather in artistic colourings, hangs from the handle of the stick, which is carried out in the same leather. I shall be pleased to give the name and address whence this novelty may be obtained to all who apply to this paper.



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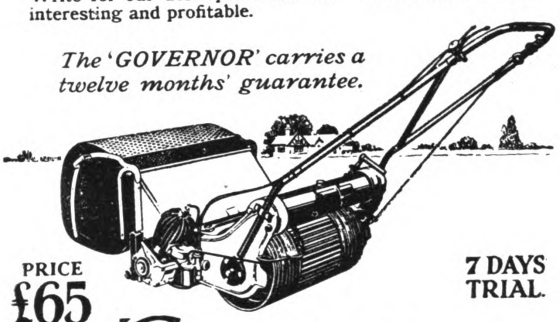

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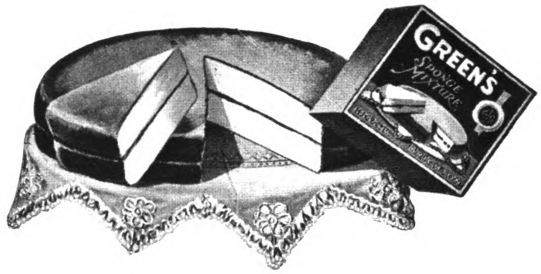

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THE MOST WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF AFRICAN ELEPHANTS IN FULL ADVANCE UPON AN INTRUDER.

(See Central Pages.)

IT is safe to say that there has never been so fine a collection of photographs of big game as those taken by Mr. Marius Maxwell, a selection from which is now on view at the Royal Photographic Society in Russell Square. They are veritable portraits of the large African game animals — elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, giraffe—all in their natural surroundings, all taken as the result of plain stalking, without blinds or screens or shelters, or any such aids. Sometimes the click of the camera-shutter was the first hint to the animal of the photographer's presence. This unconsciousness on the part of his "sitters" enabled Mr. Maxwell to gain no little degree of insight into the real disposition of animals commonly classed as dangerous, and his pictures are a very great contribution to our knowledge of wild life and ways.

There is a marvellous group of hippopotamus photographs; the charging rhinoceros is unique; so are the giraffes galloping at thirty miles an hour over the veld with the camera at their heels in a motor-car. The insolent, colossal, arrogant magnificence of the buffalo bull, snapshotted face to face in the open at less than a score of yards, must be seen to be believed. But perhaps the elephants will challenge interest and admiration as much as any others. There is an astounding series of these splendid beasts, including a heart-shaking face-to-face portrait of a huge wild Masai bull, taken at eight yards—a testimony to the skill of the stalker and his complete coolness in pursuit of his coveted picture.

The photograph, "Advancing Elephants in the Lorian Swamp," which we reproduce as a special illustration, depicts a critical phase of a thrilling encounter. Mr. Maxwell, with his companion, Mr. James Hugh Barnes, had marked down a herd in the swamp, and after much careful stalking had reached a position that would allow him to get a photograph if the elephants came out from the tall rush in which they were feeding. Presently a group of giants appeared above the fringe of the rush, and began to show a certain uneasy restlessness, throwing their trunks aloft and trying to get the wind of the intruders. Mr. Maxwell was some thirty-odd yards away from them, and photographed the group as it stood thinking things over. One of the cows seemed to be egging on the others to attack their disturbers. Suddenly he heard from his companion the quiet warning: "*Maxwell, they're coming,*" and the whole seven moved forward into the open, straight for the camera. A second photograph was taken, then a third, and Mr. Maxwell went on focussing. The great beasts were rapidly striding forward. Again the warning from Barnes—the one word, "*Coming*"—and as the aggressive cow moved up to the front, Mr. Maxwell took the fourth photograph (which we reproduce on our central pages, at barely twenty yards' distance. There was now no avoiding action with the rifle, for the elephants were moving swiftly, and as they covered a front of a good twenty yards, escape by dodging was impossible. Barnes fired at the cow, stopping her in her advance, and Mr. Maxwell was also obliged to shoot. This bewildered the elephants, bringing them to a standstill just long enough to enable the two stalkers to move a certain distance out of the way, and to get the remaining photographs of a wonderful series. This was one of the only two occasions throughout all his experiences with elephants on which Mr. Maxwell was obliged to use the rifle.

The photograph gives an amazing impression of an intense moment. The superb bull on the right, moving slightly away from the line of attack, the one immediately next to him, also edging off, the cow head on, the others on the left, less set on attack, the huge ears, the expressionless masks, the air of placid imperturbability, the varying postures of trunks and tusks, all offer an immense wealth of detail for study. Photographs like these are of enormous interest and value to hunter, naturalist, painter, sculptor, and taxidermist alike. If they are ever equalled it is almost certain they can never be surpassed.

A BRIDE FROM SKYE: MISS RUBY M. MacLEOD, WITH HER BRIDESMAIDS AND TRAIN-BEARERS, ON THE OCCASION OF HER WEDDING TO MR. IAIN ROBERTSON HILLEARY AT ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

The wedding of Miss Rubie M. MacLeod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacLeod, of Skeabost, Isle of Skye, to Mr. Iain Robertson Hilleary, son of Major and Mrs. Hilleary, of the Lodge, Edinbane, Isle of Skye, took place in St. Giles's Cathedral, at Edinburgh, on April 2. The four bridesmaids were Miss Mairi MacLeod, the bride's sister; Miss Dorothy Hay; Miss Iris Bullough, and Miss Christina Hilleary. The train-bearers (seen one at each end in the above group) were Miss Catriona MacLeod and Miss Rhona Sykes. The best man was the bridegroom's brother, Mr. E. K. M. Hilleary, the Cambridge Blue.

Photograph by Lafayette, Glasgow.

When smuggling was practised, tobacco was limited in variety and origin. Now many lands contribute varieties having distinctive qualities, the perfect blend of which is "SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE"

Smith's Glasgow Mixture

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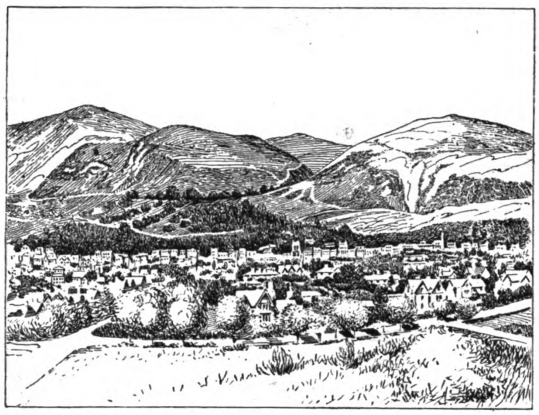

Malvern

A BEAUTIFUL CLIMATE in a beautiful setting, suitable alike for the infirm and strong. Gently sloping to 1,400 feet above sea level, the excellent roads and easy hill-paths render the country delightful for motoring and walking. Owing to the altitude fog is practically unknown.

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MODEL No. 2.

MODEL No 1
Solid Oak Cabinet, piano hinged, two locks, carrying handle, record retainer, metal tone amplifier, fitted Thorens pinion drive motor, 10 in. plush-covered turntable, plated tone-arm, nickel-plated dial indicator and brake. Concert sound-box adaptable for steel or fibre needles, needle box-clip and needles, key-clip and tone-arm clip, case fitted with plated corner protectors. Surprising volume of mellow tone for so compact an instrument £2 19 6

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Solid Oak Cabinet, polished finish. Size 13¾ × 11¼ × 6½ ins. Fitted with Garrard No. 9 motor, 10 in. turntable, baize covered. Concert Soundbox adaptable for fibre needles, record retaining block, corner protectors, special taper tone-arm, mounted on disappearing platform. Metal parts nickel-plated. Needle box holder and needles, sound-box rest, piano hinge, lever locks and keys, carrying handle, etc. Clear, distinct tone of natural quality ... £3 17 6

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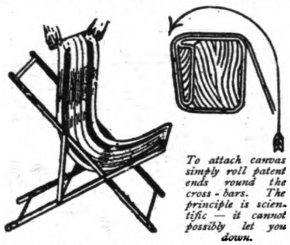
COLLIER'S Detachable Chair Canvas (Patent Nos. 187889 and 209572) can be fixed in a couple of seconds to any deck chair frame. *For round-railed chairs ask for Model A.* No tacks to tear through the fabric, no trouble. You simply put it there and it stays fixed—safer than the ordinary nailed-on canvas. And for cleaning purposes or reversing the fabric the Collier Chair Canvas is taken off as easily and quickly as it is put on. The pattern being woven right through, both sides are exactly alike.



To attach canvas simply roll patent ends round the cross-bars. The principle is scientific — it cannot possibly let you down.

NO MORE DAMP DECK CHAIRS.
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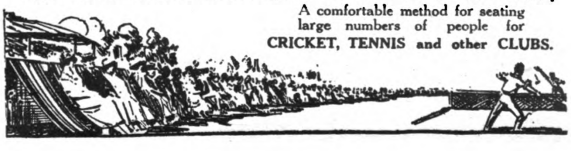
A comfortable method for seating large numbers of people for **CRICKET, TENNIS and other CLUBS.**



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Parliament and Motor Taxation.

I wonder if, after all, we are likely to secure a reversion to the fuel tax as a means of raising revenue for the purposes of the Road Fund? Not so long ago I should have said it was perfectly hopeless to expect anything of the kind; but times are moving, and with them the opinions of those in whose power it lies to make a change. The House of Commons, on April 1, actually passed a resolution which may have the most far-reaching consequences. Lieutenant-Colonel Pownall moved: "That this House is of opinion that the present system of taxation of mechanically propelled vehicles is inequitable, in that it bears no relation to the use and consequent wear and tear of roads, and recommends that a system of taxation based, in the case of petrol vehicles, on the use of motor spirit; and, in the case of steam and electric vehicles, on the weight of the vehicle, should be substituted therefor."

This important resolution was debated at great length—the report runs to no fewer than forty-five pages of Hansard—and resulted in a great many very interesting expressions of opinion, overwhelmingly in favour of the resolution. Rather curiously, the only Member who made any strong appeal for the retention of the present system was one who I thought would have been the last person in the world to run counter to the interests of motoring and of the motor-user—Lieutenant-Colonel Moore-Brabazon, Minister of Transport in the last Government. His opposition to the resolution seems to have been mainly based on departmental convenience, and was apparently prompted by the official view that a fuel tax is cumbrous, difficult to collect, and easy of evasion. Not the least significant feature of the debate was the amount of support the resolution received from the Labour benches, the line taken being that the horse-power tax has resulted in engines being designed to get round the tax, resulting in the British manufacturer producing a car which is quite unsuitable to compete with the Americans in the overseas markets. This, it was repeatedly pointed out, has the result of adversely affecting the workers of the motor industry. In the end, the resolution was adopted by the House without a division being challenged. We are truly getting on.

FITTED WITH FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES, A GREAT AID TO SAFETY ON TREACHEROUS SURFACES DURING RECENT WEATHER: A 24-70-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM IN A SLIPPERY WORCESTERSHIRE BY-ROAD.

The Departmental Committee.

In the course of the debate to which I have referred above, the Departmental Committee on Taxation of Motor Vehicles came in for some scathing criticisms, but nothing more than its dilatory methods deserve. It has been sitting for so long now that its origin is almost lost in the mists of antiquity. It has asked more than 10,500 questions, most of them totally irrelevant to the main issues, and seems as far as ever from having made up its mind as to the nature of its Report. Questioned on the subject of the latter, the best the Minister of Transport could do was to promise that the Report should be before the House by June next. This means, as a matter of course, that there can be no alteration in the incidence or the method of taxing the mechanically propelled vehicle under the forthcoming Finance Act.

There is more than a passing suspicion that the holding up of the Report is very largely due to the fact that certain large interests are opposed, tooth and nail, to any alteration of the present system. The oil groups are perfectly content with things as they are. The big-mileage transport companies are all in favour of letting matters remain *in statu quo*.

A ROLLS-ROYCE IN THE BLACK FOREST: A 40-50-H.P. CAR ON THE HILL AT MURG VALLEY DURING A TOUR THROUGH GERMANY.

The car seen in the photograph is a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce with the owner, Baron Nagy de Versegh, at the wheel. He drove from Budapest, in Hungary, right across Germany, traversing the Black Forest on the way.

And these two interests are able to sway the Committee pretty much how they like, while the representatives of the private user and the small-mileage commercial concerns can, apparently, do nothing to speed up the proceedings. It is a great pity that these two interests did not withdraw from the Committee when it was realised that what was being staged was nothing more than a farce—what we

[*Continued overleaf.*

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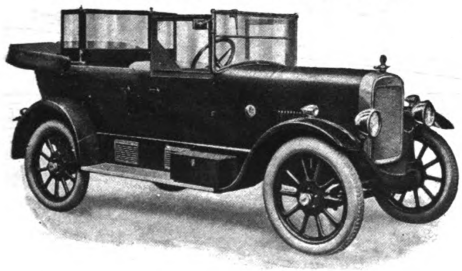

BRITISH BUILT
5-Seater De Luxe Model
£295
(Ex Works)
COMPLETE

Equipment includes:
FOUR DOORS with POCKETS
LEATHER UPHOLSTERY (rear removable)
BACK SHIELD
LUGGAGE CARRIER, CLOCK
RIGID SIDE CURTAINS
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THIS MODEL WILL BE SHOWN AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION—WEMBLEY.

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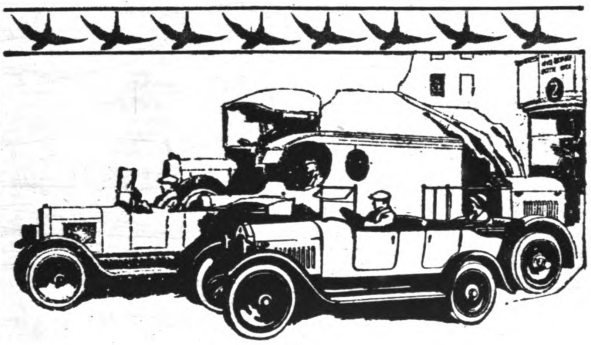

Easy to handle in the heaviest traffic

the Swift car gives full expression of the joys of motoring. Essentially a quality car and designed for strenuous and daily service, the Swift bears an unequalled reputation extending from the earliest days of motoring. Only the best of materials and workmanship goes into the building of Swift cars.

MODELS and PRICES:

10 h.p. 2-Seater with Dickey or "Chummy" Model	£235
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Write for a copy of our Art Catalogue of 1924 models, or let us arrange a trial run at your convenience.

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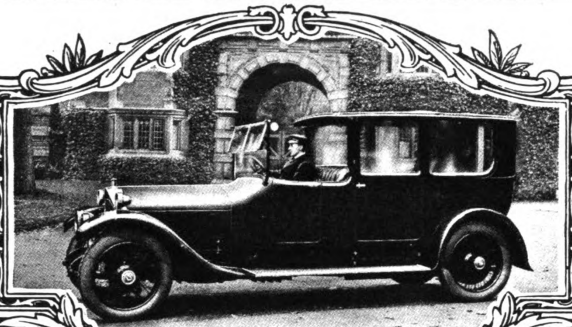

If you want a Car with a high average speed—

a car whose remarkable acceleration will enable it to "get away" quickly after being held up in traffic—

A car which, in addition, possesses phenomenal hill-climbing powers, is silent, smooth and vibrationless in running and distinctive in appearance—

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Its design is far in advance of any other car.

Although possessing a comparatively short wheelbase, comfortable bodies can be fitted.

No other car of equivalent power and wheelbase allows so much space for coachwork.

Let us send you further particulars of Britain's proved best car.

As satisfactory and reliable on the road as the Napier aero engine is in the air.

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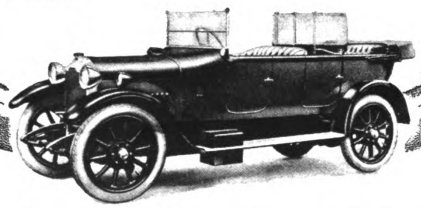
Powerful and Dependable

British all through.

NOW that the engine of the Rover Fourteen is so much improved in power—the latest model develops 40 h.p.—the Rover attribute of perfect reliability is combined with a speed and liveliness which former models did not possess. The engine has lost none of its sweet running, too, and the whole car is just as exquisitely turned out. We will demonstrate with pleasure.

See the ROVER exhibit at Wembley.



14 H.P. ROVER MODELS

2/3-Seater	£485
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4-cylinder engine, 75 mm. x 130 mm., 4-speed gear-box, silent worm axle. Equipment comprises: electric lighting, starting and horn, bulb horn, luggage grid, screen wiper, clock, speedometer, spare wheel and tyre, etc. 4/5-seater open car has windscreen for rear seats. Tax £14.

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"SO you are thinking of buying a light car? Wise man! No sense in running about Town or down to the golf club in a big heavy "bus" on a petrol consumption of no more than 15 m.p.g. when you can do it easier and with equal comfort in a light car, and get 35 to 40 m.p.g. out of her. Mind what sort of a light car you buy, though. It's easier than ever to make a mistake with the plethora of cars about nowadays. If you take my tip, you'll get a SINGER. She's a car with a pedigree, and that's just as necessary with cars as with dogs. You can't go wrong if you buy a SINGER. I've got a Four-Seater 'De Luxe' Model that gives me a daily service only equalled by my satisfaction. She runs well enough for anybody! Well built, well sprung, rigid side screens that *do* serve their purpose, and an economy of running that is astonishing. Have another, and drink to the SINGER."

Here's a Singer to suit every taste.

10 h.p. Popular Two-Seater, £200. 10 h.p. Popular Four-Seater, £210. 10 h.p. De Luxe Two-Seater, £225. 10 h.p. De Luxe Four-Seater, £235. 10 h.p. Saloon Weymann Body, £275. 15 h.p. Six-Cylinder Four/Five-Seater, £500. Two-Seater, £450. Weymann Saloon, £500. Rotax Lighting and Starting Equipment. All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments through any Singer Agent. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

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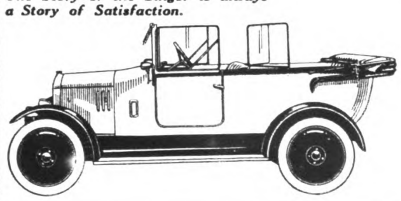
The Story of the Singer is always a Story of Satisfaction.



H.P.

Continued.]

used to know in war-time as "eye-wash." We should have been a long way nearer a change for something more equitable if they had.

A.A. Road Signs In Monaco.

During the winter of 1922-23 many complaints were made by motorists concerning the strictness of the police in Monaco. The cause of the trouble apparently was that motorists were inclined to drive quickly through the Principality without knowing exactly where it began or ended, whereas at some points tramways and sharp curves made slow driving essential. The A.A., with the co-operation of the Automobile Club de Nice, erected warning notices at each entry, bearing the words: "Drive with extra care through the Principality." These A.A. signs have been greatly appreciated by the authorities of Monaco, and have proved effective. Reports received during the winter of 1923-4 showed that the Police of the Principality have this season given very little trouble to motorists.

British Cars Overseas.

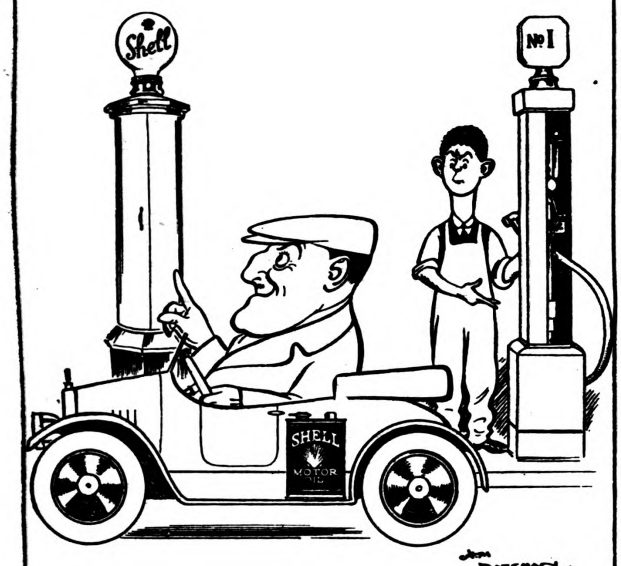
Cars of all nationalities and horse-power compete in the annual Australian Alpine Trial. This is conducted by the Royal Automobile Club of Victoria, and is universally acknowledged to be one of the severest in the world; so severe that in this instance only twenty-seven cars finished. The route involves climbing rock-strewn mountain gradients, ploughing through the sand of arid valleys, and jolting over sun-baked rutted roads, to say nothing of fording occasional rivers. Under such conditions a British - built five - seater Bean "Fourteen" not only qualified for a Gold Medal, but gained the maximum marks awarded for low petrol-consumption. The Bean was in no sense a special Colonial model, because all Bean cars are that. That is to say, the horse-power, the dimensions of the various components, the ground clearance, track, and other details were all designed specifically to withstand the stresses of overseas service. W. W.

"WE'VE NEVER WISHED OURSELVES UNWED AGAIN": THE WINNERS OF THE DUNMOW FLITCH, PARENTS OF FIFTEEN CHILDREN, KNEELING ON THE OLD STONE TO TAKE THE OATH AT THE TRIAL IN THE PALACE THEATRE, HELD IN CONNECTION WITH THE FILM OF "SECRETS."

The famous trial for the Dunmow Flitch (a prize for the happiest married couple) took place this year, on April 3, at the Palace Theatre, instead of at Ilford; but the original kneeling-stone had been brought from Dunmow Priory. The winners, Mr. W. R. Poole (a Shoreditch warehouseman) and his wife, married 33 years and parents of fifteen children (thirteen living) are seen kneeling to repeat the ancient oath: "By our old custom, since the parish clerk did say 'Amen,' We've never wished ourselves unwed again." The Judge was Mr. W. Peters, and the Associate, Mr. A. H. Grigsley. Counsel for the Flitch, Mr. C. C. Grigsley (left) and Counsel for the Claimants, Mr. Owen Waters (right), are seen seated at little tables each accompanied by a "Portia" in scarlet cap. Standing by the Judge's desk is the Usher, Mr. Rogers. The Jury (right) consisted of six bachelors and six maidens.—[*Photograph by G.P.U.*]

MR. H. TERRY'S "COLLUSION" AT THE AMBASSADORS.

WAS it after seeing Mr. Hugh Wakefield's quaint simulation of drunkenness in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" that the inspiration came to Mr. Harold Terry for the central scene of his new light comedy on the "Divorçons" *motif*? It looks like it, for Mr. Wakefield is asked to furnish a similar display of virtuosity in "Collusion," and once more the tone of the performance is as inoffensive as its humour is irresistible. The long scene of pantomime is, indeed, the making of Mr. Terry's play; but it fits quite naturally and artistically into the general scheme. That presupposes, as might be expected from the title, a couple who have decided to part company according to the prescribed legal machinery; but the husband in this case, an airman who has long been serving in Mesopotamia, instead of defying the order of the Court for restitution of conjugal rights, comes back to his "affectionate Diana," just ten minutes before the time expires. He has taken too much brandy at his club, to give him Dutch courage; his wife is out at a dance; his scheme is to occupy his wife's bed and compel her into surrender. With solemn buffoonery he decks himself out in clothes borrowed from his wife's night wardrobe, and thus arranged confronts her. A vulgar touch, a single lapse into banality or bad taste, would spoil the fun. But Mr. Wakefield manages to steer clear of all unpleasantness and yet keep his audience convulsed with laughter. He is admirably helped by that clever comédienne, Miss Iris Hoey, who plays the tempestuous rôle of the wife with the happiest appreciation of the irony of the story. Mr. Allan Aynesworth does wonders with the conventional figure of a solicitor.



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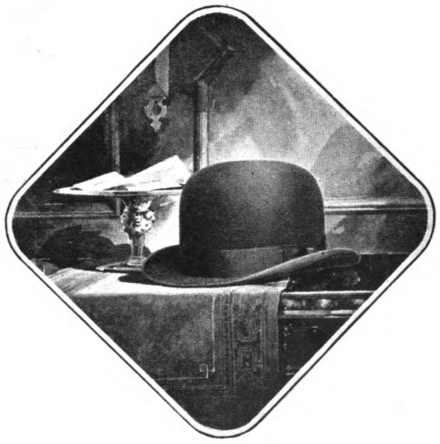

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Stylish in appearance, and comfortable on the head, these hats appeal to those who desire dignity without sacrificing smartness.

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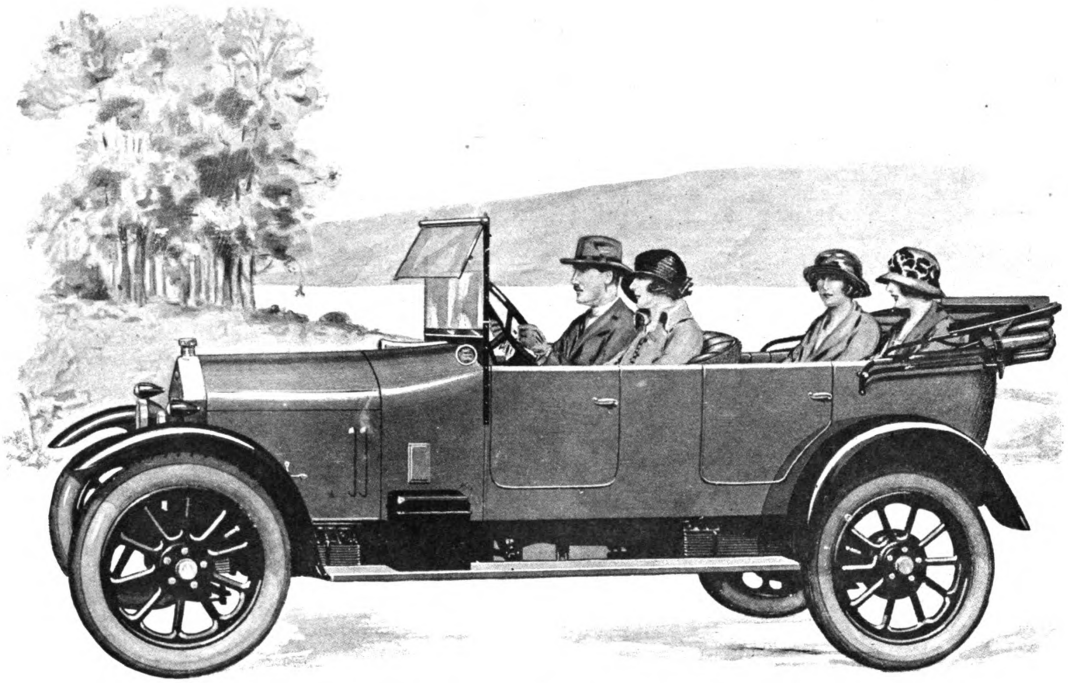

Four-Seater, price £285

The Wolseley "TEN"

"The Small Car of Quality."

Ever since its first introduction the Wolseley "Ten" has been universally recognised as the leader in the small-car class. The following are some of the points of superiority upon which its remarkable reputation is founded:

THE SPRINGING The quarter elliptic suspension provides perfect comfort under the most adverse conditions. This is not only due to the system adopted, but to the care with which the springs are designed and proportioned to suit the exact wheelbase and track of the car. You have only to try the Wolseley "Ten" over a really rough road to realise it is the best sprung car of its class.

MULTIPLE DISC CLUTCH The multiple disc clutch, running in oil, which is fitted to the Wolseley "Ten," is undoubtedly the finest clutch fitted to any light car. No better clutch is fitted to any car however costly. It is gentle in action and smooth in its "pick-up." It is splendid for traffic negotiation—unlimited slipping does not damage it. The most inexperienced driver can manipulate it with certainty. It ensures maximum tyre mileage, and minimum shock on transmission mechanism.

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TONY. By STEPHEN HUDSON. (Constable; 6s.)

Tony, a modern Don Juan, recalls the facts of his career, in the form of frank and intimate revelations to his brother, who, he says, had tried "to tell the story without bringing me into it, from sheer funk of representing me as I really was." Tony has no such scruples. What the brother's story had been is not very clear, nor, when one comes to the end, is it very clear how Tony was in a fit state to write his own memoirs, for apparently he could only tell them to his brother verbally. Any lack of plausibility in the framework, however, hardly affects the interest of the story itself. It is told in easy, smoking-room style, and lays bare with cynical candour the cloaked vices of a worldly set. Whether the book is meant as an attack on cynicism or on sentimental hypocrisy, the reader must decide. In either case, it brings out forcibly what is the chief trouble with cynics, that they believe everyone is really like themselves, but won't admit it.

SANCTIONS: A FRIVOLITY. By RONALD A. KNOX. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)

It was a pity that Tony (of the last-named book) was not a member of Lady Denham's house-party at Kingussie, where they discussed all manner of things, including politics and religion, which, as Mr. Chesterton recently suggested, are the only two subjects worth talking about. It would have been interesting to have the fierce light of Tony's cynicism turned on the moralisings of persons whom he would doubtless have considered insincere. How racily he would have exposed their true characters and secret lives! Still, the book does indicate the existence of people who, he must have acknowledged, at least pretend to take life hopefully, and find amusement in debating serious matters with a light touch of wit and humour, or in recreations not entirely scandalous.

THE TRANSACTIONS OF OLIVER PRINCE. By ROBERT ERSTONE FORBES. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d. net.)

The publishers of this book (and they really ought to know) suggest that "Mr. Forbes" is the pseudonym of a very well-known novelist. For the experienced novel-reader, such a hint will lend a piquant interest to the perusal of the story, in the attempt to discover mannerisms or tricks of style that might reveal its true authorship. We prefer not to hazard an identification. Readers who are not intrigued by such matters, but are concerned only with an exciting tale, will be more anxious to discover how an attractive young man amassed a fortune in an incredibly short time by "ingenious but legitimate" means. We suspect there are many other attractive young men who would like to know how it is done.

THE DRIVER. By GARET GARRETT. (Constable; 7s. 6d. net.)

A picture of Cupid, with a halo of hearts and dollars, seated on an office waste-paper basket, and reading the latest news from a tape machine, provides a symbolic index to the scope of this novel. The hero is an American railway manager who, against immense odds, revives the fortunes of his line. It is a romance of business, interwoven with a romance of love concerning the manager's daughter, and the tale is told by his secretary. It opens on Easter Sunday in the "fourth year of the soft Money Plague, 1894," in the village of Massillon, Stark County, Ohio, fifty miles from Cleveland. It ends in New York.

JANET MARCH. By FLOYD BELL. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net.)

Here, too, the scene is laid in the States, opening at the towns of White Falls and St. Pierre, on the upper Mississippi. The story is of the elaborate, three-generation type, of which "The Forsyte Saga" is the supreme example. Though hardly to be ranked with Galsworthy's masterpiece of tribal portraiture, and naturally differing in local detail and atmosphere, this book might be called "The March Saga," in that the Marches were a middle-class clan deriving from a solid, self-made tradesman, and the family tree spread through well-fed respectability into branches of unconventional revolt. Beyond that point it would be incorrect to push the comparison, but there is interesting material for contrasting American with British social life.

THE BRIDGE OF DISTANCES. By ELLA SCRYMSOUR. (Philip Allan and Co.; 7s. 6d. net.)

The adventures of two British naval officers in China, in the days of the East India Company and the Regency, form the bulk of this story, with a sequel a hundred years later containing a curiously matter-of-fact case of reincarnation. The first part, Book I., which is not lacking in lurid horror, relates the theft of a sacred jewel, the abduction of a Chinese girl, and a dreadful retribution. It reflects no credit on the British actors in the drama; but those were days, apparently, when the Oriental was considered fair game, and looting a temple an accepted form of enterprise. Book II. is sensational without being tragic. The novel is dedicated to the author's husband "in memory of the happy time we spent in the flowery land, where we learnt to love China and her wonderful people."

RAT'S CASTLE. By ROY BRIDGES. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is another adventurous romance of about the same period as the last-mentioned book, but slightly earlier—to be exact, in the reign of George III. after the Gordon Riots. The scene shifts from a grim old country house, inhabited by a grim old woman, to a remote island of the Antipodes. The narrator of the tale is one of two boys who sail together in search of buried treasure, of which one of them is the rightful inheritor, and encounter many perils by land and sea. The title is a nickname for the old house, but, as it is spelt "Rat's Castle" on the cover and "Rats' Castle" on the title-page and elsewhere, there is some uncertainty as to the number of rats.

FIFTEEN TALES. By IVAN BUNIN. (Martin Secker; 7s. 6d. net.)

Those who are well versed in Russian literature may not require any introduction to the work of Ivan Bunin, but the average reader would probably have been grateful for a little prefatory information about him in this volume. It is an authorised translation made from the original Russian text by Isabel F. Hapgood, and, without being competent to discuss its accuracy, a reviewer can appreciate the good and readable style of her English. The author's range of subject is wide, both geographically and in variety of human character. He takes us to many parts of Europe and the East. His tales have spiritual insight and descriptive power, with a typically Russian turn for sombre tragedy. The book opens with a pathetic study of the soul of a dog.

For Easter the Great Western Railway have issued a very comprehensive programme of excursions and week-end facilities. On Thursday, April 17, excursions covering the Easter holiday will run to all parts of Somerset, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall; also to the Channel Islands, North, South, Central Wales and the Cambrian Coast; Birmingham by the shortest route; the Midland Counties; the Thames, Wye and Severn Valleys. The availability of week-end tickets will be extended. A special feature of the G.W.R. programme for this Easter consists of the cheap excursion bookings to Ireland. Programmes containing full details of all Easter arrangements are now obtainable at Great Western Railway stations and offices. The "Holiday Haunts" Guide for 1924 will be issued shortly before Easter, and copies will be obtainable from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, W.2, for 1s., post free.

In connection with the Easter vacation, the Southern Railway have made ample provision for the travelling public. Special facilities include cheap tickets from London and suburban stations (for varying periods up to fifteen days), to the many seaside and inland resorts in Kent, Sussex, Hants, the Isle of Wight, Wilts, Somerset, Dorset, Devon and Cornwall. From the country various excursions have been arranged to London and other principal places. On Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday, there will be day trips from London. In addition to the foregoing there are special excursions to a number of places on the Continent.

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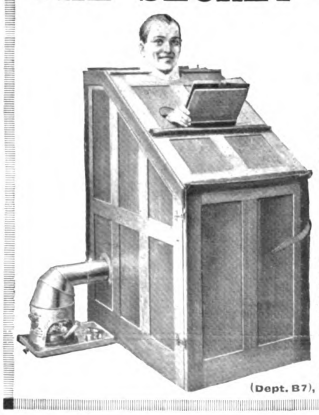

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE ADVENT OF THE VIRTUOSO CONDUCTOR.

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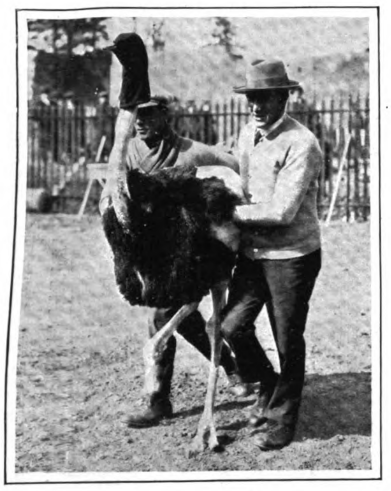


HOODED TO MAKE HIM FEEL SAFE, AS WHEN HE BURIES HIS HEAD IN THE SAND? AN OSTRICH ARRIVING AT WEMBLEY FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN EXHIBIT.—[*Photograph by Central Press.*]

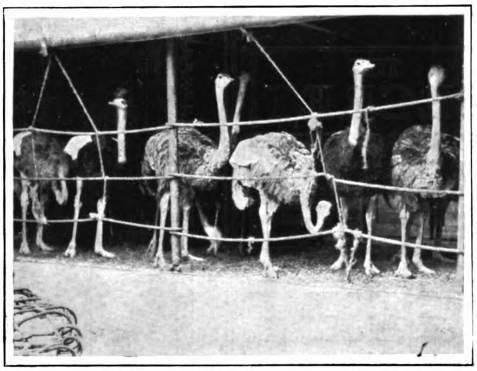
it was confused with the question of youth and age, and the young, everywhere seeking to free themselves from the limitations, obligations, and penalties inflicted upon them by the old, fell upon tradition and said, "Away with it!" New movements in all the arts were sprouting up in every country before the war, and by now we have at least a ten years' harvest of untraditional activity to contemplate. Nobody to-day objects to novelty or free forms of expression. New music is as welcome as new potatoes; but it is strange that the advanced modernist never seems to realise that if new potatoes were entirely new they would no longer be potatoes, but something else, and perhaps something quite unpalatable. There must be, therefore, sameness as well as novelty in new things, to give them their value, and this preserving quality of sameness or unity is, in the arts, achieved through tradition.

It is not easy to say how long a tradition takes to form, but if we look at the history of music we can see that during the past three hundred years there have been in Europe at least two or three distinctive epochs which can be classified as having their own individual traditions. The period from which we are just emerging, for example, has been, among other things, the period of large-scale orchestral music and of the great conductor. Until the time of Beethoven, who died in 1827, there were no symphony orchestras in our sense of the word. There were only small private, court, or church bands, maintained either by some nobleman or ecclesiastical dignitary. The modern conductor as we know him did not exist before Wagner. In fact, it may be said that Wagner himself was the founder of the specialised art of conducting, and his friend Hans von Bülow was the first "star" virtuoso conductor. Since Wagner and Von Bülow, in the space of considerably less than one hundred years, we have had formed and developed a tradition of conducting which has probably already reached its highest point of maturity.

This development of the rôle of the conductor may be compared with the somewhat similar, but as yet less highly mature, development of the rôle of the "producer" in the art of the drama. The "producer" has arisen out of the stage manager. He is a glorification, a supreme blossoming, of the old-fashioned director of rehearsals. In the old drama, the stage manager was not an extremely important person, though he was indispensable; but the new type of producer is almost the creator of the play. In the same way, the virtuoso conductor has arisen out of the first-violin bandmaster. When Mozart conducted his first opera in Milan, he did so playing at the harpsichord. The famous Johann Strauss, composer of the "Blue Danube" and other waltzes, conducted his band playing the violin. This fashion is followed by the majority of bands in restaurants to-day. But the great star conductor, the virtuoso who interprets and, in a sense, re-creates the music for the audience, has a function which was undreamed of in the days of Mozart.

It was Beethoven who made this new type of virtuoso conductor necessary, for the simple reason that Beethoven's Symphonies would not play themselves; they needed more interpretation than previous

[*Continued overleaf.*]



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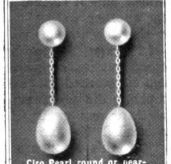

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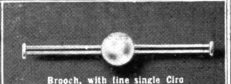

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(Continued.)

music, and it may be said that Wagner became a conductor of the new type in attempting to give an adequate performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It is also a monument to the greatness of Beethoven that the Ninth Symphony remains the severest test of the conductor's art.

We have been very fortunate in having had, during the last month, an opportunity to hear Beethoven's Ninth Symphony given by our two finest London orchestras under two world-famous conductors. I refer to the performance by the Royal Philharmonic Society under Herr Felix Weingartner, and that of the London Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitsky. This was an admirable opportunity to take stock of the conductor's art, and the conclusion I found myself forced to draw was that we have now reached the highest peak in the virtuoso conductor's tradition started by Wagner. I have heard all the great conductors of Europe during the last fifteen years, including the late Arthur Nikisch, and I am convinced that in such a performance as Weingartner gave of the Ninth Symphony at the Philharmonic Concert we touched the very apex of the conductor's art. Whatever changes time brings, I cannot believe that the virtuoso conductor can go beyond Weingartner. To begin with, Weingartner conducts without any score before him. To conduct a whole programme, including the Ninth Symphony, without a note of music, is a feat of memory which would have staggered the older type of conductor. Even to-day, there are very few of our great conductors who can dispense with a score. The pianist who plays a pianoforte concerto is now expected to play without a score, and there is a great deal of truth in the belief that, if you do not know the music sufficiently well to hold it all in your head, you cannot possibly give an adequate interpretation of it. But our virtuoso conductors are allowed more latitude, as they have a far harder task to perform than that of the soloist. He has only one part, his own, to remember. They have twenty parts; and what makes their task vastly more difficult is that these parts are all constantly interlacing and intersecting in various ways. With a score in front of you you can feel safe; but, without a score, where will you be if you make one slip? You must be absolutely certain of yourself to dispense with a score unless your conducting is to be a meaningless mimicry. But this is really only the alphabet of the matter when we are considering musicianship brought to such a pitch as Weingartner's. Weingartner excels in two other qualities, the possession of each of which would give a man a great reputation. Firstly, every musician will agree that Weingartner is the greatest living authority on how to play the Beethoven Symphonies. A Beethoven symphony conducted by Weingartner always sounds more impressive than when it is conducted by anyone else. This is due to the rare musical understanding of this great conductor. But it is also due to the second of the two rare qualities I have referred to, and that is Weingartner's technical method of handling the orchestra. It is a revelation to watch Weingartner make the orchestral players produce the desired effects. His uncanny intuition of exactly how much time is required for everything is astonishing. It is quite one thing to know how a certain passage should go, but it is quite another to get the passage played to sound like that.

Mr. Serge Koussevitsky is a remarkable conductor; but again and again the tremendous effects which he worked for in his rendering of the Ninth Symphony did not come off. He either overreached himself or one quality aimed at clashed with what was needed for the preservation of another; but none of this happened under Weingartner, who, secure and calm and cool above the turbulence that he provoked, produced a perfect fusion of qualities and a simply overwhelming impression of inevitable and massive solidity. Such combination of initial ripe and profound judgment of the music with the technical resource as a conductor to get the music played so that it will sound exactly as it ought to sound, is unique. Weingartner makes us aware how many other conductors interest us rather by the flavour of their personality than by any profound musicianship or musical understanding. The world is full of brilliant conductors who can interest and amuse us, but such a conductor as Weingartner represents the flowering of a musical tradition. He is the culmination of an epoch, and I think that with him the line of great German conductors may end. There will be no doubt others who are good, even—unlikely as it seems—*as* good; but there can be no one better, for here it is done as well as it is possible to be done.

In England the standard of orchestral conducting has not yet developed to this pitch, good as some of our English conductors are. No musician would deny that we have no one on the same level as Wilhelm Fürtwangler, who paid his first visit to London last year. It is doubtful whether we have anyone as good as Bruno Walther, who is to pay us a visit this year. But it is absolutely certain that we have no one who can be placed on the same level as Weingartner. Thus we see that Germany possesses no fewer than three conductors of extraordinary excellence, and this is the fruit of her musical culture of the last hundred years. In England we have not yet reaped the harvest which began to be sown about 1860. The late Sir Charles Stanford may, in a certain sense, be considered as the man who laid the technical foundation for our present and future musical culture. We started at least sixty years after Germany, and after passing through a barren period such as Germany had never known. About 1930-50 we may expect to see in England an extraordinary musical harvest. By that time we shall have had our Weingartners and, if we are lucky, our Wagner and Beethoven. But the ground will have been prepared by such men as Sir Charles Stanford and Sir Hubert Parry—these will undoubtedly be looked upon as the pioneers.

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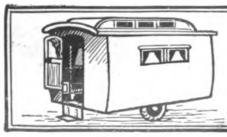

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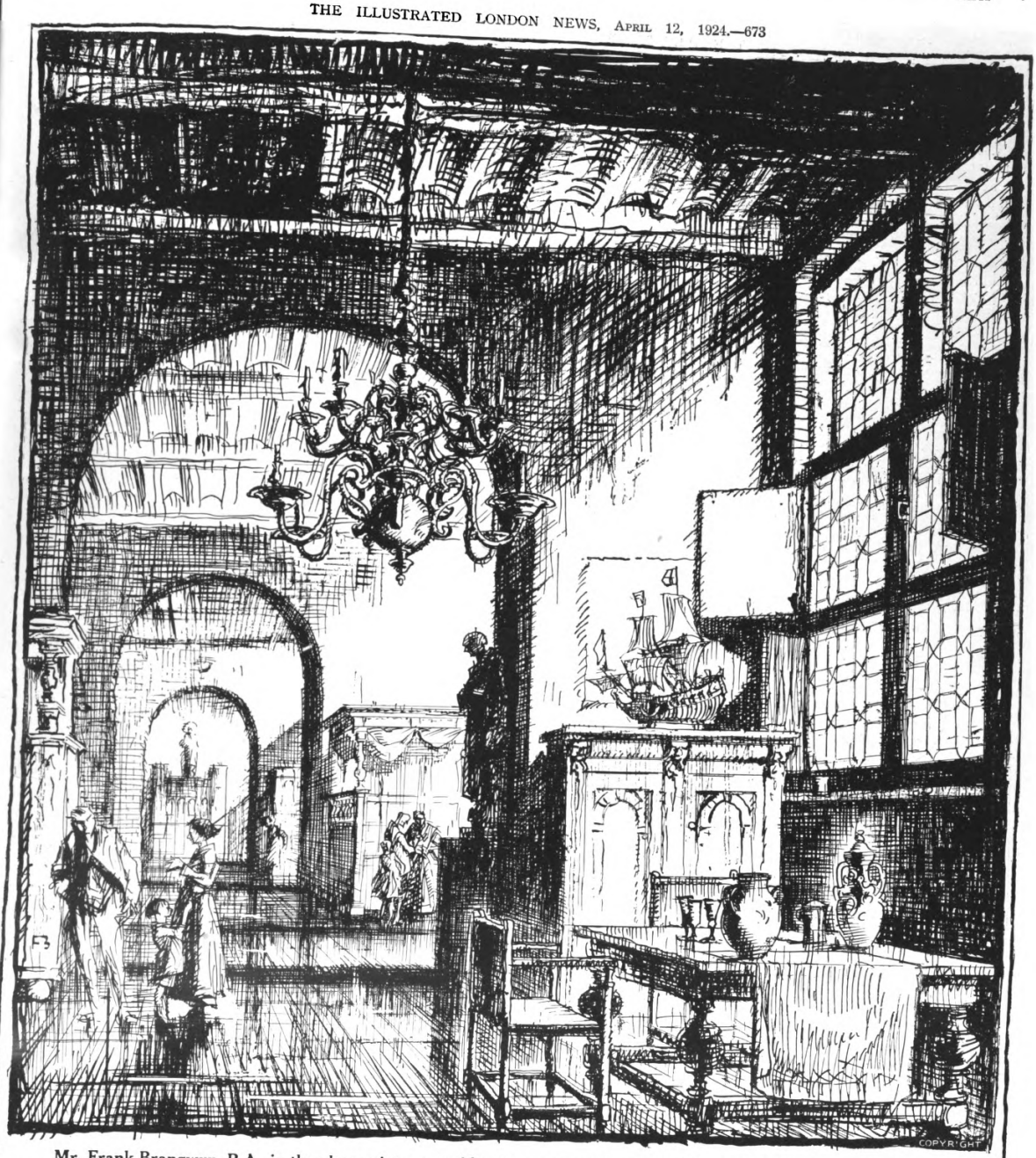

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

J M K LUPTON (Richmond).—Thanks for two-mover, which shall be carefully considered. We are sorry to find the three-mover still defective. Look at 1. Q to R 7th (ch) K to K 4th, 2. Q takes Kt P (ch) K moves, 3. Q or B mates.

R B N (Tewkesbury).—We are not puritanical about duals, and would never subscribe to the dogma, "Stop a dual, or scrap the problem." The other matter was a very obvious mistake.

R B PEARCE (Happisburgh).—The error, as you will see, has been rectified, and the unpleasant association will no longer attach itself to your address.

A large number of answers have been held over this week owing to pressure on our space.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3921 received from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3922 from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3924 from Howard Staunton (Kolar Gold Fields, South India); of No. 3925 from A Edmeston (Worsley) and Simon Costikyan (New York); of No. 3926 from Simon Costikyan (New York); and of No. 3927 from M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands), E M Vicars (Norfolk), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), F J Falwell (Caterham), E J Gibbs (East Ham), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), W Graham (Jersey), J McRobert (Crossgar), A Edmeston (Worsley), L H Luck (Southsea), R B N (Tewkesbury), H Heshmat (Cairo), Hugh Nicholson (Otley), M McIntyre (Camberwell), and J M K Lupton (Richmond).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3928 received from H W Satow (Bangor), C B S (Canterbury), Leslie P Flower (Bristol), C H Watson (Masham), F R Gittens (Birmingham), J P Smith (Cricklewood), L W Cafferata (Newark), L H Luck (Southsea), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), J Hunter (Leicester), E H Goodman Roberts (Bath Club), Hugh Nicholson (Ottley), S Caldwell (Hove), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), M Beach (Milton Bridge), R P Nicholson (Crayke), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), W N Powell (Ledbury), J C Kruse (Edgware Road), J M K Lupton (Richmond), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

By a slip of the pen, the solution of No. 3926 was given as 1. Q to Q B 5th. It should, of course, have been Q to K B 5th.

The Championship of the City of London Chess Club has fallen to Sir George Thomas with a score of 11½ out of 15. Mr. J. H. Blake was second with 10½.

The Chess Clubs of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge paid their annual visit to London in March, and encountered the usual variety of antagonists before coming to grips with each other. Want of space prevents us giving more than the result of the match between themselves, which was won by Oxford with a score of 4½, against Cambridge with 2½.

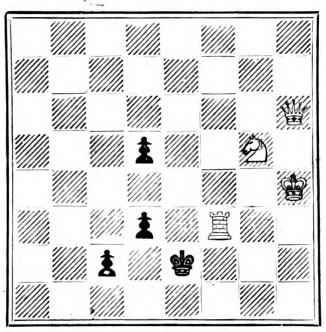
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3927.—BY THE REV. NOEL BONAVIA HUNT, M.A.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to K 4th	Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.	

A well-balanced problem, with a non-obtrusive key, and a pleasing variety of mates to follow. It has earned the commendation of many of our solvers.

PROBLEM No. 3929.—BY A. NEWMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The Hamilton Russell Challenge Cup has been won for the present year by the National Liberal Club, with a score of 6½ points out of a possible 7. The success of the contest encourages favourable hopes for next winter's competition.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Mr. J. M. BEE and Sir GEORGE THOMAS.

(Ruy Lopez Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Sir G. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. Bto Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd
6. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P to K Kt 3rd
7. Kt to B sq	B to Kt 2nd

Considered by many authorities a rather favourable development for Black.

8. B to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd
9. B to R 4th	Castles
10. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
11. B to Q Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd
12. Q to K 2nd	K to R 2nd
13. B takes Kt	B takes B
14. P to K R 4th	P to Q 4th
15. P to K Kt 4th	

White's attack is more promising in appearance than in reality, and at any rate is met with a cool and effective defence.

15.	B to Kt 2nd
16. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to Q 3rd
17. Castles Q R	P to Q R 4th

Taking quick advantage of an element of weakness in the last move of White, who now must not only lose time in saving his B, but must, further, post it where it is useless for the rest of the game.

18. P to B 3rd	P to R 5th
19. B to B 2nd	P to R 6th
20. P to Kt 3rd	P to Q 5th
21. Kt to Kt 2nd	P takes P
22. Kt to Q B 4th	Q to Q 5th
23. Q R to B sq	P to Q B 4th
24. P to B 4th	P takes P
25. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd
26. Kt to Kt 6th	R to R 3rd
27. Kt takes B	R takes Kt
28. Kt to Q 5th	R to K B sq
29. P to R 5th	Q to K 4th
30. Q to K 3rd	Kt to Q 5th
31. P to Kt 5th	Q to Kt 6th

A rather pretty piece of play: for if 32, Q takes Q, Kt to K 7th (ch); 33. K to Q sq, Kt takes Q and wins the exchange next move.

32. R ptks P (ch)	R takes P
33. P takes P	Q takes Q (ch)
34. Kt takes Q	B takes P
35. K to Q sq	P to B 3rd
36. R to R 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
37. Kt to Q 5th	B to Q 7th
38. R(R2) to B 2nd	

No relief is to be had by R takes B on account of Black subsequently exchanging Kt for B, and remaining with a winning advantage both in material and position.

38.	P to Kt 4th
39. Kt to K 7th	R to Kt 4th
40. Kt to Q 5th	P to B 4th
41. P takes P	R (B sq) takes P
42. R takes R	Kt takes R
43. P to Kt 4th	P takes P
44. B to Kt 3rd	K to Kt 3rd
45. R to R sq	R to Kt 7th
46. R to B sq	K to Kt 4th
47. B to B 2nd	

In order to play Kt takes P, for if 47. Kt takes P, P to B 7th (ch) wins the Kt, but Black's next move proves White to be at the end of his tether.

47.	Kt to Kt 6th
48.	White resigns.

The Weston-super-Mare and West of England Chess Festival will be held from April 19 to April 26, and promises an attractive meeting. Amongst the entrants appear the names of Sir G. Thomas, Mr. J. H. Blake, M. Max Euwe, and Dr. Seitz.

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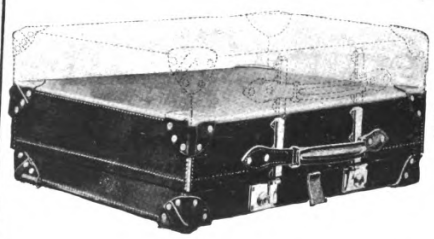

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Hall's Distemper colours stand fast on new plaster walls.

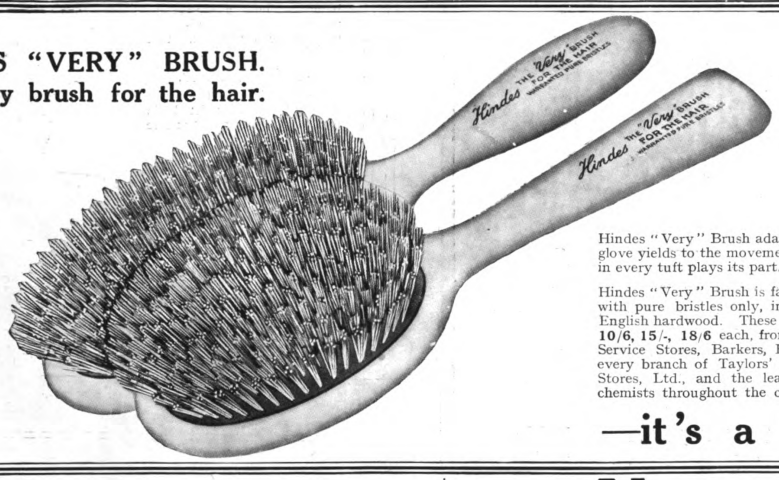
Decoration with Hall's Distemper in place of wallpaper will so freshen up the "old home" as to give all the benefits of a change to a new one.

By Appointment to H.M. The King

Sole Manufacturers:
SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., HULL and London.

44

HINDES "VERY" BRUSH.
The very brush for the hair.

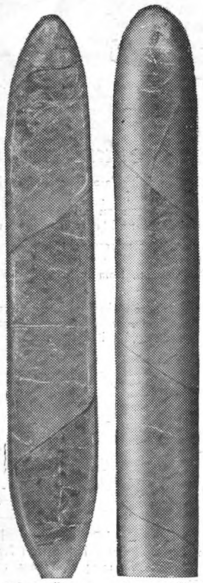


Hindes "Very" Brush adapts itself to the head just as a glove yields to the movement of the hand—every bristle in every tuft plays its part.

Hindes "Very" Brush is fashioned by British handicraft with pure bristles only, in solid ebony, rosewood, and English hardwood. These brushes are obtainable at **7/6, 10/6, 15/-, 18/6** each, from Army & Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Barkers, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, every branch of Taylors' Drug Co., Ltd., Parkes Drug Stores, Ltd., and the leading stores, hairdressers and chemists throughout the country.

—it's a HINDES

Superfine Cigars



IMPERIAL NO. 2. IMPERIAL NO 3.
Actual Size.

Here are two really fine examples of the Art of Cigar Making.

Only the very choicest, most perfectly matured leaf is used in their manufacture and they who make them are undoubtedly artists at their work.

Criterion Cigars are true to their name.

In flavour, aroma, appearance and smoking qualities, they represent a very high standard in cigars—a standard by which other cigars can be judged.

We don't ask you to buy a box of these until you have proved their splendid quality.

You can get a sample of five at your tobacconist's to-day.

Samples of
5 *for* 3/-

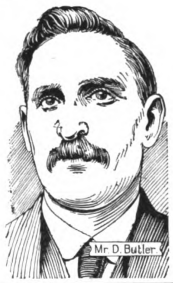
IN CEDAR WOOD CABINET BOXES
of 25, 50 and 100.

CRITERION

C21.

Neuritis

The long list of human ills hardly contains a more distressing complaint than Neuritis.
Thousands suffer its agonizing pain in a greater or lesser degree. Get rid of it at once and for ever by means of Dr. Cassell's Tablets.


Mr D. Butler

Mr. D. Butler, of Church Street, Winsham, near Chard, Somerset, states: "For some years I suffered from neuritis, which suddenly attacked my right leg. I suffered continual pain, which at times was agonizing. I could neither sit down nor lie in bed, and for weeks I had to sleep as best I could upon my knees. That was the only position in which I could get any ease, and matters became worse when my other leg was attacked. I even took my meals upon my knees.

"Medicine and plasters did no good, and Dr. Cassell's Tablets were the only thing which helped me. When I took them I got relief very quickly, and they have completely cured me."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets for

Nervous Breakdown	Headache
Neuritis	Anæmia
Indigestion	Palpitation
Sleeplessness	Kidney Weakness
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Nerve Pains	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size, 3/-.
Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

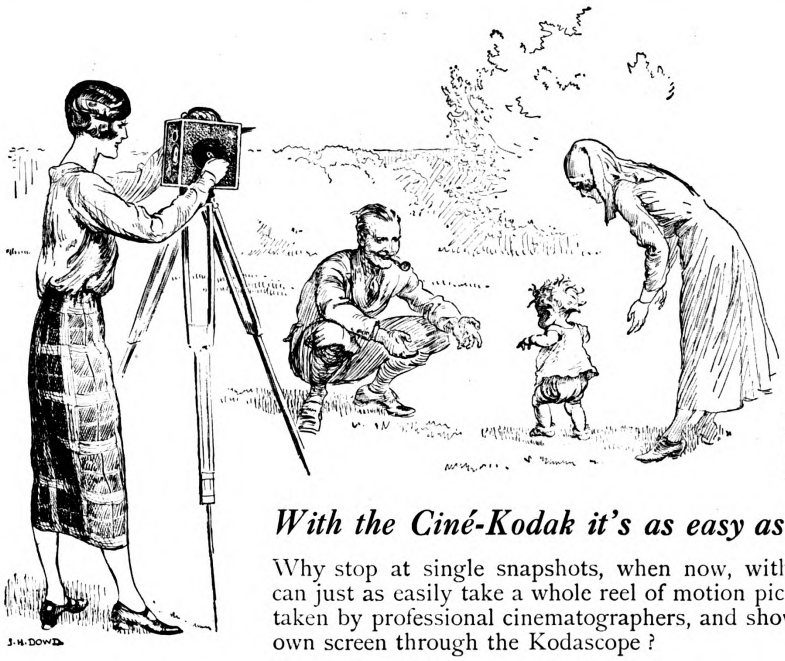
FOSTER CLARK'S

RHUBARB—THE FIRST FRUIT
(or is it vegetable?) of the season is rendered more toothsome by the addition of the **Creamiest Custard** (that is, **Foster Clark's**).

REDUCED PRICES. Family Tins 11½d., Family Pkts. 9½d.: Five-pint Pkts. 4d. (contains 5 separate pint pkts.): Small Pkts. 1½d. & 1d.

CREAM CUSTARD

LONDON: Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, aforesaid: and Printed by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, W.C.2.—SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1924. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.



Make your own Motion Pictures

With the Ciné-Kodak it's as easy as taking Snapshots

Why stop at single snapshots, when now, with the Ciné Kodak, you can just as easily take a whole reel of motion pictures as good as those taken by professional cinematographers, and show them at home on your own screen through the Kodascope?

Think what this means. Instead, for instance, of that one little still picture of Baby precariously balancing himself in his first attempt to walk, you can now revel over and over again in the full spectacle of that breathless adventure, from the moment the tottering hero first set forth, right through to the last triumphant tumble into the safety of loving arms. Don't you wish your parents had been able to take such a motion picture of you? And won't you in years to come love to run through the living representation of that tender scene again and again, with a grown man in your audience who was once the Baby of your picture?

"YOU TURN THE HANDLE—WE DO THE REST"

The Ciné-Kodak has triumphantly overcome all the difficulties that have hitherto stood in the way of motion photography by amateurs. A child can operate it, so perfect and "fool-proof" is its mechanism; and as it weighs but a few pounds, and folds up into a small compass, you can easily carry it about with you.

"You turn the handle, we do the rest." When you have taken your reel of pictures, all you have to do is to send it to Kodak Ltd. (either direct or through your dealer), whose experts promptly develop it, reverse it to a positive, and return it to you ready to be shown on the screen through your projector—the Kodascope.

AS CHEAP AS ORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHY

This expert service costs you nothing extra; it is included in the purchase price of your film. A 100 ft. Ciné-Kodak reel is equivalent to 250 ft. of ordinary film and will hold about 35 different subjects of adequate length, taking four minutes to show. This film, including developing and reversing, costs you £1 10s. 0d. Compare this with the cost of taking, developing and printing 35 single still subjects, and you will find that taking motion pictures with your Ciné-Kodak actually costs you no more than ordinary photography. Only Safety Film (non-inflammable) is supplied, so that it can be "screened" without the necessity of taking any precautions. The Kodascope, which is your projector, is just as simple in operation as the Ciné-Kodak. At a distance of 18 ft. from the screen it gives you a clear and brilliant picture measuring 40 by 30 inches.

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THE "FALSTAFF," Canterbury. Originally built to accommodate travellers who had arrived at the mediæval gateway too late at night and found the gate closed. The name and huge sign were adopted in Elizabethan days when widely popularized by ***Shakespeare's plays.***

Johnnie Walker "We have no city gates nowadays, but the law shuts the houses of refreshment at a set hour."

Shade of Falstaff: "They did these things better in my day."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1924.

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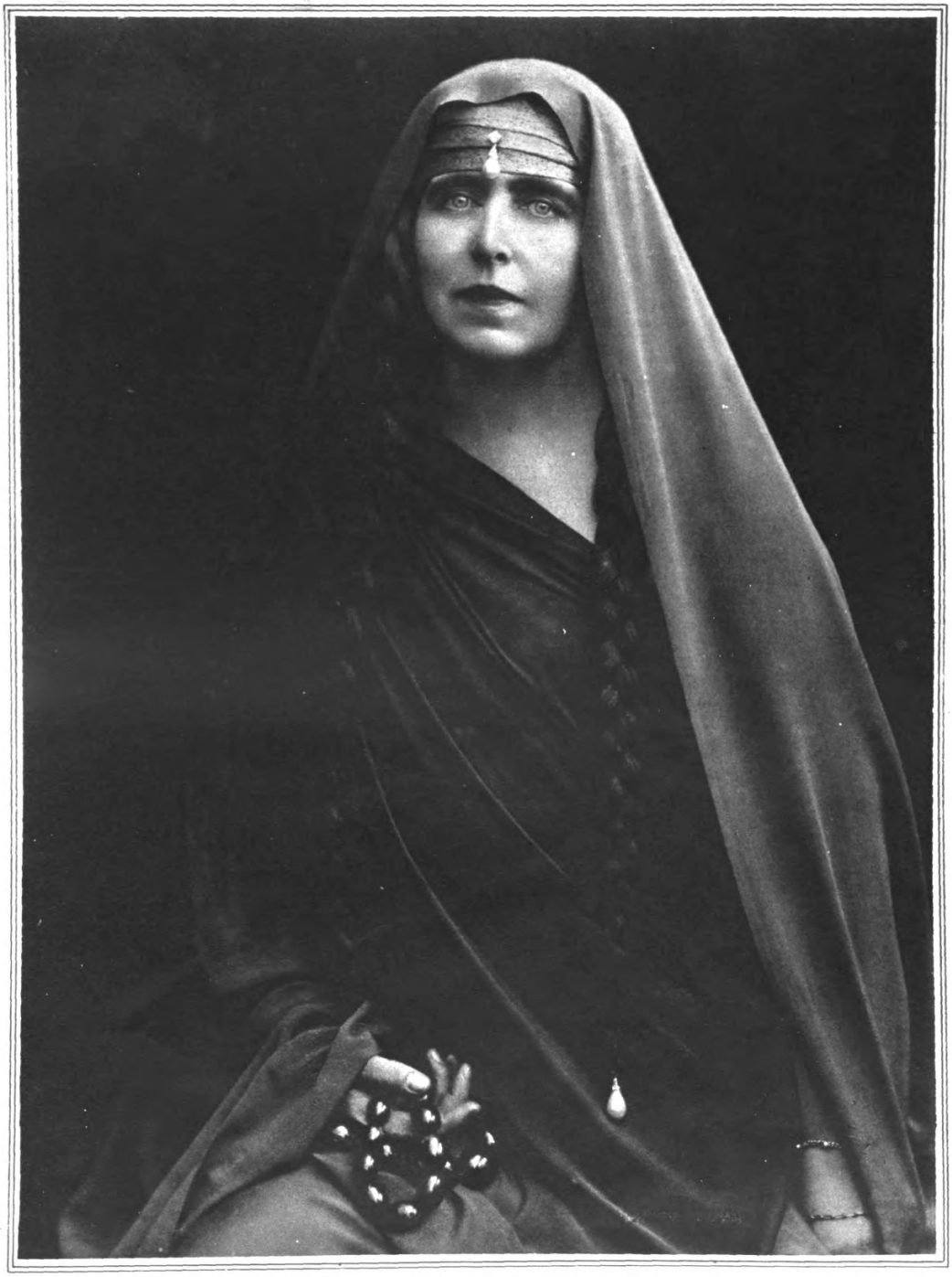


WITH PEAR-SHAPED PEARL DROPS TO FINISH HER BRAIDED PLAITS OF HAIR AND ADORN HER HEAD-DRESS: H.M. THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

Her Majesty Queen Marie of Roumania, who is expected to arrive in England on May 12, with her royal husband, on a state visit to this country, is the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, and a grand-daughte of Queen Victoria. She is one of the most picturesque of royalt is shown in our photograph in a costume she wore at a ball tion.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE Party System was founded on one national notion of fair play. It was the notion that folly and futility should be fairly divided between both sides. It was not sportsmanlike that one side should have a rich accumulation of rubbish, while the other was left with nothing but the bare truth. It was not fair play that one combatant should be clad in a shining armour of shams and lies, while the other was handicapped by the nakedness of truth. The game could not be played properly unless the various pieces of nonsense and hypocrisy were most carefully and equitably distributed. There must be no corner in claptrap, no arrogant privilege of absurdity. Each competitor carried weights of about the same degree of gravity and inconvenience; each was loaded with some leaden stupidity or other which he was forbidden to drop. To drop it would be to gain an unfair advantage over an opponent still chivalrously staggering under his own lump of silliness. Thus it will be noted that these dead weights seldom have anything to do with the original ideals or aims of the two combatants. Thus the Tory or traditionalist had to profess to the last a perfectly meaningless and morbid hatred of Catholic and agricultural Ireland. Thus the Liberal or champion of liberty had to make an exception in favour of a superstitious and savage taboo against popular drinks like beer. It was not so much that he thought it fair to deprive the people of the popular drink as that he thought it unfair to deprive the Tory of the popularity. It was one of the Tory's recognised perquisites that he should have as much of the support of the public as he could get from the support of the public-house. In the same way, the Tory squire felt it would be a trick unworthy of a gentleman to go in for such a dishing of the Whigs as a decent treatment of the Irish. It was his duty as a good fellow to go on governing badly and give his critics a chance. This may seem a rather extraordinary arrangement; but it really was something like the arrangement between the two parties.

That was the superficial or sporting character of the Party system—a thing of the same kind as the Dark Blue and Light Blue passions aroused at the Boat-Race. But now that the formal structure of the two-party system has been thrown out of balance and superseded, it becomes an intensely interesting matter to note whether anything like a real principle had existed behind it or has remained after it. And it must be said in fairness that there was a deeper sort of difference and that it really has remained. Just as there are real differences between shades of blue, though they are both blue, or real differences between Oxford and Cambridge, though they are both genteel playgrounds, there was, after all, something behind the attitude of the Tory to his opponent, whether Liberal or Labour. It is rather interesting, and might be stated somewhat thus.

The whole modern world has divided itself into Conservatives and Progressives. The business of Progressives is to go on making mistakes. The business of the Conservatives is to prevent the mistakes being corrected. Even when the revolutionist might himself repent of his revolution, the traditionalist is already defending it as part of his tradition. Thus we have the two great types—the advanced person who rushes us into ruin, and the retrospective person who admires the ruins. He admires them especially by moonlight, not to say moonshine. Each new blunder of the progressive or prig becomes instantly a legend of immemorial antiquity for the snob. This is called the balance, or mutual check, in our Constitution.

In history the whole business of the Tories was to defend the actions of the Whigs. An old Unionist orating about Ulster would probably be surprised to be called a revolutionist. Yet even by his own account he would be taking his stand on the principles of the Revolution—meaning the Revolution of 1688. In short, the Tory of two or three years ago only existed in order to defend what the Tory of two hundred years ago was trying to prevent. And as it was with the Whig Revolution, so it has been exactly with the Industrial Revolution. When the average Conservative or Constitutionalist stands up to defend Capitalism he is defending the deplorable result of the very latest blunder of the Radicals. It was the Radicals who made the Industrial Revolution, with its sweating and its slums, its millionaires and millions of wage-slaves. But as soon as the Progressive has done this happy thing, it instantly becomes the duty of the Conservative to prevent it from being undone. Capitalism is simply the chaos following on the failure of mere Individualism. But those very traditionalists who never fell into the error of Individualism at all are forbidden to point out that Individualism has failed. The Manchester policy has been accepted so abjectly as something that succeeded that its conquered enemies did not even dare to see that it had failed. It becomes the duty of the Tory to defend the Radical triumph even when it ends in defeat. Rather in the same way, it is incredible but true that some people still go on talking about German efficiency, though they have staring them in the face exactly what it was that the Germans effected. So the respectable person considers it a sort of Bolshevism to talk about the collapse of Capitalism. But if Bolshevism were to blow up the whole City with dynamite, hurling the cross of St. Paul across the Thames and sending the Monument flying beyond the hills of Highgate, it would then become the duty of the respectable Conservative to conserve these fragments in the precise places where they had fallen, and to resist any revolutionary attempt to put them back in their proper place.

EXPECTED TO REACH THIS COUNTRY ON MAY 12, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS QUEEN: KING FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA.

His Majesty King Ferdinand of Roumania and the Queen of Roumania left Bucharest on April 9 for Paris, and are expected to pay a State visit to this country, arriving on May 12. Their Majesties have two sons—the Crown Prince, who married Princess Helen of Greece in 1921; and Prince Nicholas, who was educated at Eton—and three daughters, the Queen of Yugo-Slavia, the ex-Queen of Greece, and Princess Ileana. It will be remembered that the King and Queen of Roumania had arranged to visit Spain, after France, but that at the last moment their plans were changed, and that this caused a good deal of discussion.

Now if there is one thing more than another of which I am convinced, it is that what we want is to put things in the right place, however long they have been in the wrong place. I am convinced that the curse of the last two or three centuries has always fallen in this fashion and followed this course. It has always happened that impatient people precipitated the Deluge; and then custom and caution froze it into a sort of permanent Ice Age and endless Arctic Circle. It always happened that men moved when they might have stood still; and then immediately stood still when they really ought to have moved. The spirit of innovation always went far enough to get into a mess; and then the spirit of stability returned incongruously and told them to remain in the mess. Something of the sort may be noted, for the hundredth time, in the curious deadlock that seems to exist in Bolshevist Russia—or rather, in the Russia that is supposed to be Bolshevist. It looks as if Russia might remain for an indefinite time in the queer congested compromise of decayed Communism and alien Capitalism, and servile or conscript labour and defiant peasant proprietorship, into which indescribable patchwork that society has settled down after the Revolution. It has had the energy to jump into the fire and not the energy to jump out again. It may be a little more comfortable, but hardly more comprehensible, because the fire itself now largely consists of ashes. But it is not only in Russia that everything is choked up with the ashes of burnt-out things. In a less conspicuously chaotic fashion, the same is true of the recent history of the more orderly civilisation of the West. There also a lumber of dead revolutions lies like a load on top of us. There also we are oppressed with old novelties. It would be all right if the innovators really had new ideas they had adopted recently, and the traditionalists really had old ideas that they treasured still. But the reactionary is only clinging to revolutions of which even the revolutionist is weary. He is merely a man one generation behind in the general disillusion about the last discovery. The only sort of reform proposed is one which Conservatives will treat as a convention as soon as it is established; and which reformers are already treating as a convention even before it is established. It is true in a sense to say that things will be worse before they are better. But it is truer still to say that we shall have to go even further back before we can get any further forward.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

In this issue we present our readers with further examples of "Anaglyphs," which may be seen in full stereoscopic relief when looked at through a mask fitted with a red film for the left eye, and a green film for the right eye. Readers who may have mislaid the red and green films given away with the first Anaglyphs (published in our issue of March 8) may obtain (if they have not already done so) one Anaglyph viewing-mask, complete with red and green films, by filling up the coupon printed on page 724 of this issue, and forwarding it, accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2. We draw attention to the fact that the red and green masks issued to audiences at the Duke of York's Theatre, to witness the remarkable "Shadowgraph" Illusion in "London Calling," are suitable also for viewing "OUR Anaglyphs" published in "The Illustrated London News," provided that the mask is reversed—red to left eye, green to right eye.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BARRATT, VANDYK, MAULL AND FOX, HENRI MANUEL (PARIS), AND TOPICAL.

MASTER OF BALLIOL 8 YEARS: THE LATE DR. A. L. SMITH.

NEW SECRETARY OF THE MINERS' FEDERATION: MR. A. J. COOK.

FISTICUFFS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MR. GEORGE BUCHANAN, M.P.

FISTICUFFS IN THE COMMONS: MR. L. S. AMERY, M.P., P.C.

A NOTED INDIAN FRONTIER OFFICIAL RETIRING: SIR JOHN MAFFEY.

THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION RECEIVING THE COMMITTEES' REPORTS: M. BARTHOU (FIFTH FROM LEFT, SEATED), PRESIDENT; GEN. C. G. DAWES (U.S.A.), CHAIRMAN OF THE FIRST COMMITTEE (STANDING BEHIND M. BARTHOU, TO LEFT); MR. H. M. ROBINSON (U.S.A.), WHO PRESENTED THE SECOND REPORT (STANDING FOURTH FROM RIGHT).

GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL "COLOSSUS" DEAD: THE LATE HERR HUGO STINNES.

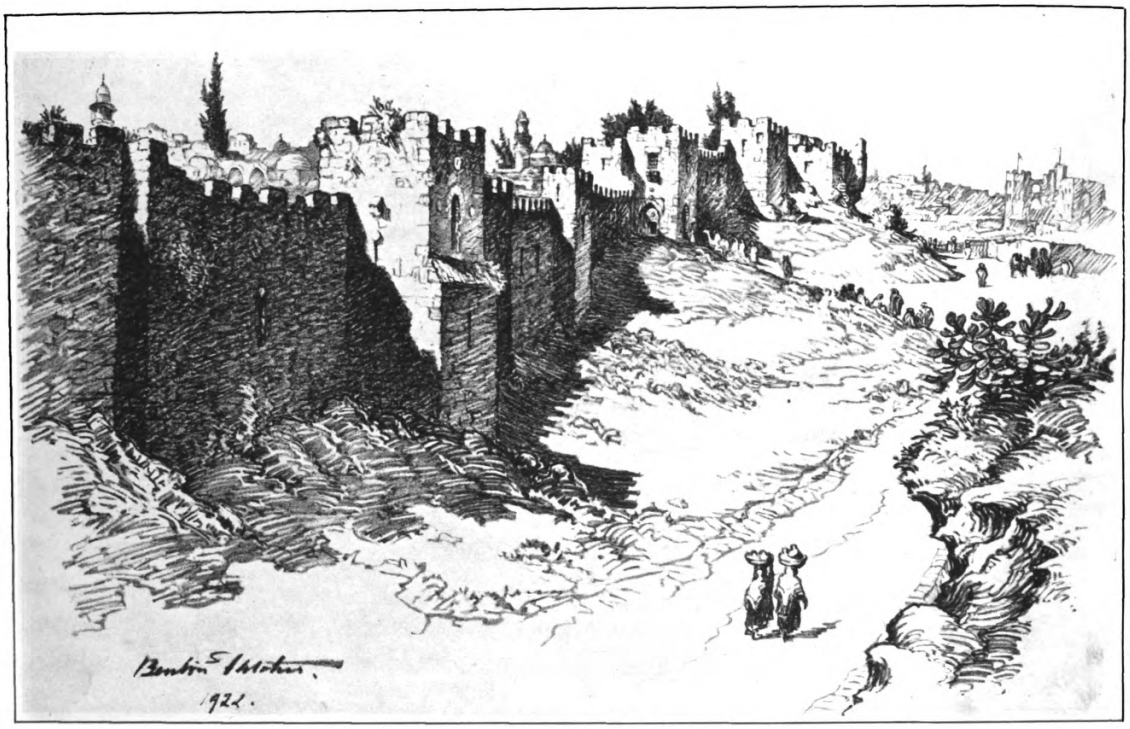
THE SECOND EXPERTS COMMITTEE OF THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION: (L. TO R.) M. JANSSEN (BELGIUM); MR. H. M. ROBINSON (U.S.A.); MR. R. McKENNA (GREAT BRITAIN, CHAIRMAN); M. ATTHALIN (FRANCE); AND SIGNOR ALBERTI (ITALY).

APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF MALTA: GENERAL SIR WALTER N. CONGREVE, V.C.

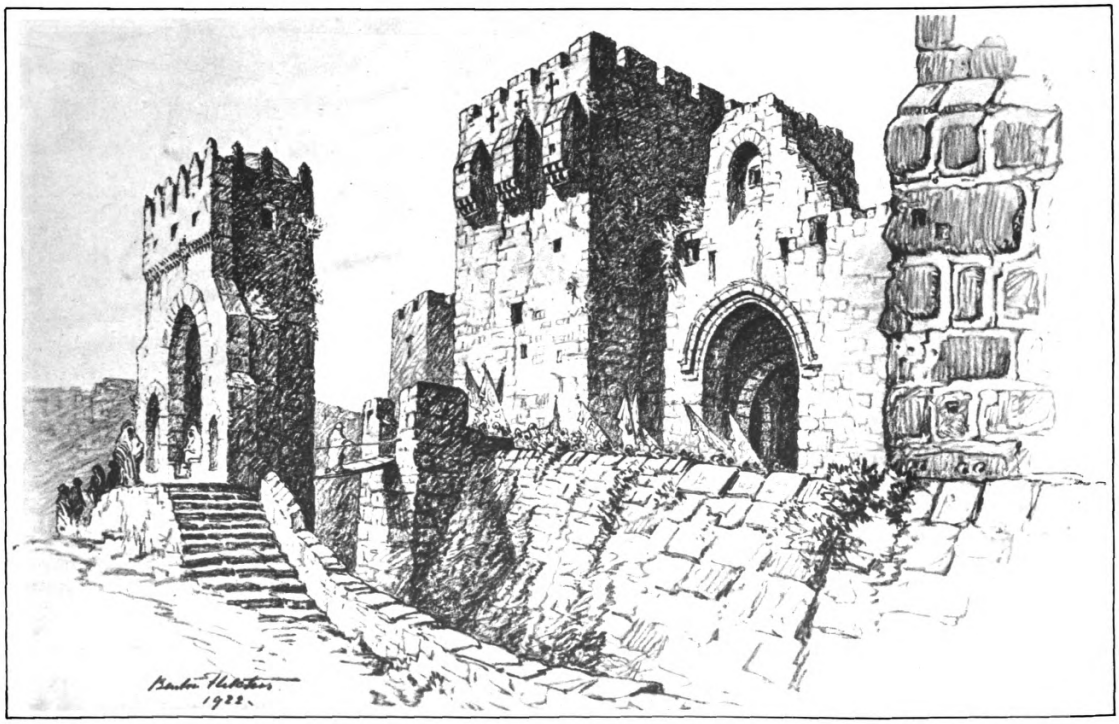
Dr. A. L. Smith became Master of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1916. Among his other historical works is "Church and State in the Middle Ages."—— Mr. A. J. Cook, of South Wales, succeeds Mr. Frank Hodges as Secretary of the Miners' Federation.—— Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P. (Unionist), ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. G. Buchanan, M.P. (Labour), came to blows in the House of Commons on April 9 after a heated debate on evictions. The next day the Speaker referred to the incident, and both Members expressed their regrets.—— Sir John Maffey has for three years been Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province of India. Last year he organised the rescue, by Mrs. Starr, of Miss Mollie Ellis, abducted by the Kohat gang.—— The Reparations Commission on April 13 received the Reports of its two Committees of Experts, the first (presided over by General Charles G. Dawes, U.S.A.) on the financial rehabilitation of Germany, and the second (with Mr. Reginald McKenna as Chairman) on the export of German capital. The Commission approved both Reports and undertook to recommend them to the Allied Governments on receiving Germany's concurrence. The second Committee's Report was presented by Mr. H. M. Robinson, as Mr. McKenna was unable to attend.—— Herr Hugo Stinnes, who died in Berlin on April 10, after two operations, was born in 1870, the son of a coalowner and shipper. He founded his own firm when he was twenty-three, and gradually developed vast enterprises.—— Sir Walter Congreve commanded two Army Corps in the Great War. He won the V.C. at Colenso in the South African War. Last year he was appointed to the Southern Command.

THE GOAL OF EASTER DEVOTION: JERUSALEM—ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

DRAWINGS BY MAJOR BENTON FLETCHER.



SHOWING HEROD'S GATE, OR THE GATE OF FLOWERS (CENTRE) AND GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FORMERLY THE GERMAN HOSPICE (RIGHT BACKGROUND): THE NORTH WALL OF JERUSALEM, ENCLOSING THE MUSLIM QUARTER.



"A STRONG MOUNTAIN FORTRESS": THE GATE AND DRAWBRIDGE (LEFT) LEADING TO THE CITADEL OF JERUSALEM, TURKISH HEADQUARTERS IN THE WAR—(ON THE RIGHT) THE BASE OF THE GREAT TOWER OF DAVID, PROBABLY BUILT BY HEROD THE GREAT.

"The walls of Jerusalem," writes Mr. Lionel Cust, "still surround the original city as they did under Herod in the days of Jesus Christ, and in the days of Hezekiah and of Solomon. Major Fletcher's (upper) drawing shows the wall on the north side of the city, enclosing the Muslim quarter. In the centre is seen the gate known as Herod's Gate, which the natives call the Gate of Flowers. On the right in the [illegible] the large modern German building, built as a hospice, but now [illegible] Government of Jerusalem. These walls date from the time [illegible]—Jerusalem is, and always has been, a strong mountain fortress. Within the city is seen the entrance to the fortress by the gate and drawbridge, as shown in Major Fletcher's (lower) drawing. On the right is the base of the Great Tower of David, probably the tower known as Phasælus, built by Herod the Great. The Turks used the Citadel as a fortress, and during the late war it was the headquarters of Djemal Pasha. It has been one of the duties of the Pro-Jerusalem Society, under the guidance of the Governor and the Civic Adviser, to clear out the ruins and make the Citadel and its ramparts available for use again."—*[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

THE HOLY LAND FROM THE AIR: JERUSALEM AND BETHLEHEM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. ALAN J. COBHAM; TAKEN FROM A DE HAVILLAND AEROPLANE.

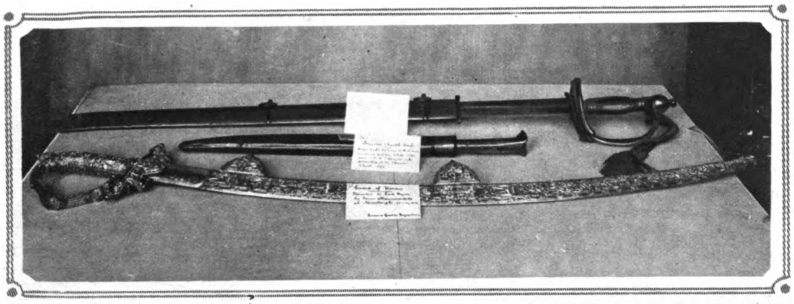
THE CENTRE OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT AT EASTER: JERUSALEM—A WONDERFUL AIR VIEW OF THE HOLY CITY AND THE HILLS BEYOND—SHOWING (NEAR THE RIGHT FOREGROUND) THE GREAT MOSQUE KNOWN AS THE DOME OF THE ROCK.

INCLUDING THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY: A REMARKABLE AIR VIEW OF BETHLEHEM, THE BIRTHPLACE OF JESUS CHRIST, AND FORMERLY THE HOME OF KING DAVID, GROWN IN LATER TIMES INTO A TOWN OF CONSIDERABLE SIZE.

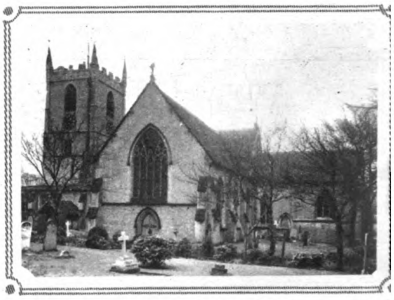
The illustrations of Jerusalem on this and the opposite page are given as being especially appropriate at this season of Easter. The unique air views of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, reproduced above, were taken by Mr. Alan J. Cobham during his 12,000-mile flying tour in Europe, Africa, and Asia, when he also took the air photographs of ancient Egyptian monuments published in our issues of December 28 and January 5 last. Apart from religious associations, archæological interest in Jerusalem has recently been intensified through the discovery, by the Jewish Exploration Society, of the Tomb of Jehoshaphat, dating from the third or fourth century B.C., near the so-called Tomb of Absalom and the Tomb of St. James. The two air photographs were not accompanied by any details of the buildings shown in them, but in that of Jerusalem it is possible to recognise, on the right, the famous Dome of the Rock, said to have been built about 691 A.D. Bethlehem was only a small place until the Christian period, when it began to attract pilgrims. Constantine erected a splendid basilica there in 330 A. The Arabs destroyed the town on the approach of the Crusaders, who rebu The large Church of the Nativity is built over the traditional birthplace of

"THE GRAND NAPOLEON OF THE REALMS OF RHYME":

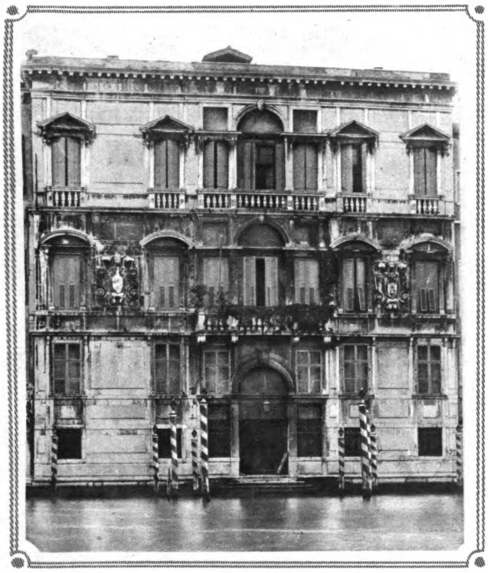
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, WILL F. TAYLOR (SUPPLIED BY UNDERWOOD PRESS SERVICE), TOPICAL, ALINARI



IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY AT HARROW: A SWORD OF HONOUR (IN FRONT) PRESENTED TO BYRON AT MISSOLONGHI; HIS SHEATH-KNIFE; AND A SWORD HE WORE DURING THE CAMPAIGN IN GREECE.



WHERE THE BODY OF BYRON, BROUGHT HOME FROM GREECE, WAS BURIED ON JULY 16, 1824: THE CHURCH OF HUCKNALL TORKARD, NOTTS.

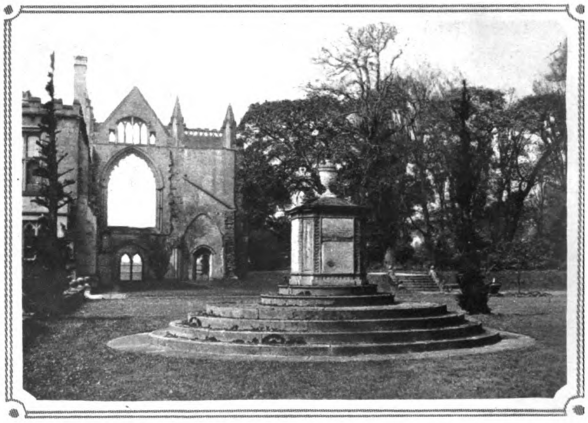


WHERE BYRON LIVED (ON THE FIRST FLOOR) DURING HIS STAY IN VENICE, AND WROTE PART OF "DON JUAN": THE PALAZZO MOCENIGO, ON THE GRAND CANAL.

DEDICATED TO "THE PILGRIM OF ETERNITY": A BUST OF BYRON, WITH A MEMORIAL TABLET BELOW, IN THE CHURCH OF HUCKNALL TORKARD.

WHERE BYRON SETTLED IN HUNT, WITH HIS WIFE AND THE GROUND FLOOR": THE

ASSOCIATED WITH ONE OF BYRON'S EARLIEST LOVE AFFAIRS: THE TOP OF DIADEM HILL, ANNESLEY PARK, WHERE HE USED TO MEET MARY CHAWORTH.

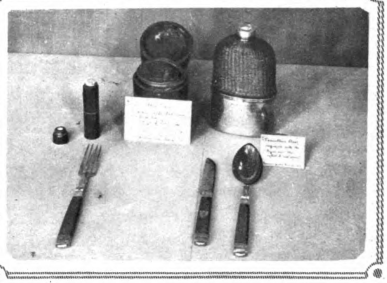


SHOWING THE MONUMENT (ON THE SITE OF THE OLD ALTAR) TO BYRON'S DOG, AND RECORDING ITS "COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY": PART OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

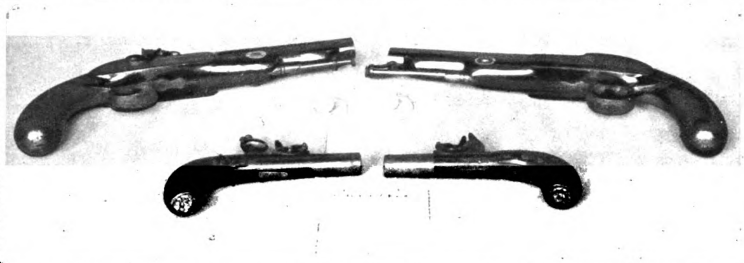
Next to Shakespeare, Byron undoubtedly possesses the greatest fame abroad of any English poet, and the centenary of his death, on April 19, 1824, at Missolonghi in Greece, whither he had gone to fight for Greek freedom against the Turks, has aroused an interest that extends throughout Europe. His reputation is personal and political, as well as poetic. In two long essays devoted to the centenary in the last two numbers of the "Observer," Mr. J. L. Garvin calls Byron "the public orator of his age." Byron was born on January 22, 1788. In 1816, after his separation from his wife, he left England, never to return, and spent the succeeding years in Italy. In sending us the above photograph of the Palazzo Lanfranchi at Pisa, Miss Dorothy Nevile Lees writes, from Florence: "Perhaps nowhere in this centenary year is the memory of the poet more vivid than here in Italy, where so many places are closely associated with him, so many scenes touched upon and commemorated in his Letters and Poems. From his first arrival in November 1816 until his final sailing away in July 1823, he travelled up and down the country, staying now here, now there, and enriching for us, by some word or phrase, almost every place

BYRON—THE CENTENARY OF HIS DEATH IN GREECE.

AND LOUGHTON (SOUTHWELL). THAT OF THE PALAZZO MOCENIGO BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.

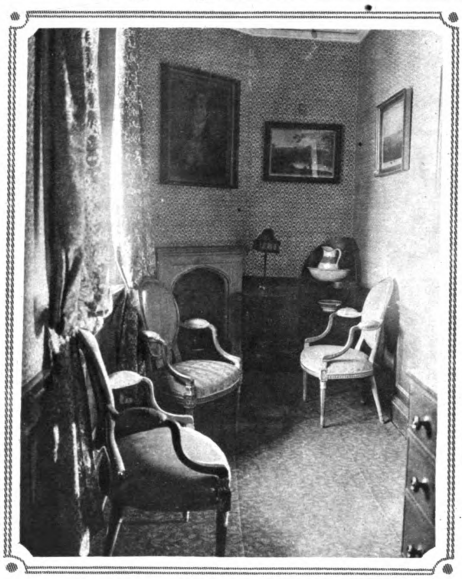


BYRON'S FLASK AND TRAVELLING-CASE (ON LEFT AT BACK) WITH ITS CONTENTS: RELICS IN HARROW SCHOOL LIBRARY.



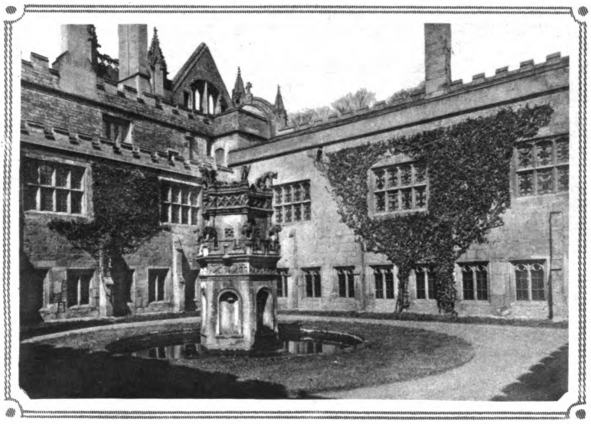
MARKED WITH LORD BYRON'S CORONET AND INITIAL: HIS TWO PAIRS OF PISTOLS AMONG THE RELICS OF HIS CAMPAIGN IN GREECE, NOW PRESERVED IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY AT HARROW.

OCTOBER 1821, AND "LEIGH SIX CHILDREN, CAMPED ON CASA LANFRANCHI AT PISA.



ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE POET'S LIFE IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME: BYRON'S DRESSING-ROOM AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY

FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY BYRON WHEN HE WAS IN RESIDENCE AT HIS NOTTINGHAMSHIRE SEAT: HIS BED AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.



WHERE BYRON'S COMING-OF-AGE WAS CELEBRATED IN JANUARY 1809: NEWSTEAD ABBEY—THE CLOISTERS AND FOUNTAIN, WITH QUAINT ANIMAL FIGURES.

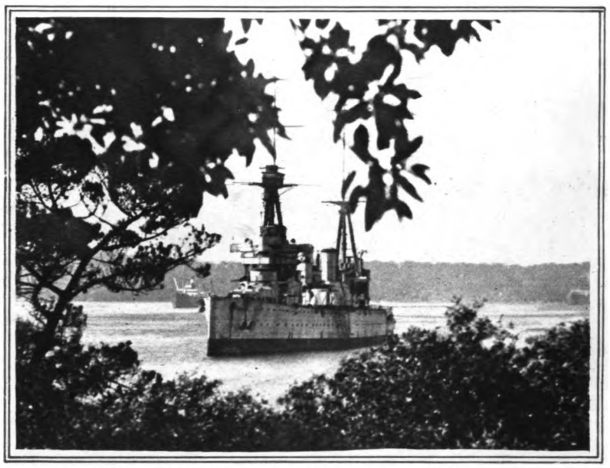
WHERE BYRON PARTED FROM HIS COUSIN MARY CHAWORTH, WITH WHOM HE FELL IN LOVE AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN: THE ROOM CALLED THE "ORATORY" AT ANNESLEY HALL.

he visited. 'Through Byron,' writes one of his biographers, 'Englishmen became interested in Italy.' . . . All through Byron's letters of this period, as well as his poems, are indications of what he saw and felt in this land of his adoption: the 'good apartments in a private house' which formed his first residence in Venice, to be followed later by the 'Palazzo Mocenigo on the Canal Grande for three years to come'; . . . the visits to 'Rome the wonderful'; the few hours in Florence, which he did not care for; the life in Ravenna . . . . Later he decided, on the advice of Shelley, then living in Pisa, to remove thither, and did so in October 1821, settling down in the Palazzo Lanfranchi upon the Lung' Arno, opposite to the Tre Palazzi, where Shelley and Williams were established. . . . One may still visit the Palace, now the city Archive . . . the ground-floor upon which Leigh Hunt, with his wife and many children, lived, the rooms above inhabited by Byron himself, and the little garden at with their many memories of the small coterie so soon to be scattered—Shelley and Williams, Jane and Mary, Countess Guiccioli, Trelawny, Medwin Hunts."

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL NEWS BUDGET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., MANUEL (PARIS), AND SPORT AND GENERAL.

THE HARWICH-ZEEBRUGGE TRAIN-FERRY, TO BE FORMALLY OPENED BY PRINCE GEORGE: AN EXPERIMENTAL TRIP—LEAVING ZEEBRUGGE WITH 18 RED CROSS RAILWAY COACHES.



SINCE SUNK AT SEA OFF SYDNEY (UNDER THE WASHINGTON TREATY) WITH HER DECKS PILED WITH FLOWERS, AND FLYING THE AUSTRALIAN FLAG: H.M.A.S. "AUSTRALIA" RECENTLY LYING AT ANCHOR IN SYDNEY HARBOUR.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA HONOUR ROUMANIAN DEAD IN FRANCE: AT THE VAL DU PÂTRE MILITARY CEMETERY, WITH ALSATIAN GIRLS IN NATIONAL DRESS CARRYING FLOWERS.

WEARING A "CRASH HELMET" CAP: PRINCE HENRY ON LITTLE FAVOURITE GOING TO THE START OF THE LIGHT-WEIGHT RACE AT THE BAR POINT-TO-POINTS.

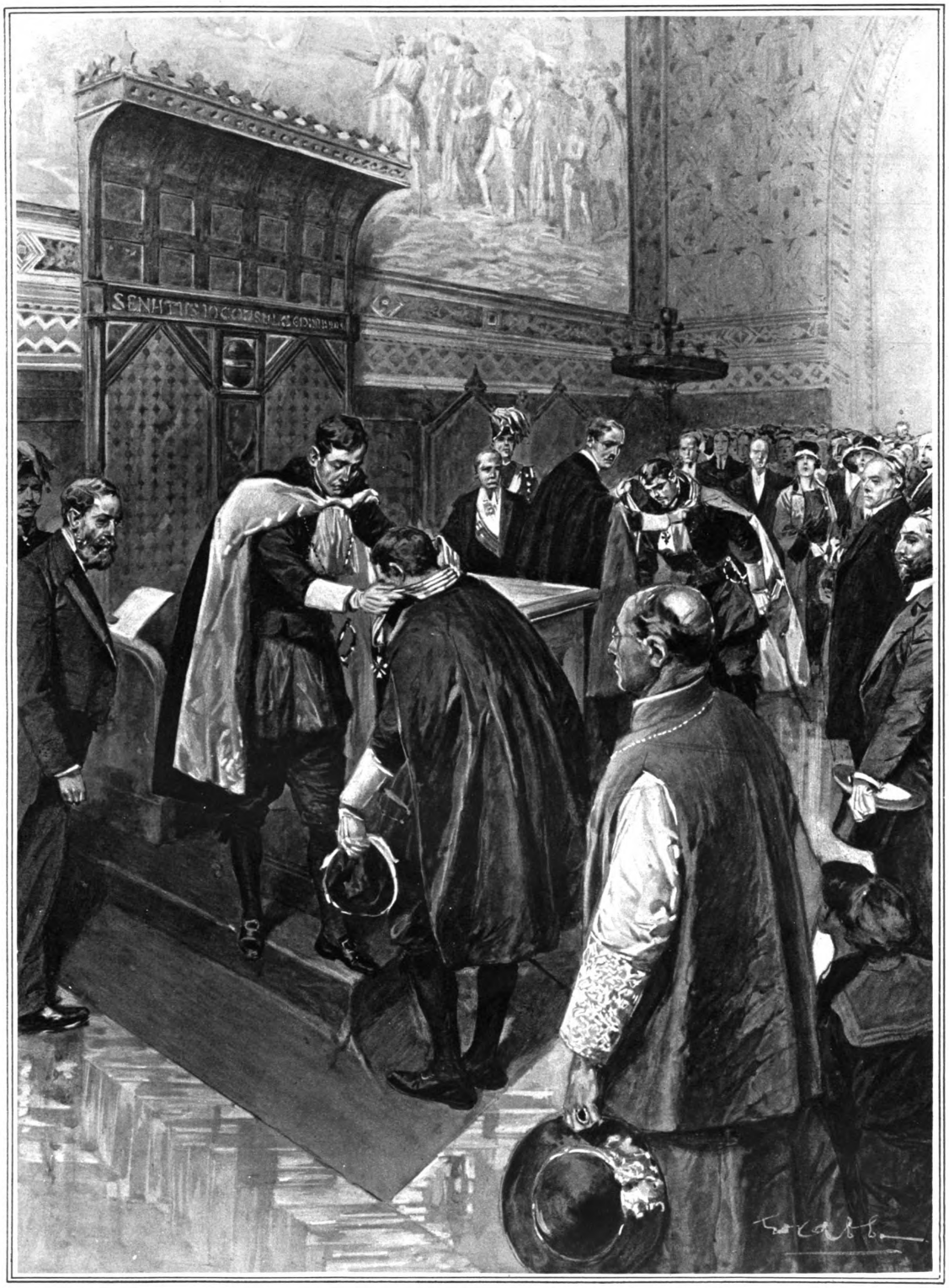
RUSSIAN SOVIET DELEGATES IN LONDON FOR THE CONFERENCE RECENTLY OPENED WITH THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) KHIDYR ALIEFF (OF TURKESTAN), M. PREOBRAZHENSKY, M. TOMSKY, M. KONTUZOFF, AND M. SHVORNIK.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AT WEMBLEY, WHERE HE ADDRESSED A MASS MEETING OF WORKERS: MR. J. H. THOMAS (CENTRE) LEAVING THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, WITH GENERAL SIR TRAVERS CLARKE (LEFT).

The Anglo-Belgian train ferry service between Harwich and Zeebrugge will be formally opened by Prince George at Harwich on April 24. On April 7, as an experimental trip, one of the three train-ferries brought to Harwich from Zeebrugge eighteen hospital railway coaches from Cologne. The train-ferries were used during the war between Richborough and Calais, and Southampton and Havre.——The famous Australian battle-cruiser, H.M.A.S. "Australia," was scuttled and sank twenty miles off Sydney Heads on April 12, under the "scrapping" provisions of the Washington Treaty. Her bridge and deck were piled with flowers, and aeroplanes dropped wreaths.——On their way to Paris the King and Queen of Roumania on April 9 visited the cemetery of the Val-du-Pâtre, in Alsace, where many Roumanian soldiers, who died while prisoners of war, are buried. Alsatian girls carried flowers, which the Queen placed on the graves.——Prince Henry, riding the Prince of Wales's Little Favourite, finished third in the Light-Weight Race at the Bar Point-to-Point meeting at Northaw, Herts, on April 12, after falling at the first fence the second time round.——The Anglo-Russian Conference opened at the Foreign Office on April 14.

IN EUROPE'S OLDEST AND SMALLEST STATE: AN INVESTITURE.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY M. EDMONDO ABBO.



INVESTING THEIR SUCCESSORS WITH THE OFFICIAL SCARVES: THE TWO CAPITANI REGGENTI (CAPTAINS-REGENT) OF THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO TRANSFERRING THEIR POWERS AFTER THEIR SIX MONTHS' TERM OF OFFICE.

The little independent Republic of San Marino, which claims to be the oldest State in Europe, has an area of 38 square miles, with a population of 13,000. The Government consists of an elected Council of sixty, and every six months two of them are appointed as Capitani Reggenti (Captains-Regent) with executive power. Our drawing illustrates a half-yearly investiture which has just taken place. "The Captains-Regent," writes the artist, "wore their gala costumes of black velvet, in Henry II. style, with swords. After a religious service in the Cathedral the retiring and newly appointed Captains returned to the Government palace, and proceeded to the seat of authority, beneath a picture of San Marino. The Secretary for the Interior presented to the new Regents the Book of the Law and administered the Oath in Latin. They then made obeisance before their predecessors, who placed round their necks the scarves which are the badges of supreme authority, and gave place to them on the dais. Thus ended the ceremony."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

BYRON AND THE WEDDERBURNS.

By MAUDE ANNESLEY.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

THE literary event of the spring of 1922 was the publication of "Lord Byron's Correspondence," by Mr. John Murray. In these letters are many references to Lady Frances and James Wedderburn (or Webster). As these are my grandmother and grandfather, I think that it may be interesting, in this year of the Centenary of the poet, to give some further particulars.*

During the time Byron was staying at Aston Hall, James Wedderburn's place, in 1813, his letters to Lady Melbourne have a considerable portion of them devoted to his great love for his hostess, Lady Frances Wedderburn. Later on he began his famous journal—undoubtedly, from what he says, to distract his thoughts. At the very beginning of the journal in November 1813, he says: "If this had been begun ten years ago and faithfully kept!!!—heigh ho—there are too many things I wish never to have remembered, as it is."

"The Bride of Abydos" was written in this same November. Moore, when referring to Lady Frances, says: "Several of those beautiful things, published (if I remember right) with 'The Bride,' were addressed to her." Burns's verse which I quote at the head of this article was Byron's own sub-title to the poem, which shows very clearly where his thoughts were running. My grandmother at this time was twenty. In his journal, apropos the "Bride," he writes: "I believe the composition of it kept me alive—for it was written to drive my thoughts from the recollection of—

'Dear Sacred name, rest ever unreveal'd.'"

Also in a letter to Lady Melbourne he says: "My mind has been in such a state of fermentation, that, as usual I have been obliged to empty it in rhyme." One cannot say of a man such as Lord Byron that any one person was the "love of his life," but I like to think that the love he felt for my grandmother was a greater one than he had for others.

Certainly, some of his writings about her in his journal and to Lady Melbourne ring more true than the descriptions of his emotions in many of his other *affaires de cœur*. The *dénouement* was not that which we were led to expect from the general estimate of Byron's character before the publication of these letters. That Lady Frances was deeply in love with him, there can be no doubt. Apart from his own disclosures on the subject, I have seen a letter from her (in the possession of Mr. Murray) breathing deep adoration in every line, yet—their ultimate action will be seen in the following words to Lady Melbourne in one of his most pathetic letters: "One day, left entirely to ourselves, was nearly fatal. . . . It came to this—'I am entirely at your *mercy*. I own it. I give myself up to you. I am not *cold*—whatever I seem to others; but I know that I cannot bear reflection hereafter. Do not imagine that these are mere words. I tell you the truth—now act as you will.' Was I wrong? I spared her. There was something so very peculiar in her manner—a kind of mild decision—no scene, not even a struggle; but still I know not what, that convinced me she was serious. It was not the mere 'no' which one has heard forty times before, and always with the same accent; but the *tone*, and the aspect . . . she seemed so very thankful for my forbearance—proof, at least, that she was not playing the usual decorous reluctance. No . . . I love her. If I did not, and much too, I should have been more selfish on the occasion before mentioned. . . . In the meantime we are all as wretched as possible."

He says in another place: "It has changed my views, my wishes, my hopes, my everything, and will furnish you with additional proof of my weakness. You, who know me in my weakness so well, will not be surprised when I say that I am totally absorbed in this passion, that I am ready to take *flight* if necessary. . . . W. will probably want to cut my throat, which would not be a difficult task, for I trust I should not return the fire of a man I have injured, though I could not refuse him the pleasure of using me as a target." I think this shows Byron's state of mind, as, except in a state of emotional *abandon*, he would hardly have mixed up a cut throat with a pistol bullet! "*I* am very feverish, and silent, as indeed seems to be the tacit agreement of everyone else—in short, I can foresee nothing . . . two, if not three, in great perplexity; and, as far as I can judge, so we must continue." "She . . . throws, or seems to throw herself so entirely upon my discretion in every respect, that it disarms me quite; but I am really wretched with perpetual conflict with myself . . . what a cursed situation I have thrown myself into!"

A few days after this, in answer to a letter from Lady Melbourne approving his action, he says: "Your approbation of my Ethics on *the* subject, gratifies me much. When we are happy, we are too much occupied to be aware of its extent; it is only during the subsequent repose, the 'abandon,' that you can discover, even to yourself, if you were *really* loved. If your thoughts recur to your own exclusive situation, it is all over; but if still occupied by the other, I do not know whether the *memory* and the *hope* are not worth all the rest." Words surely worthy of the great writer that Byron was.

As for the description of Lady Frances, Byron gives two—one before he was in love; the other after. The former is: "She is pretty, but not surpassing—too thin, and not very animated; good-tempered—and something interesting enough in her manner and figure; but not enough to think of her, nor anyone else, if left to my own cogitations, as I have no patience nor presumption to advance, till met half-way."

The latter is: "As far as I can pretend to judge of her disposition and character. I will say, of course, I am partial—she is, you know, very handsome, and very gentle, though sometimes decisive; fearfully romantic, and singularly warm in her *affections*; . . . not dashing, nor a desperate talker, but never—and I have watched in *mixed* conversations—saying a silly thing . . . good-tempered . . . seldom abusing other people . . . these qualifications, with an unassuming and sweet voice, and very soft manner, constitute the *bust* (all I can yet pretend to model of my present idol)." He also says: "She is a thorough 'devotee,' and takes prayers morning and evening, besides being measured for a new Bible once a quarter"—which is one of the witty remarks with which Byron's letters are strewn.

In these pages will be found two illustrations of her. I have a piece of her hair, very fine and silky, a pale auburn colour and long enough to sit upon. Unfortunately, Byron's letters to her were destroyed—a subject into which I prefer not to enter further.

Byron stayed at Aston Hall off and on from the middle of September till the middle of October 1813. It was during this time, and up till the end of November, that the famous letters about the Wedderburns were written; he refers to her also in his letters to Moore, but much more guardedly and less emotionally than to Lady Melbourne; also his journal contains many references to the subject.

Besides "The Bride of Abydos," it is very probable that many of his miscellaneous poems were written to "F. W." On Sept. 27, 1813, he says: "Here's an 'impromptu' written last week, on being reproached for low spirits"; these are the lines—

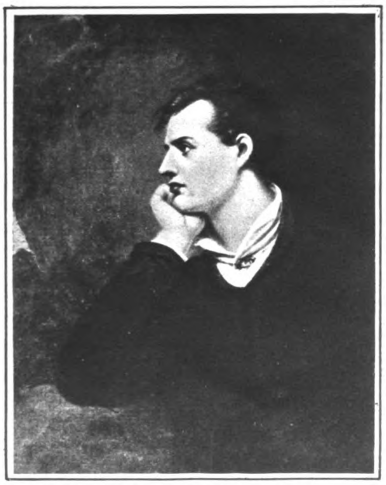
When, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well—
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink
And droop within their silent cell.

Continued on page 717.

A MAN WHO (BYRON SUGGESTED) MIGHT "WANT TO CUT MY THROAT": JAMES WEBSTER-WEDDERBURN, HUSBAND OF THE LADY FRANCES WEDDERBURN, WHOM BYRON LOVED.—[*From a Miniature.*]

THE MOTHER OF LADY FRANCES WEDDERBURN: THE COUNTESS OF MOUNTNORRIS.
From an Engraving by Robert Cooper.

INVOLVED IN AN INNOCENT LOVE AFFAIR WITH BYRON: LADY FRANCES WEDDERBURN.
From an Engraving by Robert Cooper.



"THE GREAT LOVER," WHO DIED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO TO-DAY: LORD BYRON—FROM A PORTRAIT BY R. WESTALL, R.A.

Byron, it may be recalled, died at Missolonghi on April 19, 1824.
From a Picture formerly in the possession of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.

* The name is Wedderburn, a very old Scottish one. James's father added the name of Webster on being made heir to one of that ilk, thus being Wedderburn-Webster. In 1819 the names were reversed to Webster-Wedderburn.

WHEN BYRON WAS A "DEVOUT LOVER": A CENTENARY REMINISCENCE.

FROM A PICTURE BY COSWAY.

SHOWING LADY FRANCES WEDDERBURN (RIGHT), WHOM BYRON LOVED; WITH HER MOTHER (LADY MOUNTNORRIS, LEFT), HER SISTERS, LADY CATHERINE AND LADY JULIANA (KNEELING), AND HER BROTHER HENRY: THE MOUNTNORRIS FAMILY.

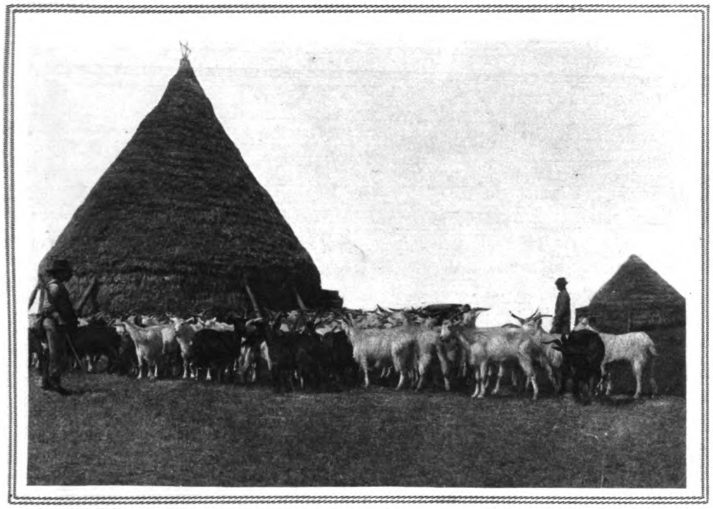
On the occasion of the centenary of Byron's death, which occurred at Missolonghi in Greece on April 19, 1824, we publish on page 688, an extremely interesting article by Maude Annesley, which for the first time brings together, from scattered allusions in letters, the story of Byron's love affair with her grandmother, Lady Frances Wedderburn. Lady Frances was the wife of James Webster-Wedderburn, and Byron was their guest at Aston Hall. Byron acted with unusual restraint, and there was no scandal. Of the above portrait-group the article says: "While Byron was at Aston Hall, Lady Catherine Annesley was staying with her sister; she afterwards married Lord John Somerset, son of the Duke of Beaufort. The Cosway picture . . . is in the possession of the Somerset family. It depicts the Countess of Mountnorris (seated), Lady Catherine (standing) on her left, Lady Juliana (who afterwards married Mr. Bailey) at her mother's knee. Her son Henry and Lady Frances are standing at the right of the picture." . . . In one of his later latters Byron says: "Juliana (who was not yet 'out') will be *very beautiful* . . . she will prove the finest 'pearl of the spring'"—an allusion to her coming début.—[*Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.*]

FASCISMO TO KEEP ROME'S 2677TH BIRTHDAY: RELICS OF ROMULUS.

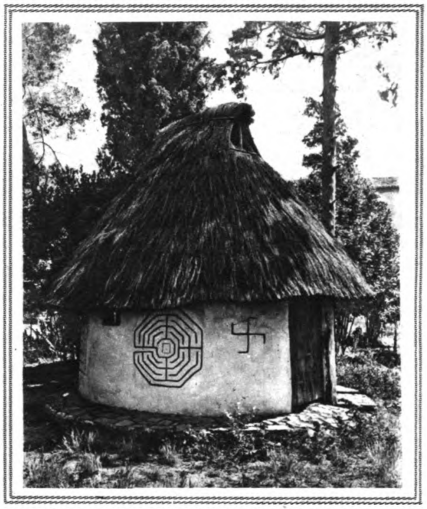
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. ANDERSON AND ALINARI BROTHERS; SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHÆOLOGIST.

COVERING WHAT WAS BELIEVED TO BE THE TOMB OR CENOTAPH OF ROMULUS: THE LAPIS NIGER (BLACK STONE) AS FOUND IN THE DEEPEST STRATA OF THE FORUM AT ROME.

BEARING THE OLDEST KNOWN LATIN INSCRIPTION, TOO ARCHAIC TO BE DECIPHERABLE: THE FAMOUS CIPPUS, A TUFA STELE DATING PROBABLY FROM THE AGE OF THE ROMAN KINGS.

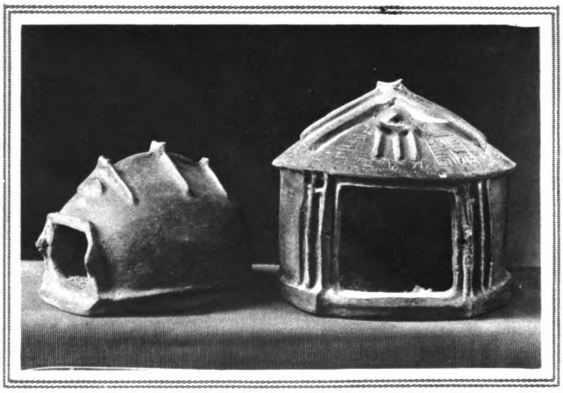


MODERN DESCENDANTS OF ROMULUS STILL LIVING IN THATCH HUTS LIKE THOSE OF THEIR PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS: GOATHERDS OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.



RECONSTRUCTED ACCORDING TO EARLY REMAINS AND DESCRIPTIONS: THE "PALACE" OF ROMULUS—A TYPICAL ANCIENT ROMAN HUT BUILT ON THE PALATINE BY SENATOR BONI.

FOUND IN GRAVES OF ROMULEAN TIMES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ROME: INTERESTING EXAMPLES OF HAND-MADE LATIN POTTERY OF THE IRON AGE.



FASHIONED IN THE ACTUAL SHAPES OF LATIN HOUSES IN THE EARLY DAYS OF ROME: CLAY FUNERARY URNS FROM PREHISTORIC CEMETERIES ON THE ALBAN HILLS.

"After their victory in the recent Italian elections," writes Professor Halbherr, "the Fascist Government will celebrate on April 21—for the second time in its administration, but with peculiar solemnity—the traditional feast of the *Palilia*, in memory of the 2677th anniversary of the foundation of Rome. It was on this very day that, according to ancient Roman legend, in the year 753 B.C., the shepherd king Romulus traced round the Palatine, with his plough, the ditch or *Pomerium* of that early hut settlement, destined to become, by gradual incorporation with surrounding encampments, the kernel of the Eternal City. The first to enter into relations with the Palatine community seems to have been that of the Quirinal. These two neighbouring hills were divided by the valley of the Forum, then a marshy depression with only a few dry places, occupied by an old necropolis. Romulus himself was buried there, according to a tradition accepted by Varro. Later on this narrow strip of land was adapted as the meeting and market-place of both communities, and also of the dwellers on the other hills, thus creating what became eventually the commerical and political centre of the *synœcism*, and finally the Forum of Rome. The Palatine and Forum were ever regarded by the Romans, from the kingly and republican times till the end of the Empire, as the cradle of the Roman State and power. The early buildings, which

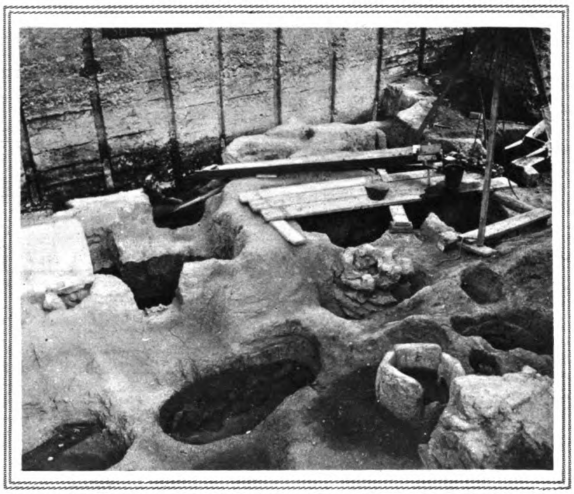
[*Continued opposite.*

THE FIRST STONES OF THE ETERNAL CITY: ROME'S OLDEST REMAINS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. ANDERSON AND ALINARI BROTHERS; SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHÆOLOGIST.

WHERE THE CASA ROMULI, THE HUT OF THE SHEPHERD FAUSTULUS WHERE ROMULUS AND REMUS FOUND SHELTER, WAS PRESERVED TILL THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE: THE EARLIEST SURVIVING STONE BUILDINGS OF ANCIENT ROME—RELICS OF THE AGE OF KINGS ON THE CERMALUS, THE NORTHERN SUMMIT OF THE PALATINE.

WHERE, LEGEND TELLS, THE CRADLE WITH THE INFANT ROMULUS AND REMUS WAS WASHED ASHORE BY THE FLOOD: THE LUPERCAL (CAVE OF LUPERCUS) ON THE PALATINE: AND EARLY FORTIFICATIONS.



WHERE THE EARLY SETTLERS ON THE PALATINE BURIED THEIR DEAD, BEFORE AND DURING THE DAYS OF ROMULUS: THE SEPULCHRETUM, PREHISTORIC SHAFT TOMBS (16 TO 18 FEET DEEP) IN THE VALLEY OF THE FORUM.

Continued.]

supplanted the prehistoric dwellings of the Palatine, the walls, houses, and temples of *Roma Quadrata*, as also the earliest memorials of the Forum, were therefore held as sacred relics, and preserved even amid the drastic transformation of the city in Imperial times. The hut of the shepherd Faustulus, or *Casa Romuli*, kept in constant repair, was to be seen till the last years of the Empire on the Cermalus, the northern summit of the Palatine. Near it, in the rocky wall above the Velabrum, was the cave of the Faun Lupercus. This was the spot where, according to legend, the cradle containing the infant Romulus and Remus had been washed ashore by the flood. The memory of the tomb of Romulus, under the Lapis Niger, or Black Stone, on the Forum, was also kept alive by the people, even after it had been entirely buried through the needs of traffic in Republican times. Modern surveys and excavations, chiefly the epoch-making works of Senator Boni, have not only confirmed many of the topographical data of tradition, but have brought to light from the deepest strata an unexpected quantity of primitive remains, and even of the pre-Romulean and prehistoric period of Latin civilisation. With the help of these remains we are now enabled to call up in our minds a picture of what life and culture was in the area of the Seven Hills, before and during the rise of Rome."

THE DECADENCE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

ALL great historical crises leave behind them the corpses of a certain number of destroyed or ruined towns. In old days these victims of history disappeared; to-day they survive. Even from this point of view the World War did things on a grand scale. Among its victims must be numbered no less a one than Constantinople, the younger sister of Rome, the second among the great cities of Europe which has had the privilege of a double life—ancient and modern. This town, which entered into history in the year 330 of our era under the name of "New Rome," and which since then has always been one of the great political centres of the world, is about to enter upon a period of obscure decadence. It is not impossible that in a few years she may rightly be described, as she was many centuries ago by a poet during the dark time of the later Emperors, as "the frozen shadow of a former city."

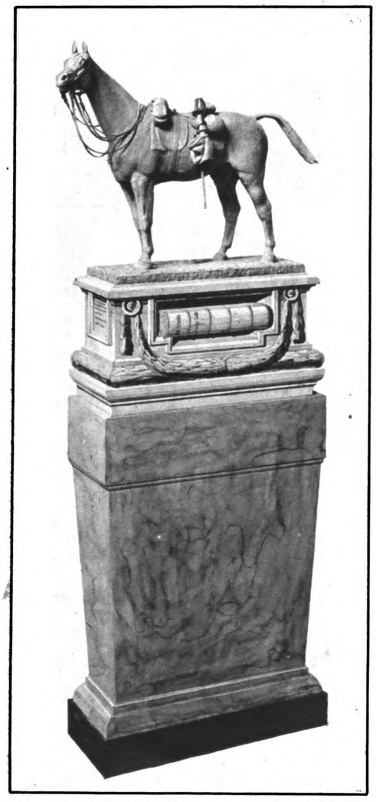
Europe appears to have been very much surprised at the obstinate refusal of the Turks of Angora to return to their wonderful capital, after they had reconquered it from the Europeans at the price of a very hard campaign. This astonishment reached its height when the Caliphate was suppressed, as if that act had been the outcome of a revolutionary caprice of sceptical and Westernised Mussulmans. Are these two events as surprising and inexplicable as they appear to many persons?

Constantinople is the ideal metropolis of an Empire which bestrides Europe and Asia. That was one of the reasons why Constantine left Rome and installed himself on the Bosphorus. So long as the Empire was not seriously menaced either in the West or in the East, so long as the Western provinces developed peacefully and made a counter-weight to the old prosperous countries of the East, it was possible for the capital to remain in the place where it had been created—in Southern Italy. When the Empire was forced to defend itself on two flanks against the attacks of the Barbarians on the Rhine and the Danube, and against the Persians in the East, it became necessary to seek a less distant and more central position for the capital. Constantine had the gift of reading the Book of Destiny. Under all its varied régimes, alike under Christian Byzantine Emperors and under Turkish Sultans, Constantinople remained a great political centre, so long as its Government had to administer territories in Europe and in Asia. It is for this reason that the Turkish Empire showed so much obstinacy in defending its last European possessions. They were necessary to the Sultans if they were to remain in Constantinople as Caliphs and Sovereigns of a vast Empire.

By degrading Constantinople the Angoran Turks merely recognised officially an impossibility which already existed. The political rôle of Constantinople terminated with the Balkan War of 1912-1913, which took away the last European territories of the Turkish Empire. In 1912 Turkey became an Asiatic Empire, only retaining in Europe her capital and a narrow strip of land between her frontier and the sea. The want of balance between the head and the body was so great that it could not last. And now the World War has destroyed even the Asiatic Empire. Reduced to governing only the territory where they are the majority of the population, how could the Turks continue to maintain their capital at Constantinople?

The destruction of the Empire and the abandonment of Constantinople entailed as a consequence the abolition of the Caliphate. It is curious to observe how difficult it is for Europeans to understand exactly in what the Caliphate consists. The general belief is that the Caliph is the "Pope" of the Mussulmans. But the Caliph, although, like the Pope, an object of religious veneration on the part of true believers, is not at all the spiritual chief of their religion, the supreme authority in matters of liturgy, morals, and dogma. The Caliph has no real religious authority. Questions of dogma and ritual are much more simple in the Islamic than the Christian Churches, and are decided by the Mussulman priests and their councils. The Caliph is the "Commander of the Faithful"—that is to say, the military chief whose duty it is to defend the supreme interests of religion whether by diplomacy or by war, even outside the territories which belong to him as temporal sovereign. As this duty has a religious character, all Mussulmans, even those who are not politically under his jurisdiction, owe to the Caliph the respect and veneration due to a sacred personage.

The Caliph is therefore a political and military authority with a religious mission, a soldier whose religion imposes upon him certain duties, in exchange for the sacred authority. That is why a Caliph, in order to be legitimate, must also possess political and military means of defending the interests of Islam—that is to say, he must be the chief of a State which possesses considerable power. The idea, with which some statesman have toyed, of creating a Caliph who should be under the influence of a great Christian Power, is a dream. A Mussulman Sovereign protected by a Christian Power will never be considered a legitimate Caliph, even if he should fulfil all the other canonical requirements.



"THE EMPTY SADDLE": THE CAVALRY CLUB WAR MEMORIAL—A STATUE BY HERBERT HASELTINE, ON A BASE BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, R.A., THE DESIGNER OF THE CENOTAPH.

The upper half of this illustration, including the horse and the carved top of the pedestal, with the Roll of Honour in its niche, is given as a full-page in this number, with a descriptive note. (See page 693.)

By Courtesy of Mr. Herbert Haseltine.

Since the break-up of the Turkish Empire there is no longer a Mussulman State of which the Chief can be a veritable Caliph. The Caliphate, like European monarchy, has disappeared in the World War. The Angoran Turks did not kill it; they limited themselves to drawing up its death certificate.

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The decadence of Constantinople had, however, been preceded and prepared for by a long economic decadence. From her foundation Constantinople was what Rome had never been—an industrial centre, in the sense that those words had in the days of qualitative civilisation. In Rome, at the time of her Imperial splendour, there were many artisans, weavers, jewellers, perfumers, silversmiths, gilders, blacksmiths, decorators, painters, sculptors and carvers; but they worked for the rich men of the capital. Their products were not exported like those of the artisans of Alexandria, Antioch, Ephesus, and Carthage, or even of certain towns of Gaul or of Northern Italy. Rome, the insatiable consumer, imported for her pleasures and luxuries objects which were made in all the provinces of the Empire; those she manufactured for herself did not suffice. Constantinople, on the contrary, was also a great centre of production and exportation of the luxury industries which were the flower of the old qualitative civilisation. From the very beginning many artisans were attracted there from all countries by the privileges accorded to immigrants, by the presence of a Court which was fabulously rich, and by State protection. Yet, though they were artificially imported, these industries prospered for centuries. The ground in the Hellenised East was most favourable.

Constantine had not only created a new capital, but a home for civilisation, of which the influence was destined to be long and deep. While Europe lay in the darkness of barbarism, Constantinople continued to perfect the handicrafts and arts of ancient civilisation so that she might one day transmit them to the Western World. What admiration her incessant activity excited throughout Europe! At the time of the Crusades, a celebrated traveller, Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, thus described the great city: "The concourse at Constantinople of a large number of merchants from all corners of the earth gives to that city the greatest animation. One meets there wholesale merchants from Babylon and Mesopotamia, from India and Persia, from Egypt and from Palestine, as well as from Russia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Lombardy, and Spain. Only Bagdad, the metropolis of the Mussulmans, can be compared with Byzantium."

If this activity was not encouraged, it was not suppressed by the Turkish conquest. Under the eyes of the Sultans, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Persians, all the hard-working and artistic Eastern races, continued the traditions of the old industry, which, though it produced little, produced objects of high artistic value, for it worked specially to embellish the world.

But when the nineteenth century dawned, and with it the era of quantitative civilisation, of rapid mechanical production, of the vulgarisation of models, the era of Smyrna carpets and Indian bronzes made in Bavaria, the Turkish Empire became one of the most important and the most disputed export markets for the manufacturing countries of Europe. The astute diplomatists of the Serail found in these commercial rivalries of Europe an arm with which to defend the integrity of their Empire, which was growing old, and was always menaced by Russia. The traditional industries of the East were given over to the competition of the new European industries, which were armed with machines and supported by powerful capital, organised to the last degree. Little by little, at Constantinople, as in Venice, the small shops where the hand of man had created such marvels were shut.

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Our epoch seems to have left only a commercial future to Constantinople since the destruction of the Turkish Empire. By degrees, as Russia is reorganised, and the basin of the Black Sea is developed, the commercial importance of Constantinople should increase with the trade of the Straits. But the rôle of a commercial emporium is a very modest one for a city which for so many centuries was the capital of two empires and two religions, a centre of civilisation, and the school where Europe, fallen back into barbarism, recommenced her apprenticeship to culture.

There are sometimes curious coincidences in history. Constantinople was the cradle of monarchy in Europe. Constantine did not conceive the gigantic plan of giving to the Empire, as a new capital, a city without traditions and without a past, like so many which spring up to-day in Africa and America, merely in order the better to balance the unwieldy mass of the Empire. He also pursued a political aim. The slow evolution which transformed the half-republican, half-monarchical constitution of the Empire into an absolute monarchy, founded on hereditary principles, was completed under Constantine. He was the first Roman Emperor, since the attempt of Septimius Severus, who openly, and without any further effort to conciliate the old Roman aristocratic and republican principles, tried to solve the problem of authority which had disturbed the Roman Empire for a century, by establishing a hereditary dynasty on the Asiatic model. The idea of absolute power in the hands of a dynasty was not well received in Rome, in view of the gigantic memories of the past. To break this age-long tradition, a new

(Continued on page 712.)

"THE EMPTY SADDLE": A FINE MEMORIAL TO CAVALRYMEN.

BY COURTESY OF MR. HERBERT HASELTINE.

TO HONOUR 272 MEMBERS OF THE CAVALRY CLUB WHO FELL IN THE WAR: "THE EMPTY SADDLE," BY HERBERT HASELTINE; ON A PEDESTAL DESIGNED BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS AND CONTAINING A NICHE FOR THE BOOK OF NAMES.

This fine and appealing statue of a cavalryman's riderless charger is the work of the well-known sculptor, Mr. Herbert Haseltine, who is especially famous for his dramatic studies of horses, both in war and sport. He himself served with the American Army in the war, and his "Field Artillery" group has since been purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg. Describing the above work, he writes: "The base of the monument has been designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., and the inscription in the front reads: 'In memory of the 272 members of the Cavalry Club who fell in the Great War, 1914-1918.' In a niche carved in the base below the statue is a volume containing the names. On the front edge of the bronze base are the words, 'The Empty Saddle.' The bronze is being cast now, and I hope to have the whole thing complete and in its place at the Cavalry Club by the end of May. The riderless horse is being cast in bronze, and the base is made of black, grey, and white marble." Only the top part of the base, it may be noted, is shown in the above illustration. A smaller photograph of the whole monument, including the lower part of the pedestal, appears on page 692 in this number.

The World of the Theatre.

"HATS OFF", AND ADDITIONS TO SHAKESPEAREAN LITERATURE.

I WISH I knew all the technical terms of a milliner to describe the modern ladies' hats, and to say what I think of them! Being a mere male, and not otherwise much interested in the article, except when called upon to pay for it, I can only protest that I look upon the modish hat as an abomination, and one that hides instead of enhancing the charm of woman. Mind you, I do not abuse the Rubens hat, the toque, and the other dear little things that vacillate on pretty heads. I mean the hat that looks like a soup-tureen or a cooking-pot or pan; the thing that is clapped deep down on the fair wearer's skull, and with one fell swoop hides hair and forehead and ears and neck. Once that hat is on, the face loses all character, or gains a new and often undesirable one. Some women look stupid, some vampish, some roguish, some like the adventuresses in melodrama who, from underneath the brim, cast furtive glances at the passer-by, trying to observe without being observed. I daresay that the head-pot is an excellent medium for coquetry and covert flirtation, but it is rarely becoming, and generally leads to disfigurement. Its worst aspect is, as I said before, that it obliterates character, and in this respect I have made some studies which seem worth recording.

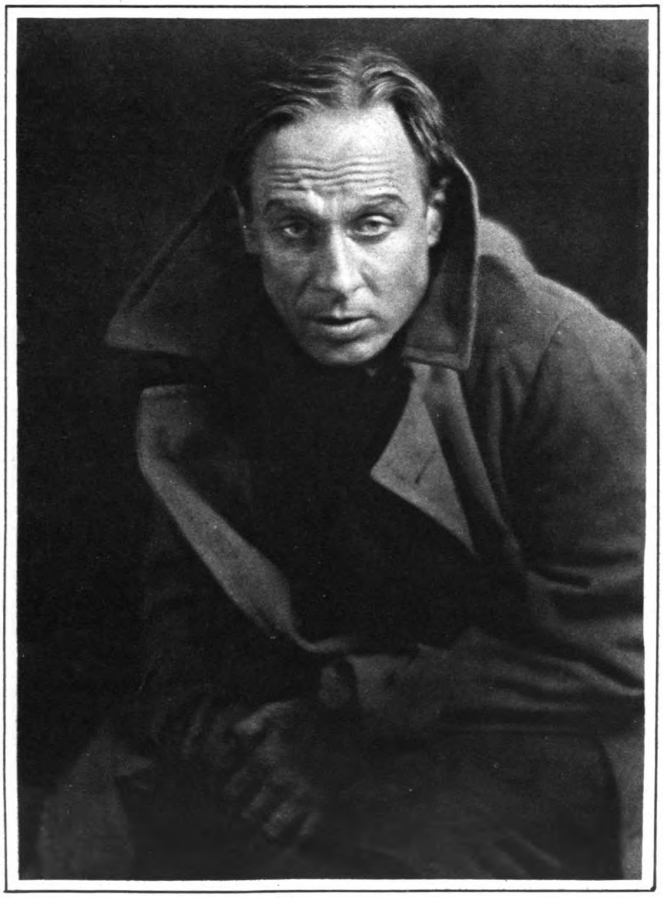
First of all, in the police-courts. When a woman stands in the dock or the witness-box with all her features, especially the eyes, overshadowed, it is impossible to estimate her mentality. From his elevated seat the magistrate, from his distant seat the barrister, is not able to penetrate what goes on behind the half-mask that faces him. You can read neither truth nor lie in this overshaded facial outline, still more dimmed by the twilight atmosphere in court. I remember cases when witnesses gave their evidence with obvious candour; yet, peering at them closely, I perceived that they were committing rank perjury. But those who sat in judgment noticed it not: the hat made that face look bland, unmoved, composed; and, as the voice did not falter—women are greater artists in prevarication than men—there was every semblance of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In other instances I have seen women responding to a charge as if they were unmoved; for the hat obscured the sadness of their eyes, hardened their features, made them seem indifferent to their fate. Yet I, being able to scrutinise them closely from near by, saw rue and sorrow, and the terrible agony of fear. Had they been uncovered they might have moved the magistrate, inclined him to leniency—to the "chance" for which the culprit in her mortification dared not to ask.

I have often discussed this matter with lawyers, and asked why female defendants and witnesses should not be called upon to remove their hats, as well as the men. And the answer was in every case (with a smile) that it could not be done, that there was no precedent for it. In other words, nobody had given it a thought, and maybe the innovation could not be allowed until the Home Secretary had been applied to for sanction, and acceded to it. In my turn I was asked why I was so insistent on the point; and my reply was that, as a critic, I came in frequent contact with actresses; and that, guided by my experiences in court, I had made it a rule, whenever a new-comer came to me for advice and counsel as to her career—after the invitation to take a seat—to proffer the polite request to remove her hat. Sometimes, of course, a quaint look, as if I were asking something weird or indecorous, met my request; and nearly every time, while withdrawing the hat-pins, my visitor would utter the excuse that her hair was so untidy—a protest which I always met with the assurance that untidy hair is preferable to an eclipsing hat.

And, indeed, the procedure, funny as it may seem at the first glance, has resulted in discerning and pleasant surprises. I have interviewed girls who, with their hats on, were plain, and, as soon as they uncovered forehead and locks, were not only quite different beings, but beauties. I have interviewed girls who looked positively unintelligent, and, "hat-off," radiated with *esprit* and buoyancy. I have interviewed girls who under their "cloche" looked like suburban damsels, and uncovered like queens in a pompadour. I have interviewed girls who with the hat conveyed comedy, and without it, under the dome of their forehead and the undulation of hair, indicated all that makes an emotional actress. And, vice-versa, the character actress unveiled as a comédienne and the seemingly somewhat elderly maiden blossomed forth as an ingénue.

It seems odd that a mere hat can produce such magic effect of transformation, but it is the plain unvarnished truth. And I can recollect at least one case when an actress seeking an engagement, and being met by a manager with the polite observation that "he feared she would not look the part," bethought herself of my advice, proposed to take her hat off, and was then and there "fixed up," because the woman without the hat was quite a different being from the one with her light under the bushel. Since that time, whenever young actresses come to me and ask for an introduction, I wish them god-speed, with the exhortation: "Now the first thing that you do when the manager asks you to sit down and give an account of yourself is to ask, with a pretty smile, 'May I take my hat off?' Never mind how he looks at you when you say that; don't wait for 'Why?' or 'Yes'; do it. And ten to one your shares will rise like a boom on the Stock Exchange."

"Hats off!" is the parole for the women aspirants to the World of the Theatre.—J. T. G.



A BRILLIANT SUCCESS IN "THE CONQUERING HERO," AT THE QUEEN'S: MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN AS CHRISTOPHER ROKEBY, THE TITLE-PART.

Mr. Nicholas Hannen has scored a great personal success in "The Conquering Hero," the powerful war play by Mr. Allan Monkhouse, originally produced by the Play Actors at the Aldwych, and recently put on at the Queen's. Mr. Hannen takes the ironic title-part, which dominates the whole piece—that of a young man who felt it his duty, as an artist, to keep out of the war when it began, and afterwards joined up "to escape from war." There is a short scene at the front in France, and later his home-coming, as a broken and humiliated man, welcomed by triumphal arches and brass bands.—[*Camera-Portrait by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.*]

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Of the making of books on Shakespeare there is no end. We may cry out that we thereby snow under the Bard himself, but as a matter of fact it is proof positive of our genuine interest in his drama. Recent research has delighted the world of letters with its discoveries of Shakespeare's hand in "Sir Thomas More," and in that volume Professor Pollard not only revealed a hitherto neglected play in a fresh light, but intrigued many of us to include it in the Shakespearean canon. The ground that Mr. J. Dover Wilson has tilled, in "Love's Labour's Lost," edited by Sir A. Quiller-Couch and J. Dover Wilson (Cambridge University Press; 7s. 6d.), has brought forth fruit of rare value, not only providing a glimpse of Shakespeare's methods, but exploding the fallacy immortalised by Ben Jonson that he "never blotted a line," and adding sensibly to our knowledge of his life. Now comes the *magnum opus* of Dr. Chambers, "The Elizabethan Stage," by E. K. Chambers. (Four vols. Oxford, the Clarendon Press; London, Milford; 70s. net). It is a monumental work, and those who will read can reconstruct Elizabethan England, see London as he saw it, and understand the spirit of an age that cried: "Men are fools who wish to die." Reading these lucid and well-ordered pages we can in fancy, like the man in the "Dream of John Ball," wake up in another London about the size of Hyde Park, a quaint, picturesque garden city of narrow streets, high-gabled, red-roofed, wooden houses, with "Paul's" the fulcrum on which London life turned. What a noisy, merry, multicoloured crowd are in the streets! Life to-day is hidden behind the ramparts of stone walls. In that day everybody seemed part of a living pageant. Was it not a time of pageantry?

Think of the river, too—not the murky, turgid river we know, but the "silver-winding Thames," the highway of merchandise and pleasure. Tall sails spread to the wind narrowly sweep under London Bridge, and down Deptford way lie at anchor boats that have ventured into perilous and uncharted seas. There is Elizabeth's barge, gaily decked, with the oarsmen at the rowlocks. Elizabeth was England. The Tudor Court was the microcosm of the world without. For London was small; one could pick primroses in Piccadilly, and Oxford Street was a stretch of "meadows pied." So the Queen had a very near and personal influence on her subjects. She loved dress and pageants, ceremonial and dancing. Is it any wonder, then, that she should favour the play? And thus the theatres prospered in spite of the city aldermen, in spite of civic reasons which Dr. Chambers makes clear.

But Shakespeare's stage is history, and Dr. Chambers has given it form and presence, so that we may read, learn, and inwardly digest, and so recapture the first fine careless rapture of his day. G. F. H.

DOGS TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF THROUGH THE ANAGLYPH VIEWING-MASK.

As Explained below, these Photographs will Appear in Stereoscopic Relief when Seen through the Anaglyph Viewing-Mask.

TO BE SEEN "IN THE ROUND" THROUGH THE RED-AND-GREEN SPECTACLES: THE MISSES WALKER WITH MRS. G. M. LANCE'S SALUKIS (GAZELLE HOUNDS).

BROUGHT INTO RELIEF BY THE VIEWING-MASK: MR. H. HYLDEN WITH HIS BLOODHOUND CH. DARK OF BRIGHTON.

"A LIVING DOG" WHEN SEEN THROUGH THE MASK: MRS. E. BREAKSPEAR'S OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG FAITHFUL TRAMP.

A GROUP RENDERED LIFE-LIKE BY THE VIEWING-MASK: MRS. DENMAN (RIGHT) AND MISS SPIVEY WITH MR. R. CLARK'S TEAM OF BLOODHOUNDS.

ELKHOUNDS VIVIFIED BY THE VIEWING-MASK: COMMANDER F. R. EYRE'S STROM (LEFT), AND MISS B. G. EYRE'S IVAR (RIGHT).

SEEN IN RELIEF THROUGH THE MASK: MISS CHRISTINE KILBURN SCOTT WITH MRS. KILBURN SCOTT'S SAMOYEDES ANTARCTIC ZAZA (L.) AND SIBERIAN KEENO.

We give on this and the next page a further selection of the remarkable Anaglyphs, the first two series of which created so much interest when published in our issues of March 8 and March 29. When the photographs are looked at through the special Anaglyph viewing-mask, which contains a red film for the left eye, and a green film for the right eye, they will be seen to stand out wonderfully in full stereoscopic relief. The technical methods by which this remarkable optical effect is obtained were explained in an article in our issue of March 8. A viewing-mask may be obtained by filling up the Coupon printed on page 724 of the present number and forwarding it, with stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2. The above Anaglyphs will appeal especially to those of our readers who are interested in pedigree dogs, as well as to dog-lovers in general—that is, in this country at least, practically everyone. The photographs were taken at the Kensington Canine Society's Dog Show at the White City.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN BY SPORT AND GENERAL, AND PREPARED FOR ANAGLYPH REPRODUCTION BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (COPYRIGHT.)

GILBERTIANS TO BE SEEN THROUGH THE ANAGLYPH VIEWING-MASK.

As Explained on the previous Page, these Photographs will Appear in Stereoscopic Relief when seen through the Red-and-green Viewing-Mask.

MISS EILEEN SHARP AS THE LADY ANGELA IN "PATIENCE."

MR. SYDNEY GRANVILLE AS GROSVENOR (AN IDYLLIC POET) IN "PATIENCE."

MISS BERTHA LEWIS AS RUTH IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

MR. HENRY LYTTON AS THE MAJOR-GENERAL IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

IN order to see these portraits of famous characters from Gilbert and Sullivan opera "in the round," almost as life-like as they appear on the stage, the reader must look at them through one of the special Anaglyph viewing-masks. As explained on the previous page, these masks resemble a pair of spectacles with a red film for the left eye and a green film for the right eye. Anyone who does not already possess a viewing-mask may obtain one by filling up the Coupon printed on page 724 of this issue, and forwarding it, accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-half-pence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2. In our issue of March 8, in which our first series of Anaglyphs was published, we gave an article fully explaining the methods by which they are produced, with the aid of red and green colours.

MR. DARRELL FANCOURT AS THE PIRATE KING IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

MISS WINIFRED LAWSON AS PATIENCE A DAIRY MAID IN "PATIENCE."

MISS ELSIE GRIFFIN AS MABEL IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

The familiar characters of Gilbert and Sullivan opera have often been illustrated by [illegible], but never before by the remarkable kind of photographs known as "Anaglyphs." In the previous page we illustrate by the same method another [illegible] that of dogs. In our issue of March 29 we gave Anaglyphs of fishes and other aquatic creatures in the new Aquarium at the "Zoo," while the first series published, in our number for March 8, comprised a variety of subjects, including the Moon, the Pyramid of Kephren, and a common House-Fly. Further Anaglyphs will appear from time to time in our pages.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY BY THE STAGE PHOTO. CO., AND PREPARED FOR ANAGLYPH REPRODUCTION BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (COPYRIGHT)

REPTILES IN CONTROL: "STRANGENESS AND TAMENESS" AT THE "WORLD'S END."

"GALÁPAGOS." By WILLIAM BEEBE.*

UNKNOWN to primeval man, mysterious as to origin, the extinct volcanoes that are the "2000-cratered" Galápagos Archipelago are the Enchanted Isles of the old seafaring Spaniards, but such magic as they have is malign. Even Camilo Casanova, their own particular "Robinson Crusoe," met more troubles on Indefatigable than did Alexander Selkirk, of fact and fiction, in the four years and four months of the Inconvenience of his Solitude on Juan Fernandez. The "Man cloath'd in Goatskins" who looked "wilder than the first owners of them," mastered his melancholy and would dance now and then with his kids and his cats; but the marooned of Galápagos "lived on raw turtles and lizards, and to save his scanty store of water, he drank the blood of these creatures."

So it had been since Fray Tomás de Berlanga, Bishop of Panama, discovered the scattered "cinder-heaps" and found nothing but turtles and iguanas and liquid "as bitter as the sea." So it is now, and so it is likely to be; for the islands, for all their tales of hidden treasure, for all their past use as victualling place for buccaneers and privateers, have defied colonisation, and remain in the Age of Reptiles—and of birds: amphibians and indigenous mammals are absent and fishes above the water negligible—although sail-fish and mullets leap high and blennies climb out and flick here and there upon the tide-soaked rocks. From shore to mountain-top, the reptiles are in control, "dividing the land between them, and the only weakness of this simile is the fact that the tiniest lizards alone are carnivorous—the large ones being vegetarians, so there is no exciting survival of the fittest by direct attack and defence."

It is very well, therefore, now that even they are dying out, that we should have this fine record of Six Thousand Minutes on the Galápagos—a period only to be compared with Darwin's famous five weeks, and remarkably fruitful of results, for "it was possible in 1923 to accomplish as much well-directed observation in an hour as was possible in a working day of ten hours in 1835."

Three chief impressions are left on the mind of the reader: the historic tameness of the animals, to which the seventh Lord Byron bore witness; the widely differing characters of the marine iguanas and the land iguanas; and the scarcity of the big, crater-climbing, four or five-hundred-year-old land tortoises, which were once so prolific and so "extraordinary large and fat, and so sweet, that no pullet eats more pleasantly": the expedition saw but one example—and proved that it could swim.

Everywhere it was the fearlessness of the Garden of Eden. Ducks looked curiously at humans seen for the first time, gulls were constant companions, fly-catchers clung to the camera, blue herons permitted man within ten feet, crabs were confiding, seals were but casually disapproving of the stranger, penguins were most friendly, Benjamin, the pet sea-lion pup, loved the phonograph, hawks followed the explorers about, little lizards scuttled over stones and took flies from the fingers, and, as for *Amblyrhynchus cristatus*, the sea-lizard, all that was called for was minor strategy! "When I saw the *Amblyrhynchus* first," says Mr. Beebe, "and was willing to creep on all fours on the rock, in the eyes of the lizard I became a harmless sea-lion, and could approach closely and with care even stroke the flabby shagreen skin."

Astonishing creatures, these prehistoric-looking "Amblys." Out of the water clambered the first black sea iguana the expedition had seen, and Mr. Beebe records: "The big reptile slipped down a deep crevice of the rocks, and we had given it up and turned campward when another rushed out from underfoot and crept beneath a flat lava rock. My fingers just reached its tail, and for five minutes all my strength availed nothing against the twenty claws of the lizard. Little by little he gave way, but when I had acquired about fifteen inches of tail, I had to yield my place. We won in the end, but our first lesson was a thorough one in the tremendous grip of these talons.

"When an *Amblyrhynchus* once entrenched himself in an ill-fitting crevice, he blew up his body with

ILLUSTRATING THE EXTRAORDINARY TAMENESS OF THE CREATURES OF THE GALÁPAGOS THE SURGEON OF THE HARRISON WILLIAMS EXPEDITION WITH A FEARLESS HAWK.

air, thus pressing all the myriad scales against the rough lava, and then with the grip of his score of long curved claws, offered a resistance that had probably never been overcome except by the occasional muscles of pirates and scientists, all one to Ambly in such a crisis."

By such the shores were held by no means insecurely; for two captured were thirty-five and forty-one inches long—thirteen pounds of the latter—while others seen must have had a length of four feet. The two dominant qualities of Galápagan fauna were well exemplified in them—"strangeness and tameness." "A bird's-eye diagram of their haunts would be a narrow outline of the islands, the slenderest of hair-lines along the coast, for high tide marks the equator of their few yards of terrestrial and aquatic wanderings. In this narrow zone they spend their entire lives, finding food, safety, and mates within its confines. Neither drought nor seasons nor food supply require any migration—a burrow, a flat rock, a tuft of seaweed, and Amblyrhynchus is content. . . . The daily round of life of the sea iguanas was very simple. They spent the night in their burrows in the earth, or deep down in lava crevices. About eight or nine o'clock in the morning, if the sun was shining, they came out and waited for low tide, then, making their way slowly to the edge of the surf, they fed on the short, glutinous algæ. Afterwards they sometimes basked all day in the sun on some favourite rock out of reach of the water, individuals going back day after day to the same spot."

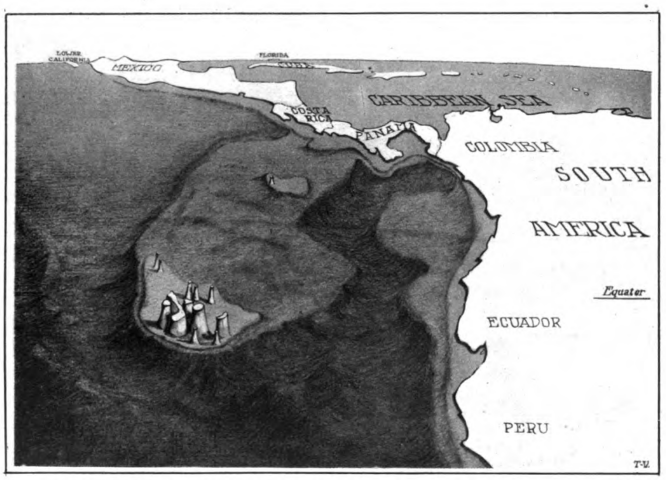
They could challenge. Mr. Beebe was flat on the sand, "watching the ageless surf pounding on the lava boulders." "Over the jagged, tortured summits," he writes, "there climbed the largest iguana I saw on the islands. It was a full four feet in length—appearing forty to my lowly view-point. His head was clad in rugged scales, black and charred, looking like the clinker piles of the island; along his back extended a line of long spines, as if to skin of lava he had added a semblance of cactus. He saw me and stopped, looking long and earnestly with curiosity, not fear; then with his smug lizard smile unchanging, he dismissed me with an emotional feat as strange as his appearance; he twice solemnly nodded his whole massive head, he sniffed and sent a thin shower of water vapour into the air through his nostrils and clambered past me and down towards the water. If only a spurt of flame had followed the smoky puff of vapour, we should have had a real old-fashioned dragon!"

Otherwise, they were most tame and unaggressive. Mr. Beebe could not induce one to bite him, and none would awake at his tread. More astonishing still, they would not eat in captivity. "From Indefatigable Island, five hundred miles out in the Pacific, to the Bronx, and for two months later, these lizards lived and apparently thrived on salt water and air. No variety of seaweed or terrestrial vegetable tempted them to break their fast. Individuals were killed from time to time as material for the big group to be built in the American Museum, but after one hundred days of complete abstinence from food, the remainder appeared as active and as strong as when first taken from among their native lava."

The land iguana presented very different characteristics. It was seen and observed in the veldt of Seymour — *Conolophus subcristatus*, a giant who scratched ferociously and bit bitterly and was anything from twenty-four to thirty-six inches long, a dweller under every cactus and every bush, stretched along the line of shifting shadow or curled in the circle of shade, a nervous being readily sent tearing to its burrow in the sandy clay under or about lava boulders or to poke head and body into a crevice, leaving hind-quarters and tail exposed, for all the world like an ostrich with head in the sand! And, always, however much it was turned about, it made off inland, just as its marine brother always made for the coast. Its food could not be approved by "Ambly"—leaves and flowers of plants, a grasshopper or two now and then, and cactus fruits—and it ate the pads of Opuntia, needle-length and steel-hard spines and all.

So much by way of introduction to a most fascinating, most agreeably written, admirably illustrated book, new notes concerning that "World's End" which Darwin made known to scientists after the *Beagle* visit of 1835, the story of a journey, brief but valuable, which yielded seven-and-seventy living specimens and scores in photograph or drawing form, or in that preserving alcohol which was bought in Havana because "a scientist in New York in search of alcohol for his work must turn bootlegger, and even then finds the fluid far beyond the limits of his slender purse"! "Galápagos" should be in great demand; it concerns a notable achievement.

E. H. G.



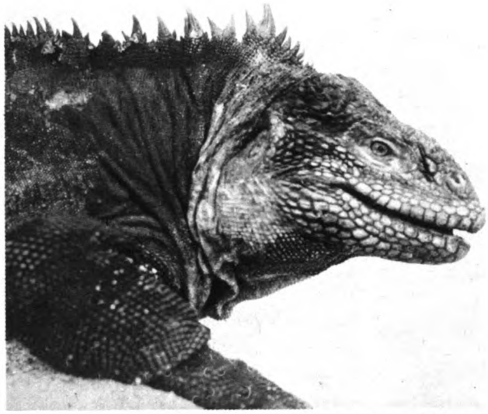
A MYSTERY OF THE PACIFIC: A DIAGRAMMATIC CHART OF THE BOTTOM OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN; SHOWING THE 2000-METRE DEPTH ABOUT COCAS AND GALÁPAGOS ISLANDS, AND THE 3000-METRE LINE CONNECTING THESE ISLANDS WITH THE CENTRAL AMERICAN MAINLAND. There are three theories as to the origin of the islands of the Galápagos Archipelago: (1) They were geologically recently uplifted from mid-ocean as separate volcanic peaks, never in connection with one another or with the American continent; (2) The archipelago, while always oceanic, was at one time a single island, separated in comparatively recent times, by submergence, into the present number of isolated peaks; (3) The islands were at one time connected, not only with one another, but also with the American mainland. Mr. Beebe regards the first theory as unsupported by facts; the second as the true one; the third as a moot question.

Illustrations reproduced by permission from "Galápagos: World's End," by William Beebe.

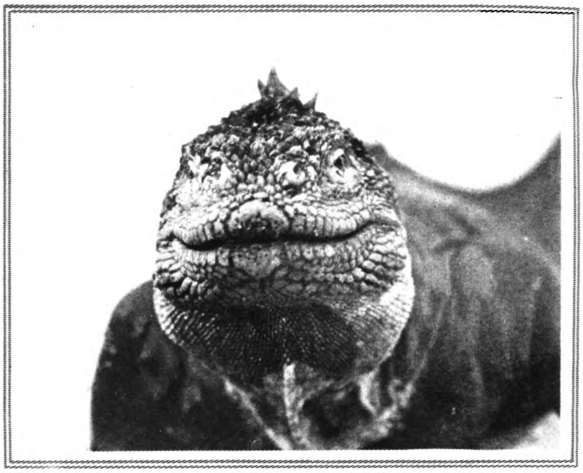
* "Gálapagos: World's End." By William Beebe, Director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society, etc. With 24 Coloured Illustrations by Isabel Cooper, and 83 Photographs, mostly by John Tee-Van. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; £2 2s. net.)

A REPTILE-AGE FIGHTER: THE GIANT LAND IGUANA.

REPRODUCED FROM "GALÁPAGOS: WORLD'S END," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, MR. WILLIAM BEEBE; OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY; AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.



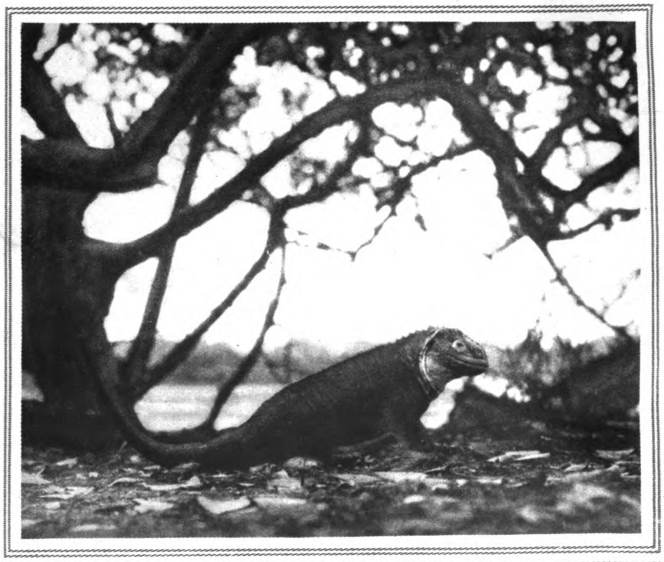
A DWELLER IN INLAND BURROWS, AND GIVEN TO HIDING ITS HEAD IN CREVICES WHEN PURSUED: THE GIANT LAND IGUANA OF THE GALÁPAGOS.



UNLIKE ITS MARINE RELATIVE, A BITER AND A SCRATCHER: A VICIOUS GIANT LAND IGUANA—A FRONT VIEW OF THE HEAD.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HISTORIAN OF THE EXPEDITION: A GIANT LAND IGUANA CAPTURED.

MOVING ROUND AS THE SHADOW MOVES, IN ORDER TO REMAIN IN THE SHADE: A LAND IGUANA SHELTERING DURING THE DAY.

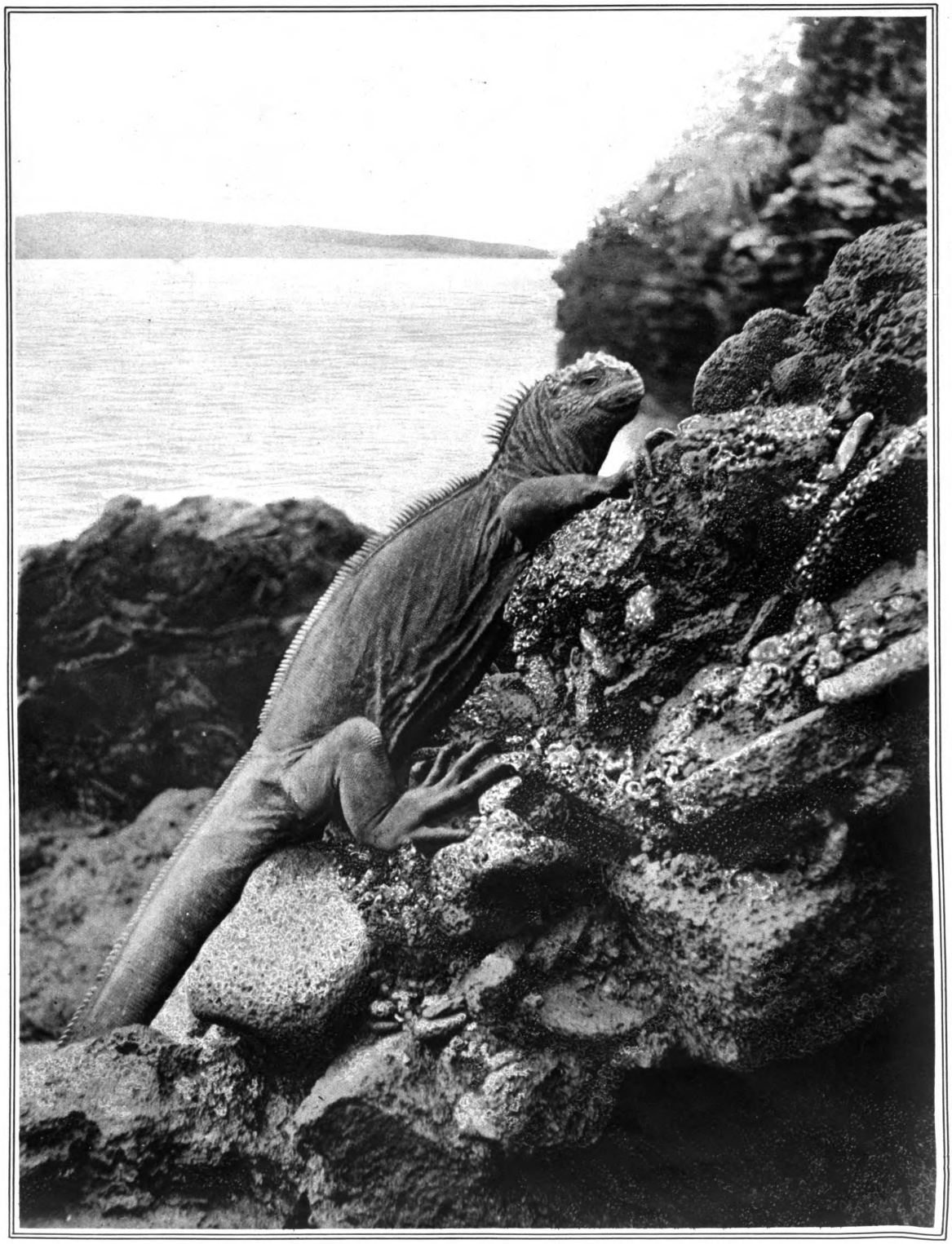


FEEDER ON LEAVES AND FLOWERS, CACTUS SPINES, AND GRASS-HOPPERS: THE GIANT LAND IGUANA (*CONOLOPHUS SUBCRISTATUS*).

The giant land iguana illustrated on this page practically shares the control of the Galápagos with the marine iguana illustrated opposite and on the following two pages. Unlike its relative, *Amblyrhynchus cristatus*, it always lives inland, and it was observed, more especially, in the veldt-like, sandy interior of Seymour. It is gay in colour, and is of notable size. Mr. Beebe saw not a single example under 24 inches long, and most were 3 feet or more long. Every cactus and every small bush sheltered one of them in the daytime, and always the dweller in the shadow followed that shadow as it moved. The lizard's actual home is in a burrow in sandy clay, under or around lava boulders. It is irritable and fierce when captured, and fights with teeth and claws, whereas the marine iguana is tame and friendly. It is probable that both lizards descended from a common ancestor which migrated from the mainland long ago.

A VEGETARIAN "DRAGON" AND "FASTING-MAN": A SEA-SHORE LIZARD.

REPRODUCED FROM "GALÁPAGOS: WORLD'S END," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, MR. WILLIAM BEEBE; OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY; AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

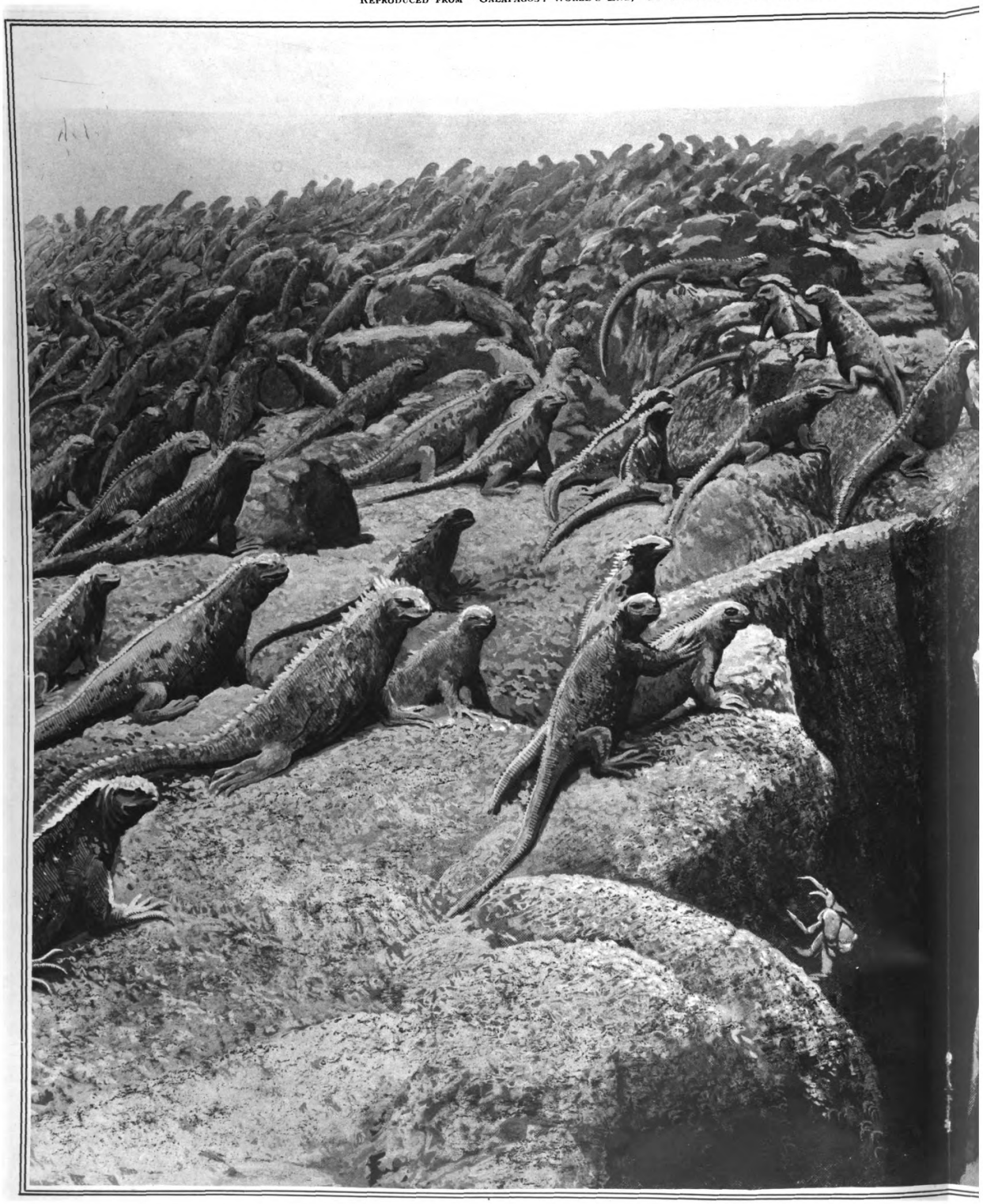


A FEEDER ON SEAWEEDS, AND NOT TO BE INDUCED TO BITE THE CURIOUS: THE GIANT MARINE IGUANA—*AMBLYRHYNCHUS CRISTATUS*—AS RUGGED AS LAVA BOULDERS.

That remarkable lizard, the great marine Iguana, *Amblyrhynchus cristatus*, of the Galápagos, which looks for all the world like a prehistoric monster, lives about the seashore, and is a vegetarian, feeding on seaweeds. It proved particularly tame when captured, and could not be induced to bite the strangers who sought it for the New York Zoological Park. At night, it sleeps in a burrow in the earth, or in a lava-crevice. In the daytime it comes out and waits for low tide, when it makes its way to the edge of the surf, in order to feed. It swims well, but does not go into the water more than is necessary. Those captured by the Harrison Williams Expedition refused all food, and it was found that they could live on salt water and air for over a hundred days.

THE AGE OF REPTILES IN GALÁPAGOS THE M

REPRODUCED FROM "GALÁPAGOS: WORLD'S END," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, MR. WILLIAM BEEBE; OF THE N



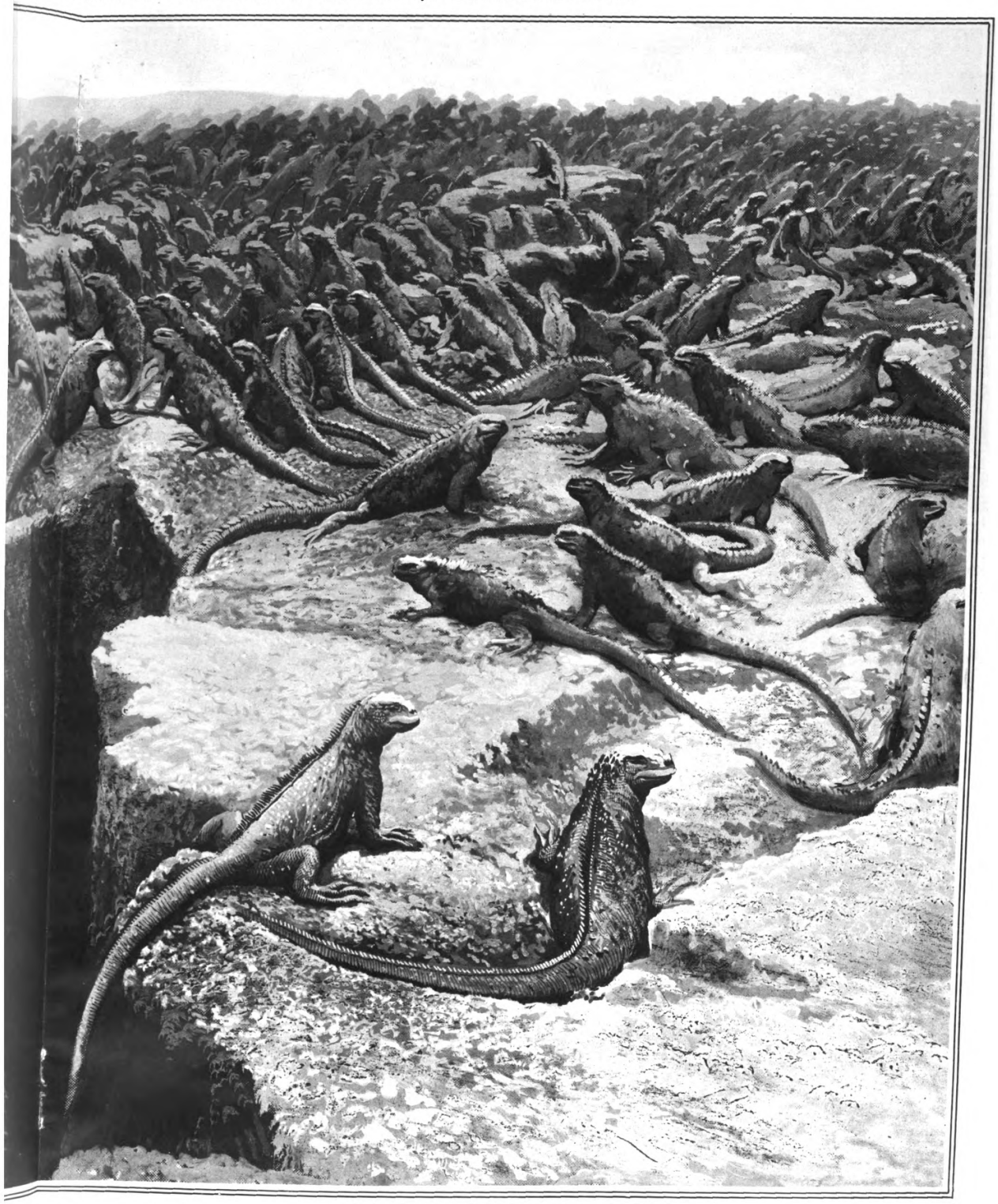
NEVER KNOWN TO MOVE INLAND: A HERD OF THE GIANT MARINE IGUANAS—*AMBLYRHYNCHUS*

This particular photograph was taken by Mr. Rollo H. Beck, who, making one of his various voyages to the Galápagos, found at Narborough this unusually large assemblage of Amblyrhynchus Iguanas—the only lizards in the world which are marine. Mr. Beebe writes: "While we found hundreds of Amblyrhynchus on various islands, we saw no such hordes as Beck described. They have no enemies of which we know, but they are slowly but certainly decreasing [illegible] other living inhabitant of these islands seemed so thoroughly a part of its environment as Amblyrhynchus. In colour, in rough contour, in the s[illegible]head standing up like volcanic cones, in its intimacy with lava and surf, it seemed an organic embodiment of the shores of these desert islan[illegible] form[illegible] indiv[illegible] and [illegible] in th[illegible]

AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPH BY ROL

GOS THE MYSTERIOUS: THE ONLY SEA LIZARDS.

MR. WILLIAM BEEBE; OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY; AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.



LYRHYNCHUS CRISTATUS—DWELLERS AMIDST THE LAVA AND THE SURF OF THE "WORLD'S END."

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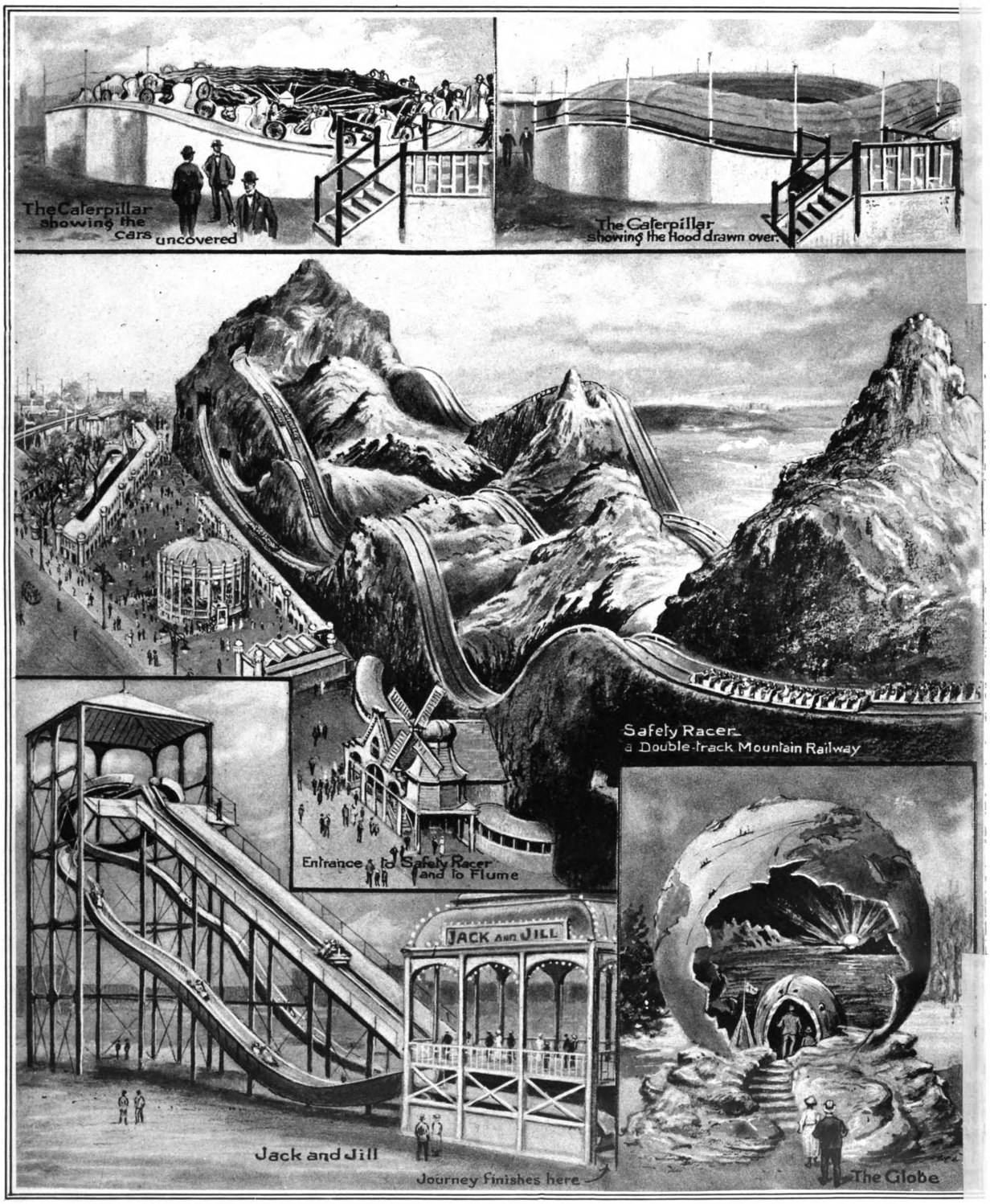
islands. Its swimming ability has either enabled it . . . to pass from island to island to such an extent that there are no well-marked separate insular forms, or perhaps its limited environment has made for absence of variation. It has very remarkable powers of orientation, as I proved on throwing an individual overboard when we were anchored two miles from land. It splashed into the water on the seaward side of the yacht, swam round the stern, and started straight for the nearest land off the port bow, although the lava shore could hardly have been visible from the lizard's viewpoint, especially in the dim light of late afternoon." Other details as to Amblyrhynchus, which, it may be added, reaches a length of four feet, are on pages 698 and 699.

HOTOGRAPH BY ROLLO H. BECK.

WEMBLEY'S LIGHTER SIDE: GIANT SWITCHBACK, "CATERPILLAR"

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINS

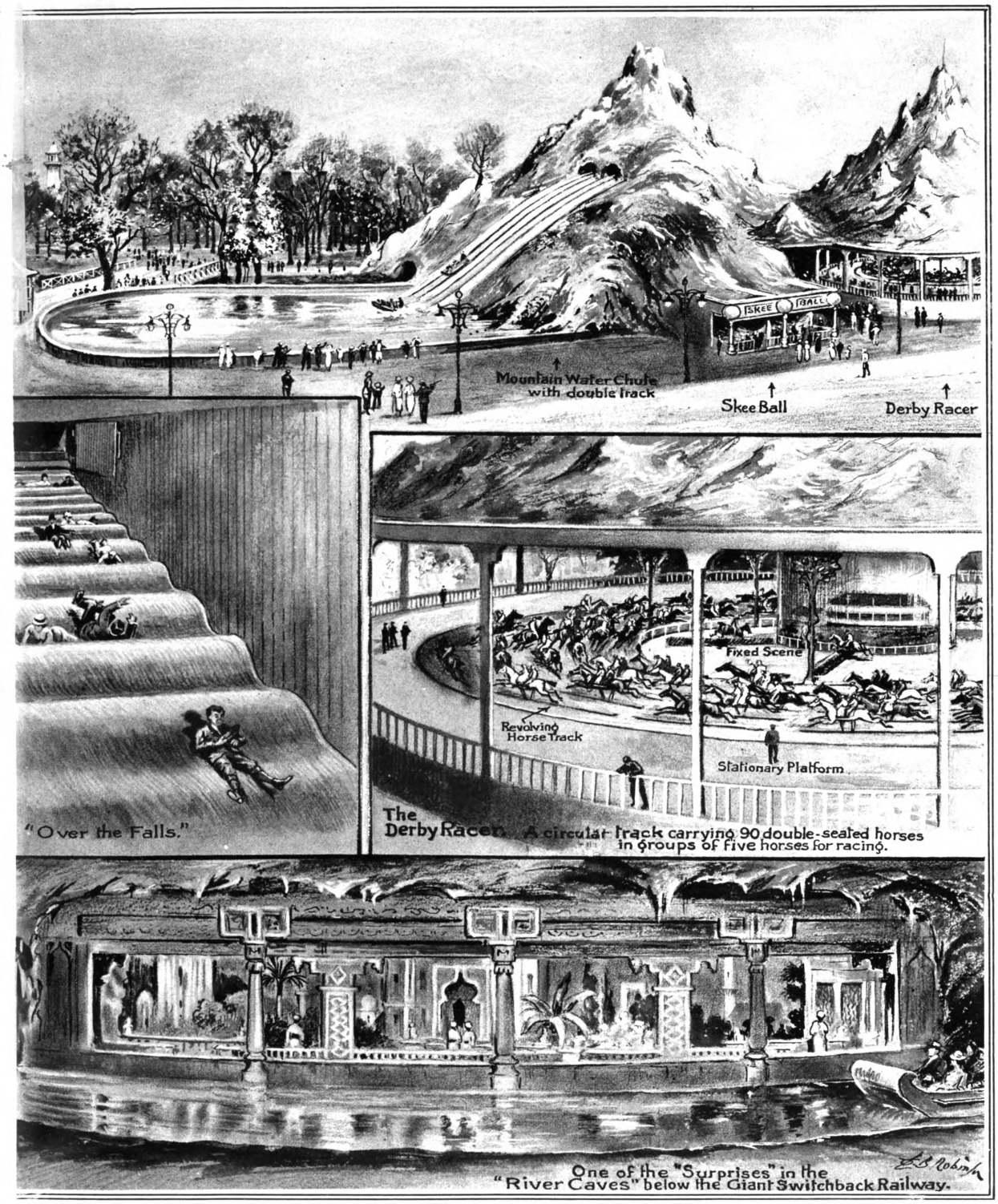


JOY-JAUNTS IN A FORTY-ACRE PLEASURE CITY COSTING £1,500,000: SOME OF THE THRILL

The Amusements Park in the grounds of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley has been planned on an unprecedented scale, and has cost no less than £1,500,000. No such assemblage of "joy jaunts" has ever before been seen in this country. Our artist illustrates only a few of the most important. To take the drawings in order (from left to right, beginning at the top)—A huge green "caterpillar," writhing on the ground, contains miniature trains of forty cars on a circular track. As they revolve, a hood rises and covers them, travelling round with the cars. At intervals "surprises" are caused by blasts of air. For the double-track Mountain Water Chute, boats are raised by electric lifts through the heart of a mountain, at the top of which an illusory collision effect is arranged. The Safety Racer is a double-track mountain railway, where two trains of four cars each race abreast for three-quarters of a mile. They are raised to a height of 72 ft. and complete the journey by gravity. The heavier load wins. Below the structure a water flume 1000 ft. long carries two-

WATER CHUTE, "JACK AND JILL," AND "DERBY RACER."

COURTESY OF THE AMUSEMENTS CONSTRUCTION CO., LTD.



IN THE GREAT AMUSEMENTS PARK OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY.

seater tubs through scenic caves. (*N.B.*—The flume shown below is another one.) In "Over the Falls" passengers ascend a gangway, enter a dark chamber, and sit in a row on a form. The seat falls, doors in front open, and the occupants slide on to an undulating travelling belt which lands them on a mat at the bottom. The Derby Racer is a circular track carrying ninety double-seated horses in groups of five, each group being arranged to race, as the platform revolves, with the horses moving up and down. In "Jack and Jill" a kind of jaunting car carries the passengers to the top, where the seats drop and they are shot into chutes down which they descend, finishing up on a mat. The Globe is a structure representing the earth, with novel scenic and mechanical effects inside. It is entered through a whale's mouth. The River Cave here illustrated is below the Giant Switchback Railway (not shown here). There are three large switchbacks in all, the other two being the Mountain Railway (shown above) and the Scenic Railway.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.*]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

"THE century," says Dr. Johnson, "is the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit, and to-day the test is being applied by a thousand pens to the work of the poet whose death at Missolonghi, on April 19, 1824, left the world with a sense of desolation. Seven years earlier, when Byron quitted England an execrated exile, the passing of the poet would not have aroused such profound emotions; but ten years earlier it would have seemed like a national calamity. To many, even to admirers who knew him only by his poems, the news of his death seemed like an eclipse of the sun, so strong a hold had Byron taken on the public imagination. The phase of evil repute did not wholly alienate sympathy, and before the end the poet's efforts to liberate Greece had gone far to restore his tarnished name in the esteem of his countrymen and of the world.

. . . . . .

The moral question has, however, but little significance to-day in any estimate of Byron. Fifty years after his death, Disraeli, speaking at the meeting called to inaugurate a Byron Memorial for London, remarked that when half a century has elapsed private character is scarcely an element in the estimate of literary genius. And in the very year of the poet's death, Walter Scott, writing to Hobhouse about the proposal to place a statue in Westminster Abbey, said he hoped that the guardians of that place "would not fix their attention on speculative errors and levities, but consider the quantity of genius of which Britain was prematurely deprived, and the real character of the individual, although it was not always that which was most ostensible." Scott's clumsy phrasing, simplified, means that Byron did not show the world the best side of his character. Sir Walter saw it, and possessed above all men the gift of bringing it out. They saw too little of each other for Byron's good. Mr. John Murray believed that, had the two poets been thrown together oftener and more intimately, much sorrow would have been averted. Byron never appears to greater advantage than when he is writing to or of Scott. In him he saw no fault. Scott, older and wiser, knew all the weak points of Byron, but he seemed to understand exactly how to take him, and the younger man felt and acknowledged Scott's sympathetic influence. "Oh," he exclaimed to Pryse Lockhart Gordon when talking of Scott; "I wish it had been my good fortune to have had such a Mentor!"

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At the first glance, when Murray brought the two poets together in London, Scott seemed to understand and appreciate Byron. He recognised the strange mixture of genius and waywardness, and struck a true balance in estimating the character. In each the Scot responded to the Scot. But for Byron's early upbringing in the North, and his experience of Scottish ways and Scottish speech, he would never have been so closely drawn either to Scott the man or Scott the writer. In his request to Murray for books to be sent to him in Italy, it is always Scott that he desires. The friends, during their brief meeting and in their correspondence, were in perfect *rapport*. But Scott's opportunities were limited. Left to himself, Byron rushed upon social disaster.

. . . . . .

Upon the central tragedy of his life there is no need to dwell at this time of day. Misunderstandings and misconceptions are clearing away; the deliberate misrepresentations of enmity or stupidity have been corrected, or have faded out with the generation that begot them; the work has taken precedence of the man; and what is excellent in the work itself has risen clear of what is less worthy, or, it may be, actually worthless. In Byron's poetry, Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch marks (rather arbitrarily, but not unreasonably) a distinct line of cleavage, and indicates a point of departure from which to determine the period of works that secure the poet's fame. "I ask you," he says, "to take April 25, 1816, the day on which Byron sailed from England for ever, and to set that for a mark dividing all that he wrote before from all that he wrote afterwards; and I promise you that with this simple book-marker between what to discard and what to retain, you will never again doubt that he was a great poet."

. . . . . .

This doctrine may still seem hard to many even in an age more ready to lend a favourable ear to Byron than were the critics of 1881, when Matthew Arnold's championship of a poet much out of favour startled the elect and roused Swinburne to a foaming reply; for to-day the arbiters of poetry in certain coteries have but small opinion of critics who find any good in Byron. Roundly to claim him for a great poet must seem to these a damnable heresy, if not an outrage upon the sanctities of beauty. But those who still disparage Byron reckon without the critical movement which since 1900 has been making a gradual approach to a better appreciation. Swinburne, and to some extent, Lang (although he recanted generously), retarded the effect of Arnold's advocacy, and confirmed many in their antagonism. Arnold did much also to defeat his own end by his rash prophecy that the year 1900 would acknowledge Byron and Wordsworth as the two supreme poets of the century just closing. The year 1900 came round and still it seemed that Byron lingered in disesteem. But opinion was swinging over, not to the old delirious and even fatuous admiration that greeted the poet's appearance, but to a sane recognition of what Byron stands for in literature.

. . . . . .

Since 1900 there has been a tendency to take Byron on his essential merits, and to cease applying to his work the touchstones of other schools. The Pre-Raphaelites damned him simply because he was not a Pre-Raphaelite. He was something far stronger. True, he did not come offering the delicate tapestries of verse, the quaint imitations of old beautiful things in which they wrought with such curious and delightful art. Swinburne, forgetful of former generous praise, berated Byron's "jolterheaded jargon"; but Swinburne's god, Shelley, had seen that the Fifth Canto of "Don Juan" placed its author not only above, but far above, all the poets of the day. What is more to the point, Shelley recognised that in "Don Juan" Byron had produced something wholly new:

. . . . . .

In the future and final estimate of Byron's work, it would seem that his Burlesque Epic is to hold the central place. As yet the world may not have rediscovered it fully or realised its true significance, but proofs are not wanting that the trend of criticism is in that direction. In two of the Centenary volumes that lie before me, the testimony is unmistakable. One of these, "BYRON THE POET" (Routledge; 12s. 6d.), issued by the local piety of Nottingham, because of the poet's association with that city, contains a lecture by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, from which a passage has been already quoted. There he says: "I believe 'Don Juan' will some day be recognised for one of the world's few greatest epics. I am sure that it is, after 'Paradise Lost,' our second English epic. 'Don Juan' has this, at any rate, in common with the 'Iliad' itself: it belongs with heart and soul to its age—a remarkable age, too, in human history—and it paints that age with such lively intensity, with such a sweep of power, that no generation to come will ever be able to dispute the picture."

. . . . . .

In the other Centenary publication, "BYRON IN ENGLAND: HIS FAME AND AFTER-FAME," by Professor Samuel Chew (Murray; 21s.), every conceivable example of Byron criticism, comment, parody, and spurious imitation is collected and co-ordinated with great skill and judgment. It is an encyclopædic work of the utmost value. Although Mr. Chew is less concerned to give his own opinions than to make a lucid conspectus of the opinions of other critics, he is convinced that "the hundred years since the poet's death, if they have heard many a voice of detraction raised, have also been a century of praise." The voices contend, but on a balance those of most authority are with Byron. His detractors, studied *en bloc* in this collection, expose their own puny wits to admiration.

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It is not often that two books appearing almost simultaneously play each other off as do those now under consideration. The Nottingham volume, a collection of essays by various hands, has been edited by Mr. W. A. Briscoe, the Public Librarian of that city. Most of the papers are essays or addresses delivered on various dates in the county of Nottingham, and few of them have escaped the lynx eye of Professor Chew. Consequently to read the Nottingham book, and then to open "Byron in England," is to discover a body of criticism which is often applied directly to Mr. Briscoe's material, notably the lectures by Professor Quiller-Couch, Miss Marie Corelli, and the Hon. Whitelaw Reid.

Another lecture delivered to University College, Nottingham, by Professor H. J. C. Grierson, appears in a revised and enlarged form. It is difficult in dealing with a book by many hands to avoid proverbially odious comparisons; consequently, in recommending this article, I shall not contrast or compare it with the work of any other contributor, but will suggest that those interested in Byron should compare Grierson with Grierson, and read in conjunction with his "Byron in English Society," his Wharton Lecture, "Lord Byron, Arnold, and Swinburne" (1920), and his memorable address delivered last September at the unveiling of the Byron statue at Aberdeen Grammar School.

. . . . . .

Professor Grierson's sane and just attitude towards Byron is the more significant that he himself yields to none in appreciation of the poets of "the sweet new style." He delights in the writers who work in ivory and gold, who are jealous for the perfect phrase and the jewelled word; and yet he can admit that these luxuries sometimes pall, and it is with a new quickening of the blood that we come back to Byron. In 1920, Mr. Grierson distinguished between Byronism and Byron, and he asked himself whether, although Byronism is dead, Byron may not, after all, be alive. "Readers may still find something stirring and arresting in the passionate speed" of Byron's earlier poems, although "their deficiency in the finer qualities of poetry have consigned them to general oblivion." But in the works written after Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch's crucial date (with which Mr. Grierson seems to agree implicitly), "the later cantos of 'Childe Harold,' in 'Manfred,' in 'Prometheus,' and 'Darkness,' in the lyrical epistles to his sister, Byron's poetry acquired a new and deeper accent, his voice a *timbre* that shook the heart of Europe; and when with 'Beppo' he found a new medium, and this man of many moods and sparkling wit began to pour himself forth in the most brilliant and buoyant conversation in verse that perhaps any literature can lay claim to, it was then that Byron became the spokesman of a disillusioned Europe."

. . . . . .

Briefly, Mr. Grierson sums up the present position as follows: "If Byron's poetry is little read to-day, the interest in Byron is never quite extinguished. His spirit is too dæmonic—as is that of Shelley, though there is a world of difference between their angels—ever to be exorcised by a purely technical criticism of his faults of style and defects of harmony."

. . . . . .

Posterity, it may be, will not detect these faults, just as Europe at large is unable to detect their verbal shortcomings, and so, unhindered by æsthetic scruples, has given Byron a whole-hearted allegiance that has never wavered since first he took it by storm. He had the European mind; he made English literature European; and the greatness of that achievement, that triumph of spiritual force, makes the carping of the precious school at "bellman's rhyme" and "bastard romanticism," a mere petulance of Forcible Feebles.

. . . . . .

Byron had the European mind because he was a Scot. To the Scot he is irresistible. Lang, it is true, went after strange gods for a while, but not very desperately. His decadence is never unhealthy—a delicate feeling for the charm and fragrance of dead rose-leaves. He had in him something of the fresh air and fire not alien to the Byronic, and although he could say "I hate the slang, I hate the personalities," his Caledonian blood forced him back at last to the splendid valedictory stanza of praise in the "Letters to Dead Authors"—

> Farewell, thou Titan fairer than the Gods!
> Farewell, farewell, thou swift and lovely spirit,
> Thou splendid warrior with the world at odds,
> Unpraised, unpraisable beyond thy merit;
> Chased, like Orestes, by the Furies' rods,
> Like him at length thy peace dost thou inherit,
> Beholding whom men think how fairer far
> Than all the steadfast stars the wandering star.

The critical world may not yet be ready to admit that in Byron it entertained a Titan, but, before the year 2000 is turned, all doubt will be at rest. Spurious adoration, long dead, is being replaced by real understanding. Byron is alive: a focus of compelling interest—a source of unending curiosity and comment.

. . . . . .

The Centenaries of Shelley and Keats produced no such volume of criticism, review, and appreciation. They were incidents of a single day. The Byron Centenary has been talked about for months; the public interest has taken forms most diverse. Not the least remarkable is that a very eminent publicist has laid aside his weekly political article to discourse in the same space for a Sunday or two on the instant theme—Byron. And most places that could in any way claim association with the poet are doing homage to his memory. The Nottingham book of essays is purely a local tribute: Professor Chew's volume represents critical America, where Byron has most ardent admirers. Nor is the list of Centenary books yet complete. Mr. Murray announces Mr. Harold Spender's "Byron and Greece," and Mr. Desmond McCarthy will issue a new biography with Messrs. Heinemann. One volume I hoped to notice here has not been sent for review, and must be omitted.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"THE DREAM." *(Jonathan Cape.)*	By H. G. Wells.
"ENTICEMENT." *(Parsons.)*	By Clive Arden.
"GREAT WATERS." *(Jonathan Cape.)*	By Vere Hutchinson.
"MAY EVE." *(Hutchinson.)*	By E. Temple Thurston.
"RAT'S CASTLE." *(Hutchinson.)*	By Roy Bridges.
"SALLY SERENE." *(Hurst and Blackett.)*	By Oliver Sandys.
"THE TEMPTRESS." *(Butterworth.)*	By Vicente Blasco Ibanez.
"WOODSMOKE." *(Collins.)*	By F. Brett Young.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"GENERAL BOTHA." *(Murray.)*	By Earl Buxton.
"BYRON." *(Constable.)*	By Harold Nicholson.
"TWO GENTLEMEN OF CHINA." *(Seeley Service.)*	By Lady Hosie.
"WONDERS OF THE HIMALAYA." *(Murray.)*	By Sir Francis Younghusband.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library. The volumes are given in order of demand.

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THE REAL DREAMER OF "THE DREAM": A PROPHET ON THE PRESENT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LIZZIE CASWALL SMITH.

A SEER OF THE PRESENT THROUGH THE EYES OF THE FUTURE: MR. H. G. WELLS, NOVELIST, HISTORIAN, AND SOCIALIST, WHOSE NEW BOOK, "THE DREAM," IS BEING MUCH DISCUSSED.

In his new book, "The Dream," Mr. H. G. Wells describes and discusses, in characteristic style, the social conditions of the present as seen through the eyes of a man living 2000 years hence, the dreamer of the dream, which is told as his recollection of a previous incarnation in our own day. It is hardly necessary, nor have we space here, to enumerate all Mr. Wells's books. It is sufficient to say that he is famous as a novelist of scientific prophecy, social reform, and religious speculation, and as a popular historian with a wide outlook, through Socialistic spectacles, as presented in his "Outline of History." In the last two General Elections he stood as a Labour candidate for the University of London, but was unsuccessful. He is not only a seer of past and future, but a vivid interpreter of the present. Mr. Philip Guedalla, who has dissected many celebrities in his "Under the Knife" essays in our pages, sums up Mr. Wells as "a pair of bright eyes, watching the world alertly and not without malice." Mr. Wells was born at Bromley, Kent, in 1866, the son of a cricket professional. He went to Midhurst Grammar School, and later took his B.Sc., with first-class honours in zoology, at the Royal College of Science.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE PUSS MOTH.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

IT is good indeed to feel that the winter is past. And of this we are assured by the opening leaf-buds of the trees and hedgerows. Among those of us who find delight, not only in the first spring flowers, but also in the gradual awakening of the lowlier creatures of the countryside—caterpillars and caddis-flies, frogs and lizards, and the arrival of our spring migrants, such as the wheatear and the swallow, this is a time which sets the pulses throbbing. Once more the allurements of Nature's kinema-show compel us to take our walks abroad. We are drawn, as the moth to the candle; and we fare forth with high expectancy; for we feel sure that, profiting by the experience gained in former years, we shall be enabled to see with a yet clearer insight into the mysteries which we know, in our hearts, we shall never really fathom, even while we try to persuade ourselves that there is not really *much* that we have missed!

To-day I want to suggest a piece of investigation which those who are interested in entomology might well undertake. It concerns the "Puss moth." Some may insist that all that there is to know of this insect will be found recorded in well-nigh any book on moths and butterflies. Nevertheless, if these records are carefully read, it will be found that on some quite important points inference takes the place of observed fact. But, before entering upon these, it would be well to review what is actually known of the life-history of this extremely interesting insect, in the hope that new recruits will be gained, ready and eager to take up the task of recorders during the month of May, when the moth itself emerges from its wonderful cocoon.

LARGER THAN THE MALE, AND SOMEWHAT DARKER IN COLORATION: THE FEMALE PUSS MOTH, WITH WOOLLY FORE-LEGS EXTENDED.

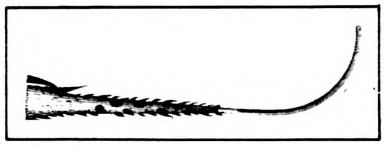
Photograph by A. H. Bishop.

The Puss moth, then, is to be sought where sallow, willow, and poplar are fairly numerous; not merely in one favoured quarter of our England, but throughout the United Kingdom, save the Orkneys and Shetlands; though not everywhere with the same abundance.

In appearance it is not a particularly striking insect, and there is little difference between the sexes in the matter of coloration. It has a rather "fluffy" appearance, whitish in colour, and having the "veins," or "nervures," of the wings marked out by reason of their ochreous and blackish hue. The male is smaller than the female, and has his antennæ more conspicuously "pectinated"; that is to say, these all-important organs are beset with a closely set array of comb-like teeth, whose precise function has yet to be discovered.

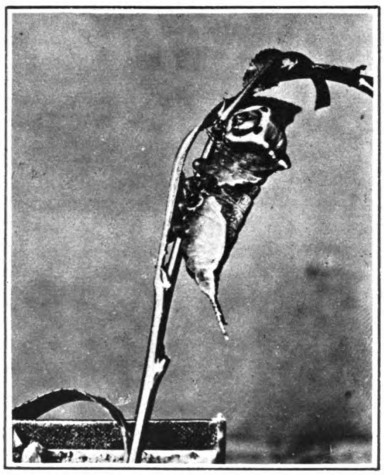
The eggs are usually laid in pairs, on the upper surface of a leaf of sallow, willow, or poplar. And in searching for these, one must look for tiny, dome-shaped bodies of a reddish hue, polished and finely grained, and looking for all the world like small leaf-galls, by which camouflage they escape the attacks of parasites. Cut off the twig bearing such leaves, and take it home for the purpose of hatching-out the caterpillars, so that the whole of the life history can be carefully studied.

When these little creatures first emerge, they are black, and would easily be passed over, on the tree, for small dark patches such as leaves often bear. Only during the very early stages of development, however, would this blackness serve as a disguise, hence a tinge of green soon begins to make its appearance, and this speedily displaces the black, until it is confined to the middle of the back, where, seen in side-view, it presents a triangular appearance. With each succeeding moult the body increases in size, until at last it may measure as much as three inches in length. The coloration is now of the same green as the leaves on which it feeds, save for the patch on the back, which is now of a purplish hue, margined with white. One would suppose that it would now be easily seen, but this is by no means the case, for the dark patch of the back breaks up the solid appearance of the body. The protective value of this coloration is reinforced



SHOWING THE RED "WHIP" EXTENDED WHEN THE CREATURE IS ALARMED: THE TAIL-SPINE OF A PUSS MOTH CATERPILLAR (ENLARGED).

Photograph by E. J. Manly.



WITH FACE AND "EYES" TURNED TO FACE DANGER, AND TAIL-SPINE PARTIALLY RAISED: THE QUAINT CATERPILLAR OF THE PUSS MOTH.

When the caterpillar is fully alarmed, the tail-spine is brought up over the head, and displays a pair of red "whips."

Photograph by A. H. Bishop.

MADE BY THE CATERPILLAR OF BARK CEMENTED BY SALIVA: THE COCOON OF THE PUSS MOTH, OPENED TO SHOW THE CHRYSALIS WITHIN.—*[Photograph by A. H. Bishop.]*

in a very remarkable way. For while the creature is at rest it assumes a quite unusual attitude, the head and fore-part of the body being drawn backwards and downwards, so as to give greater prominence to the triangular prominence which marks the third segment of the body; so that this, and the steep slope caused by the position of the head, gives a curiously angular shape to the fore-part of the body, while the hind-part is tilted up and terminates in a long spine, formed by the last pair of larval legs. These unusual features, in themselves, constitute a very effective disguise, affording protection against the prying eyes of insect-eating birds. But the creature has yet a third string to its bow. Gently touch a captive specimen, and lo! a startling change takes place. The head is suddenly drawn into the first body-ring, which at once swells up and presents a bright-red margin. Then, swinging the head round in the direction of the attack, it reveals two black spots resembling eyes, so that one seems to be looking at a large flat face. Touch the body on the other side, and the face is at once turned in the appropriate direction.

This is not all, however; for, as the face is turned, so is the tail raised, and from the end of its terminal spine there are thrust out two bright-red threads, which are waved about over the head as though they were deadly weapons. Even entomologists, witnessing this display for the first time, have been startled. One can well imagine, then, that birds would be wary of experimenting with so terrible a creature.

The smaller larvæ, however, seem to make more use of these "whips" than the full-grown caterpillars. And this, perhaps, because they depend rather upon the power of ejecting a spray of formic acid from a slit in the upper edge of the red margin surrounding the head. Prying birds or lizards or ichneumon flies designing an attack on the succulent body speedily desist when this pungent fluid is expelled at them. But further observations as to the occasions when this spray is used are needed.

SMALLER THAN THE FEMALE: THE MALE PUSS MOTH, SHOWING THE MARKINGS, AND GENERAL WOOLLINESS ON THE EXTENDED FORE-LEG.

Photograph by A. H. Bishop.

The Puss-moth caterpillar—and also, by the way, its near relations, the caterpillars of the Kitten-moth—have attained to a high degree of perfection in the art of camouflage on the one hand and aggressive tactics on the other.

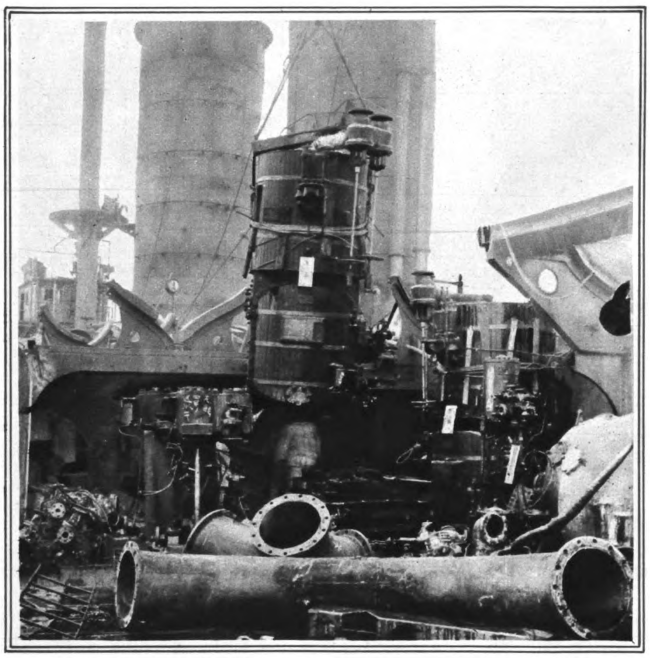
When full-fed, this creature proceeds to fashion for itself a cocoon. This is made of small pieces of bark cut by the powerful jaws, and cemented together by saliva poured out from the mouth. When this sets it forms a protecting case which can scarcely be cut with a sharp knife. If at the time of pupation the spinner be placed under an inverted tumbler, standing on a saucer, with no "building materials," it will fashion a sleeping-chamber of saliva only, which sets as hard as glue!

This being so, when the time came for the moth to emerge it would be unable to escape, having no cutting jaws. But provision is made for this emergence at the time the case is made, for its walls at one end are made thinner than the rest, so that they can be dissolved away by a special solvent, secreted by the moth when the time for emergence has come, a breach having been first made by a cutting instrument formed by a keel-like edge on the end of the hard chrysalis case. How, in spite of these remarkable forms of attack and defence, some fall victims to the dreaded ichneumon fly must be told at another time, for I have come to the end of the space allotted me.

CHRISTIAN ART RELICS; "SCRAPPING" A WAR-SHIP; A PRINCE CASTING.

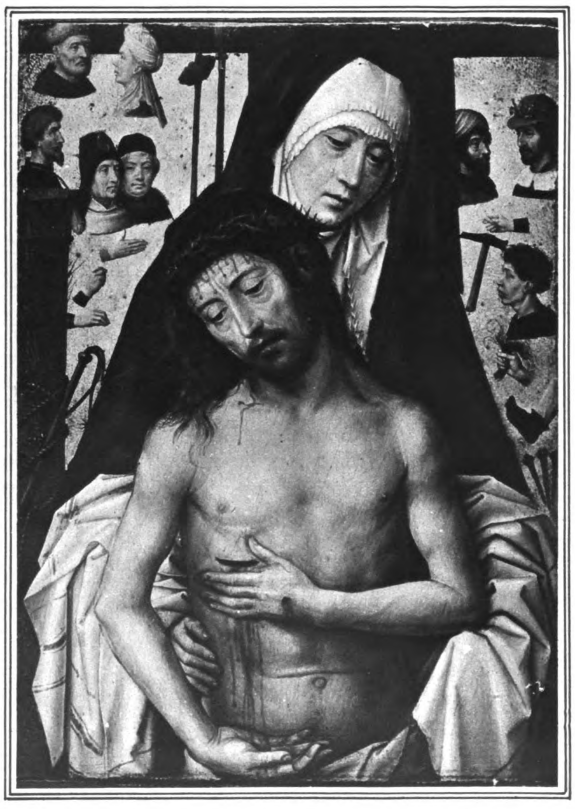
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," CENTRAL PRESS, AND C.N. THAT OF MEMLING'S PICTURE BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT CANTERBURY: AN 11TH-CENTURY LEADEN CROSS BEARING THE NAME OF ABBOT WULFRIC'S SISTER (6 IN. BY 5 1-8 IN.)



A FAMOUS JAPANESE BATTLE-CRUISER SHARING THE FATE OF THE "LION": THE "KATORI" BEING "SCRAPPED" UNDER THE WASHINGTON AGREEMENT—A VIEW ON DECK.

THE DUKE OF YORK AS STEEL-FOUNDER: OPERATING A LEVER RELEASING MOLTEN METAL FROM A CRUCIBLE, TO CAST A SOUVENIR OF HIS VISIT TO SHEFFIELD.



A FLEMISH "OLD MASTER" BOUGHT FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF VICTORIA AT MELBOURNE: HANS MEMLING'S "PIETA," PLACED ON VIEW AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

During recent excavations in the Norman church of St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, was found a leaden cross (6 in. by 5 1-8 in.) inscribed (in Latin): "On the 11th of March, 1063, departed out of this life Wulfmaeg, sister of Wulfric the Abbot." Wulfmaeg, whose name was not previously known, is mentioned in Gocelin's "History of the Translation of St. Augustine and His Companions" as a woman of great piety and a figure in a miraculous story of the Virgin.——The above photograph of the Japanese war-ship "Katori," which brought the Prince Regent to England, being "scrapped," recalls the similar scenes aboard H.M.S. "Lion," Admiral Beatty's flag-ship at Jutland, published in our last issue.——During his visit to Sheffield on April 10, the Duke of York spent some time at the Rutland Works of Messrs. Samuel Osborn and Co., Ltd., steel founders, where he took part personally in making a small cast as a souvenir of the occasion.——Hans Memling's "Pieta," a very early work of that fifteenth-century Flemish master, has been bought from Messrs. Agnew under the Felton Bequest, for the National Gallery of Victoria at Melbourne, and placed on exhibition for a time at the National Gallery in London.

"BLACK & WHITE"

From the Original Painting by Maud Earl.

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JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., and their Associated Companies, are in the predominant and unrivalled position of holding the largest stocks of Scotch Whisky in Bond in Scotland.

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CHRISTIAN ART RELICS; "SCRAPPING" A WAR-SHIP; A PRINCE CASTING.

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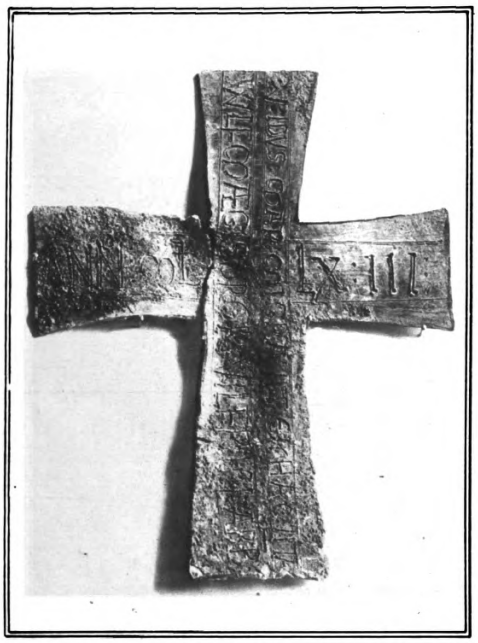

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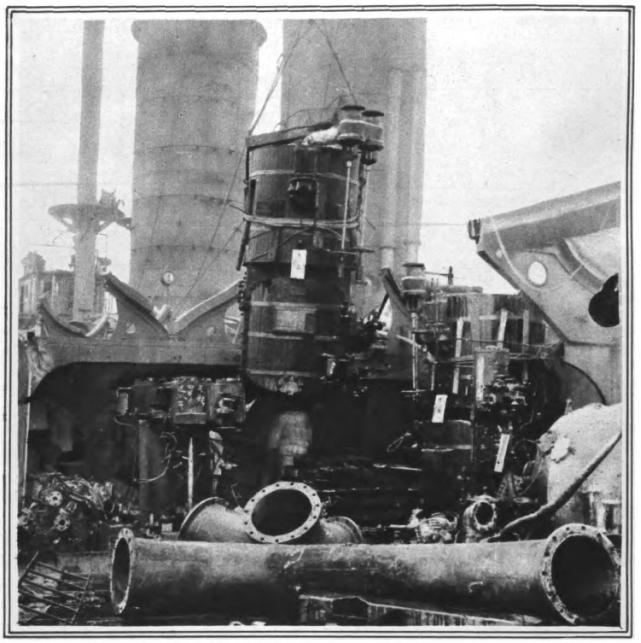

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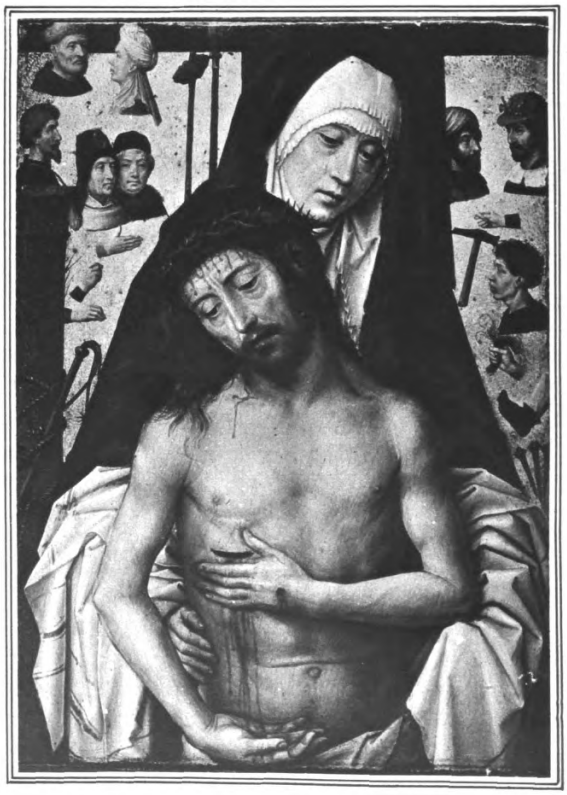

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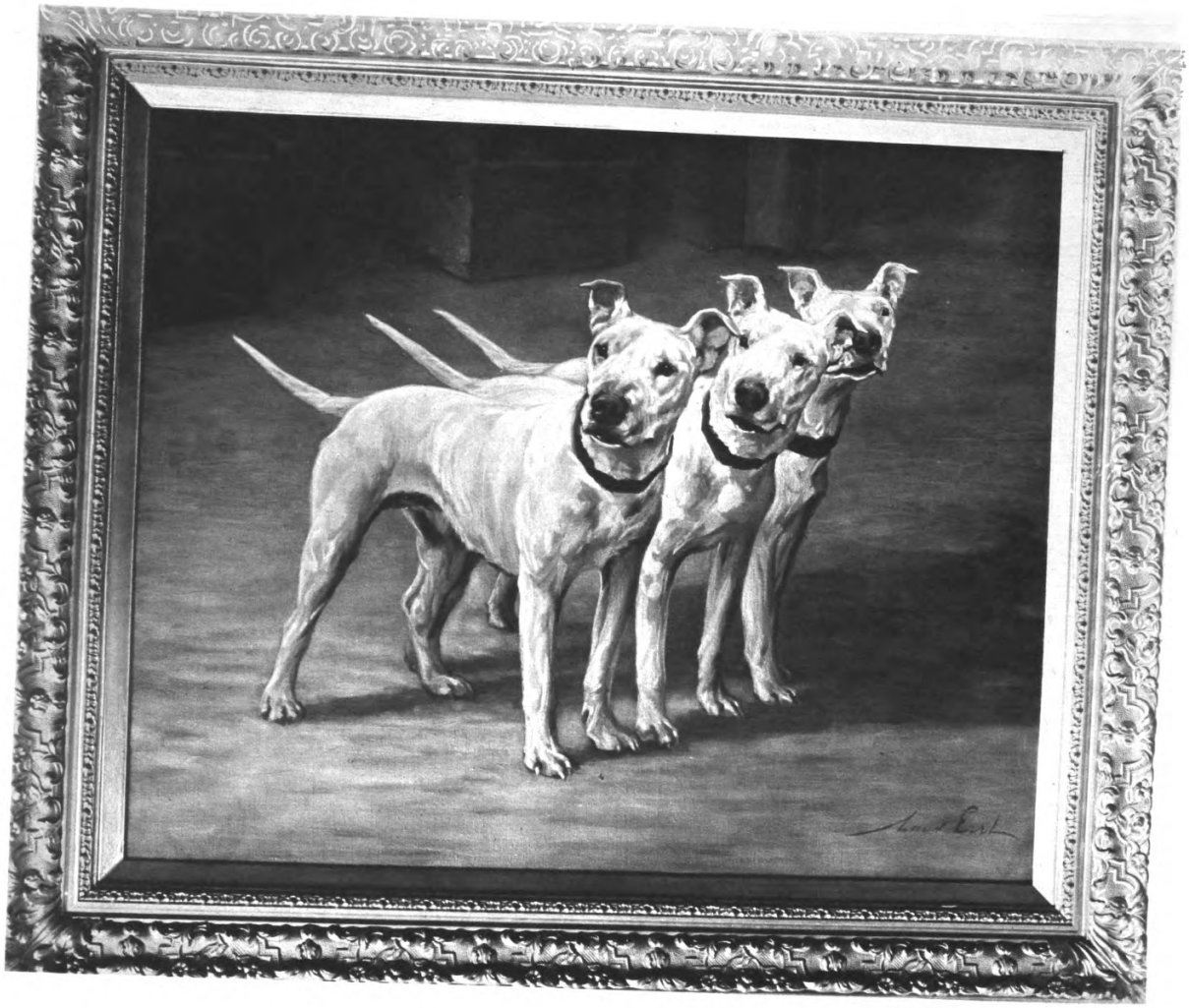

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN

ALL members of our world welcome the postponement of the Prince of Wales's visit to South Africa. His Royal Highness's absence in the year of the great British Empire Exhibition was the one thing we all deplored. The Prince, who from the first has shown such an interest in the exhibition, will be there to receive the King and Queen when his Majesty opens it, and will be with us through a season which promises to be exceptionally brilliant. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, says the old proverb, and South Africa's loss is very much our gain. The Governor-General and Princess Alice will be sorry, for the Prince of Wales is a great friend of theirs, and we shall welcome Princess Alice and Lady May Cambridge here, if as seems likely, they come for part of the season. Lady May would be in time for one of the June Courts. I hear from friends in Biarritz that the Prince of Wales has become popular there as everywhere, and that he has enjoyed the sunshine and sea breezes, and been as little inconvenienced by admiring crowds as he could be anywhere. They were rather persevering at first, but when the Prince's wish for quiet was generally known it was fairly well respected.

The Duke and Duchess of York and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught dined with Lord and Lady Massereene and Ferrard, and were at a small dance afterwards in their fine house, 108, Lancaster Gate, the ball-room of which has recently been redecorated in a charming and rather original way characteristic of its clever proprietress. Lady Massereene is never bound by convention either in dress or surroundings. The dance was given for Miss Celia d'Anyers Willis, niece of Lord Massereene, whose second sister married Mr. Richard Atherton d'Anyers Willis, of Halsnead Park, Lancashire, and the elder of their two daughters is a débutante this season. It was a small dance, but very cheery. The Duke and Duchess of York, who are going to Northern Ireland in July, met some Northern Irish people, of whom their host and hostess are important examples. Lord Massereene is a grandson of that fine sportsman and author, Major George John Whyte-Melville.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. M. Worsley had a churchful of friends at their marriage in St. George's, Hanover Square. The old church was gay with bright yellow and red tulips and daffodils, and the bridesmaids were in yellow and brown. The bride, who is tall, wore a beautiful dress of silver brocade with a train of old family lace. Lord Wyfold gave his daughter away, and his soldier and sailor sons were present. The eldest, who won his M.V.O. and D.S.O., married a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fleming, at whose house, 37, Grosvenor Square, full of beautiful things, the reception was held; and the two little daughters of the Hon. Rowland and Mrs. Hermon Hodge, Charmian and Valentine—as pretty as their names—acted as train-bearers.

We need no proof that in some of what we incline to consider essentially feminine industries men can meet us and sometimes beat us. There were fine examples of skill in embroidery at the exhibition held at Mr. and Lady Mary Morrison's fine house, 9, Halkin Street, in aid of absolutely destitute infants. Viscount Ennismore was responsible for a beautifully worked screen in petit-point. He is a soldier who served in the South African War and the Great War, and yet sets himself patiently to embroider a screen in a way that any woman would be proud to have accomplished. Lord Gainford and Lord Carmichael also showed fine examples of petit-point, the needlework which seems to make the surest appeal to men. Our disabled ex-Service men love doing it, and are experts at it. Mr. Edward Lister, Mr. Harry Hoare, and Mr. Hubert Astley also showed their work; and Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who is a man of many parts, has designed for and taught disabled ex-Service men needlework.

Lady Patricia Ramsay opened the exhibition one day, and Mrs. Frank Kellogg, wife of the American Ambassador, another. Lady Patricia had in the exhibition a finely executed piece of embroidery of original and beautiful design. She has now taken quite seriously to painting, and devotes much time and study to that art. Wearing a chestnut-brown brocaded marocain coat and skirt, a Russian sable tie, and a small brown silk bell-shaped hat, with flat rosettes all over the crown of pale and dark-brown silk, Lady Patricia looked very handsome, and declared the exhibition open in her own charming, natural way, which makes people think that the things she really enjoys most are such little ceremonies. Lady Hylton, who is an expert embroiderer and a designer, received Lady Patricia, and was wearing a black dress with relief of purple, and a black hat. Her pretty daughter, the Hon. Betty Jolliffe, was wearing a pearl-grey ribbed skirt and a jade-green jumper. She is a débutante of this year. The Countess of Bective, erect, stately, and picturesque as ever, was there with her daughter, Lady Henry Bentinck, who wore a coat of golden-brown knitted silk, the stitch an effective and unusual one, over a skirt the same colour. The coat was trimmed with golden beaver fur, and a black hat was worn. The Duchess of Wellington looked in, as did Katharine Duchess of Westminster and the Dowager Marchioness of Bristol. Lady Ottoline Morrell, step-sister of the Duke of Portland, and a very clever embroideress and designer, wore a flame-coloured duvetyn cloak trimmed with kolinsky fur over a dark dress. There were a large number of distinguished people at the opening, and all were astonished at the beauty, variety, and excellence of the work. There was a Generosity Stall, everything on which had been given by friends to the cause. On it were many beautiful things, and their purchase added substantially to the admission money on the two days.

A. E. L.

A quartette of fascinating spring models which hail from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. Russian darned work in artistic colourings makes the jumper on the extreme left; the sports coat is of soft white wool embroidered in a Roumanian design; and the two-piece frock is of rust bouclette bordered with multi-coloured woollen flowers. On the right is a waistcoat, scarf, and cap of white wool, embroidered in effective tapestry colourings. (See page 714.)

The famous Warwick Vase, discovered at the Emperor Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli in Italy. A magnificent specimen in white marble of the best period of Grecian Art.

A History in Stone

SO interwoven is the tale of Warwick Castle with English history and the lives of the old nobility, that the fabric may well be described as a graven record of feudal times. From the Conqueror's days the castle has been a stronghold held by noble families renowned in our annals: Beaumonts, Beauchamps, Plantagenets, Dudleys, Nevilles, in turn built, rebuilt and added to the strength of the structure, happily always with an eye to architectural harmony. Particularly fine examples of constructive skill are the oldest portions, the 14th century Guy's Tower and Cæsar's Tower, while the interior almost surpasses the exterior in antiquarian interest and mediæval picturesqueness. The view of the Great Hall, rich in its collection of arms, armour and ancient relics, recalls memories of Piers Gaveston, infamous favourite of Edward II., here tried and sentenced to death by England's premier peers in 1312 A.D.

In the transition of design through many styles from rugged stonework to delicate tracery, Warwick Castle furnishes proof that age brings refinement. This truth is also evident with John Haig Scots Whisky, produced by the oldest distillers in the world —1627. Here is unimpeachable quality only attained by centuries of experienced production.

By Appointment.

D'ye Ken

John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

St. James's 27

THE DECADENCE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(*Continued from Page 692.*)

city was necessary; and that new city could only arise in the East, where absolute monarchy with a religious character had always been the national form of government.

The first real dynasty which governed a part of Europe with all the Asiatic pomp was that of

MORE THAN DOUBLE HIS WEIGHT SINCE HIS ARRIVAL LAST NOVEMBER: PERCY, THE YOUNG PIGMY HIPPO AT THE "ZOO," REGISTERING 98 LB.

Constantine. Constantinople was the new city which that dynasty built, ornamented, and developed to serve as its seat of government and its throne. That is why it is not an exaggeration to say that all the kings and emperors who have reigned over Europe came from Constantinople. All the enlightened spirits of the Middle Ages who wished to restore order in the anarchy of their epoch by means of a strong political power, turned their eyes towards the Bosphorus. It was the *notitia dignitatum* which served as a model, long after the collapse of the Eastern Empire and beginning with the seventeenth century, for the organisation of the great monarchies of Continental Europe.

Now that the whole monarchical system of Europe is dislocated, Constantinople also is under an eclipse, as if her fate were bound up with the system which was born with her.

It is therefore not surprising that the fate of Constantinople should be shared to-day by a much more recent city, but whose history presents several curious analogies with her own. St. Petersburg was also created out of nothing by a despot who wished, for political reasons, to displace the geographical centre of his Empire, and at the same time to escape from the traditional influences emanating from the old walls of a capital which had become too ancient. Her rôle also appears to be finished to-day, like that of Constantinople, in the crisis of the monarchical system.

. . . . . .

Grandeur and decadence; these two words are inseparable from all human power. States are formed, empires are extended, civilisations are organised and developed. Great cities are at the same time the heads and living expressions of these states, empires, and civilisations. They all indulge in the illusion that they are eternal: but all alike, Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Thebes, Corinth, Syracuse, Carthage, Athens, Sparta, Rome, Venice, at a given moment are struck down. Some are born again and begin their existence afresh; some perish for ever. Sooner or later their dry bones become the prey of nomads and barbarians, before the archæologists have their day. On the ruins of those which disappear, by the side of those which decline, other cities develop and prosper, the expression of new active forces and new inevitable necessities. Where will the new centres of the world arise? What obscure or already celebrated cities will profit to-day by the decadence of those which history has abandoned, leaving them only the painful burden of great memories? That is one of the numerous mysteries of this moment, when humanity seems to be occupied in remoulding nearly all the states of the world. To-day, as always, the destiny of all cities, those which decline and those which rise up, is interwoven with the fate of the directing forces of states and civilisations. Great cities grow up and prosper in the places where those forces are organised to exercise their functions; they decline when those forces are weakened.

As the directing forces of states and civilisations are to-day disturbed everywhere by great confusion and contradictory movements, the fate of those cities is also in the hands of a capricious destiny. But that capricious destiny will gradually reveal its designs, as little by little the remoulding of the world is accomplished and the present unrest is replaced by definite stabilities. This will in time be accomplished by the force of human vitality.

NOW TEETHING, AND CAUSING SOME ANXIETY AS TO HIS HEALTH: PERCY TAKING A FEED OF "SLOPS" FROM HIS KEEPER AT THE "ZOO."

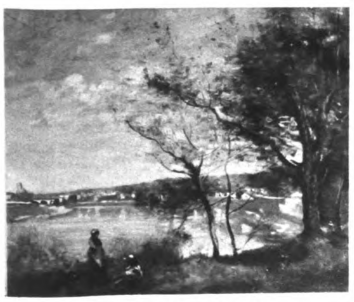
Percy is the baby Pigmy Hippopotamus whose arrival at the "Zoo" from Liberia (the West African Negro Republic) caused great interest last November, when he was described as about six months old and the youngest of his kind ever seen in England. Only two other specimens had previously been known here. Illustrations of Percy appeared in our issue of November 17. He then weighed only about 40 lb., but recently he registered 98 lb. He has lately been teething, and has had to be fed on slops, his condition causing some anxiety.—[*Photographs by Photopress.*]

CHOICE MODERN CONTINENTAL PICTURES

the property of the late

ERNEST RUFFER, Esq.,

now sold by order of the Executors.



Mantes la Jolies, by J. B. C. Corot.

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TIME .... The moving finger writes, and—pauses ..... The flame of life flickers for a moment —only to burn the more steadily .... or to sink ? It depends upon the care which is taken.

As at every other cross-road of life's highway, Horlick's Malted Milk is invaluable here. It gives wonderful nourishment without taxing the digestion. It is a rich, delicious combination of the choice extracts of wheat flour and malted barley with fresh dairy milk. It builds body, brain and nerve. Served in most restaurants and cafés of standing.

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For children, Horlick's gives mental and physical fitness. Ready in a minute in hot or cold water. No cooking.

Fashions and Fancies.

The Russian Influence in Knitted Suits. Embroideries from Russia and Roumania are used to decorate the newest knitted suits and jumpers, and the results are astonishingly effective. A long Russian tunic of rust bouclette, reaching to the knees, is bordered

The abrupt changes of the fickle April weather have no ill effect on the complexion when it is protected by Lait La-rola.

with quaint multi-coloured flowers thrown into strong relief against an edging of dark navy-blue. The suit is completed by a skirt mounted on silk, and is pictured on page 710, accompanying other fascinating novelties of the same genre which hail from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. The price is 8½ guineas. On the extreme left is a captivating jumper of Russian darned work in a medley of beautiful colours embroidered all over on thin netting. It can be obtained in soft shades, or in the brightest of gay hues, and is priced at 5½ guineas. An irresistible affair for sports wear is the white woollen coat worked in true tapestry cross-stitch, expressed in striking Roumanian designs and colourings. Another attractive suit is of white artificial silk, worn with the sleeveless bolero of the Russian peasant, carried out in soft chenille of a contrasting colour.

Waistcoats and Caps. Yet another happy inspiration from Debenham and Freebody's is the alliance of a waistcoat, cap and scarf (pictured on the same page), made of white wool embroidered in a tapestry design introducing soft colourings. This may be worn with any knitted suit, and is obtainable in several colour schemes: 57s. 6d. is the price of the waistcoat; 37s. 6d. the hat; and 32s. 6d. the scarf. Then there are coats and jumpers of lace alpaca wool, hand-embroidered in wonderful colours, for 5 guineas each; and graceful bouclette jumper suits, embroidered in contrasting colours and edged with sheared marabout (a fascinating new idea), for 7½ guineas. Sports suits in pure wool, and silk and wool, are obtainable for the same amount, in two sizes; and useful little house coats for afternoon or evening wear, in stamped artificial silk, can be secured for 84s. in any colour.

A Clear Complexion. However pleasant and healthy long days in the country and energetic hours of sport may be, they certainly have devastating effects on the complexion unless due precautions are taken. Delicate skins must have protection against the sun and wind, while less perfect complexions need to be softened and smoothed by some healing emollient. In either case, an effective remedy lies in using Beetham's Lait La-rola, which tones up the deeper tissues of the skin and safeguards the complexion from every ill. It should be gently massaged into the skin before motoring or any outdoor sport, and used regularly each night. Obtainable from all chemists in 1s. 6d. bottles, Lait La-rola is an indispensable item of the holiday equipment.

The Care of the Hair. Falling hair and a general dullness of appearance is often the result of an insufficient quantity of natural oil in the hair. It is a distressing state of affairs, but one that can be easily remedied at home by massaging the head regularly with Rowlands' Macassar Oil, which penetrates to the roots, and keeps the scalp in a healthy condition. Furthermore, it imparts the much-desired glossy sheen to the hair, and promotes its growth at the same time. Rowlands' Macassar Oil may be obtained from all chemists and stores of prestige, contained in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., or 21s. bottles. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, however, application should be made direct to Rowlands, 112, Guilford Street, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

The modern Godiva keeps her tresses beautiful with the aid of Rowlands' Macassar Oil.

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is with a 'GOVERNOR' Patent Motor Lawn Mower. This remarkable 22-in. machine is simplicity itself—a boy can quickly learn to operate it and with it can do as much work as would be done by a large horse-drawn machine in the same time. The saving of time and the upkeep of a horse alone enables the 'GOVERNOR' to pay for its first cost—in but one season.

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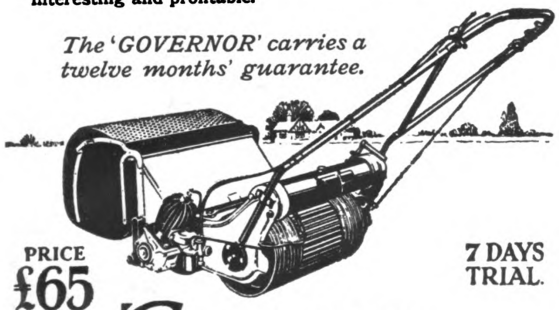

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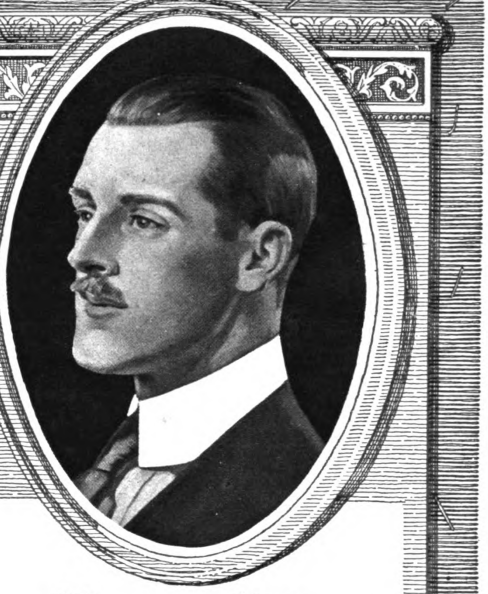

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Aren't men vain! He did the staining and varnishing and flatters himself that he "made" the floor. Give him credit for a good job well done—but it was she who applied the finishing touch.

She uses the O-Cedar Polish Mop on all the floors and lino. . . . . .Happy reflections everywhere!

"I love my home," says he; but only partly knows how his home-love was won, and kept. *She knows, though!*

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TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

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BYRON AND THE WEDDERBURNS.

(*Continued from Page 688.*)

The "last week" he had been staying at Aston Hall. The two sonnets to "Genevra" we know were addressed to her, as he called her by that name.

While Byron was at Aston Hall, Lady Catherine Annesley was staying with her sister; she afterwards married Lord John Somerset, son of the Duke of Beaufort. The Cosway picture, of which a photograph is given on page 689, is in the possession of the Somerset family. It depicts the Countess of Mountnorris (seated), Lady Catherine on her left, Lady Juliana (who afterwards married Mr. Bailey), at her mother's knee. Her son Henry and Lady Frances are standing at the right of the picture. These are all mentioned in the Byron journal and letters; also Lady Frances's half-brother, Viscount Valentia, who is not in the picture. In one of his later letters, Byron says: "Juliana (who was not yet 'out') will be '*very beautiful.*'" Afterwards, saying that her début is imminent, he continues: "She will prove the finest 'pearl of the spring,'" and another time, "they are all very handsome."

At Aston Hall, Byron, apparently to throw the "jaundiced" husband off the scent, said amiable things about Lady Catherine. "I told him that I rather admired the *sister*, and what does he but tell her this; and his *wife* too, who, a little too hastily, asked him 'if he was mad?' which put him to a demonstration that a man ought not to be asked if he was mad, for relating that a friend thought that his wife's sister was a pretty woman. Upon this topic he held forth with great fervour for a customary period—I wish he had a quinsy!"

As Byron seems to have carefully inculcated the idea of Catherine in her brother-in-law's mind, he can hardly blame that gentleman for suggesting that a marriage should take place between them, though he seems to have been very much irritated, as is seen in the following: "His marrying scheme, if premeditated, had been an excellent way of turning the tables; but it was done too abruptly and awkwardly to succeed—there was no foundation for his edifice, and if there had, I would have blown it about his ears. I prefer, if in the *regular* way, choosing my own moiety, though truth to tell, he recommended a woman of virtue; for I heard her say, 'that she never was in a warm bath in her life,' a certain sign that the care of your truly good woman is always confined to her soul." It may be seen from this, as we always knew, that baths were hardly as universal in those days as they are now!

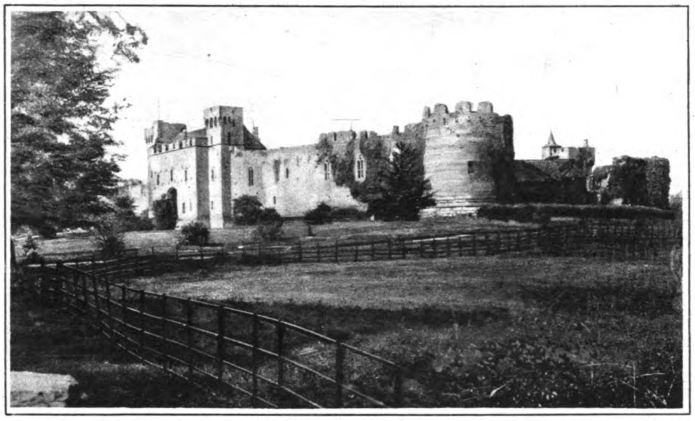
Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that after 1813 Byron's references to my grandfather are somewhat acrimonious. Before this, his letters to James Wedderburn and the allusions to him were very cordial; witness in 1811: "I do very sincerely wish you well." "If I can serve you in any way, command me." "Mio caro W." "You are just the same generous, and I fear careless, gentleman of the year of indifferent memory 1806." In this same year he had a somewhat amusing quarrel with his friend about a coach; but, after lengthy epistles on the subject, the matter seems to have been settled.

In 1813 for a time his adjectives were contemptuous! After a year or two, we again find all the old cordiality and most friendly anxiety to help in family difficulties': even in 1814 he ended a letter "Yours very affectionately." In 1815 he was godfather to one of my uncles (Charles Byron).

That James was not such a "poor thing" as one might be led to believe by reading the letters of this hectic period, I think can be proved by his many interests and writings.

In the Farington Diary, recently published, is a reference to James having won a wager over a long-distance ride which he undertook. As to his actual character, it is very difficult to come to any decided opinion. He died (1840) when my father was a child, and I, by many years the youngest of my family, never knew my father to speak to, nor anyone who could have told me about my grandfather.

Byron remained in friendly intercourse with James Wedderburn nearly up to the time of his (Byron's) death. I think one may sum up the matter in the way that so many friendships must be judged — that these two men enjoyed a fairly intimate friendship through a long course of years, broken, occasionally, as many friendships are, by squabbles over money, jealousy, and absence; but undoubtedly there was sometimes real affection.



TO BE LET FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE "IMPLACABLE," THE LAST-SURVIVING TRAFALGAR PRIZE: CALDICOT CASTLE, A HISTORIC STRONGHOLD ON THE WELSH BORDER.

Mr. G. Wheatly Cobb, the owner of Caldicot Castle, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire, is letting it furnished for £300 per annum for three years, to enable him to preserve the "Implacable" (formerly "Foudroyant"), "the last-surviving Trafalgar prize, the oldest ship afloat in the world." She is the last of the 38-gun frigates, and has lain in Falmouth Harbour for twenty-six years as a training-ship for boys. Of Caldicot Castle Mr. Cobb writes: "No tenant will love this place as I do, but he will maintain it and it will not suffer. If I fail the 'Implacable,' she will be broken up in three months." The castle, a magnificent example of mediæval masonry, was held by the High Constables of England, and was partly built for Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester (1355-97), son of Edward III.—[*Photograph supplied by Harrods.*]

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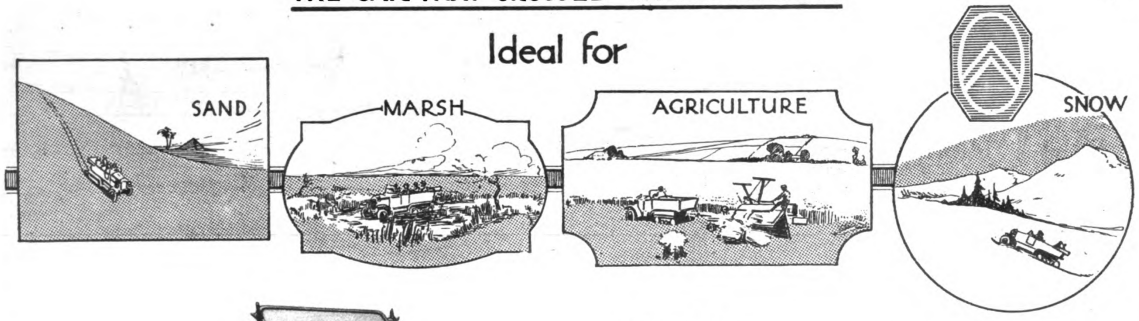

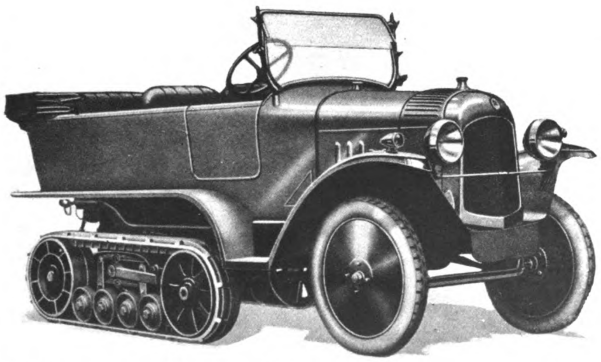

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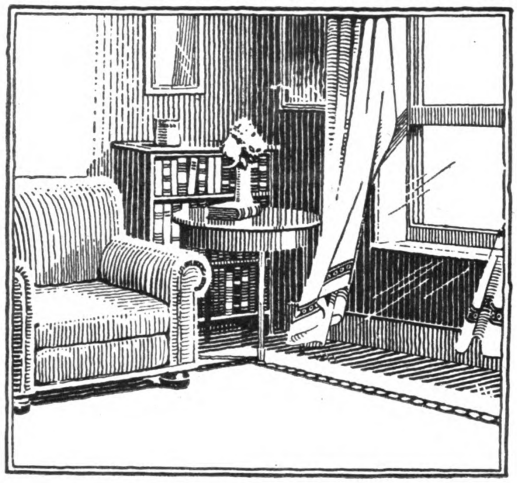

A FEW drops of Sanitas, sprinkled in a close, stuffy room, revive the air instantly. On muggy days, when it is oppressive and stifling indoors, Sanitas is the ideal method of freshening the air. Made from the essence of mountain pines, Sanitas brings the ozone of the pine forests themselves into the home and revitalizes the atmosphere with the nascent oxygen which it sets free. Used as a gargle and mouth wash night and morning, Sanitas keeps the mouth and throat healthy.

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RADIO NOTES.

IF all goes well, the King's voice will be heard by many thousands of his subjects for the first time on Wednesday next, when his Majesty opens the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. The speech will be transmitted simultaneously by all of the British Broadcasting stations for reception in homes in all parts of the country. Loud-speakers installed in numerous cities and towns will convey his Majesty's words to many of the public who, in addition to hearing the King's voice, may experience listening to broadcasts for the first time.

The speech will be intercepted by near-by microphones connected to the London Broadcasting Station, "2LO," by ordinary telephone lines, and conveyed from "2LO" by other lines for simultaneous broadcasting from all stations. A direct audience of about 25,000 people will be present in the Stadium at Wembley, and these will hear the King's speech issuing from "bouquets" of loud-speakers fitted at intervals around the walls of the Stadium. In the Stadium, the audience will hear the speech, not by radio broadcasting, but by the "public address" system installed by the Western Electric Company, Ltd.—a system which was illustrated and described in these pages some months ago. As arranged at present, the opening ceremony will commence at 10.30 a.m. on April 23, with a musical programme by massed bands, and a choir conducted by Sir Edward Elgar. Upon the King's arrival, the royal salute will be given, followed by the National Anthem; shortly after which the King's speech will be delivered. To be sure of receiving this historic broadcast to the best advantage, we suggest that our readers should go over their sets and make all connections clean and tight. The ends of the aerial and earth wires should be scraped where they connect to the terminals. Crystal detectors may often be improved by pricking the surface of the crystal with a penknife, and by trimming the "cat's-whisker" wire to a fine new point, by cutting the wire on the slant with scissors. Valve-set owners should see that accumulators or dry-batteries are up to strength, and that the terminals and wire connections are not corroded.

On the occasion of the American broadcast relayed from all British stations, between one and two a.m. on Sunday April 6, the items transmitted were from a public performance taking place in Wanamaker Hall, New York—connected by telephone lines to "WJZ" broadcasting station at Schenectady, which is some considerable distance from New York. At times the organ

BROADCASTING AS AN EDUCATIONAL MEDIUM: A NATURAL HISTORY LESSON BY RADIO.

Many schools are now equipped with broadcast receiving-apparatus, and the B.B.C. transmits a series of interesting talks of an educational nature, every Friday afternoon, for the benefit of young scholars. The first lesson, dealing with music, was given by Sir Henry Walford Davies; and the second, which took place last Friday, was delivered by Mr. E. Kay Robinson, who dealt with the interesting subject of Natural History.

Photograph by Photopress.

solos and other musical numbers came through quite clearly, but speech by the announcer was distorted most of the time. More than once the writer was able to distinguish the words "Station WJZee" (WJZ); and the announcement of a work "by Rubinstein," came out quite clearly. What was most thrilling, possibly, to many listeners in Great Britain was the loud applause by hand-clapping of the audience in Wanamaker Hall. Over in New York, between 8 and 9 p.m., citizens sat enjoying their Saturday night concert. British listeners over here, three thousand miles away, could hear simultaneously this New York concert, together with the applause. And that concert in New York could be heard here, after picking up by the B.B.C., by means of a simple crystal set connected to an indoor aerial consisting of a single wire running along the wall of a suburban house, the earth connection being made to a gas-pipe.

On the eve of the establishment of broadcasting in Great Britain, Senatore Marconi declared that it was his belief and hope that the latest popular development of the principles of his invention might benefit the public at large by providing every home in the land with a new medium for education and entertainment. Since then, the "Marconiphone V.2" has come to the forefront as one of the most powerful and efficient broadcast receivers of its class; utilising two valves only, but securing a degree of range, clearness, and tonal purity usually obtainable with not less than three valves. With the "Marconiphone V.2," many users have reported receiving America direct; others have received "2LO," London, from places as far distant as Copenhagen, Geneva, and Christiania. From the popular point of view, the cost of a two-valve set has up to now discouraged those of small means from buying anything more ambitious than a crystal set. Consequently the Marconiphone Company has introduced the innovation of offering the "V.2" to the public on easy-payment terms if desired. Full particulars may be obtained on application to Marconi House, London, W.C.

Another famous broadcast receiving-set, the "Ethophone V.," may also be acquired by instalments by those who may prefer to "buy out of income." The instrument, which will receive all B.B.C. and other long-distance stations, is a tuner, receiver, and power amplifier, all self-contained with four valves in a single cabinet. The makers, Burndept, Ltd., Aldine House, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2, will be pleased to send further particulars to anyone who applies.

W. H. S.

FIRST CLASS IN EVERY WAY
HOTEL SCHWEIZERHOF
SPLENDID SITUATION ON THE LAKE
GOLF.
LUCERNE (Switzerland).
O. HAUSER. *Proprietor.*

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SUMMER HOLIDAYS IN CANADA
CANADIAN PACIFIC CONDUCTED TOURS
Inclusive charge—no extras.
From LIVERPOOL, *June 6th*, for 26 days, to Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara Falls, etc. *August 1st*, for 4 weeks, in addition to above, includes the voyage across the Great Lakes to Fort William.
From SOUTHAMPTON, *July 10th*, for 7 weeks, embraces above and includes the Journey across the Prairies and Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast.
For further particulars apply—
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.1; 103, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, LONDON, or Local Agents everywhere.

DUNVILLE'S
ESTABLISHED 1808
25 PRIZE MEDALS

DUNVILLE & CO., LTD., Royal Irish Distilleries, BELFAST.
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The GATEWAY to the WORLD

YOU must not miss the glories of Wembley.

Mankind throughout the centuries has never known a spectacle so wonderful. You will wander at your will in the magnificent Palaces of Industry and Engineering. Towers and pinnacles, domes and minarets, proclaim the range and splendour of our Commonwealth of Nations.

Designed to delight the eye, the British Empire Exhibition has a definite national purpose—to demonstrate to the ends of the earth what British skill and enterprise can achieve.

At Wembley the trader will increase his trade, the student his knowledge, the holiday-maker his pleasure.

The spacious Stadium, the music, the illuminated lakes, the glorious gardens, the broad highways, the Amusement Park of a thousand thrills—these are but a tithe of the triumphs that make Wembley the event of a lifetime.

ADMISSION, 1/6
CHILDREN, 9d.

H.M. the King will proclaim the Gate

—wide open at Wembley

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BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION
WEMBLEY LONDON
1924

"*The Major*"

Of course he's Proud!

SO are CAVANDERS—Imagine the pride of a firm making only good Tobaccos for 150 years; pride reflected in the careful choice of the matured golden Leaf, the perfect extraction of the stalk, and the perfectly made Cigarette.

—Yet—

ARMY CLUBS have something more—pure *Ribbed Rice* paper uncontaminated with Bronze Powder or Printers' Ink make ARMY CLUBS the Health Cigarette.

CAVANDERS say—

Don't smoke *Ink*–Smoke–

THE NEW

Cavander's

"Army Club"

Cigarettes

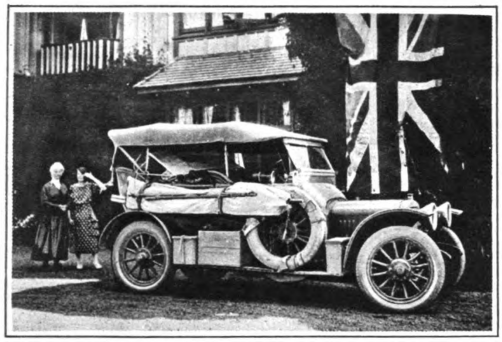
10 for 7½d. **20 for 1/3**

Cavanders, Ltd., Manchester and London.
The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

War Office Trials at Aldershot.

Recently exhaustive trials were carried out by the War Office of one of the two six-wheeler Renault cars which lately crossed the Sahara from Touggourt to Touzeur. The car was brought over from Paris on a flying visit at the special request of the War Office, and the tests were made by M. Charles Liccourt, the driver who actually made the desert dash in the record time of six days. Colonel Foster, Chief Inspector of Mechanical Transport, attended, as well as representatives of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa.



STILL DOING STRENUOUS WORK IN NEW ZEALAND: A 1911 SUNBEAM.

Two trials were made, the first on Pitfold Hill, Hindhead. The car has two driving axles, six double wheels with pneumatic tyres, and is 13·9-h.p. Carrying eight passengers, it ascended a 1-in-4½ gradient at Pitfold on a slippery clay surface with ease at a high speed. It also carried out a speed test at Hindhead to the complete satisfaction of the examining officials. At Aldershot the tests were made during a tank and aeroplane attack on the tank course in the Long Valley. Here the Renault "six roux" succeeded in climbing a rough, stubble-covered hill, with a 1-in-3 gradient, and carried out a variety of sensational manœuvres on the sand-dunes and scrub hillocks. At the conclusion of the trial, an official of the War Office expressed his complete satisfaction with the Sahara car, and stated that it was a great improvement on both the tractor and the tank. Owing to the combination of the special double gearing and the twelve tyres, it would have a much longer life, and the simplicity of design would obviate repair and other technical problems during work on very rough country. A regular passenger service of these cars is now in operation on the Sahara route established by M. Charles Liccourt's memorable drive.

Motoring in Holland.

Holland as a touring country is becoming more popular each year, and the Automobile Association therefore announces that—by special arrangement—members wishing to motor there can do so on a modified system of freight charges and passenger fares, by utilising the Folkestone-Flushing daily service of boats. Motor-cars or motor-cycles, with or without side-cars, are carried on the passenger boats. Special freight vouchers and passenger tickets to Flushing and back, available for eight or fourteen days, can be issued by the A.A. at ordinary single rates. Customs papers and temporary driving permits are supplied. All arrangements are made before the member leaves England—no trouble will be experienced on the other side. The charge for a motor-car with wheelbase not exceeding 11 ft., from Folkestone to Flushing and back, is £6; for cars with wheelbase exceeding 11 ft., £7. For motor-cycles, the charge for the double journey will be 15s.; for a motor-cycle combination, £1 10s. The cost of an eight-day first-class return ticket on boat is £1 15s.; fourteen-day ticket is £2 12s. 6d.

The Comprehensive Motorists' Guide.

The motorist of some years' standing has usually a fairly considerable library of guide-books and maps, and his knowledge of the roads of the country supplements the printed information. Yet the time comes when he wants to make a journey into the unknown country upon which none of his guide-books is very precise, and for parts of which he has no road maps. He is then just as much at sea as the veriest novice, and has to trust to luck to find the way, with, probably, serious delays on the road owing to wrong turnings. But a book has just been published which renders the whole of his library obsolete, so far as England and Wales is concerned, and makes it as easy for the absolute novice to find his way in a strange district as for an expert on his native heath. This book is the "N.G.L. ("Never-Get-Lost") Road Guide," published at 12s. 6d. by the Pyramid Press, 8, Breams Buildings, E.C. It is the most comprehensive guide-book existing in regard to the special information required by motorists; but its great claim to attention is the absolute simplicity and infallibility with which

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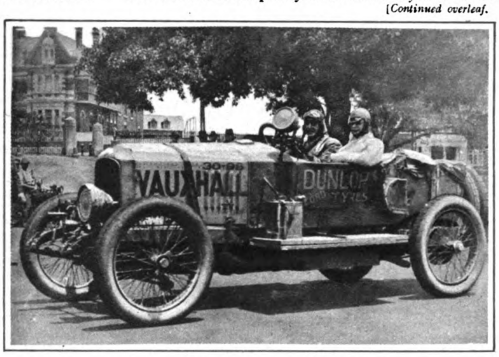
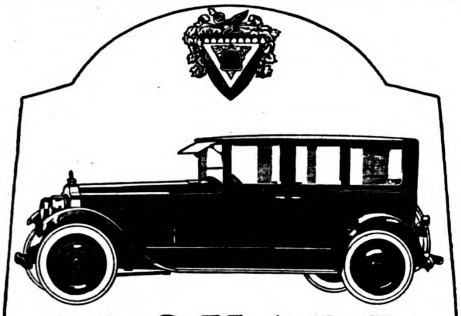


IN THE 30-98-H.P. VAUXHALL IN WHICH THEY RECENTLY BEAT THE RECORD FOR THE 3000-MILE RUN BETWEEN FREMANTLE AND SYDNEY: MR. J. BURTON AND MR. W. BRADLEY.

The record for the Fremantle-Sydney journey of some 3000 miles, much of it over the roughest of roads, was beaten by Messrs. Burton and Bradley in this Vauxhall car, by one day and 16 hours.



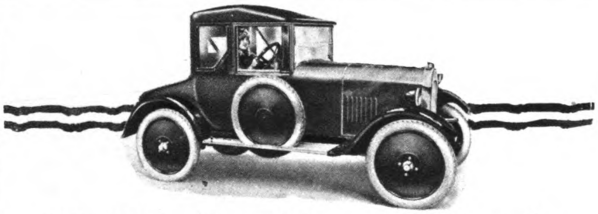
PACKARD

AN OWNER'S TESTIMONY

"I must tell you the Packard Six is the best six for her power I have ever driven, and I am not at all sure she is not the best six of any power.

"She is, price considered, the finest proposition on the market. I drive about 20,000 miles a year and have been driving since the old one-cylinder owner was the proudest man on earth."

Sole Concessionnaires:
W. C. GAUNT COMPANY
198, Piccadilly, London, W.1.
CARS TAKEN IN PART EXCHANGE.
LEONARD WILLIAMS, *General Manager.*



The Daintiest Car on the Road

THE 10 h.p. SWIFT ¾-Coupé Cabriolet made her bow to the public at Olympia in November last, and was promptly acclaimed Queen of the Show. Her equal had never before been seen and thousands paid court to her. The ladies were charmed with her, and "mere man" was captivated by her grace and elegance.

If you have not seen her, and desire to test the accuracy of these statements, just tear out this announcement, write your name and address on it and post it to us. We'll introduce her to you, and if you fail to fall a victim to her many charms, you'll prove an exception to our general experience.

PRICES.

10 h.p. ¾-Coupé Cabriolet - - £285
10 h.p. 2-Seater, with Dickey or "Chummy" Model - - £235

SWIFT

ALL-BRITISH CARS

If you require a more powerful closed car you will find three of our 12 h.p. models illustrated in our Art Catalogue, fitted with Coupé and Saloon Bodies.

Manufacturers:
SWIFT OF COVENTRY, LTD., COVENTRY

SHOWROOMS AND SERVICE DEPOTS:
132-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2;
15-17, South King Street, Dublin;
And at Glasgow, Birmingham and Manchester.

365

More beautiful countryside this Easter

See these Signs at Garages only-

While you notice the countryside looks more attractive this Spring than it did a year ago, can you tell what makes the difference? It is the gradual disappearance of the roadside sign.

It will be remembered that the proprietors of Pratts Spirit led the way in this movement last year. Every good garage displays the popular Pratts sign, and the Golden Pump is in increased evidence.

One reason only exists for this great increase: the universal demand for

PRATTS

Uniform everywhere
Reliable always

D.A. 393

ANGLOCO

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO., LTD., 36, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W. 1

Continued.]

the most complicated route can be traced in a minimum of time.

Deer-Stalking with a 1911 Sunbeam.

The reliability of the high-grade British car is something to marvel at, and in many parts of the world cars are met with which have been in regular use for exceptionally long periods, and are still running as well as ever. The Sunbeam is a typical example of what a really good car will give in the way of long service, and a letter recently to hand from a New Zealand motorist is worth quoting; not that it is an unusual instance of Sunbeam reliability, but simply because it furnishes further proof of the wisdom of buying a good car in the first place, rather than a low-priced vehicle. The particular Sunbeam car which this New Zealand motorist possesses is a 1911 model. Since then it has been in steady use, in the roughest of country. The photograph reproduced on page 720 shows it on a deer-stalking trip, when, with 7 cwt. of luggage in addition to three passengers, it covered over 700 miles without a single involuntary stop. During this trip, the famous Lindis Pass, in the South Island, was traversed without the slightest trouble; and a second trip of similar mileage, and over equally rough country, with a tremendous load of luggage, has been undertaken with the same absence of trouble. After such a performance, with a twelve-year-old car, it can well be imagined why this particular motorist has definitely decided that when he does find it necessary to buy a new car, it will be a Sunbeam.

Electrical Service.

The progressive firm of Messrs. Rotax (Motor Accessories), Ltd., are still on the progressive move to provide service to the users of their lighting and starting equipment by appointing the firm of Messrs. E. Beckwith and Co., Ltd., 110, North Street, Barking, to act for them as their service agents for the district of East London and Romford. There the motorist will be able to obtain all the usual repair assistance in connection with Rotax electrical equipment, and also Messrs. Beckwith will be able to supply various new Rotax components from stock, and they will have skilled labour on the premises. Service to the motorist is everything nowadays, and those firms who earliest realise that their duty to their customers does not end with the sale of a car or an accessory are likely to live longest in the land, and to prosper exceedingly. W. W.

THE "R 38" MEMORIAL AT HULL: THE UNVEILING CEREMONY PERFORMED BY AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR VYELL VYVYAN.

The memorial to the forty-four officers and men of the Royal Air Force and of the United States Navy, and others, lost in the airship "R 38" when she fell into the Humber estuary on August 24, 1921, was unveiled on April 11, in the Western Cemetery at Hull, by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan, K.C.B., Air Officer Commanding Coastal Area, R.A.F. The dedication was performed by the Bishop of Hull, assisted by the Chaplain-in-Chief to the R.A.F. (the Rev. H. D. L. Viener), and the Rev. W. Moffatt, Staff Chaplain. The monument is a Celtic cross of Portland stone, 18 ft. high, with plaques bearing the names of the victims, and a central bronze with an inscription recording the disaster.

Photograph by Central Press.

Sir James Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton," is to be "put on" at the Market Hall, Redhill, for four nights, commencing from April 30, by the talented band of local amateurs who presented "Tilly of Bloomsbury" and "Billeted" in previous years. The box-office at the Hall opens on April 23, but those who would like the business manager, Mr. Stephen D. Myers, to book tickets for them, should write to him well before that date to Dilkoosha, Reigate. The entire profits go to the East Surrey Hospital.

Conducted tours to and through Canada are described in an illustrated programme just issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The tours are for twenty-six days, four weeks, and seven weeks. The first tour includes visits to Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, and the Niagara Falls. The four weeks' tour, in addition, embraces the journey across the Great Lakes to Fort William, while the seven weeks' tour, after leaving Fort William, takes the traveller across the prairies and through the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast, where Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia, are visited. The programme may be obtained post free on application to the Canadian Pacific Railway, 62 - 65, Charing Cross, S.W.1.

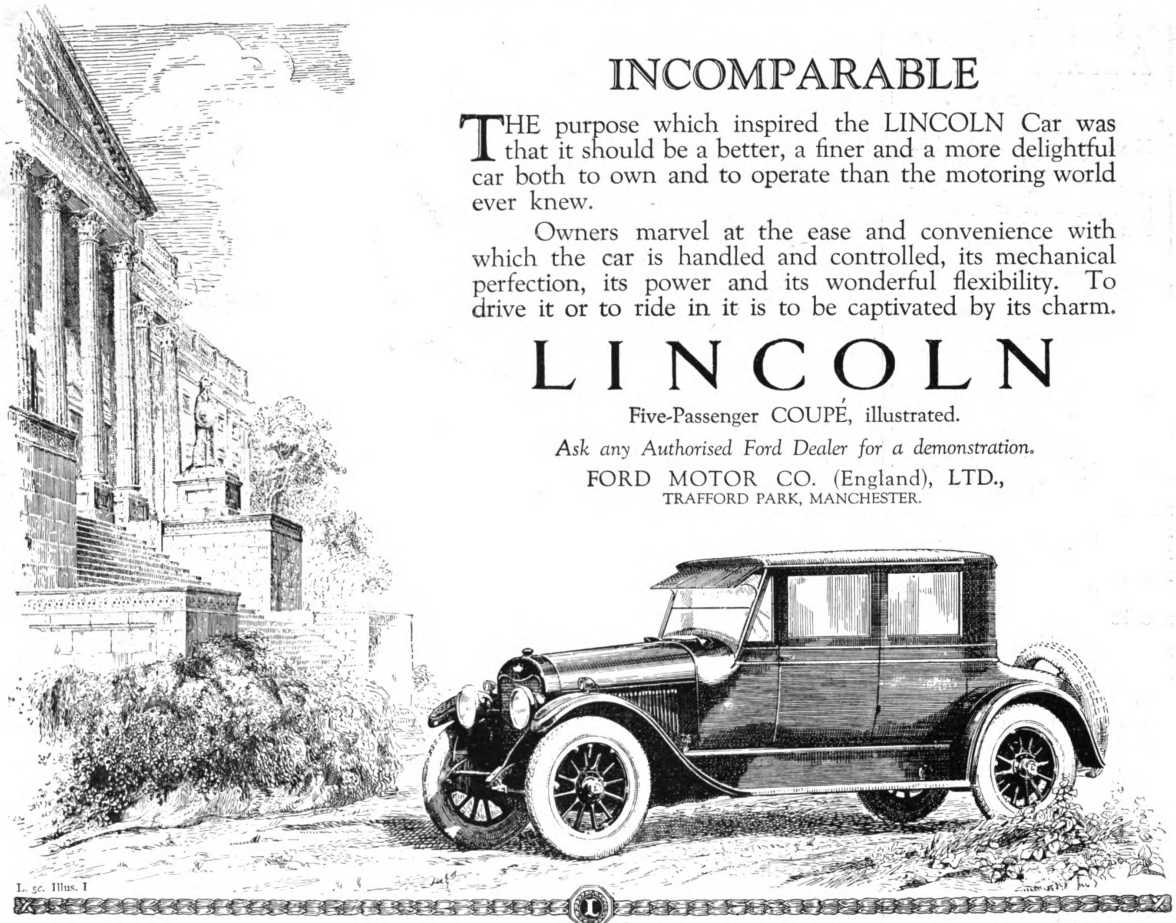
ROLLS-ROYCE
the best Car in the World

An Owner's appreciation of ROLLS ROYCE Service

IT is refreshing to find a firm of manufacturers taking an interest in one of their products after same has been delivered and paid for – too often the contrary is the case.

Reference No 1024
The Original Letter may be seen on application

ROLLS ROYCE LIMITED, 14 CONDUIT ST LONDON W.



INCOMPARABLE

THE purpose which inspired the LINCOLN Car was that it should be a better, a finer and a more delightful car both to own and to operate than the motoring world ever knew.

Owners marvel at the ease and convenience with which the car is handled and controlled, its mechanical perfection, its power and its wonderful flexibility. To drive it or to ride in it is to be captivated by its charm.

LINCOLN

Five-Passenger COUPÉ, illustrated.

Ask any Authorised Ford Dealer for a demonstration.

FORD MOTOR CO. (England), LTD.,
TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER.

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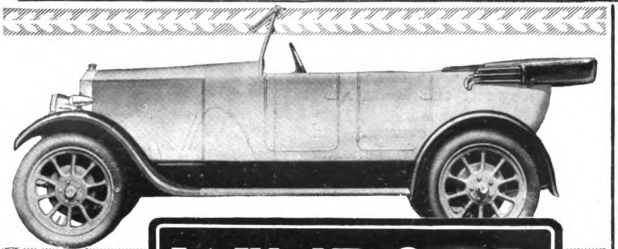

WINDSOR

10-15 H.P.

WITH FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

EXCEPTIONAL service is the result of exceptional quality. The Windsor owner realises the value of the advanced design and sound workmanship embodied in his car through its outstanding performance. Incorporating the latest proved practice — including front wheel brakes as standard equipment — the Windsor provides luxurious motoring under all conditions at a minimum cost.

May we send you illustrated literature explaining the special features of the Windsor—or, better still, arrange a personal demonstration at your convenience?

CHASSIS SPECIFICATION.

4-cyl. engine, 65 x 102 mm. unit construction; detachable cylinder head; overhead valves; oil circulation by pump; battery ignition; thermo-syphon cooling; dry-plate clutch; 4 speeds and reverse, right-hand change; internal expanding brakes on all four wheels, electric starting and lighting; 5 detachable wheels with 710 x 90 cord tyres; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; speedometer; clock; patented non-glare illuminated dash; Wefco spring gaiters; oil and petrol gauges; luggage grid; large tool box at rear with complete set of tools, jack, pump, etc.

MODELS & PRICES

Two-Seater completely equipped - - **£360**

Four-Seater completely equipped - - **£375**

Coupé with large Dickey Seat - - - **£465**

James Bartle & Co. (Sales) Ltd.

236a, LANCASTER ROAD, NOTTING HILL, LONDON, W.11

Telephone: Park 6593 and 2605. Telegrams: "Bartle 6593 Park, London"

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The SILVERLITE Petrol Gas Generator, well known for its great reliability and wonderful economy.

NON-POISONOUS
NON-EXPLOSIVE

More brilliant than electric at a fraction of the cost, and so simple it can be attended to by a maid.

Estimates Free

The only machine working with motor spirit without waste, and therefore at a lower running cost.

Designers of dainty lighting fittings. All fixtures supplied with switch taps without extra charge

SPENSERS,
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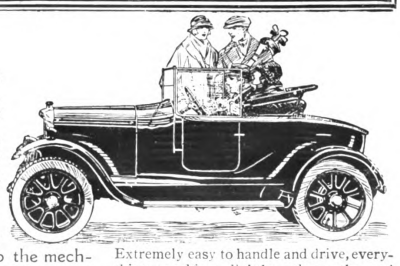
SILVERLITE

The high efficiency system with the silent burner.



A FASCINATING car with the essential combination of style, quality and value. A car honestly built for owner-drivers, in which there are a number of ingenious devices, protected by patents, each contributing its quota to the mechanical excellence of the engine, and giving that feeling of satisfaction derived from a constant flow of power.

Extremely easy to handle and drive, everything working lightly, pleasantly and non-tiringly. Any Triumph Car can be purchased out of income in 12, 18, 24 monthly instalments. Full details on request.

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COVENTRY.

LONDON:
218, GT. PORTLAND STREET, W.1

And at LEEDS and MANCHESTER.

TRIUMPH

Real Road Service for the Motor Cyclist with all that the phrase implies is assured to the owner of a TRUSTY TRIUMPH. Supplied with full Electrical Equipment at better prices than ever. Send for Lists.

OUR
ANAGLYPH
MASK COUPON.

Please send me One Anaglyph Viewing-Mask. I enclose stamps [Three-halfpence, Inland; or Two-pence-halfpenny, Foreign] to cover Postage.

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I.L.N., 19.4.1924.

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£13 13 GRAND HOTEL, BRUNNEN, Lake of Lucerne. One of the finest lakeside hotels.
£16 2 PALACE DES ALPES, MURREN, King of the Oberland.
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HOTEL MEURICE
100 rooms—30 bathrooms.
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THE ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND RESORT.
8 hours from Southampton. 18-hole Golf.
The most equable climate. The most reasonable terms. Apply for season terms (July—Sept.)
CRYSTAL HOTEL, 1st. cl. incl. from 35 fr. (about 6/-).
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THE
CHURCH army
Men are helped to become honest citizens; the rates are relieved;
Boys are saved from a life of crime, and
Farm and other training fit honest lads for prosperous, happy lives at home or overseas.
YOUR CHEQUE (crossed Barclays a/c Church Army), made payable to Preb. CARLILE, D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1, WOULD HELP.

The "Garsington."
OUR CHALETS are essential for FRESH AIR. FRESH AIR is essential to EVERY-ONE. Therefore obtain both and live in the open, but secure from all draughts and bad weather. An Ideal Sleeping Hut.
Size 8 ft. by 6 ft. Price **£16 10 0**
Carriage paid to most goods stations in England and Wales. Other sizes on application.
VISIT OUR 1924 EXHIBITION
A veritable colony of "Dream houses come true," and erected at our works for inspection, BUNGALOWS, CHALETS, MOTOR HOUSES, etc., etc. The finest in the country.
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Our Catalogue is issued in sections owing to the many manufactures. Kindly mention Particular requirements.

Skin Beauty

No complexion is beautiful if it is disfigured by blemishes. Germolene will rid you of all skin trouble—rashes, eruptions, pimples, redness and roughness, scurf. Germolene imparts the rosy glow of skin beauty.

Before you retire to rest, slightly warm the Germolene tin, and gently massage a little Germolene into the pores with the tips of the fingers. Wash next morning with **Germolene Aseptic Soap**, obtainable at all chemists. A week of this treatment will render your skin beautifully soft and healthy.

Splendid also for all skin ailments, including eczema and eczematous rashes, children's skin troubles, and for domestic first aid.

Home Prices, 1/3 and 3/-. Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

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The Aseptic Skin Dressing

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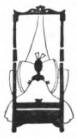
CARTON ROLL PACKET
The FINEST TOILET PAPER ever produced.
Why is NOVIO the most ECONOMICAL Toilet Paper?
Because NOVIO ROLLS weigh 12 ozs. each, and CONTAIN THREE OR FOUR TIMES MORE than the so-called cheap rolls made of common inferior paper.
ANTISEPTIC, THIN, SOFT, STRONG & SILKY
Wholesale only of the Sole Makers, Chadwick Works, 26, Grove Park, S.E. 5
See "LANCET'S" opinion, July 27, 1907

IRISH LINEN
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES


Robinson & Cleaver manufacture their own Linen in Ulster and offer very best values in Sheets and Pillow Cases.

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I.L.N. 54. Bleached Irish Linen Sheets—one of our good standard qualities. Highly recommended. Plain Hemmed.

Yards	Per Pair
2 x 3 (single bed) ..	54/6
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I.L.N. 55. Linen Pillow Cases to match.

Inches	Per ½-Doz.
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I.L.N. 56. Grass Bleached Irish Linen Huck Face Towels. White or Coloured Borders. Hemmed Ends, 20 x 36 ins. 6 for **10/-**
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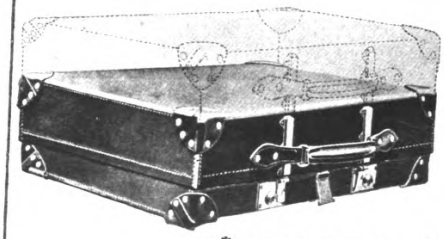

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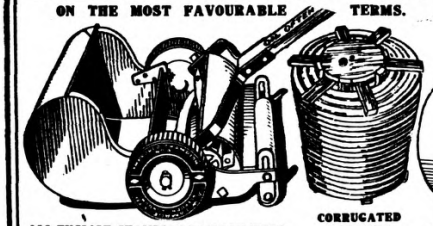

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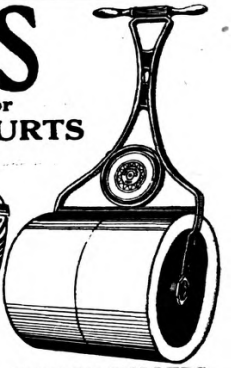

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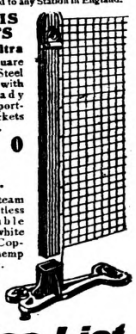

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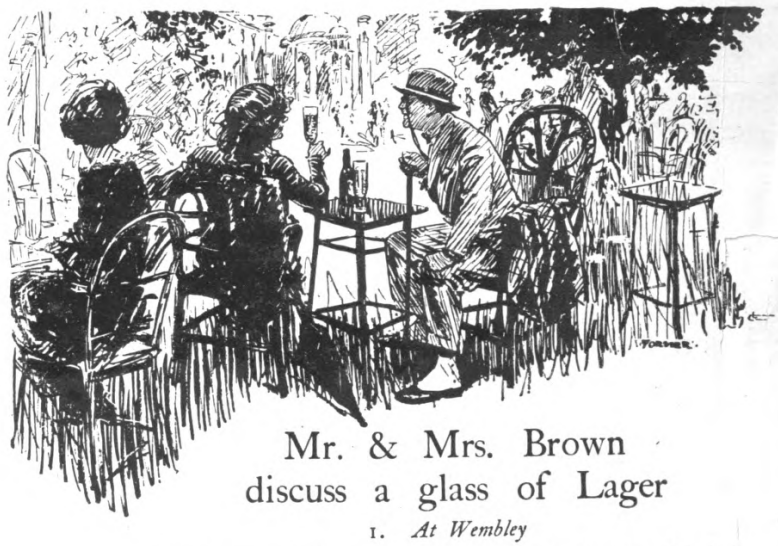

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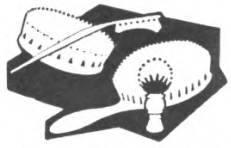

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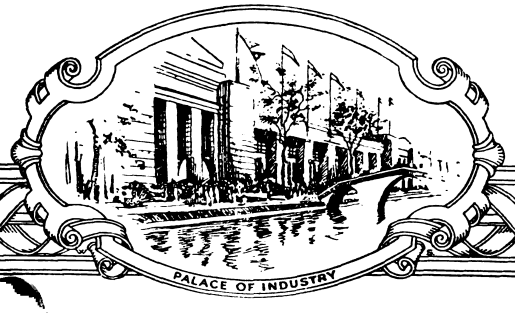

HARVEY NICHOLS &

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1924.

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ONE OF THE GREATEST ACTRESSES OF HER TIME: THE LATE ELEONORA DUSE.

Signora Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, died on April 21, in Pittsburgh, where she had recently been appearing during a tour in the United States. She was the daughter of poor travelling players, Alexandro and Angelica Duse, and was born in a railway carriage near Venice on October 3, 1859. When she was twenty years old, she came to the front as leading lady of Rossi's company, acting then chiefly in Turin, where she first met Sarah Bernhardt. Later she came under the influence of Gabriele D'Annunzio, and adopted a more classic and restrained style of acting, which made her less popular in Italy, but increased her fame abroad. Her art was marked by extraordinary versatility, and she was as delightful in light comedy as she was superb in tragic roles. Her expressive gestures with her hands, as seen in our photograph, were a feature of her acting. Her first visit to London was in 1894, and the last in 1923.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SCUITTO, GENOA.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. H. G. WELLS has recently been asking why there is not more *esprit de corps* among intellectuals, especially of the academic and scientific sort. He gives the instance of the indifference shown by the academic world to the violent expulsion of a distinguished Spanish professor by the new Spanish dictatorship. He instances also the curious religious persecution now being conducted by Mr. Bryan and his Fundamentalists. The latter seems to have the purpose of weeding out the unfortunate Darwinians—a very ironical form of natural selection and the elimination of the unfit. Touching the more general question, I think the answer is really very simple. There cannot be a real combination of intellectuals because of the purpose of the intellect. The purpose of the intellect is to come to conclusions, or rather to convictions. And a man cares far more for the convictions he has formed than for the mere mental instrument with which he has formed them; that is, if the man is really a man, and his mind is really a mind. I know there is a very solemn and impressive school of intellectuals who appear to have no intellects. They merely like floating about in an atmosphere of intellectualism. They worship the intellect like an idol; and all the more because it is to them an unknown god. But those who use the intellect like a tool will always prefer the product to the process. The consequence is that when they have really come to conclusions, and those conclusions divide them from other intellectuals, or unite them with other ordinary citizens who are not professedly intellectuals, their corporate enthusiasm will be for those with whom they agree, and not those with whom they differ. Nobody could illustrate this very simple principle better than Mr. H. G. Wells himself. He is a very brilliant and imaginative man of letters. Gabriele d'Annunzio is also a very brilliant and imaginative man of letters. But I do not seem to remember that Mr. H. G. Wells rushed into print to glorify the romantic raid upon Fiume, or to call all the thousand pens of Europe to rally like spears round the chivalry and the glory of a great literary man. I do not imagine that Mr. Wells thundered against the politicians or police who dared to insult with rebukes or threaten with imprisonment a man who has won fame and popularity by his pen. He was not horrified by the mere image of a policeman arresting a poet. And the reason is that, although the Englishman is a great writer and the Italian is a great writer, the mere act of writing is not quite so important as the things that they write. The Italian has used his brains and come to certain very definite conclusions about what he wants; and it is very different indeed from anything that Mr. Wells wants. And what a man wants is of considerably more determining force in the world than the question of whether he expresses it by writing books or making speeches or throwing bombs.

Similarly, I doubt whether Mr. Wells would rush to vote for Mr. Rudyard Kipling as the Rector of a University; or even to prevent Mr. Rudyard Kipling from being rusticated or sent into academic exile. I doubt whether Mr. Wells would run a mile in order to get Mr. Belloc back into Parliament, or even to get him out of prison. And it is much more likely nowadays that Mr. Belloc would go to prison for denouncing political corruption than it ever was that Mr. Wells would go to prison for denouncing patriotism, or Mr. Kipling for denouncing peace. Yet Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wells and Mr. Belloc are three of the ablest living professors of the same literary profession. Only each of them holds certain opinions; and each of them abominates the opinions of the other two. As it is with the free-lance intellectual, so it is with the academic intellectual. It is a question of the material in which men are working. It would seem that the Guild spirit, or brotherhood of the trade, flourishes best where the work expresses the simple mastery of man over matter—even when it is an artistic mastery, as in building and carving and painting. But those dealing in the actual manufacture of mind are dealing in a very explosive material. The material is not merely the clay of which man is master, but the truths or semblances of truth which have a certain mastery of man. The material is explosive because it must be taken seriously. The men writing books really are throwing bombs.

ONCE THE MOST POPULAR NOVELIST: THE LATE MISS MARIE CORELLI.

Miss Marie Corelli, who died on April 21, at her home in Stratford-on-Avon, had at one time an immense vogue as a popular novelist. Her first book, "The Romance of Two Worlds," appeared in 1886, and was followed by about twenty others, including "Ardath," "Barabbas," "The Sorrows of Satan," "The Mighty Atom," "The Murder of Delicia," "The Master Christian," and "Temporal Power." She was a woman of strong prejudices and conservative instincts, and her stories consisted largely of emotional invective against the many phases of modern life that she denounced. She was born in 1864, of Italian and Scottish parentage, and was adopted by Dr. Charles Mackay, the song-writer.—[*Photograph by Central Press.*]

But the particular example of the Fundamentalists in America, which Mr. Wells mentions, is a rather curious one. Not very much has been noted about it in England; for the newspapers never give us the news. They never give us the news because it is too new. The jog-trot journalist is puzzled by the things now happening in the world, because they are not what he has always been taught to expect from the modern world. It is the business of peasants to be backward, and they are coming forward; it is the business of Latins to decay, and they have the effrontery to develop. Above all, it is the business of all theology to disappear; and we seem to be in a world in which any theology may reappear. The nineteenth century practically decided to have no religious authority. The twentieth century, progressing further, seems disposed to have any religious authority. But the last and strangest phase is not the transitions from the world of Mr. Bradlaugh to the world of Mrs. Eddy. Christian Science at least professes to be a new religion; but the old sect seems to be challenging the new sect even in the new world. The new age in the new world is not being opened by Mrs. Eddy, but rather by Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. The one thing that nobody thought would return seems to be returning, in these strange new lands—the heavy Hebraic literal forms of Puritan religion. And one form that it takes, as I have said, is a vendetta against the dreadful heresy of Darwinism; hounding professors out of their colleges and their chairs if they so much as mention the demon name of Darwin. If anyone wants to know the deep difference between England and America, or if anyone doubts that there is such a difference, let him simply consider the fact that this extraordinary heresy-hunt by Hebraists out of the backwoods is led by a man who has been Secretary of State, the world-famous statesman and orator, Bryan. I know not how to present the contrast, except by asking the reader to imagine Lord Balfour giving away little tracts in the street, and asking people if they are saved; or Mr. Winston Churchill in the red jersey of the Salvation Army, jumping up and down and calling out "Hallelujah!"

But even that leaves untouched the most amazing and astounding fact of all. The supreme marvel is not that people should boast of being old-fashioned, and say they are still sticking to Moses; the supreme marvel is that anybody should suppose it is a new fashion to be still sticking to Darwin. It is not surprising that the old school should be old, if that is the new school's notion of being new. It is not unnatural that the rearguard of American progress should still be stuck in seventeenth-century sectarianism, if the very vanguard of it is still stuck in the very middle of Mid-Victorian science. Perhaps it would cause a slight shock in American progressive circles to say that Darwin died some little time ago. Doubtless it would cause the most horrible consternation to hint that anything has happened since. Is it not enough that the religion of the Great Republic should be still reeling from the news of something that happened in 1859, without bringing yet more breathless and rapid innovations to that land of haste and hustle? Perhaps it is better to leave America, or these portions of America, under the impression that our latest poetry is "The May Queen," our latest art, "The Light of the World," our latest steam-engine "Puffing Billy," and by the same process our latest science, the Darwinian Theory of Natural Selection. For the Americans are a backward people, with all the very real virtues of a backward people: the patriarchal simplicity and human dignity of a democracy, and a respect for labour uncorrupted by cynicism. But it seems a pity that they have not even heard what has happened to Darwin since the middle of the last century. It seems a pity that they should be girding themselves to resist as a revolution and an innovation what we have hardly kept up except as a convention. And it seems a pity that the poor old skeleton of the Missing Link should be laboriously burnt by theologians, when so very little of it has been left by biologists.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

In this issue we present our readers with further examples of "Anaglyphs," which may be seen in full stereoscopic relief when looked at through a mask fitted with a red film for the left eye, and a green film for the right eye. Readers who may have mislaid the red and green films given away with the first Anaglyphs (published in our issue of March 8) may obtain (if they have not already done so) one Anaglyph viewing-mask, complete with red and green films, by filling up the coupon on page 3 of the Cover of this issue, and forwarding it, accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2. We draw attention to the fact that the red and green masks issued to audiences at the Duke of York's Theatre, to witness the remarkable "Shadowgraph" Illusion in "London Calling," are suitable also for viewing "OUR Anaglyphs" published in "The Illustrated London News," provided that the mask is reversed—red to left eye, green to right eye.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF TUTANKHAMEN'S SHROUDED COFFIN.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.

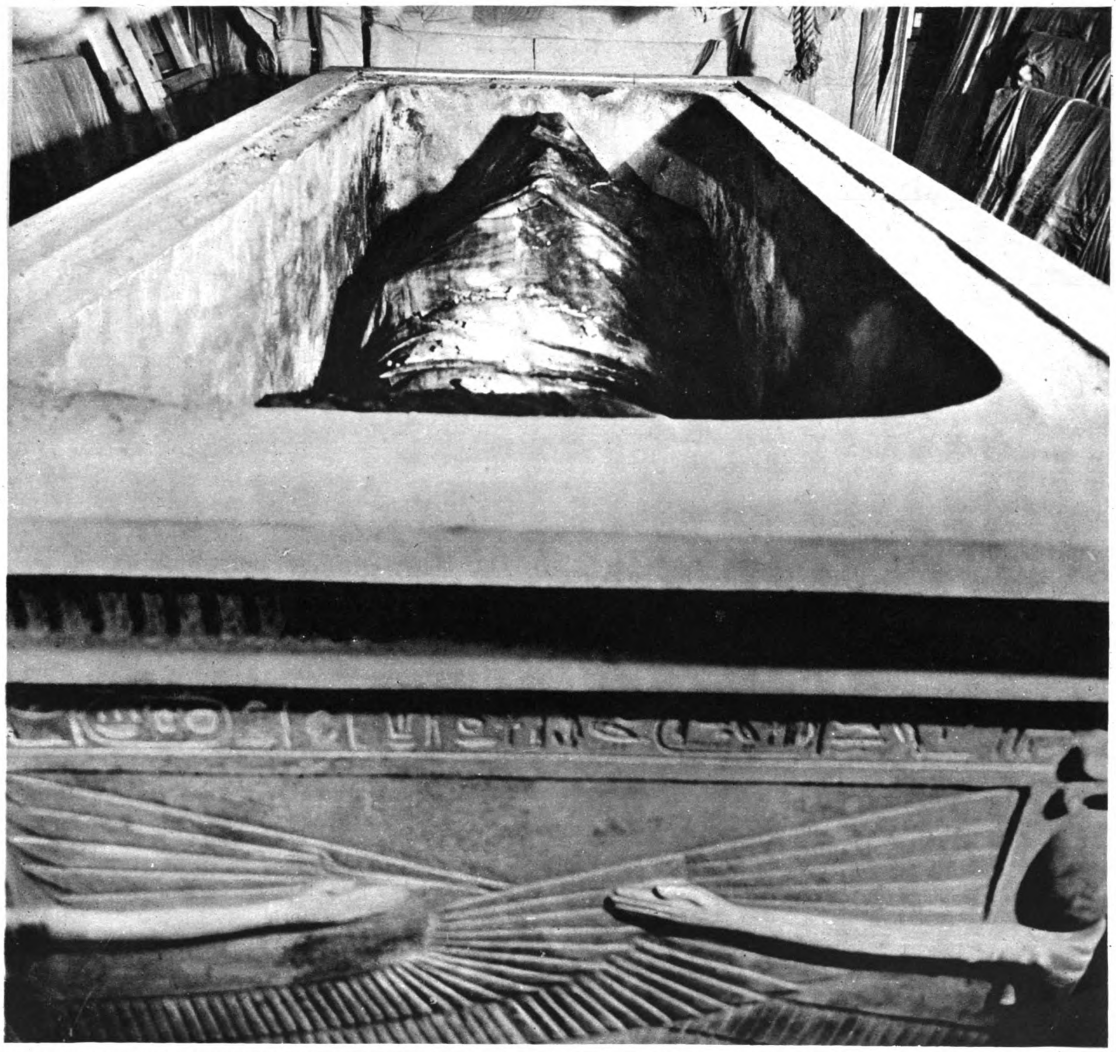
THE upper photograph is officially described as follows: "A view of the sarcophagus showing the lid, for the first time. This lid is made of granite instead of crystalline sandstone, of which the casket itself is composed. The crack through the centre will be noticed. It is believed that some accident happened to the original lid of crystalline sandstone, which was certainly made at the same time as the sarcophagus, and that this granite lid was substituted. The crack must have occurred either before or when the lid was put in position, since the fissure had been filled in, as

[*Continued opposite.*

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GRANITE LID OVER THE SARCOPHAGUS IN THE SEPULCHRE OF TUTANKHAMEN: A VIEW SHOWING THE CRACK ACROSS THE LID, AND TWO OF THE PROTECTIVE GODDESSES CARVED AT THE CORNERS OF THE CASKET.

Continued.]

the photograph shows, with plaster, and the whole painted over to match the body of the sarcophagus. This is another illustration of the careless and hasty manner in which the work was done in the tomb. The split in the lid naturally added greatly to the difficulty of raising it." The lower photograph shows the inside of the sarcophagus after the lid was raised, and before the two shrouds had been removed from the anthropoid wooden coffin within. The dispute between Mr. Howard Carter and the Egyptian Government has delayed the expected discovery of the royal mummy.

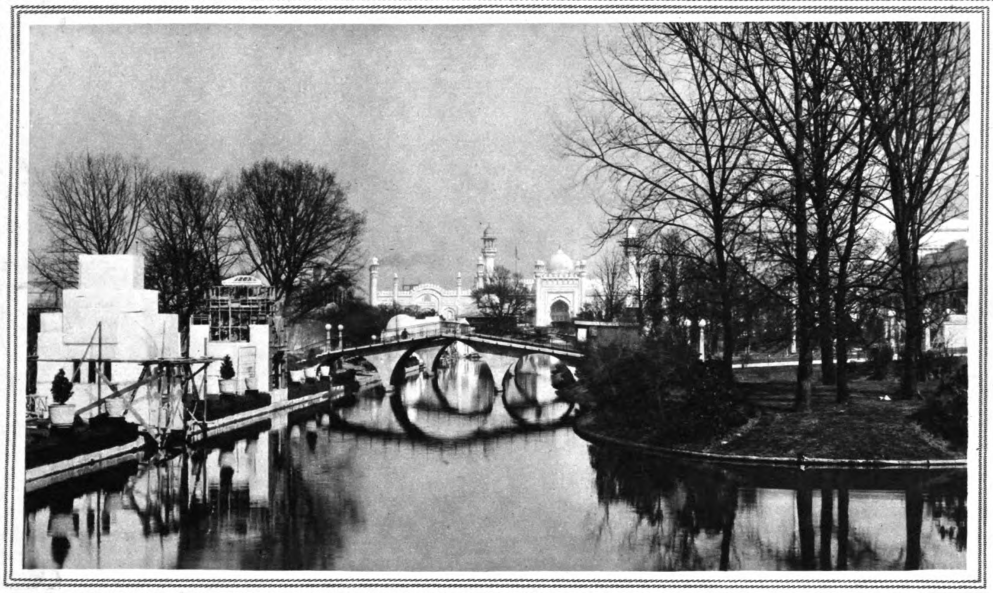


REVEALING THE SHROUDS OVER THE ANTHROPOID COFFIN FOUND WITHIN: THE INTERIOR OF TUTANKHAMEN'S SARCOPHAGUS AFTER THE RAISING OF THE LID.

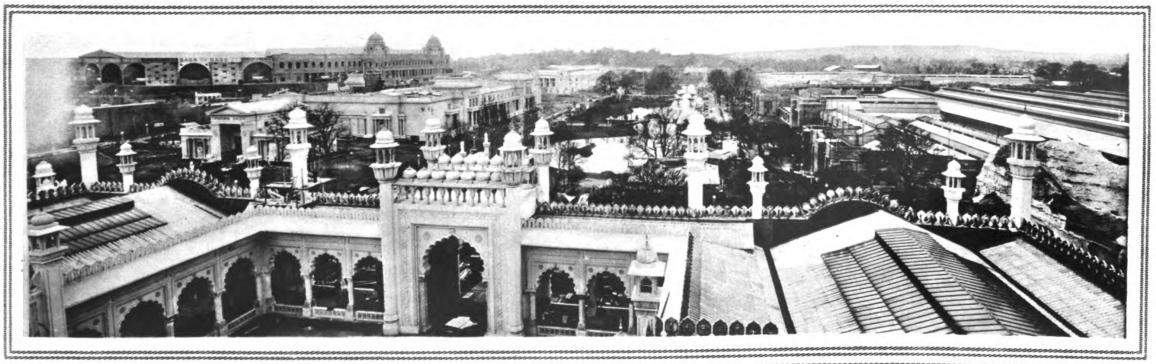
REPRESENTING 78 GOVERNMENTS: THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND CAMPBELL GRAY.

A WEMBLEY PANORAMA: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE GOLD COAST BUILDINGS, WITH SQUARE TOWER AND PLAIN WALLS; THE STADIUM (THE HIGH STRUCTURE IN THE BACKGROUND); THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BUILDING (WITH NAME OVER ENTRANCE); AND THE CANADA PAVILION



ONE OF THE CHIEF GEMS OF ORIENTAL ARCHITECTURE REPRODUCED IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY: A REPLICA OF THE TAJ MAHAL (CENTRE BACKGROUND) WHICH FORMS THE PRINCIPAL FEATURE OF THE INDIA BUILDING—A PICTURESQUE VIEW FROM AN ORNAMENTAL LAKE.

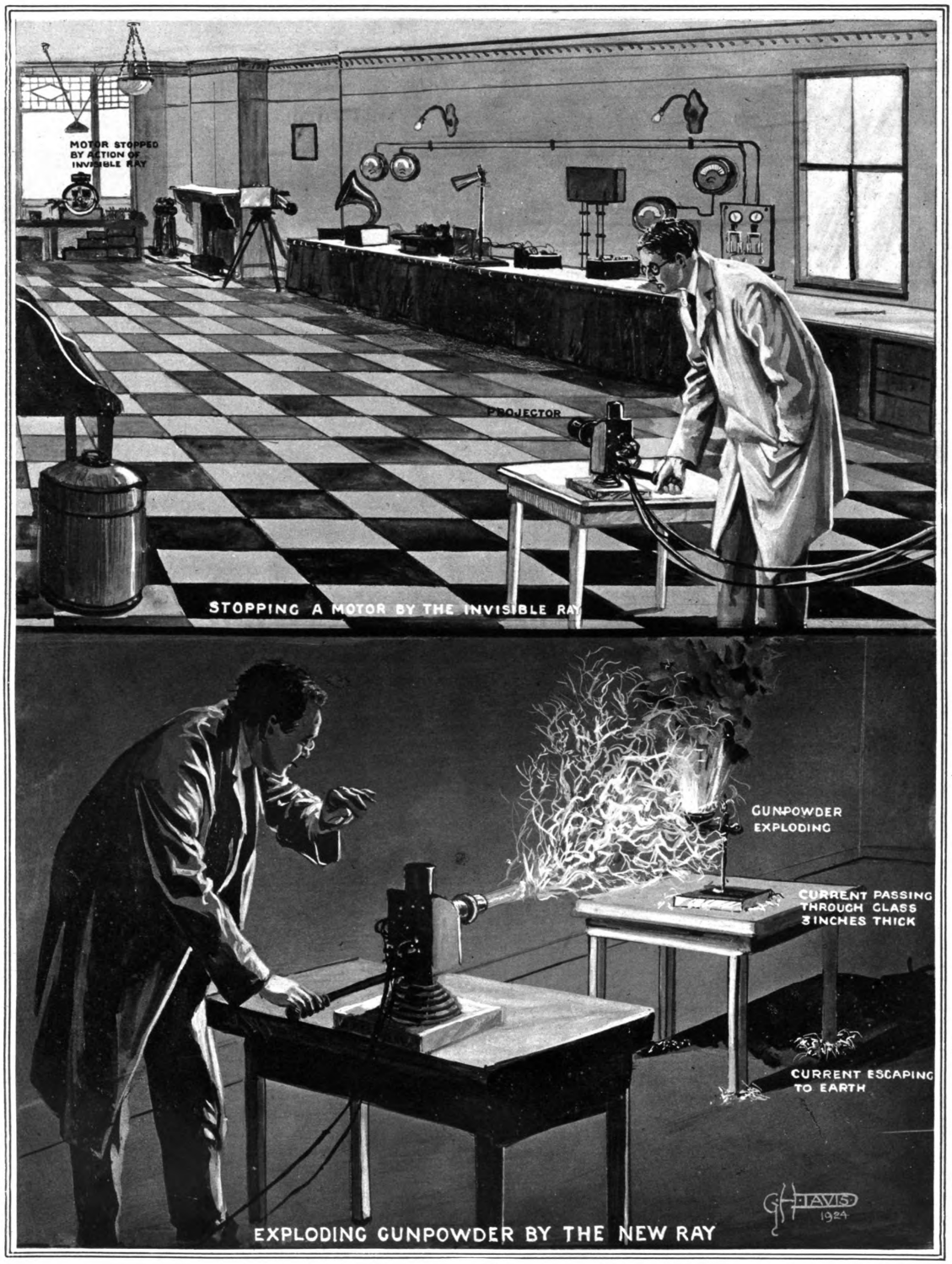


WHERE EAST MEETS WEST AT WEMBLEY: THE COURTYARD OF THE TAJ MAHAL, PART OF THE PALACE OF INDIA (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND (AT THE BACK, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE STADIUM, AND THE BUILDINGS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, CANADA, AND AUSTRALIA (CENTRE BACKGROUND) AND THE PALACE OF ENGINEERING.

The vast extent and variety of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, which the King arranged to open on April 23, is indicated by the statement, made in one of the official publications, that there have co-operated in the enterprise no fewer than "78 different Governments," or, as it is put more explicitly elsewhere, "78 more or less independent national and racial entities." We illustrate here a few of the larger buildings. There has been keen and honourable rivalry between Canada and Australia, which both sent over their own architects, revised their plans several times, and eventually erected pavilions thrice as large as was originally intended. They are each about as big as the whole of Olympia, and within they contain wonderful exhibits typifying Canadian and Australian life. In strong contrast to the modern architecture of the Dominion buildings, and the Palaces of Industry and Engineering, is the picturesque West African fortress of the Gold Coast, and the beautiful replica of the Taj Mahal which forms the great feature in the Palace of India.

THE LIGHT-RAY THAT MAY STOP WAR: ACTUAL EXPERIMENTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MR. H. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS, THE INVENTOR.



THE RAY IN OPERATION: (ABOVE) PUTTING A MOTOR-ENGINE OUT OF ACTION; (BELOW) EXPLODING GUNPOWDER.

Mr. H. Grindell-Matthews, whose actual experiments with his new electric light-ray are here illustrated, while their great possible developments are shown in our double-page drawing, was the principal guest on April 15 at the annual lunch of the Foreign Press Association. He said that he would shortly continue his work on a large scale in open country, and that he was confident of soon being able to transmit power over considerable distances. "It has been said," he remarked, "that armies would be wiped out in a few seconds. I am tempted to hope that it (the invention) will make war impossible." Mr. Grindell-Matthews has demonstrated before our artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, that he can at will stop the functions of the magneto of a small motor erected at the other end of his large laboratory. The little projector was directed upon the pulsating motor, which instantly commenced to falter and quickly stopped, owing to the short-circuiting of the magneto caused by the action of the invisible ray directed upon it from the other end of the room. Even more destructive in its power is the lightning effect produced in the second illustration. Here the little projector is sending out what may be called bottled-lightning. For demonstration purposes the inventor had placed a little gunpowder in a small receptacle attached to an ordinary laboratory stand. Then with care (for he was dealing with dangerous forces), Mr. Grindell-Matthews turned his ray upon the "target." Instantly there leaped out from the hitherto invisible ray a blue flame, an exact replica in miniature of the terrible lightning of a tropical storm. In an instant there was a flash as the powder was ignited, and, though the laboratory stand had been placed on glass three inches thick, the current passed through it in a shower of blue flames, and issued from the legs of the table on which it stood. The double-page drawing illustrates the possibilities of the same principle applied to anti-aircraft defences.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

A WELLS PROPHECY THAT MAY BE FULFILLED: AN

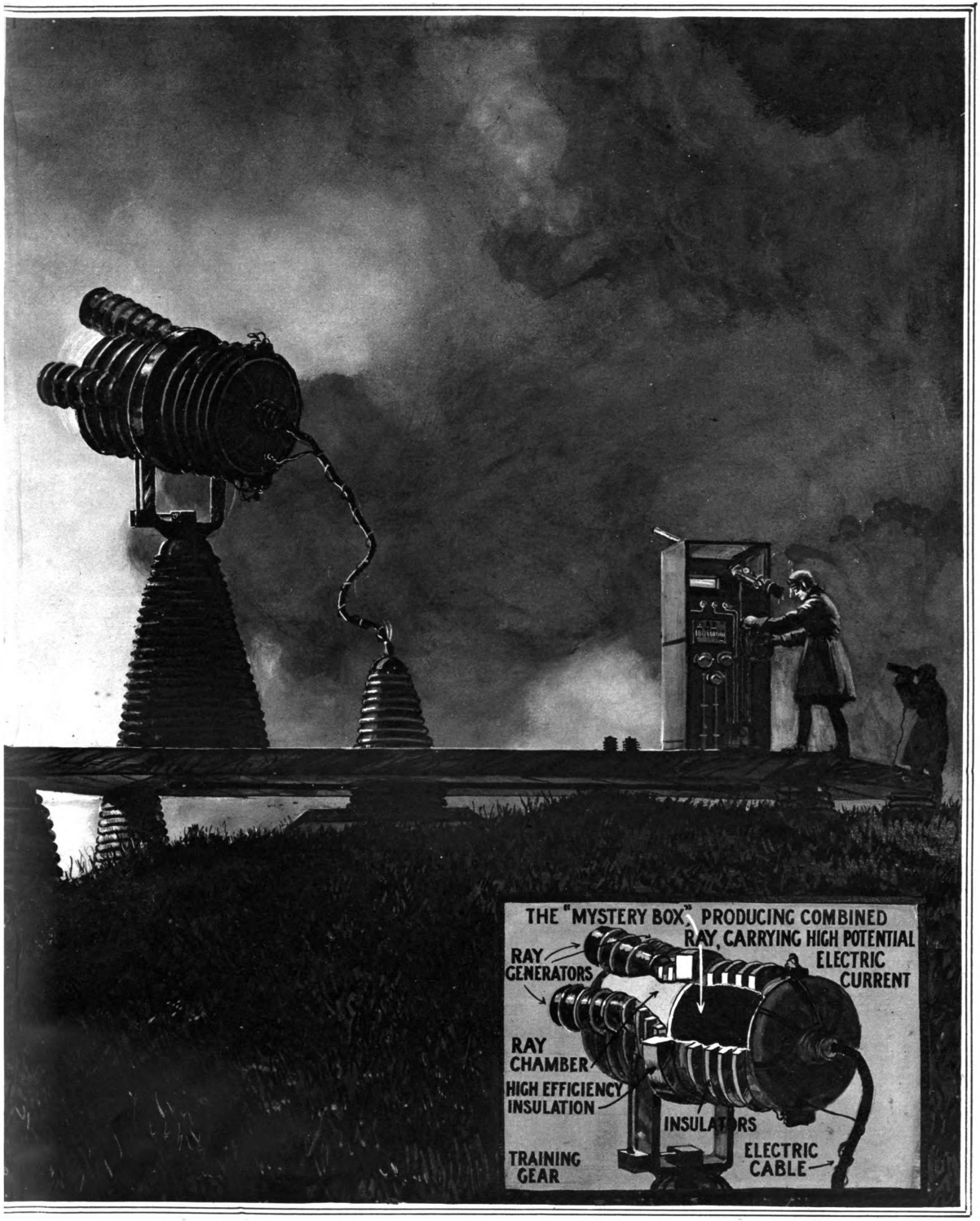
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, UNDER THE

DESTROYING AIRCRAFT "AS BY LIGHTNING": A POSSIBLE USE

Mr. H. Grindell-Matthews, the well-known electrical inventor, who during the war received £25,000 from the British Government for his system of controlling power-driven craft by a searchlight beam, has since devised, with the assistance of Mr. B. J. Lynes, a new invisible electric ray which, as he demonstrates it, instantly affects the magneto of a petrol motor, and causes it to slow down or stop, as required. This electrical beam has at the moment only been used experimentally, but the inventor claims that, with a more powerful projector, he would have no difficulty in bringing down hostile aircraft. The great projector seen in our illustration was drawn by our special artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, under the supervision of Mr. Grindell-Matthews, who also supplies the descriptive details, and shows how the new ray could become a terrible weapon of war. Attached to the outside of the projector are fitted three generators of the ray, which is directed into the box containing the apparatus for producing high potential electric current. This portion of the apparatus is a jealously guarded secret, and has been aptly named by the inventor, "The Mystery Box." The ray thus produced is sent out in the form of an invisible "beam" of electricity, and can be directed, it is claimed, on any object as desired, and cannot in any way be "jammed" by anything at present

INVISIBLE RAY FOR BRINGING DOWN AEROPLANES.

SUPERVISION OF THE INVENTOR, MR. H. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS.

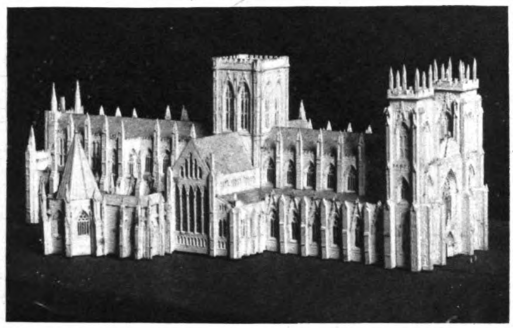


OF MR. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS' RAY-PROJECTOR INVENTION.

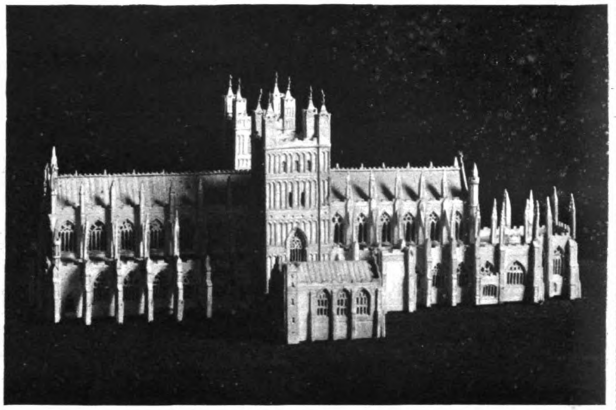
invented. For night work the ray can be made visible, so that it will have the double function of a searchlight and a destructive agent. In the illustration on the previous page are shown the actual tests carried out in the laboratory before our artist. In the above drawing he peeps into the future and shows one of the great projectors that may one day be made, mounted on a well-insulated platform, and destroying hostile aircraft. When the nearest hostile machine comes within range, there is suddenly a terrible flash of lightning, as if a tropical storm had suddenly burst into fury. The occupants of the machine are instantly electrocuted, the machine is set in flames by the flow of electric current that pours all over it, and instantly it goes plunging earthward a fiery wreck. The beam is swung on to the next machine within range with the same result as before. If Mr. Grindell-Matthews can succeed in producing a huge projector such as that drawn by our artist, then the awful power of this great ray will go far towards ending war, for, unless something is invented to counteract its force, it will make war impossible. It has been estimated that, if large enough ray-projectors could be made, a fifty-mile anti-aircraft barrage round London could be established at an initial cost of £3,000,000.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

CATHEDRALS NO BIGGER THAN A MAN'S HAND: GLORIES

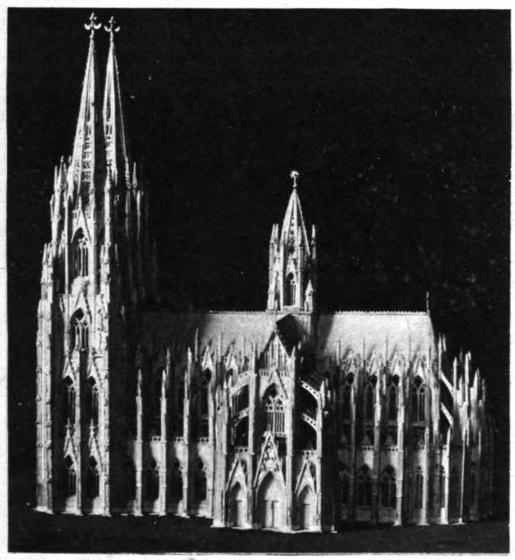
By Courtesy of the Architecture Club. Photographs Taken Specially for "The Illustrated



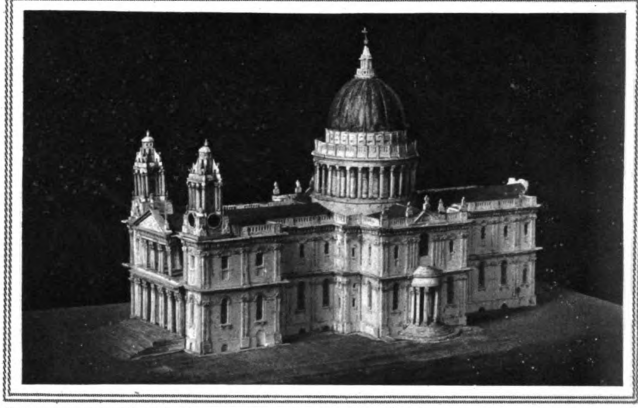
WITH THE LONGEST ROOF AND LARGEST AREA OF ALL THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS: YORK MINSTER—A MODEL RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN LONDON.



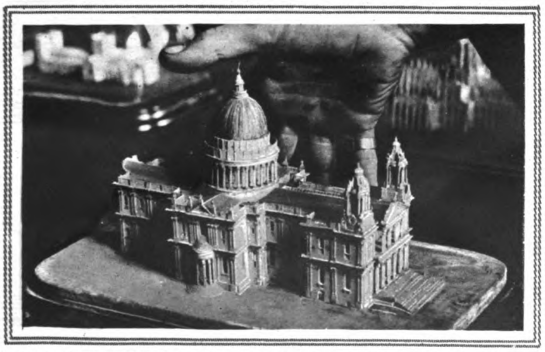
RENDERING "SUCH SUBTLE FACTORS AS THE DIVERSE CHARACTER OF THE TWIN TRANSEPTAL TOWERS": A MODEL OF EXETER CATHEDRAL



EASILY DISTINGUISHABLE IN STYLE FROM THE ENGLISH BUILDINGS: A MODEL OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL IN THE RECENT EXHIBITION.



SHOWING (WHEN COMPARED WITH THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH) THE FEATURES THAT WREN BORROWED FROM ST. PETER'S: A MODEL OF ST. PAUL'S.



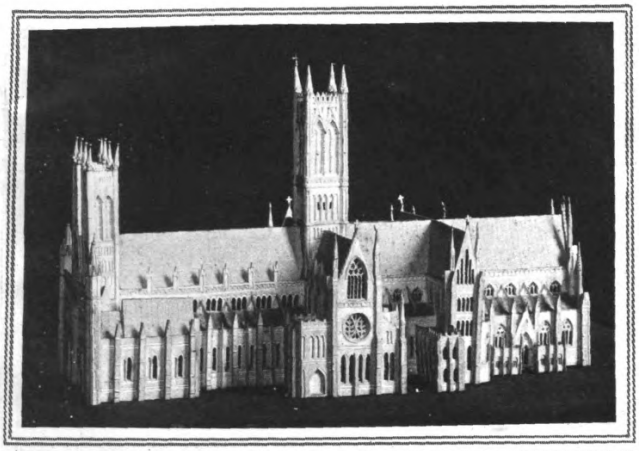
INDICATING ITS DIMENSIONS IN COMPARISON WITH A MAN'S HAND: THE WONDERFUL MINIATURE OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IN THE EXHIBITION.

SHOWING ITS RESEMBLANCE TO LINCOLN CATHEDRAL (ABOVE) IN GENERAL DESIGN AND THE STYLE OF ITS TOWERS: A MODEL OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

These remarkable little models of famous cathedrals, lent by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, were recently on view at Grosvenor House, in the second Exhibition of the Architecture Club. They are not only exquisite examples of craftsmanship, but also highly instructive to students of architecture as affording the means for studying the buildings as a whole. "We approach them," writes Mr. P. G. Konody, the well-known art critic, "from a new angle—the angle of the aeroplane flying low; we look down upon them instead of looking up! From this view the cruciform plan is manifest at once. . . . The models only average from about 12 in. to 16 in. in length; yet the patient architect who made them has rendered such subtle factors as the diverse character of the

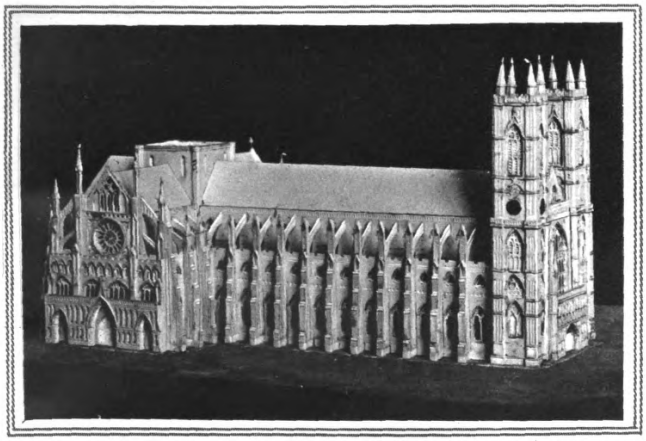
OF CHURCH ARCHITECTURE ON A LILLIPUTIAN SCALE.

LONDON NEWS." THAT OF ST. PAUL'S UNDER A HAND BY KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY.

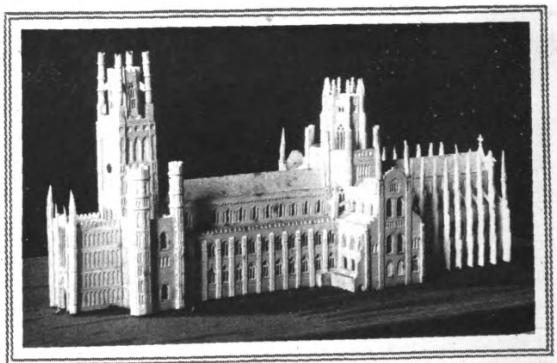


LINCOLN CATHEDRAL IN MINIATURE: ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MODELS RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT GROSVENOR HOUSE BY THE ARCHITECTURE CLUB.

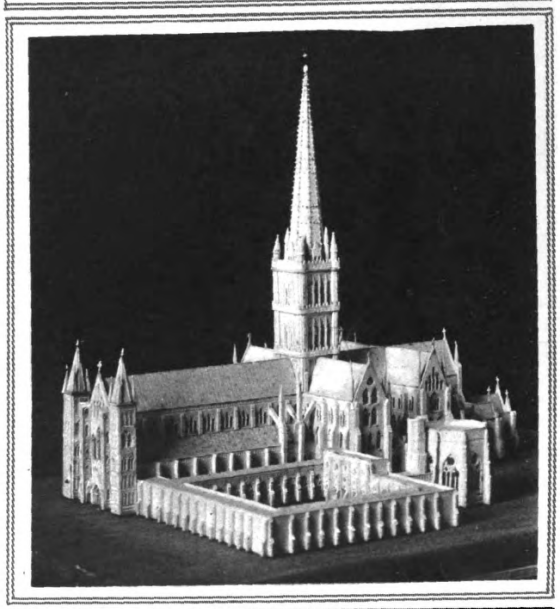
THE BUILDING WHICH INSPIRED WREN IN DESIGNING ST PAUL'S: A MODEL OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME—MAKING IT POSSIBLE TO VISUALISE THE VAST STRUCTURE AS A WHOLE.



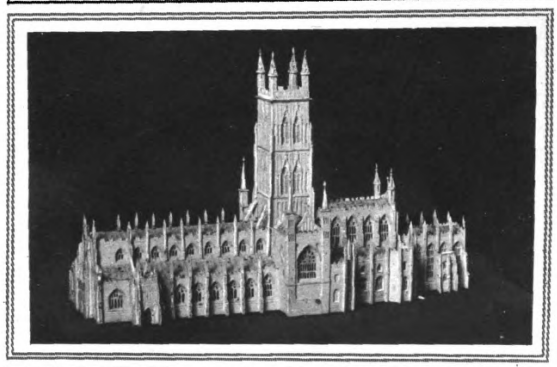
WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN MINIATURE: A MODEL THAT AFFORDS AN EXCELLENT MEANS OF STUDYING THE FAMILIAR BUILDING IN ITS ENTIRETY.



SHOWING THE EXQUISITE DETAIL OF ITS TOWERS, WITH THEIR DISTINCTIVE DESIGN: A MODEL OF ELY CATHEDRAL, THE PRIDE OF THE FENS.



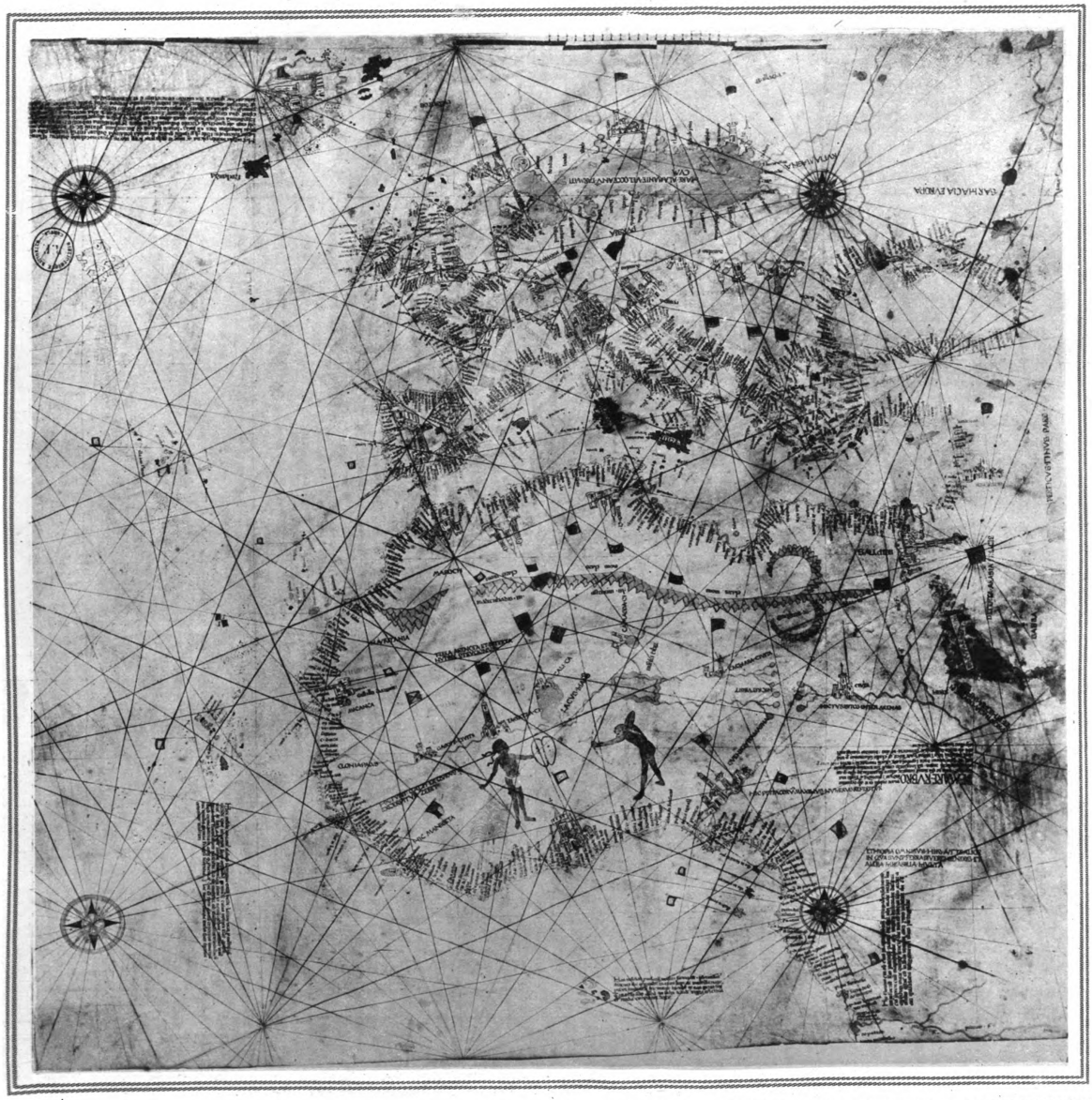
FAMOUS FOR "THE FAIRY ELEGANCE" OF ITS TALL SPIRE: SALISBURY CATHEDRAL—A MODEL IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURE CLUB.



WITH ITS SINGLE TALL TOWER: GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL—A MODEL LENT (LIKE THE REST) BY THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF CANTERBURY.

twin transeptal towers of Exeter and the fairy elegance of Salisbury spire. In addition to these twenty-two models of English cathedrals, there are also models of Antwerp, Cologne, Milan, Strasburg, and St. Peter's, Rome. No one, I suppose, has formed a complete concept of the vast Rome cathedral from the exterior or the colonnade; but the whole plan is obvious from this model, and we can see at once the features which Wren borrowed for St. Paul's." St. Peter's is the largest and most imposing church in the world, with an area of about 18,100 square yards, while that of St. Paul's is 9400 square yards, and th Cologne Cathedral 7400 square yards. The interior of St. Peter's is 205 yards long, or 212 yards including the walls; that of St. Paul's is 173 yards

USED BY COLUMBUS IN DISCOVERING AMERICA? A NEWLY FOUND MAP.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND USED BY HIM IN HIS HISTORIC VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MAP RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE FRENCH NATIONAL LIBRARY IN PARIS.

WE illustrate on these two pages a discovery of great historical interest and importance, made the other day by M. de la Roncière, keeper of the department of printed books in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. In his view, it is nothing less than a map of the world prepared under the direction of Christopher Columbus, probably by his brother, Bartholomew, and used by the great navigator on the voyage which led to the discovery of America. To the map is attached a circular chart (as shown here on the right-hand page) showing the world in its relation to the Universe according to the ideas of Columbus and his contemporaries. The Earth is seen as a sphere in the centre of nine celestial spheres, and the continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia form an island amid four oceans. In the map of the world itself (the square portion of the document, which measures about 2 ft. by 3 ft.), the coast lines of Africa, Europe, and Asia Minor are bordered with names. On the left, at the top, near the stamp of the Bibliothèque Nationale and the "rose," appear the islands of the Antilles, said to have been the secret goal of Columbus's expedition. In an article describing the map and its discovery, M. de la Roncière writes: "What map did Christopher Columbus use? Hitherto we have known nothing on the subject. In order to dispel all doubt, there was need of a document prior to the discovery of America. That decisive document was in existence, but so far was entirely unknown.

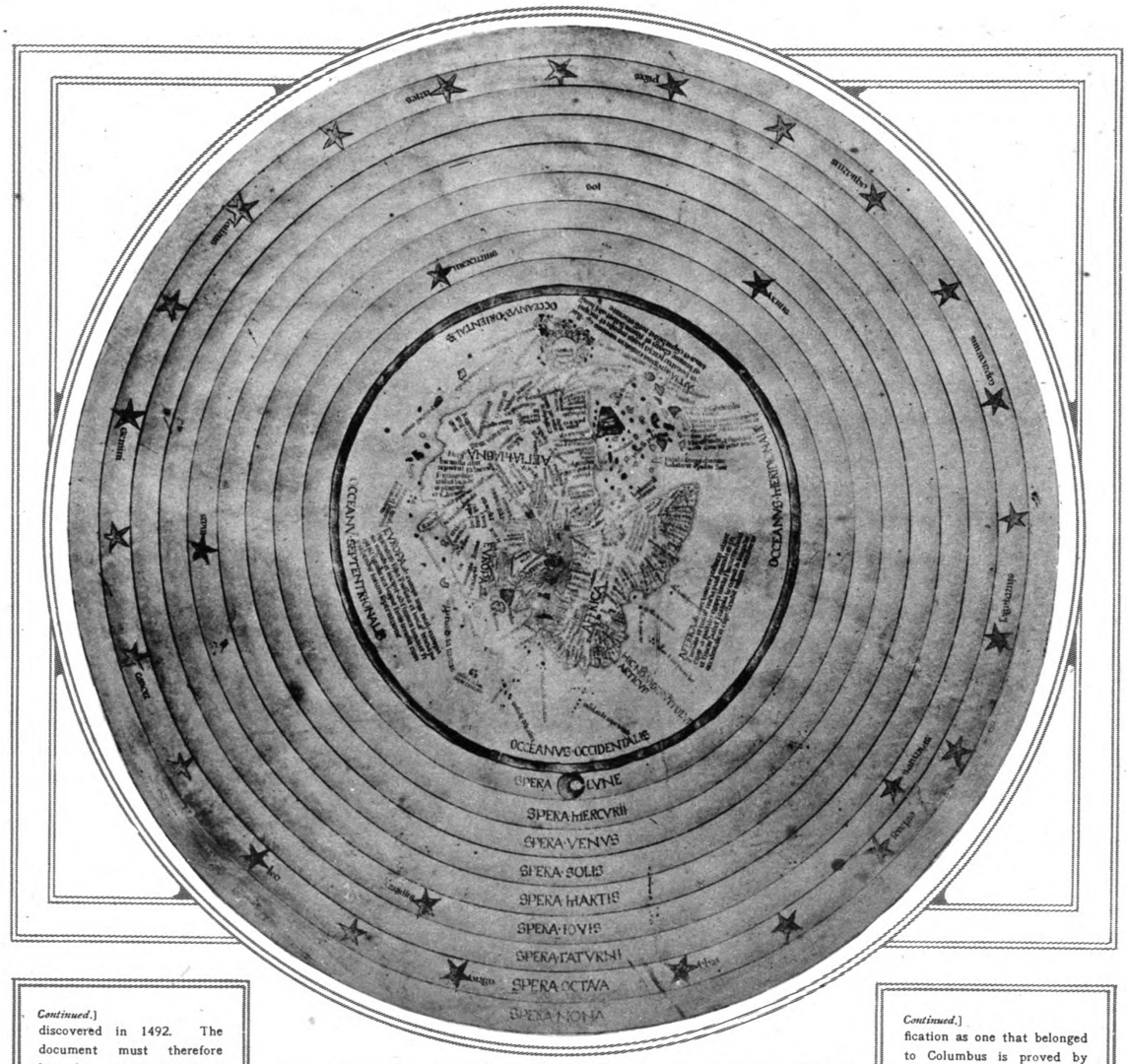
[*Continued below.*

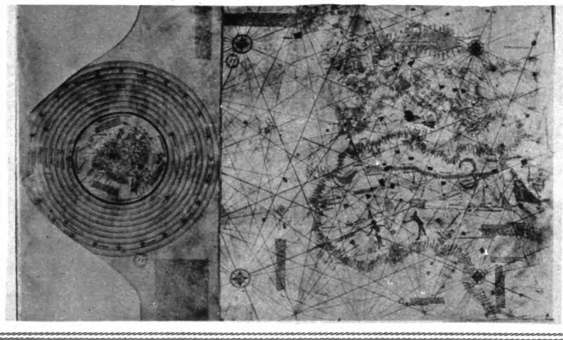
I was completing my history of the 'Discovery of Africa in the Middle Ages,' which the King of Egypt had asked me to write for the Congress of Geography at Cairo, when my attention was attracted by a planisphere on which the name of Lake Chad figured for the first time. There was no date, no author's name. On parchment vellum were two maps side by side; one of the world on a small scale; the other, on a large scale, of Africa and Europe. Africa extended to the Cape of Good Hope. The world map contained no trace of America and its islands. The Cape had been discovered in 1488; America was destined to be

[*Continued opposite.*

THE WORLD AND THE UNIVERSE AS COLUMBUS IMAGINED THEM.

LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CONTINENTAL "DAILY MAIL," SUPPLIED BY C.N.





THE "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS" MAP AND ITS ATTACHED CHART OF THE UNIVERSE (GIVEN LARGER ABOVE), SHOWING THE EARTH AS THE CENTRE OF NINE SPHERES. (ORIGINAL SIZE, ABOUT 2 FT. BY 3 FT.).

Continued.]
discovered in 1492. The document must therefore have been executed between those two dates. It was not Portuguese. A long legend on the Cape Verd islands began: 'These islands are called *in Italian* Cavo Verde. (All the legends, by the way, are in Latin.) They were found by a Genoese called Antonio de Noli.' The author of the map was therefore evidently an Italian, and knew all about Genoa." In an interview M. de la Roncière is reported to have said: "The map is full of quaint coloured sketches and sailing directions neatly penned in at various points. Its identi-

[*Continued opposite*

Continued.]
fication as one that belonged to Columbus is proved by the fact that many of the sailing directions (in Latin) are identical with those well known to have been made by Columbus in documents prepared by him. The presumption that it was drawn by Bartholomew Columbus arises from the fact that France is well depicted, as also are Genoa and Seville. Bartholomew is known to have spent a considerable time in France. A remarkable feature is that North Africa is shown with most of the Sahara caravan routes just rediscovered by the French." M. de la Roncière's concluding

[*Continued below.*

comment on the map is as follows: "This mystic-archaic geography fell to pieces directly the great Genoese came into contact with reality. He went in search of legendary islands, and followed mirages. What he found was an unknown continent. . . . Maps made before the discovery of the New World, tedious evidence of ideas thus superseded, were relegated to an appropriate oblivion. This explains the fate of the precious map in the Bibliothèque Nationale. But surely it does not deprive Christopher Columbus of a single ray of his glory, if we exhibit the weakness of his preconceived ideas, in view of the vast results which he achieved."

HAZARDS AND HAPPENINGS: THE ADVENTURES OF OSSENDOWSKI.

"MAN AND MYSTERY IN ASIA." By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI.*

IN the Land of Vanished Nomads, on the left bank of the Yenesei, where rode the warrior hordes of Jenghiz the Killer, Tamerlane the Lame, Goondjur the Terrible, and Amursan, "last scion of the Great Mongol," are many dolmens, grim milestones on the grassland roads.

By Black Lake twenty years ago was the grave of Abuk, the Ouigur Khan; about it sixteen columns each of a height of eight feet, runic signs on the northern stones. If there be everlasting malignity in a curse, it is there still, defiant as when the vengeful spirit of the dead, "like an autumn fog," swept across the eyes of the Tartar treasure-seekers; clouded before the Russian who desired to paint the tomb; and so ordered it that when Dr. Ossendowski took photographs as correctly as any camera-artist, the negatives were imageless. At that time the traveller was ignorant of the legend, and he noted of his experience: "The only possible hypothesis I could think of was that in the valley where the dolmen stood there might exist the rare but possible phenomenon of the interference of rays where the dead waves of light made no impression on the plates." He was to learn later. He made two snapshots and a time exposure. It was not permitted him even to develop them. Thrown from a wagon as he journeyed on, he bruised himself black and blue—and camera and contents were reduced to fragments!

That, however, was almost his sole rebuff. Surely, never before did Adventure so advance to meet the seeker; surely, never before were Man and Nature so prodigal of curious gifts.

Szira-Kul, the Bitter Lake, perishing into resemblance of the Dead Sea, made the first offerings. From a cavern cut in the ruddy rocks of Kizill-Kaya by the scouring sand from the Gobi emerged three prison-breakers, true "Siberian tramps," each with his axe and his fortune in his sack, and one of them carrying "a special winter disguise which consisted of a large mantle of white linen. The moment that he discovered anyone far away in pursuit, he immediately lay down on the snow and covered himself and his belongings with the white mantle, making himself one with the dead white wilderness." That was Hak, and he it was who supplied a knife—as a conjurer would a rabbit! Dr. Ossendowski writes: "'A knife?' said Hak. 'I can give it to you.' Saying this, he put his hand to his naked hip, and right at the place where the abdomen joins the hip, he laid back a fold of the skin. I saw a little aperture in which Hak put two fingers, taking from it a long, thin knife, protected by a highly polished wooden guard along the edge, and a diminutive file. This habitual criminal had a pocket made in his own skin! 'We old convicts almost always undergo this operation,' declared Hak, with a significant smile. 'It is impossible to avoid it! To escape from prison one must cut the bars, and sometimes the fetters as well. And we have to have weapons in our fights with the gaoler or the soldiers pursuing us.'"

After that came the salt Lake Shunet, exhibiting "an immense tarantula spider walking with its long hairy legs on the water without breaking the surface, although, as this bent slightly under the spider, it was travelling very carefully."

Then the Tiger Country; the White Swans who were the Koreans destined to be ambushed and shot by Cossacks preying upon their packs of gold-dust, panti, ginseng, amber, mushrooms, river pearls, sables, ermine and marten skins; the beating of trees to net sables frightened into the branches by the chow-chow dogs; the hunting of tigers whose hearts and livers are coveted by Chinese sorcerers as talismans against beasts of prey and fatal illnesses, and whose nails and teeth are valued as amulets; and the Mongolian nomad tribe, the Golds, who hang their birch-bark-encased dead from the branches of the oak.

These things with many others strange and to be chronicled. First, perhaps, the "she-cat" and food. "'If a pair of tigers are hunting for food and come across a white man, a Chinese and a dog together, they will first attack the dog, then the Chinese, and only afterwards the white man. The tigers do not like European flesh,' added Kudiakoff laughingly. 'Obviously it is not tasty as it is soaked in alcohol! It has happened that a tiger, after mortally wounding a Russian, has gone away and left him; but it will pick the bones of a Chinese as we do those of a chicken.'" Then the tents full of men, women, and children dead of trade vodka, "our Russian crime," as a priest had it when he said: "It is a simple matter to deluge them with alcohol. It is the conventional way of bartering with the nomads. . . . Under this system the Orochons have long since become drunkards and will sell their souls to the devil for a glass of vodka. Such was the case with these poor creatures. They probably sold their goods and came here with their vodka to spend the winter. During one of their holidays they have drunk until the cold and wind caught them in their stupor and finished them. The fires go out and with them their lives."

Next: the Banished Island, Sakhalin, dumping-place for the worst criminals of Russia. In those days of twenty years ago, Dr. Ossendowski heard terrible tales. One punishment was whipping. "The condemned received from 15 to 300 strokes with willow rods boiled before use in sea-water. The fifteenth stroke was supposed always to cut the skin and draw blood. If no blood appeared, the official overseeing the execution accused the executioner of indulgence, and sentenced him to a beating. The sticks lacerated and tore the skin and flesh from the back and feet of the victim as he lay stretched on a bench. When he fainted he was taken to the hospital, where his wounds were allowed to heal a little; and, if he had not received the number of strokes to which he was sentenced, the whipping was finished in a second instalment during which death often ensued."

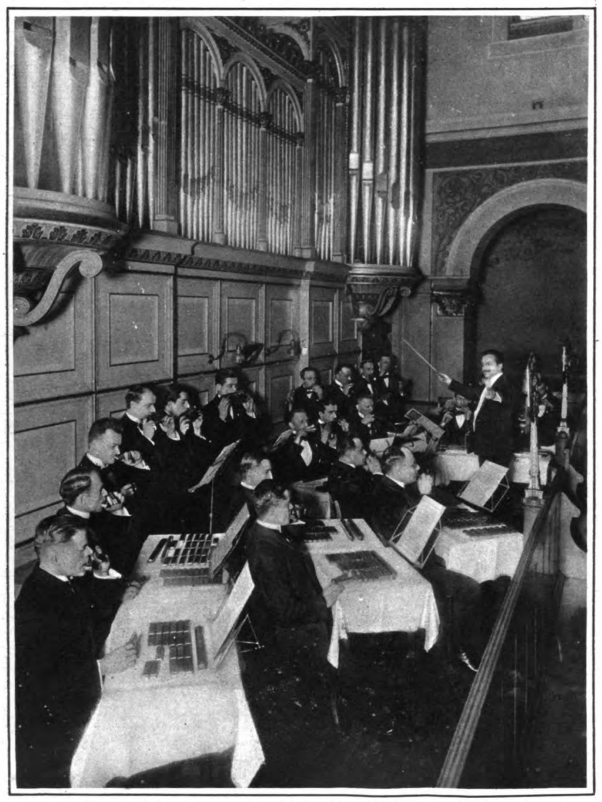
Also, migrating fish: "I remained for twenty-four hours by a little lake. . . . a smaller lake lay but 300 yards from the first and was practically only a puddle overgrown with grass and bulrushes. When I approached it, it resembled an artificial store of living fish, for its surface was never calm, being broken constantly by the swirls and circles of the swarms of finny creatures. While walking at dawn between the lake and this pond, I saw something moving in the high grass, and shouted loudly to frighten the animal or bird, but nothing appeared. Then I carefully searched the grass, and to my astonishment and amazement I discovered a big pike wriggling along through the tall dew-soaked grass in the direction of the pond, whither he was evidently attracted by the quantity of food. That same evening after sundown I saw a second pike returning to the big lake, satiated to the point where it could not swallow the last fish whose tail protruded from its mouth."

And the Ainos, the primitive natives of Sakhalin and of the northern islands of Japan, "with a great deal of hair on the head, face and breast," hunters and fishermen and, occasionally, tillers of the soil and rearers of cattle—with them the Black Monk, the saviour of drowning souls, whose lantern was at once a guide and a hope. He clinked as he moved. He explained: "I have the *verigi* on me, chains which cross the back and end at the waist with a heavy lock, and I wear a horsehair shirt. I do it to mortify my body."

Finally, in the Shadow of the Great Altai, curious hunting of wolves. Suliman Awdzaroff, the Kirghiz, handed the Doctor "a strange-looking whip with a long stock and a short, strong-braided lash, with a heavy lead ball firmly fastened to the end of it. 'My companions will beat the wolves from the covert,' he said, 'and make them run out into the prairie. Our horses are fleet, and we shall overtake the wolves and kill them with the whips, *kunak*.' So it was. I marvelled at the cleverness of my mount, as, without waiting for any indications from me, it wheeled and changed direction to the best advantage, ever racing faster and always to the left of the pursued wolf to facilitate the rider's blow. . . . I rose in the stirrups and struck with all my might. The wolf gave a yelp and stumbled slightly but in a flash was off again at even faster speed. Once more that race for life between horse and wolf, and, when we again overtook it, I struck a second blow, but this time not at random, aiming at the head. After a few more jumps the wolf stumbled, fell forward, raised itself again for a few more leaps, until I struck with all my might the blow that stopped his career of sheep-stealing for ever."

"Curiouser and curiouser"; yet such things, after all, are not the most gripping of the episodes of the book. These are to be found in the stories, the Grand Guignol-ish stories, of wild humanity—the escaped convicts, the "executioners" under sentence of death pronounced by all who knew them, the forced cannibalism of criminals wandering the wastes and the woods, the orgies and the death-game of the once infamous Tiger Club of the shores of Possiet Bay, the tale of the brigand One Eye, the Tiger Men, *conquistadores* of the Ussurian forest, the hunter who was drunk enough to kill three tigers with three shots, Andrew Bolotoff the Avenger, and, especially, the sinister priest of the suicide chapel, who could pray the peasant to such frenzy that he would cut his throat by the deal table that was the altar, giving "blood for the sins of the world." Well may the publisher speak of a "powerful and fascinating narrative," and of "the amazing hazards and the strange experiences, the mysterious happenings and the breathless escapes." Dr. Ossendowski justifies all the adjectives.

E. H. G.



PROBABLY THE FIRST MOUTH-ORGAN ORCHESTRA TO PLAY IN A CHURCH: AN UNUSUAL ITEM AT A CHARITY CONCERT IN BERLIN.

This mouth-organ orchestra, which is apparently well known in Berlin, is shown playing in a charity concert there, held in St. Jacob's Church. The conductor is Arthur Marquard. It was probably the first occasion on which an orchestra of mouth-organs has ever been heard in a church.

Photograph by Photthek.

* "Man and Mystery in Asia." By Ferdinand Ossendowski, Author of "Beasts, Men and Gods"; in Collaboration with Lewis Stanton Palen. (Edward Arnold; 14s. net.)

A NEW FORM OF PORTRAITURE: RZEWUSKI'S "LADY MICHELHAM."

FROM THE PAINTING BY COUNT RZEWUSKI. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

AS PRINCESSE LOINTAINE AT THE COMTESSE DE BEAUMONT'S BAL COSTUMÉ IN PARIS: LADY MICHELHAM— BY COUNT RZEWUSKI, THE WELL-KNOWN POLISH ARTIST.

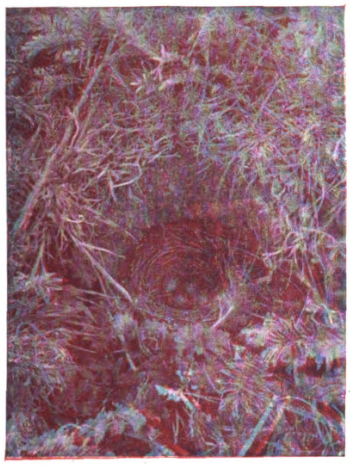
This charming picture by Count Alex Rzewuski, the well-known Polish artist, shows Lady Michelham in the character of Princesse Lointaine, as she appeared at the Comtesse de Beaumont's wonderful Bal Costumé in Paris. The work of Count Rzewuski, who has made a great success as a fashionable portrait-painter, has been represented recently in the pages of the "Sketch" by some delightful dry-point portraits, including one of Lady Michelham herself, as well as by a striking picture in colour of an Orientalised Diana. Lady Michelham is the wife of Lord Michelham, the second Baron, and a daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Capel, of Paris. Her marriage took place in 1919.

"NESTING TIME"—TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF THROUGH THE ANAGLYPH-MASK.

These Reproductions will Appear in Full Stereoscopic Relief when Looked at either through the Red and Green Films given away with our March 8 Issue, or through the special Anaglyph Viewing-Mask which we supply (see below).

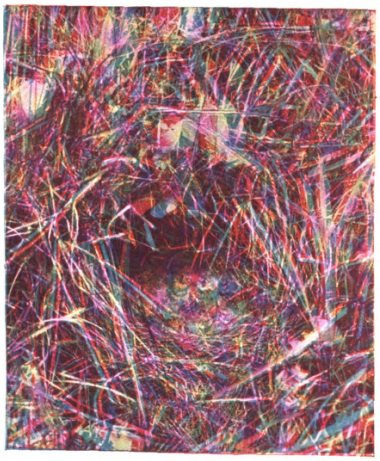
SO REAL AS TO MAKE THE SPECTATOR AFRAID OF DISTURBING HER: A TREE PIPIT ON HER NEST, AMONGST WILD HYACINTHS

LOOKING AS IF THEY COULD BE PICKED UP: EGGS OF A GREENFINCH IN THE NEST, BUILT IN A YEW TREE.

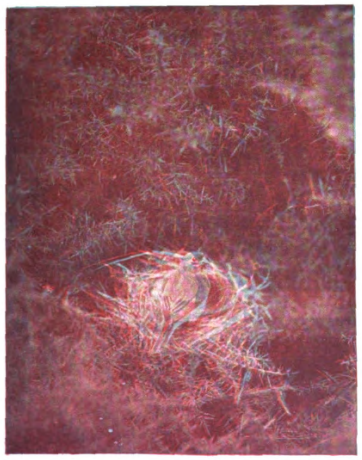


BUILT IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND: THE NEST AND EGGS OF A ROCK PIPIT.

COMFORTABLY SETTLED IN HER MOSSY NEST AMONG YEW BRANCHES: A HEN CHAFFINCH.

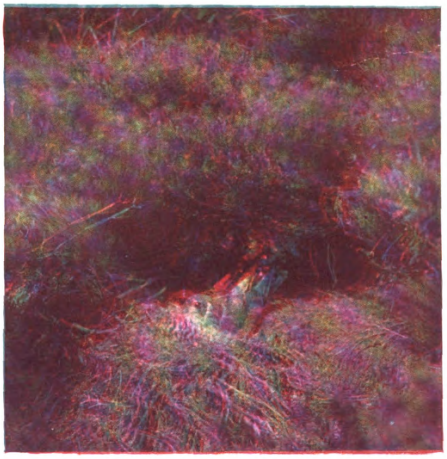


WAITING FOR MOTHER: FOUR YOUNG MEADOW PIPITS IN THE NEST.



"WHAT WAS THAT?" A HEN LINNET LOOKING ROUND AS THOUGH SURPRISED.

WITH NEST MATERIAL IN ITS BEAK: A WREN ABOUT TO ENTER ITS HIDING-PLACE.

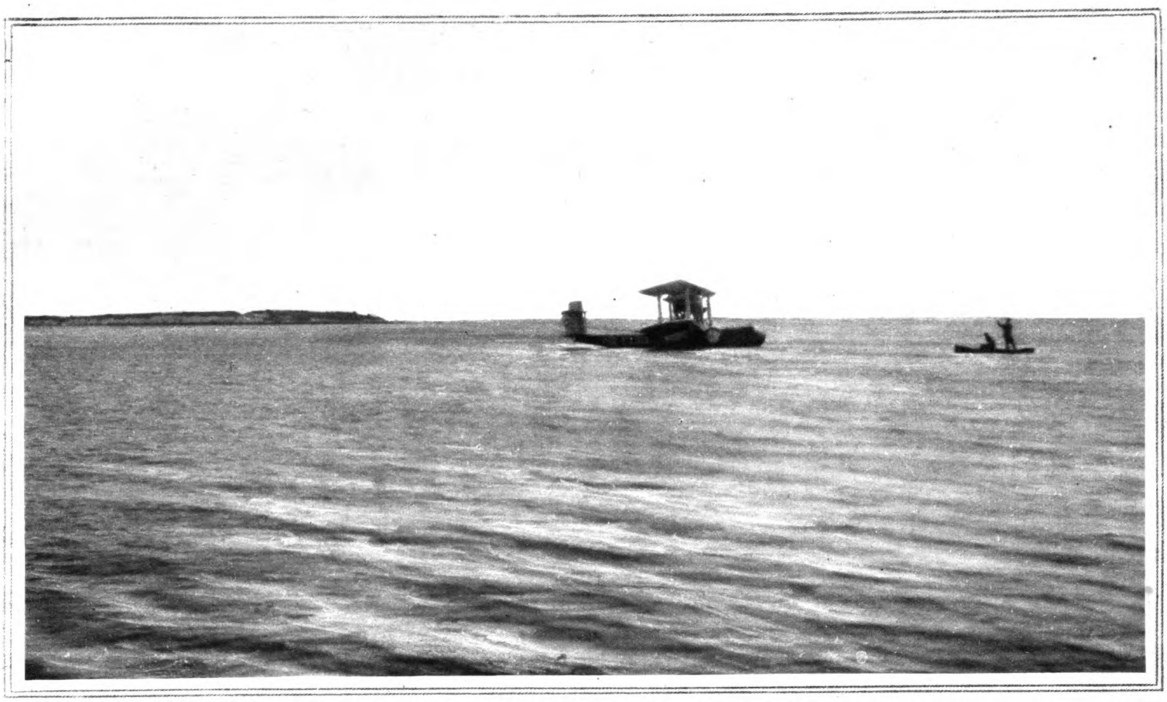


AT HOME IN HER HEATHER BOWER: A HEN MERLIN ON HER NEST

We give here some further examples of the remarkable Anaglyphs which have aroused so much interest since the first series was published in our issue of March 8. The photographs must be looked at through the special Anaglyph viewing-mask, with a red film for the left eye and a green film for the right eye. They will then appear to stand out in stereoscopic relief, with wonderfully life-like effect. The only precaution necessary, in looking at them, that any slight movement might disturb the birds shown sitting on their nests, and cause them to fly away, or that the eggs in other pictures might fall out of the nest if the photograph were shaken. Readers may obtain a viewing-mask, if they have not already done so, by filling up the Coupon printed on Cover 3 of the present number, and forwarding it, with stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

NATURE PHOTOGRAPHS BY JASPER ATKINSON. PREPARED FOR ANAGLYPH REPRODUCTION BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

SINCE ON THE WING AGAIN: BRITISH WORLD-FLIERS "DOWN" IN CORFU.



WHERE THEY MADE A FORCED LANDING AFTER "TERRIFIC VIBRATIONS IN THE ENGINE": THE VICKERS-NAPIER "VULTURE" AMPHIBIAN MOORED ON LAKE KORISSIA, CORFU—SHOWING A FERRY PUNT CONVEYING ONE OF THE CREW BACK TO THE MACHINE.

BESIDE THEIR IMPROVISED TENT OF BLANKETS AT A SPOT TEN MILES FROM THE NEAREST VILLAGE: (L. TO R.) FLYING-OFFICER W. N. PLENDERLEITH (PILOT), SERGEANT R. ANDREWS, AND THE ENGINEER SENT OUT BY MESSRS. NAPIER WITH SPARE PARTS.

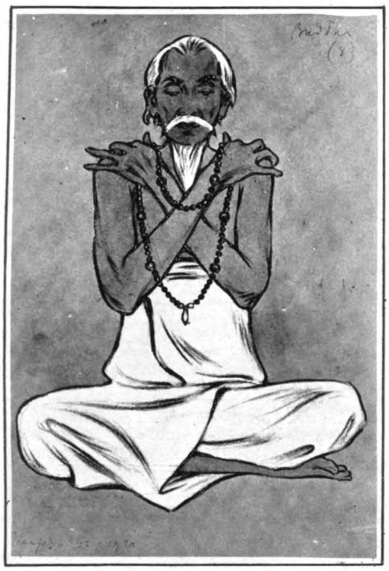
The British world-flight expedition, which had been waiting in Corfu for a new engine since their forced landing there on March 30, cabled on April 16 that they hoped to leave for Athens the next day, their machine having been towed round to Corfu (the town) by a British destroyer, and the new engine duly installed. They left England on March 25, and flew by way of Lyons, Civita Vecchia, Rome, and Brindisi, encountering very bad weather. Describing their experiences on arriving over Corfu, Squadron-Leader A. Stuart MacLaren, the chief of the party, said: "There was terrific vibration in the engine. We shut off, planed down, and made an excellent landing on Lake Korissia. We were lucky to have a lake within reach, as the sea was very rough. The strong wind drifted us inshore, but the machine grounded 100 yards off in 2 feet of water. I waded ashore and walked ten miles to the nearest village to find telegraphic facilities, but only found a bad telephone. I communicated with the British Consul at Corfu. I returned to the machine with boiled eggs, black bread, and wine. The crew were asleep, but woke up for a meal. . . . All of us slept in the machine that night." On hearing of the mishap, Messrs. Napier at once despatched a skilled engineer with all spare parts likely to be required; but later it was decided to send out a complete new engine.

Ritual in Hand-Gesture: Balinese Mudras.

By TYRA DE KLEEN, Author of "The Temple Dances of Bali."

ST. JOHN'S Gospel begins: "In the beginning was the Word . . ."; but who can tell whether the gesture was not still older than the word; whether, as a means of expression, the language of the hands has not even more ancient traditions than the spoken language?

It is certain that in all ancient rituals the hand-gesture played a great part. In the Orient these



WITH HIS *GENITRI* (ROSARY) OF PREPARED FRUIT STONES: AN OLD BUDDHIST PRIEST OF BALI IN A RITUAL POSE.

ritual hand-movements have developed into the so-called *mudras*.

Mudra is a Sanscrit word which means "seal." Originally the hand-poses of the priests imitated Sanscrit characters, and accompanied the pronouncing of certain words or syllables, being supposed to produce a magic effect. With the initiates they developed into a complicated and secret language, or rather, languages, for they took different forms in different countries—Tibet, India, Japan, and so on.

One place where this ritual language of *mudras* has attained a remarkably high development, and has been left unspoilt by missionaries and other influences, is the little island of Bali, in the East Indian archipelago.

The most important persons among the Balinese are their priests, the so-called *pedandas*. Some of these call themselves Buddha-priests, and some of them Shiva-priests. In Bali, however, Buddhism and Shivaism differ very little from each other, both having assumed peculiar forms in that island, different from what these religions were when they were brought over by the Hindus many centuries ago.

The people of Bali honour and worship their *pedandas* almost as if they were superhuman beings, but they know nothing at all about their mysteries. They still cling to the Malay-Polynesian animism, which existed in Bali before the Hindu period. They worship the good or evil spirits who animate everything in nature. Besides the magnificent temples to Buddha and Shiva, the people erect all over their island altars and little nature-temples to the *deva* of each mountain, river, lake or tree, and bring offerings to them. They are a very devout people, and some form of religion enters into everything they undertake in daily life.

The two religions—that of the serious *pedandas* and that of the childish and playful population—are shown side by side in peaceful and respectful harmony at their temple festivals, to which the latter as well as the former devote a great part of their lives. As the Balinese are a happy and healthy people, they know well how to combine two good things—the service of the *devas* and their own amusement. They could not have more enjoyment than they have at their temple-festivals. Religious as the Balinese are, they do not believe at all in asceticism, self-torture, and that sort of thing, found in other parts of the Orient. On the contrary, they want to make everything as nice as possible, both for themselves and others. Every day is a "Sunday"; and there is constantly some occasion for a temple festival in one part of the island or another. The men, women, and children thereupon gather together, all adorned in their most gorgeous *sarongs*, and with fresh flowers, or gold-leaf flowers, in their hair. They arrive in long processions, skilfully balancing on their heads high pyramids of offerings, arranged as little works of art. For these offerings to the *devas*, the people reserve all the very best they have of rice, fruit, meat, cakes, and other delicacies. The most beautiful flowers give the finishing touch to the appetising pyramids, besides countless ornaments carved from palm-leaves. As the *devas* are souls without any bodies, they naturally can accept only the souls of the offerings, and they have no use for their material part. Therefore, it often happens that, when the temple festival is over and the gods have eaten the soul of the rice, fruit, cakes and meat, the people take back their delicacies and make a so-called *slamatan*—that is, a great common feast-meal—on what the gods have left over. At these *slamatans* they amuse themselves immensely, while at the same time it is a sort of sacrament to eat the offering-food dedicated to the *devas*.

Sacred dances and plays, performed in the temple courtyards, form a prominent feature in these religious festivals.

The people kneel in front of the *pedanda*, performing the *sembayan* (salaam-gesture), while receiving the holy water, which he sprinkles on them. Even the tiny naked babies, wearing nothing but flowers on their heads, kneel in the same way, doing their *sembayan*.

While the people thus enjoy themselves, forming picturesque groups, the ringing of a brass bell, the murmuring of a half-singing voice, and the scent of incense attracts attention to where some earnest *pedanda* is "reading his *maveda*," which means reciting his *mantras* or *vedas* in a corrupted Sanscrit. Dressed in white linen, and with a crimson mitre on his head, he sits like a statue, on a roofed erection specially made for the purpose and belonging to the complex of buildings of which a temple consists. His crossed legs, his body, his head with half-shut eyes, remain motionless, while only his arms and hands are moving as they form one *mudra* after another, with complicated manual acrobatics.

A European observer has to get rid of our anatomical prejudices to be able really to believe in these fantastic figures formed by long, slim hands with double-jointed fingers, able to move in all directions. The left hand is often decorated with nails allowed to grow for the whole of life without being cut. Every *mudra* has its secret symbolical meaning and its own magic power.

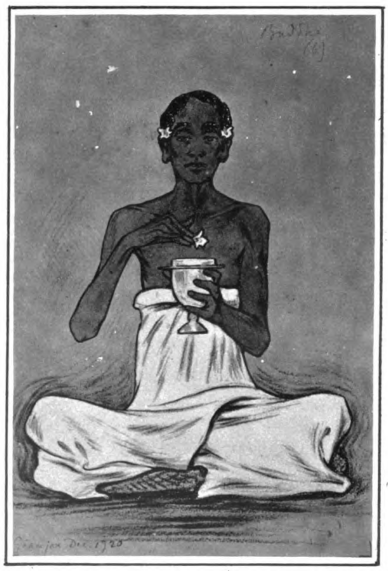
Arrayed in front of the *pedanda* on dishes or on a little altar-table are his different ritual attributes—brass bell, censer, little burning oil-lamp, chalice, rosary, and a heap of fresh temple flowers, just the blooms without stalks. Many of the *mudras* are performed with a flower between the fingers, and as the *mudra* is finished the flower is flicked away; so that, while the *maveda* proceeds, the floor round the *pedanda* becomes all strewn with flowers.

The *mudras*, although they have always formed an essential part of Eastern, and especially Buddhistic, ritual, have hardly ever been studied by any European, probably owing to the great difficulty in persuading the initiates to unveil their sacred secrets. A few books and articles have been written about the *mudras* represented on Buddha statues and on sculpture and frescoes of Indain temples. In "The Mirror of Gesture," published by Coomeraswami, some hand-poses in rituals and temple dances are described. The Musée Guimet in 1899 published one volume by L. de Milloni on Buddhistic *mudras* in Japan. That is about all the literature which exists on *mudras*. There has been no comparative study.

When I tried to approach the Balinese *pedandas* in order to study their *mudras*, I at first found the best of them extremely reserved, and in other cases directly hostile. The frank kindness and friendly hospitality, otherwise so typical of the Balinese people, changed into the contrary as soon as they suspected my intentions. After some unsuccessful efforts I asked the Raja, who had always proved to be a very polite and amiable man, to assist me by making his priests pose for me for some sketches of *mudras*. He did so; one Buddha priest and one Shiva priest used to pose alternately for me in the Raja's palace. Presently, however, I discovered that what they showed me was intentionally wrong, and so I destroyed my studies done from them. Repeated attempts with other priests in other places had more or less the same results.

Later, I met a native district chief, who belonged to the Brahman caste and had many relatives among *pedandas*, and he undertook to help me. Through him I gradually made friends with several high priests, and this time I was careful not to show myself too curious. On the contrary, I aroused their curiosity about Christian symbols, ritual, and churches. It seemed to interest them enormously when I told them, as far as my knowledge in the Balinese language allowed it, about such things in Europe, especially descriptions of Rome, its churches, and Catholic ceremonies. I illustrated my tales with drawings of Italian priests, with their vestments and emblems, altars, crosses, church interiors and exteriors, and so on. The Balinese priests used to come to me for long and friendly interviews, during which they asked no end of curious questions, and they began also to tell me more and more about their own. Finally, we came to be on such terms that they no longer made any secrets, and even willingly posed for me without trying to deceive me, and I filled some sketch-books with their *mudras*. To find out the right meaning of them proved to be more difficult, as with most of the *mudras* this is known only by the highest initiates among the *pedandas*. The rest of them do their *mudras* automatically.

But after this good start in the right direction, I soon got a still better opportunity to go on with my *mudra* studies. I met a Dutch Government official, Mr. P. de Kat Angelino, who had lived in Bali for eight years, knew the Balinese language thoroughly, and also knew his Balinese people very well and was exceptionally popular among them. He and his wife invited me to come and stay with them in a place called Gianjar, in a part of Bali where there was no other accommodation for travellers. Mr. de Kat helped me in every way to procure the best imaginable priest models, among whom was an old Buddha *pedanda* of original character who used to go into religious trances and ecstasies. Two prominent native friends of Mr. de Kat's living in the neighbourhood—namely, the ruler of Gianjar and the Pungava (district chief) of Ubut—also helped us greatly, by procuring willing models and giving valuable information. Mr. de Kat became more and more interested in the subject, and finally he undertook the writing about it, while I concentrated on making the pictures. Through his good relations with the Balinese and the confidence they had in him, he got them to answer his questions, and even to lend him their secret priest books and manuscripts. Thus he had the opportunity of studying the subject of *mudras* more closely than



DIPPING A FLOWER INTO A CHALICE OF HOLY WATER: A BUDDHIST PRIEST OF BALI PERFORMING A *MUDRA* (SYMBOLIC HAND-MOVEMENT).

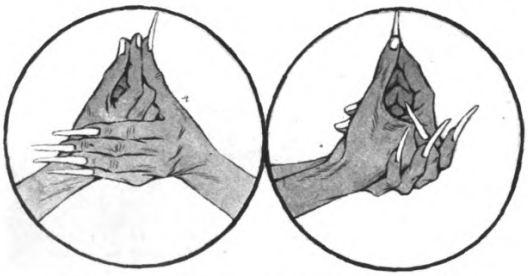
After the recital of a certain formula, the flower is flicked away. Many *mudras* are performed with flowers, and the ground or temple floor round the priest becomes gradually strewn with discarded blossoms. The Buddhist priests of Bali always wear flowers stuck over their ears.

any European has done before in any place where they exist.

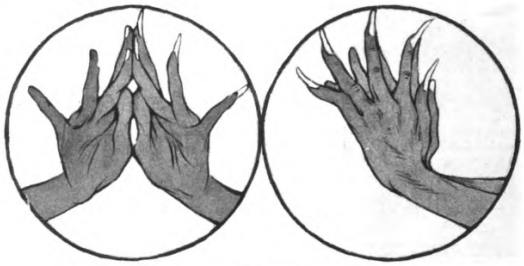
In other parts of the world much of the old ritual gestures has disappeared, yielding to various interfering influences; but this little island, in its peaceful isolation and with its many sanctuaries, still clings to its ancient forms of sacred tradition with respectful conservatism.

RITUAL *MUDRAS* OF BALI: HAND GESTURES IN SACRED SYMBOLISM.

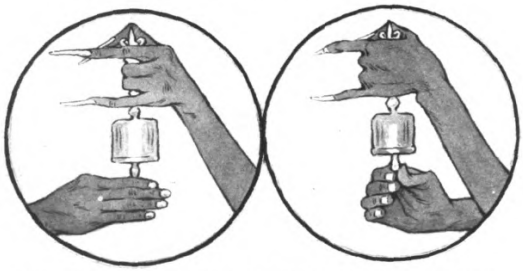
DRAWINGS BY TYRA DE KLEEN. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



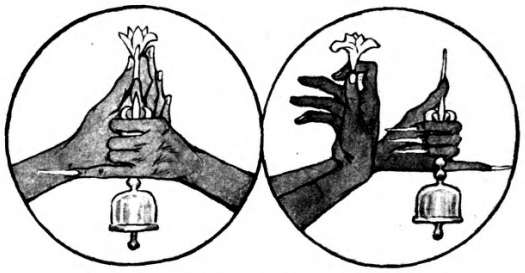
1. THREE FINGERS JOINED TO SYMBOLISE THE TRINITY OF BRAHMA, VISHNU, AND SIVA: THE "MUSTI."



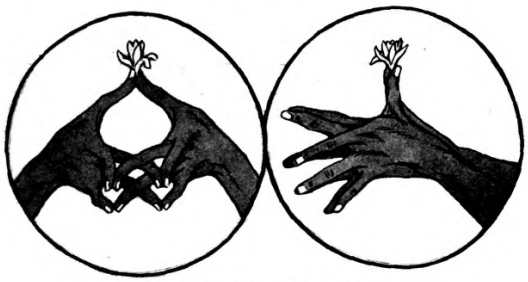
2. SYMBOLISING THE PRIEST'S UNION WITH THE GOD SIVA: A BALINESE *MUDRA*.



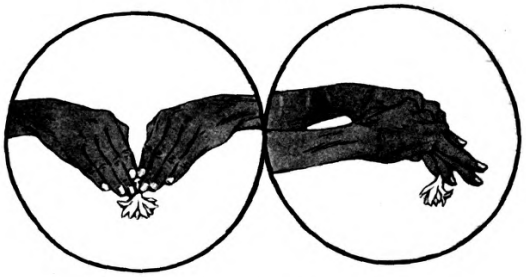
3. A *MUDRA* SHOWING THE BRASS BELL AT THE MOMENT OF BEING BROUGHT INTO USE.



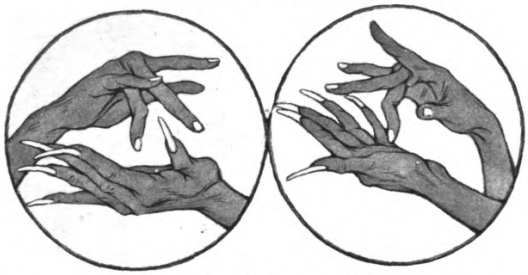
4. A *MUDRA* PERFORMED WITH THE BRASS BELL AND A WHITE FLOWER.



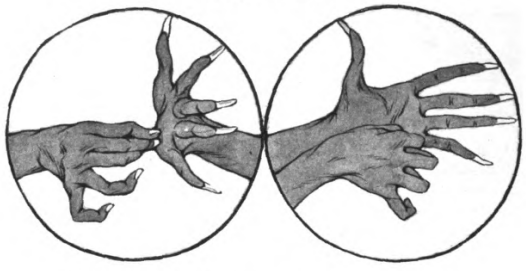
5. A BALINESE *MUDRA* PERFORMED WITH THE SACRED CAMBODIA FLOWER.



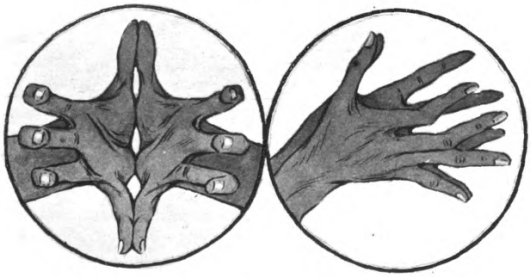
6. ANOTHER *MUDRA* PERFORMED WITH THE SACRED CAMBODIA FLOWER.



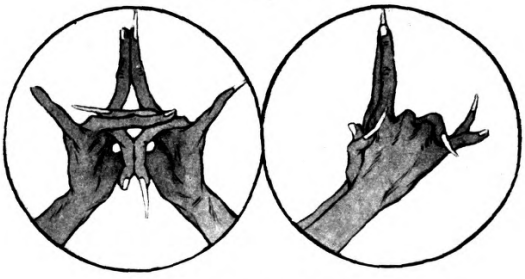
7. WITH THE LEFT HAND NAILS LONG: A *MUDRA* WHERE THE PRIEST TOUCHES HIMSELF WITH SANCTIFIED POWDER.



8. A *MUDRA* TO DRIVE OUT OF THE PRIEST'S BODY EVIL AND IMPURITY: MANUAL ACROBATICS.



9. THE *MUDRA* OF THE OPENING LOTUS—THE SOUL OPENING TO RECEIVE SIVA.

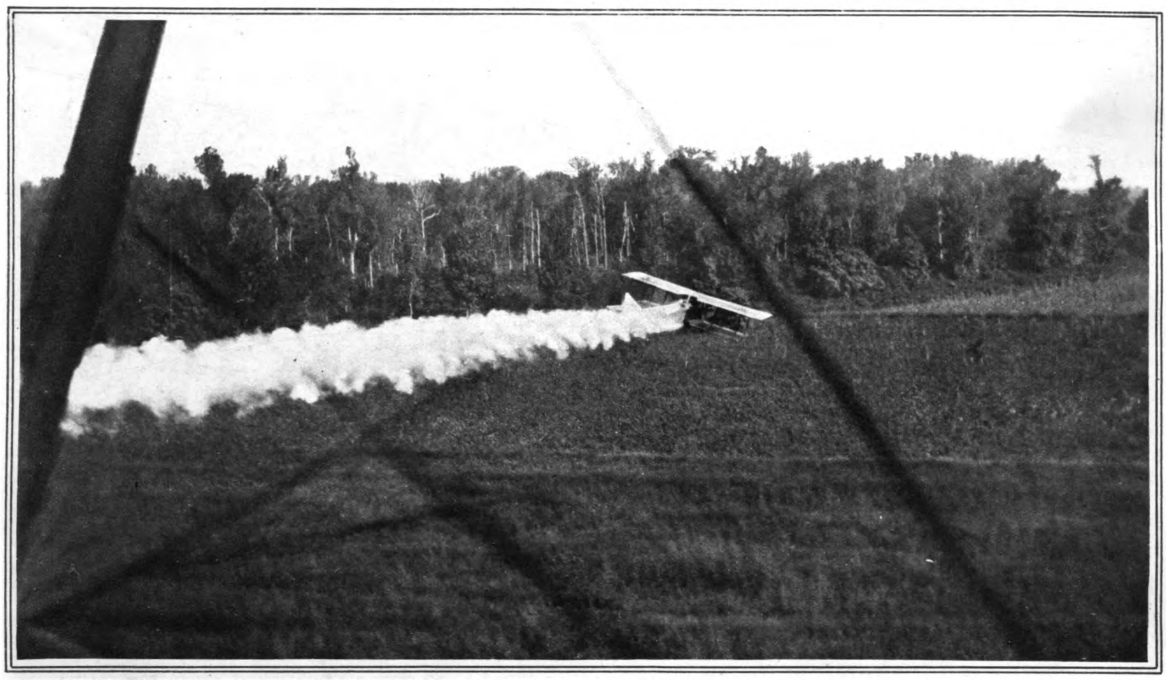


10. ANOTHER TYPICAL *MUDRA* (HAND-GESTURE) OF BALINESE BUDDHIST RITUAL.

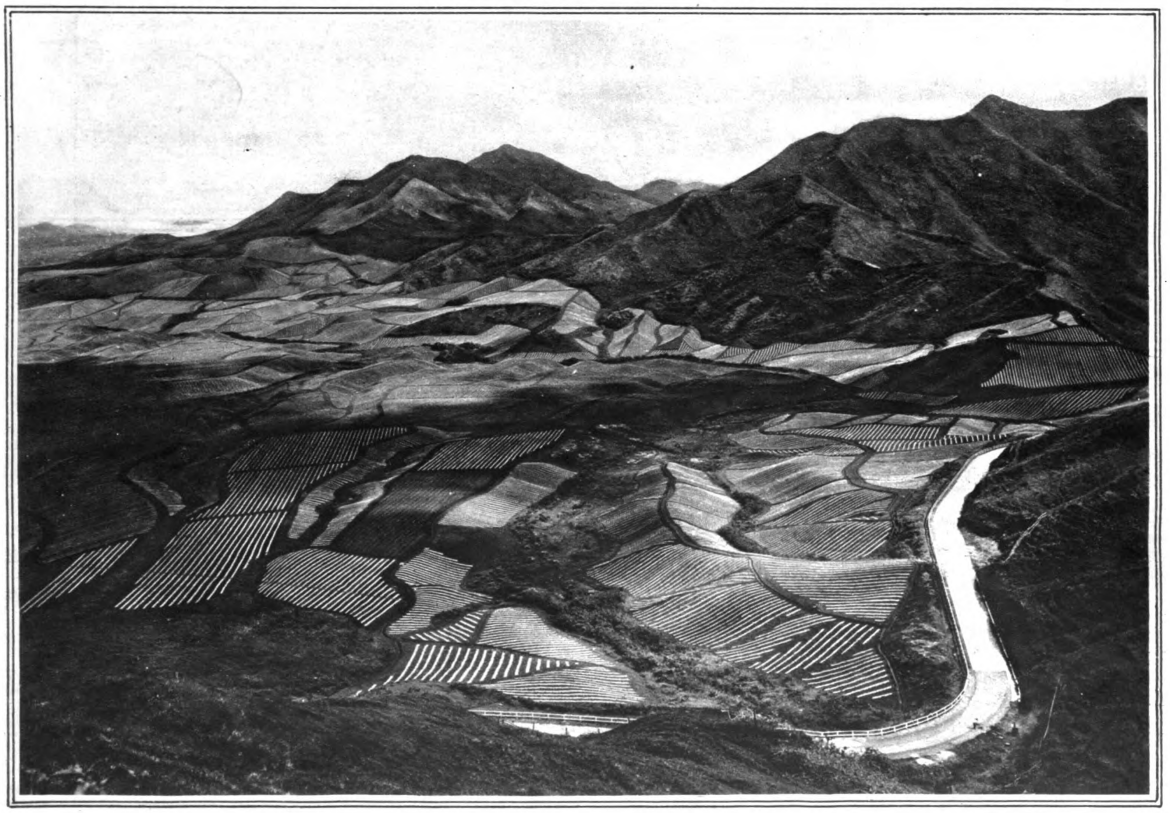
In her notes Miss de Kleen gives fuller details of some of the *mudras* shown above and explained in her article opposite. Thus, No. 1 is "the only *mudra* alike for Buddha and Siva. All the rest are distinct. Its name is *musti*. The joining of the three fingers means the *trimurti* (trinity) of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva." In No. 7, "The *pedanda* (priest) takes some sanctified powder in his left hand, dips one finger of the right into it, and touches himself in four places, corresponding to the four points of the compass—the forehead, back of neck, and two shoulders. This might have some common origin with the Sign of the Cross." In No. 8, "The *pedanda* (for the body of the congregation) drives out of his own body impurity and evil through the finger-tips, stroking with two fingers of one hand along the fingers of the other hand, and *vice versa*."

NOVEL AGRICULTURE: ANTI-INSECT AIRCRAFT; PINEAPPLES UNDER PAPER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FLEET AGENCY AND WILLIAMS STUDIOS (HONOLULU).



TRAILING CLOUDS OF CHEMICAL DUST LIKE A SMOKE-SCREEN: AN AMERICAN ARMY AEROPLANE FLYING LOW OVER A COTTON FIELD, EMITTING CHEMICAL TO DESTROY THE BOLL WEEVIL, WHOSE RAVAGES AMONG THE CROPS CAUSE IMMENSE DAMAGE.

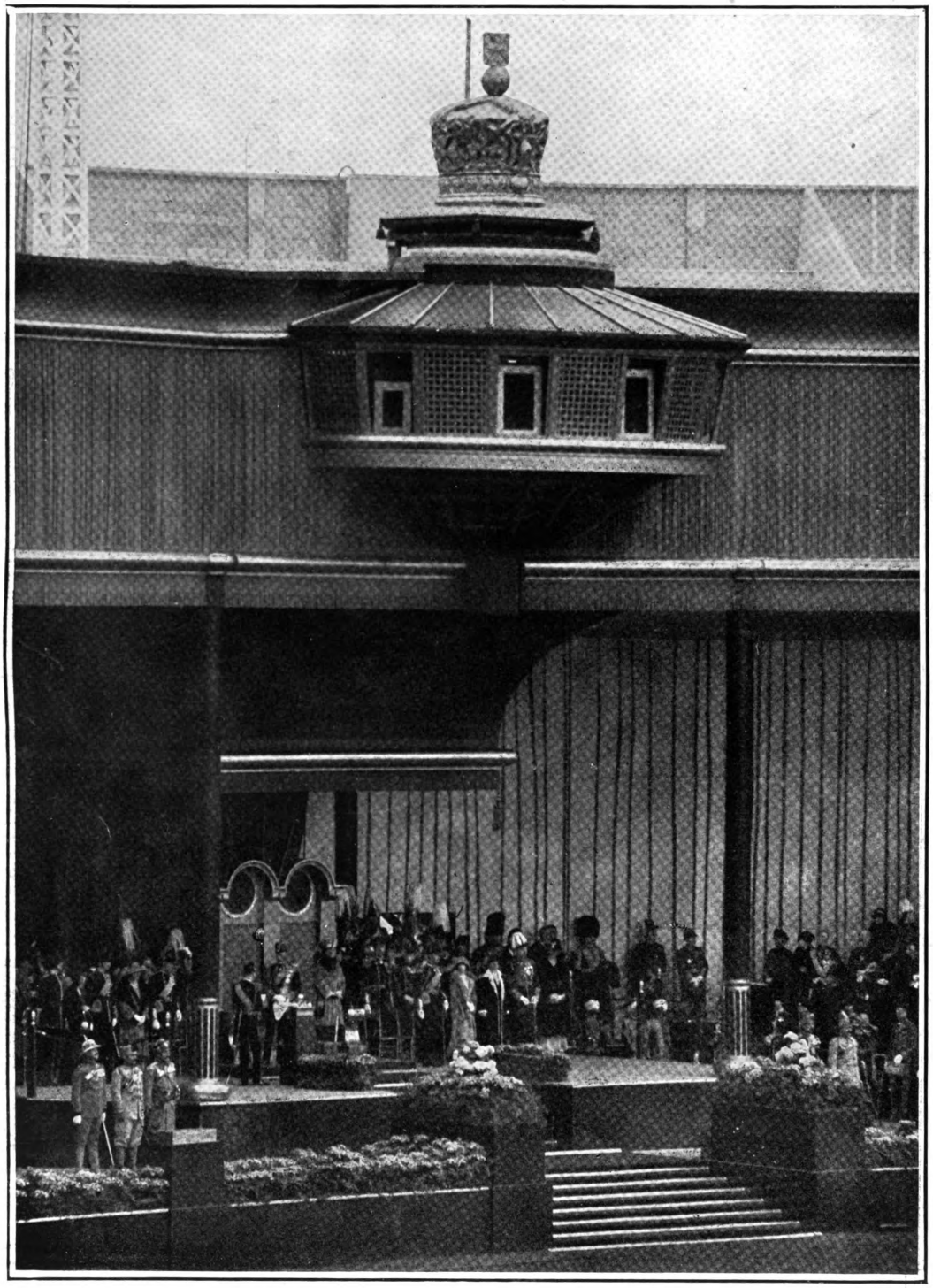


STRIPED WITH ENORMOUS RIBBONS OF SPECIALLY TREATED PAPER PROTECTING THE YOUNG PLANTS—A METHOD SAID TO HAVE INCREASED THEIR GROWTH BY ONE QUARTER: GREAT PINEAPPLE PLANTATIONS IN HAWAII—A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE PALI OF HONOLULU.

Two remarkable phases of tropical agriculture are illustrated here. The upper photograph shows a United States war aeroplane at work in a Southern State, spreading chemical dust on a cotton field to kill the boll weevil, which does tremendous damage to the American cotton crops, amounting to many million pounds a year. The experiments are said to have been very successful. A similar use of aeroplanes (by the Ohio Department of Agriculture) for the purpose of spraying orchards with arsenate of lead as an insect-killer, was illustrated in our issue of April 15, 1922. The lower photograph shows the curious appearance of a Hawaiian pineapple plantation, due to methods of growing which are thus described by Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor in the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington): "Frequently, when a field is to be planted in pineapples, enormous ribbons of heavy paper are spread upon the ground in parallel lines, with only a narrow space between them. The young plants are set out in holes cut in the paper, which forms a tough coverlet, permitting them to grow sturdily, yet smothering any weeds which attempt to compete with them. Wind and rain eventually destroy the paper, but not until the plants are in a flourishing condition. This novel method of planting is supposed to have increased the size of the pineapples one-fourth and to have added some eight tons to the acreage yield."

THE KING OPENS "WEMBLEY": THE ROYAL SPEECHES BROADCAST.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



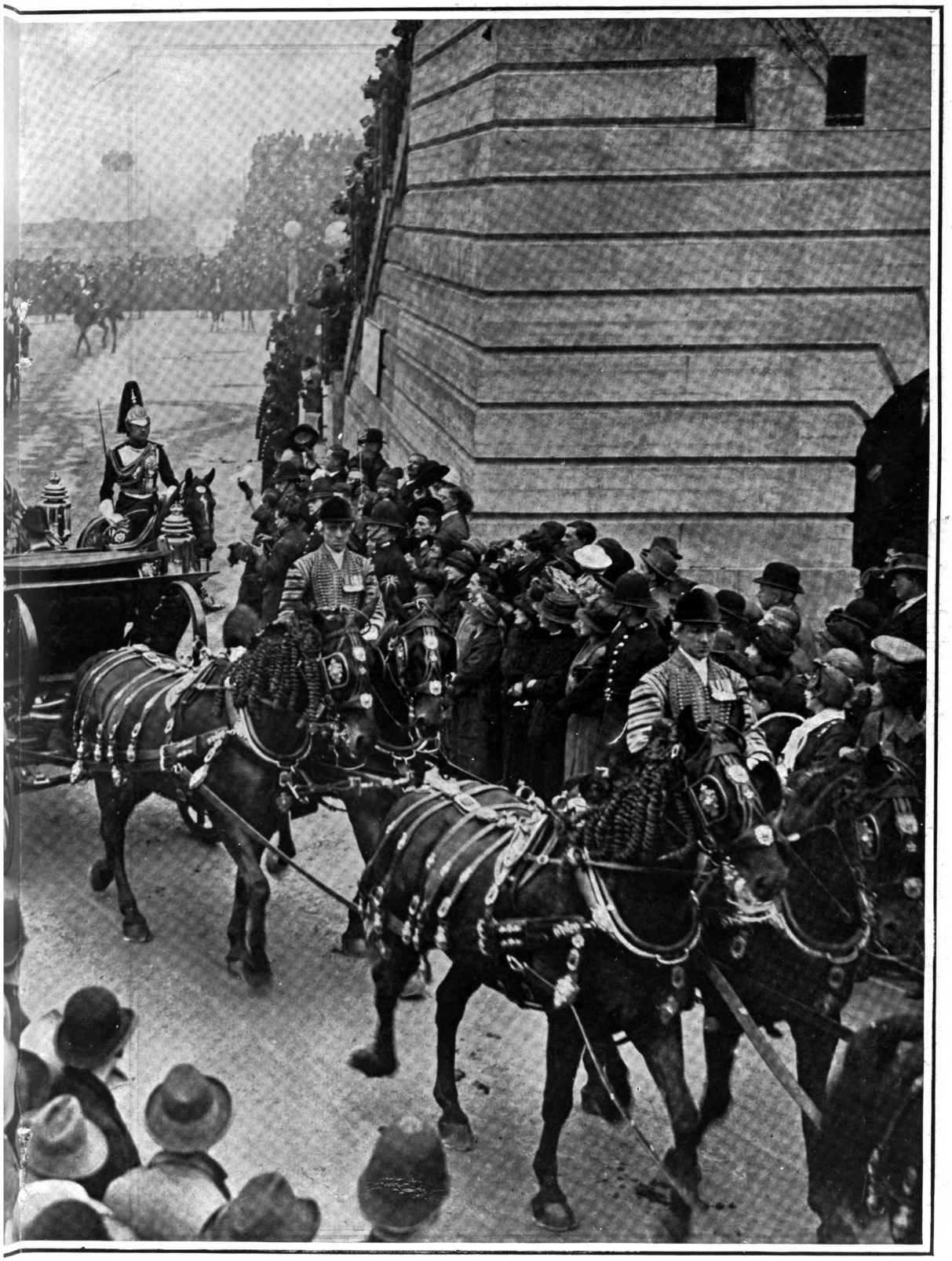
SHOWING A MICROPHONE THAT SENT THE KING'S VOICE THROUGHOUT THE LAND, AND "LOUD SPEAKERS" THAT CARRIED IT TO THE CROWD: THE PRINCE OF WALES DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The commencement of the great ceremony at the opening of the British Empire Exhibition by the King on April 23 (St. George's Day) is illustrated in this photographic impression, whose lack of clearness, it should be explained, is due to the bad light and the distance at which the photographers were placed. The Prince of Wales is shown standing on the dais to the left of the King and Queen, delivering his address of welcome in his capacity as President of the Exhibition. Just above and to the left of the King's head is seen a microphone (suspended from the canopy) by means of which the royal words reached, by radio, a vast audience listening all over the country. At the top of the photograph, under the large crown, are three rectangular "loud speakers," through which the speeches were distributed to the great crowd present in the Stadium. In the royal group to the right of the Queen may be noted the Duchess of York, standing just above the bouquet of flowers to the left of the steps. The Prince of Wales asked his father the King to declare open "this picture of our commonwealth of nations." Part of his Majesty's reply is given on our double-page.

"CO-OPERATION BETWEEN BROTHERS FOR THE BETTER DEVELOPMENT OF TH

THEIR MAJESTIES CHEERED BY ENTHUSIASTI(

The King and Queen received a great popular ovation at Wembley on St. George's Day (April 23) when his Majesty opened the British Empire Exhibition, in the presence of a crowd of about 100,000 people. In reply to the Address of Welcome delivered by the Prince of Wales as President of the Exhibition, the King said: "The Exhibition may be said to reveal to us the whole Empire in little, containing within its 220 acres of ground a vivid model of the architecture, art, and industry of all the races which come under the British flag. . . . We believe that this Exhibition will bring the peoples of the Empire to a better knowledge of how to meet their reciprocal wants and aspirations, and that where brotherly feeling and the habit of united action already exist the

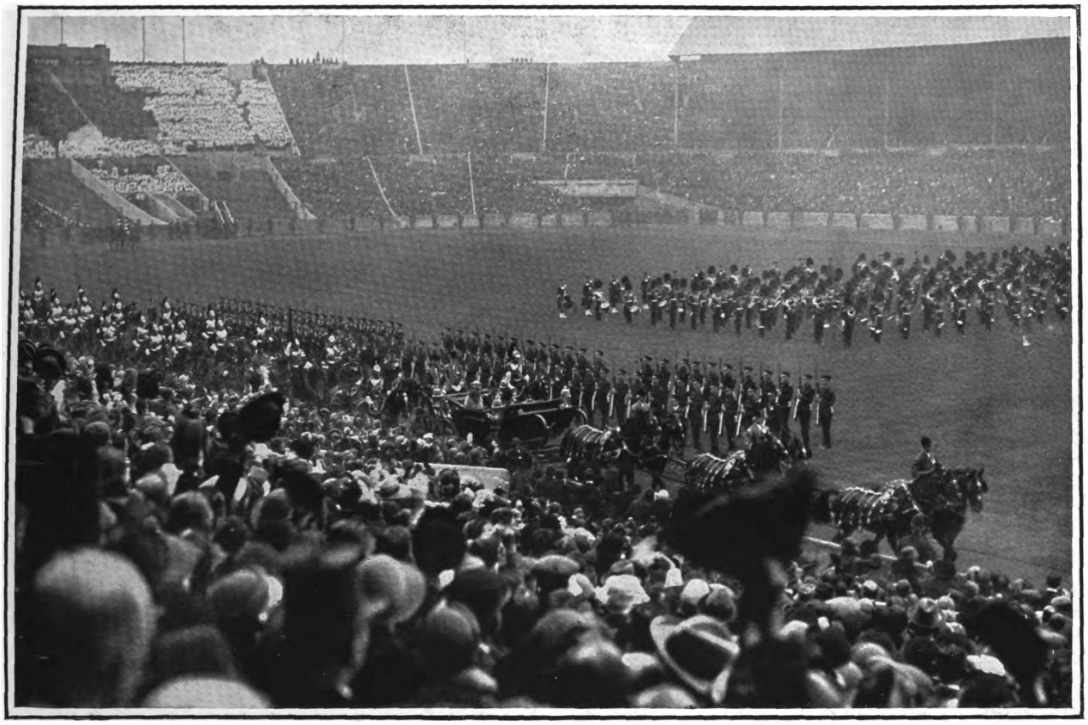


THE FAMILY ESTATE": THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION OPENED BY THE KING—TIC CROWDS IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY.

growth of inter-Imperial trade will make the bonds of sympathy yet closer and stronger. Business relations between strangers may or may not lead to friendship. Co-operation between brothers for the better development of the family estate can hardly fail to promote family affection. And we hope further that the success of the Exhibition may bring lasting benefits not to the Empire only, but to mankind in general." Our photograph shows the King and Queen in their carriage driving through the Stadium, where the opening ceremony took place. Seated opposite to them are the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.]

ROYAL WEMBLEY: THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVE; MASSED BANDS AND CHOIRS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES" (COPYRIGHT) AND TOPICAL.



SHOWING THE MASSED BANDS OF THE GUARDS (ON THE RIGHT) AND THE MASSED CHOIRS (IN WHITE) ON THE STADIUM SEATS (LEFT BACKGROUND): THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL CARRIAGE WITH THE KING AND QUEEN, PRINCE HENRY (LEFT), AND DUKE OF YORK.

LEAVING THE STADIUM AFTER THE OPENING CEREMONY: THE SECOND ROYAL CARRIAGE CONTAINING (LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE GEORGE, THE DUCHESS OF YORK (PRESIDENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE WOMEN'S SECTION), AND THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The King and Queen drove from Windsor Castle to Wembley, by way of Datchet, Colnbrook, Hanwell, Ealing, and Alperton, accompanied in the carriage by the Duke of York and Prince Henry. On the return journey, by the same route, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were with their Majesties, while Prince Henry and Prince George rode in the second carriage with the Duchess of York and the Duchess of Devonshire. The Duchess of York is president of the general committee of the Women's Section of the Exhibition, which looks after the welfare of employees, and has arranged hospitality for overseas visitors.

The opening ceremony, performed by the King, is described on previous pages. The musical programme, arranged by Sir Edward Elgar and the Directors of Music of the Brigade of Guards, was carried out by the massed bands of the Guards and massed choirs from various London churches. After the King's speech, the reading of a Collect by the Bishop of London was followed by the Lord's Prayer, and the singing of "Jerusalem" by the choirs. Later, after a royal salute and the unfurling of flags, they sang "Land of Hope and Glory" and "Soul of the World."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THE lawyers make a notable appearance in the current book lists, both in prose and verse. The law in literature is an old tradition, of which Scott is the pre-eminent example; while Dickens, if not a lawyer, was at least a lawyer's apprentice. Lawyers' excursions into lighter literature are good wine, needing no bush, for to the robe we owe the very best things in *vers de société*. As translators, too, the men of law have given a good account of themselves. Glancing round my book-shelves I note at random Mr. Justice Ridley's "Pharsalia" of Lucan (1905), and close to it stands Lord Justice Rann Kennedy's "Plutus" of Aristophanes (1912). As a classical imitator, if not precisely a translator, Serjeant Talfourd won a respectable name in the 'thirties, although few, I imagine, now read his poetical dramas, "Ion" and "The Athenian Captive."

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A greater classic than these and a greater versifier—in fact, the prince of lighter lyrists, Charles Stewart Calverley—was a lawyer in little more than name and formal calling. His extraordinary gift for translation cut both ways, for he could turn English verse into Latin as easily as he turned Latin into English: witness his exquisite version of "Lycidas," and that amazing challenge feat of his, the impromptu rendering into perfect Latin hexameters of twelve lines of English verse chosen at random, and repeated to him twice by a friend. He closed his eyes for a minute or two, and then recited his verses, without break or pause, and with no fault of metre or of syntax. That sort of scholarly exercise is less appreciated to-day, and the public to which it appealed has grown very small. It was always limited, and these efforts, at the best, hardly confer immortality on a modern writer. It is by Calverley's original pieces that he lives—that humour of his which, as one of his critics has remarked, "makes us laugh inside our hearts."

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Next to Calverley among the light versifiers comes another lawyer of almost equally small practice at the Bar, from which the fascination of journalism wooed him away. Like Calverley, strangely enough, he was hindered in his career by an accident which permanently crippled his health. I refer to the delightful J. K. Stephen. He was Calverley's faithful disciple, but yet no servile imitator, for his quality is entirely individual. Such debt as he owed to C. S. C., J. K. S. acknowledged generously—

> Ah, Calverley! if in these lays of mine
> Some sparkle of thy radiant genius burned,
> Or were in any poem—stanza—line
> Some faint reflection of thy Muse discerned:
> If any critic would remark in fine
> "Of C.S.C. this gentle art he learned";
> I should not then expect my book to fail,
> Nor have my doubts about a decent sale.

He had as neat a touch in "break-down" effects as his master, and when he chose rather loftier flights, he had the same power of sentiment chastened by a proper restraint. For melody and form, too, he had a sense equally fastidious, and did not welcome the first wood notes wild of banjo-lyrists. He thought them rather wooden notes. It was not granted him to see the virtue of that school, and there he may have betrayed his limitations; but to-day a little more of J. K. S.'s quiet fineness would be a welcome corrective to much harsh lawlessness in verse, both light and professedly serious.

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In amusing verse, dedicated to a young audience, the Law has exerted itself not in vain during its learned leisure. The incidental pieces in Judge Parry's "Katawampus" are capital sport, particularly the healthy lyric of tubbing on the heroic scale, celebrating the various kinds of bathing, but always coming back to the praise of the super-tub—

> but the kind of bath for me
> Is to take a dip from the side of a ship in the trough of a rolling sea.

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The Lord Chief Jester of the Bench (retired) enjoys a reputation as a writer of verse, grave and gay. When, in 1909, he published a volume that has just been reissued in an enlarged form, it commanded immediate approval, and went within a month into a second edition. Perhaps the success was as surprising to this later legal singer as it was to J. K. Stephen, who wrote to amuse himself, but found that he could also amuse and charm others. In a later volume, "Quo Musa Tendis," Stephen wrote by way of preface—

> My little book achieved success
> And wandered up and down the land;
> A thousand copies more or less
> Were sold and paid for; that was grand;
> And I was honestly surprised
> To be so kindly criticised.

He went on to confess a higher ambition. He would make—

> Some work in which I tried to show
> That clowns can reason, jesters feel;
> Nor need a scribbler lack the glow
> Of passion, or the fire of zeal. . . .
> . . . . . .
> And now I mean to write a book
> Where men for fewer jests must look.

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From the beginning the bard who was Mr. Justice Darling has qualified his humorous verse with pieces in a graver vein. That was evident in the title of another most agreeable volume of his, "Seria Ludo." It is the keynote of the book just reissued, "On the Oxford Circuit and Other Verses," by Charles Darling (Lord Darling of Langham) (Murray; 6s.). But the graver note prevails. The reader will seek almost in vain for quips of the kind that used to lighten the tedium of Mr. Justice Darling's Court. Perhaps his gentle, graceful, rather pensive Muse disapproved of these, and would not allow them to find a place in the measured line. Or the explanation may lie in a stanza of "Obiter non Dicta"—

> But though much merit hide in some
> Mere sayings by the way,
> The best of all my *obiter*
> I never dared to say.

If that be true, then the world has lost something. But there is enough of wit and wisdom to make this a very pleasant volume. The piece which gives its title to the collection is founded in part on the death of Talfourd (author of "Ion" aforesaid) while delivering his charge to the Grand Jury at Stafford in 1854. If it proves yet once more that the hexameter is hardly possible in English verse, the intractable metre is here used at least as skilfully as it was in the experiments of Clough and Stephen. And the poem itself is finely dramatic and impressive. Among the new additions to the volume are several pieces inspired by the war. Of these, "Ad Misericordiam" is a little *tour de force* of grim realism and satire by innuendo. "On the Oxford Circuit" in its new form is a welcome addition to the shelf of lawyers' verse. It is yet another proof that there is no hostility between Poetry and the Pandects.

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The men of law are great hands also at personal reminiscence, and they still follow bravely the precedents of Ballantine and Montagu Williams. They are good when they write of experiences in the practice of the Civil Law, but for interest and fascination their memories of the Criminal Courts run an easy first. In former articles I have laboured the psychological reasons for this almost *ad nauseam*, and the subject may now be left alone. But if reasons be omitted, let me quote a piece of personal human testimony very much to the point. It was given by a witness who, although technically learned in the law, served Thespis more assiduously than Themis—the late Harry Irving, author of several memorable studies in criminology. Once, when that virtuous body, the Crimes Club, was choosing a subject for debate, Irving exclaimed: "Hang your frauds; what we want is a good bloody murder!"

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The story is told in a new book of legal reminiscences, by far the most interesting of those published during recent years. It could not fail to be so, for it contains the memories of the oldest living barrister, whose career at the Old Bailey cast him as a principal actor in the most sensational criminal trials of the nineteenth century. The title of the book does not include his name, which may be a disadvantage, but by this time everybody must know that "Seventy-two Years at the Bar, a Memoir," by Ernest Bowen-Rowlands (Macmillan; 18s.), is the life-story of Sir Harry Poland, who, although retired, is a brisk young man rising ninety-five, and still going strong, as his frequent letters to the *Times* on legal questions abundantly prove.

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One reason for the omission of Sir Harry's name may be his reluctance to have his memoirs published. Friends have pressed him to write them, but he never would consent, nor did he favour the idea of any account by another hand. "He might do so," he said, "when he was old," *i.e.*, in the Greek Kalends. Luckily, however, Mr. Ernest Bowen-Rowlands collected material quietly, and one day confessed his virtuous act to Sir Harry, who, after a good deal of persuasion, consented to verify his friend's notes. The result was a series of conversations, which must have added much to the original material, and, by a happy inspiration, the author has kept the conversational form throughout a large part of his book. Thus it has become no mere anecdotage, but a lively record of the sharpening of legal wit upon legal wit; moot points are raised, and in the discussion Sir Harry's learning, experience, and sagacity come into full play, and very often he gives on some vexed question a last word of which his professional brethren may be trusted to take due note.

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The memories of a man who was called to the Bar in 1851 recall a London hard to realise. It was without main drainage; turnpike gates still stood at Notting Hill and Kennington; there was no Charing Cross Station, and halfpenny steamers plied on the Thames between Hungerford Bridge and London Bridge. Vauxhall still offered entertainments, if it scarcely flourished. Sir Harry did not find it riotously entertaining. "It was not unamusing, provided that you did not go often." Nor was Cremorne beyond measure seductive. A far more interesting reminiscence of Sir Harry's is his presence in the pit of Drury Lane at the first performance of the "Bohemian Girl." He was always a great opera-goer. Music and literature were his hobbies, "and the only ones."

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For the incidents of his professional life Sir Harry has the most marvellously accurate memory. He gives dates, chapter and verse, names, and circumstances, as if from a book before him. His Boswell has tested these and has never found him in error. The talk flows on easily and pleasantly, case succeeds case, and one calls up another. With all deference to Irving's opinion of frauds, a good swindle can make an excellent story. In Sir Harry's hands the intricacies of that masterpiece of ingenious wickedness, the Bank of England forgeries—by which four Americans cheated the Bank of £100,000—is as engrossing as the most lurid of the murder cases in which the sleuth-hound of the Treasury, as the great advocate was called, spun, or helped to spin, the rope for the deserving. Among these were Wainwright, Lefroy, and Lamson, whose cases are reviewed with many others. On the Bravo Mystery, lately recalled in Sir John Hall's book, Sir Harry has his own opinion as to the real culprit, but he keeps it to himself. He does not believe, however, that Dr. Gully was in any way to blame.

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In the light of the present discussion of capital punishment, Sir Harry Poland's views come at a timely moment. He is in favour of the death penalty for wilful murder. The other day Lord Darling gave a similar opinion, finding the punishment both "justifiable and expedient" where the murder is wilful. The fact that Mr. Bowen-Rowlands issued only a few weeks ago a very able treatise, "Judgment of Death" (already reviewed here), lends a special piquancy to his conversation with Sir Harry on the problem of the gallows.

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The book contains a noteworthy bibliographical curiosity—a book within a book. This is a transcript of "Arabiniana," the eccentric sayings of Serjeant Arabin (name of pleasant Trollopian association, but clerical, not legal, in "Barchester Towers"), who flourished in the fourth decade of last century. The book, which is exceedingly rare, was recommended by Sydney Smith as "very witty and humorous." Sir Harry Poland possesses a copy, and his Boswell has thought the contents worthy of reproduction. Its humour may have evaporated a little, or may be perceptible in its choicest bouquet only to the legal mind. There is nothing in it equal to Sydney Smith's poorest joke; but it is amusing to see the things that amused that delightful jester.

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The clerical jester, no less than the legal, is still with us. For a case in point, turn to the latest work of a young Roman Father, who has already given the world not a little entertainment with a well-invented diary of a Society woman some eighty years hence. This sportive cleric, but serious satirist, is again in the field, this time with "Sanctions, A Frivolity," by Ronald Knox (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). His "Memories of the Future" was a thing apart in delicate badinage. The new frivolity with a purpose is as good, perhaps even better—a book one can recommend heartily, for "Sanctions" is its own sanction. For semi-prophetic views of Society, interwoven with a story, you may consult "The House of Prophecy" (Butterworth; 7s. 6d.), Gilbert Cannan's continuation into a third part of the work he began in "Pugs and Peacocks." For a reversal of prophecy by the greatest prophetic master of all, there is Mr. Wells's "The Dream" (Cape; 7s. 6d.), in which one of his superb supermen of the future sees in a vision the world as it is to-day, or rather, the world as it appears in one type of novel by Mr. Wells. One fears that to the superman it must have seemed a very bad dream; but it is by no means a bad Wells story, although realism never comes so persuasively from his pen as romantic and quasi-scientific fantasy.

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Peccavi! A fortnight ago, by one of those absurd aberrations that at times defeat all one's care, even in proof-correcting, I blundered over a point I knew perfectly well, and described Sir Charles Oman as a Fellow of Magdalen. The name of the College should have been All Souls. I trust it is not libel to have made the author of "The Art of War in the Middle Ages" a member of the Society that claims among its most distinguished sons the author of "The Campaign"; but, libel or none, my sincere apologies are due, and are tendered herewith.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"CHEAT THE BOYS." By Eden Phillpotts.
(Heinemann.)

"CLUBFOOT THE AVENGER."
(H. Jenkins.) By Valentine Williams.

"THE CONSCIENCE OF GAVIN BLANE."
(Hutchinson.) By W. E. Norris.

"THE HOUSE OF DOOM." By Katharine Tynan.
(Nash and Grayson.)

"THE HOUSE OF PROPHECY."
(Butterworth.) By Gilbert Cannan.

"JOHN DIGHTON." By Max Pemberton.
(Cassell.)

"MESSALINA OF THE SUBURBS."
(Hutchinson.) By E. M. Delafield.

"THE TRAVELLER IN THE FUR CLOAK."
(Hutchinson.) By Stanley J. Weyman.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE."
(Dent.) By E. A. Brayley-Hodgetts.

"MAN AND MYSTERY IN ASIA."
(Arnold.) By F. Ossendowski.

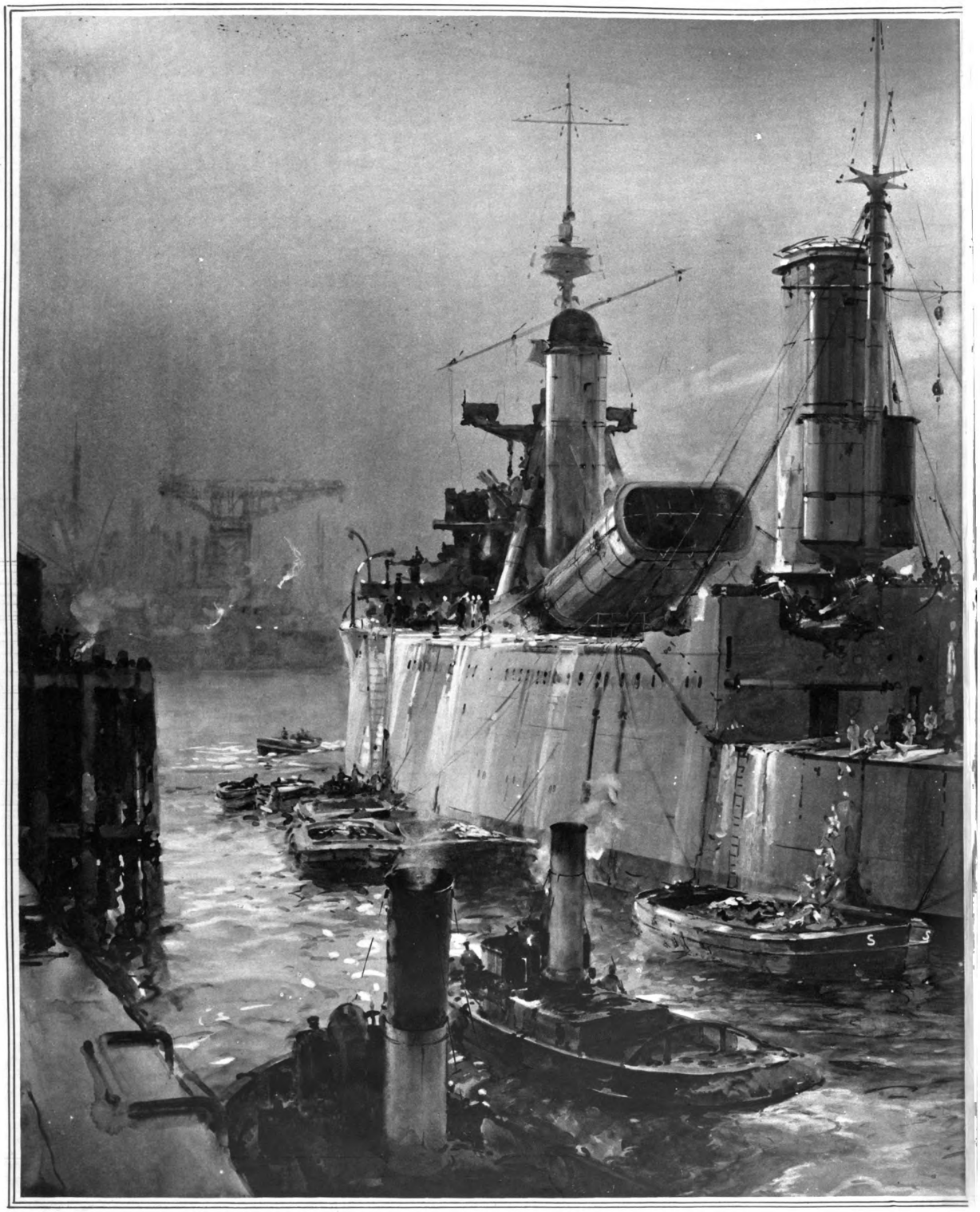
"LETTERS OF ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE."
(J. Murray.) By Hester Ritchie.

"MY GARDEN OF MEMORY."
(Hodder & Stoughton.) By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

WITH HER SIGNALLING YARD "COCK-BILLED"—THE NAVY'S

Drawn by our Special

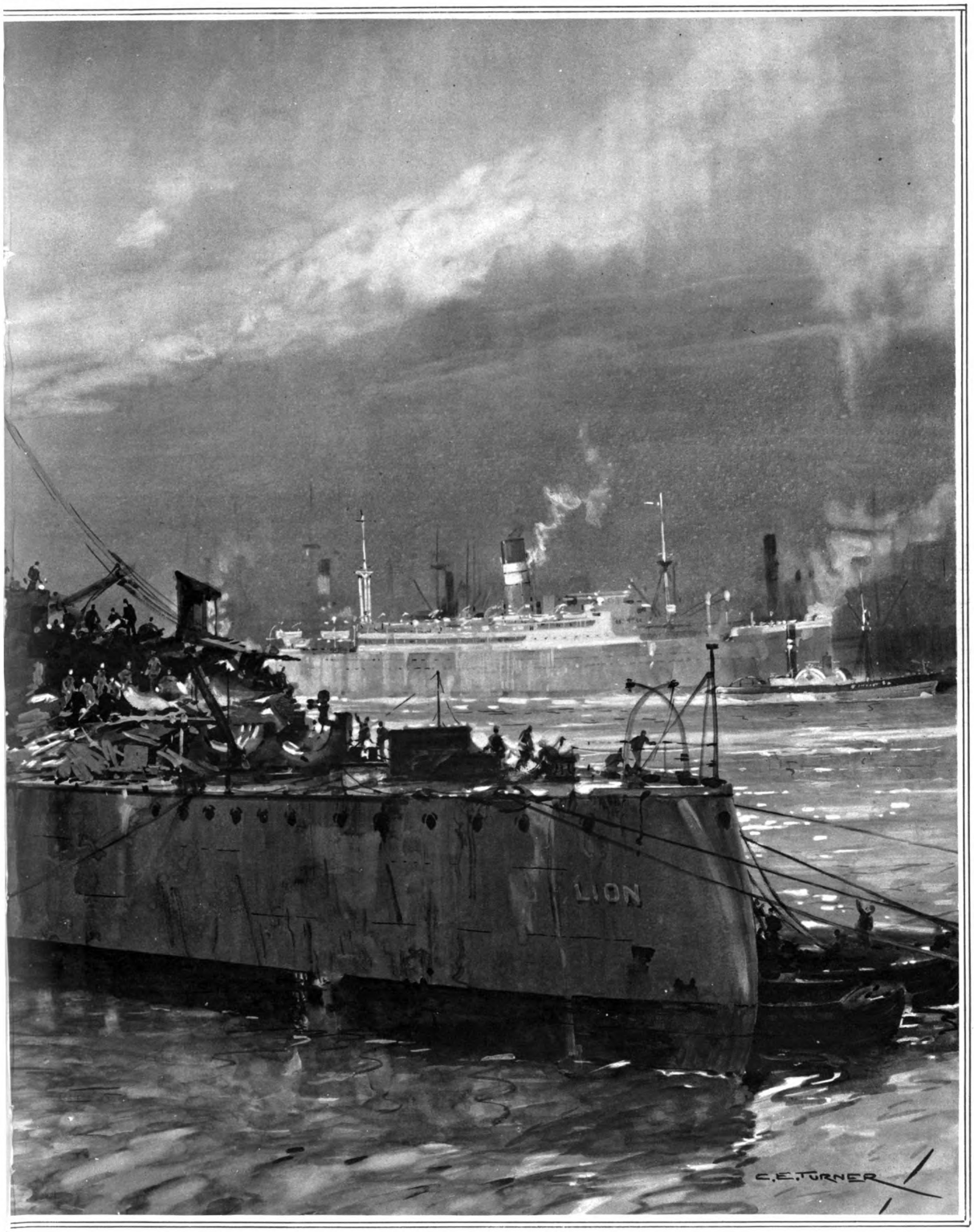


THE CENTRE FUNNEL BEING DROPPED, AND MANY OXYGEN-ACETYLENE FLAMES ADMIRAL BEATTY'S

H.M.S. "Lion," the flag-ship of the First Battle-Cruiser Squadron during the war, is now being broken up at Jarrow-on-Tyne, after having her 13.5-inch guns removed on the Clyde. Two photographs showing sections of the work on her decks appeared in our issue of April 12. In a note on his fine drawing, here reproduced, Mr. C. E. Turner points out that her signalling yard on the foremast is "cock-billed" (tilted slantwise), "the old Navy sign of mourning," and he continues: "As one recalls her fighting record (Heligoland, the Dogger Bank, and Jutland), her present desolation as she lies at her Jarrow moorings

OLD SIGN OF MOURNING: THE PASSING OF THE "LION."

ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



N OPERATION: THE BREAKING UP OF THE FAMOUS BATTLE-CRUISER "LION," 'LAG-SHIP AT JUTLAND.

with her hull rusted and streaked with carbide, and her decks a confusion of scrap metal, produces a feeling of regret that she should end thus. The drawing shows her surrounded by barges to be filled with her metal, whilst breakers cut through her steel plating. Points of light on her decks show the many oxygen-acetylene flames at work. Her centre funnel is being dropped. The gun-turret in the centre has been removed; 58 men were killed in it at Jutland, and the ship was saved from destruction then by the heroism of Major Harvey, V.C., who succeeded in flooding the magazines."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]*

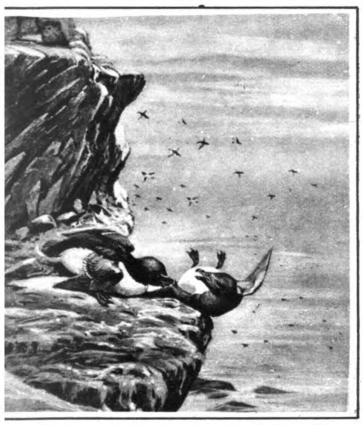
THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

MATING BIRDS: "DISPLAYS" AND FIGHTS FOR "TERRITORY."

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THOUGH "the time of the singing of birds is come," yet now, in mid-April, there is little evidence at this joyous time has arrived. I have but just turned from a short visit to Hampshire, whither I went full of high expectation of seeing, at any rate, a few swallows and a warbler or two; but I searched in vain, taking what shelter I could find from almost incessant rain. The music from a rookery near at hand was all the evidence I could find of the advent to set forth to seek. But I am willing to admit that, had my zeal been great enough to draw me out-doors soon after dawn, I should have seen more evidence of the kind I set out to discover. For, though our spring migrants are apparently loth to put in an appearance, our resident species—chaffinches, thrushes, starlings, and so on—have already begun to feel the call of the parental instincts.

The males are the first to be touched by Cupid's dart. And this they show by staking out a "claim," to which they will fight to the death against all comers—of their own species at any rate. The size of the "estate" which each will "ear-mark" as his own varies according to the needs of his prospective family. With sea-birds like the guillemot or the razor-bill, a ledge of rock large enough to lodge the single large egg and the sitting bird is "estate" enough, for there is food in plenty in the sea below. But in the case of insectivorous birds the conditions vary. The swallow tribe needs no more than a site for the nursery; the warblers and the finches, for example, need much more than this. They must

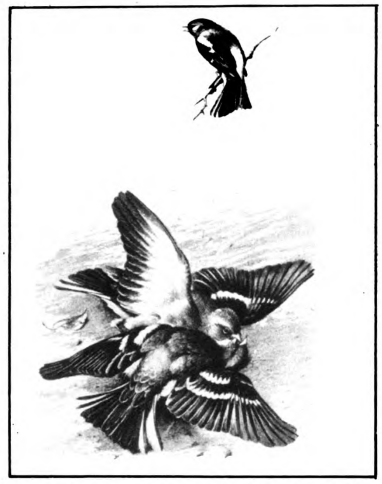


RAZOR-BILLS FIGHTING FOR "TERRITORY"—A COVETED LEDGE ON A CLIFF.

From Eliot Howard's "Territory in Bird Life."

have an "allotment," from which all trespassers are driven off with sound and fury. The possession of a "territory" is imperative, if the mating instincts are to be satisfied. Hence it is all-important that this should be secured in good time, for laggards in love are apt to find themselves unmated because they cannot provide a home, all the eligible sites having been already seized.

In a very little while all possible rivals have been vanquished. The possession of the estate an accomplished fact, the proud owner awaits the inevitable arrival of "his other self," no less anxious to "settle down" and take on the responsibilities, the joys, and anxieties of parenthood. And if and when the need arises, she will join with him in driving off any intruding late comers who may regard their chosen area as worth fighting for. But sluggards like myself never see these bitter struggles for possession. Those who wait till "after breakfast" might as well stay in bed. But even those who are sometimes will see none of these things unless they possess an infinite capacity for patient waiting and much discomfort. A few mornings must be spent in reconnoitring. One or two birds only, of one particular species, must be marked down and watched. If on two or three successive mornings a bird is found occupying the same spot, then to that spot the observer must devote his undivided attention, carefully hidden, and provided with a good pair of field-glasses and a note-book. He must play "Paul Pry," for wandering observers gather no notes!



CHAFFINCHES FIGHTING FOR "TERRITORY:" DRIVING OFF A RIVAL WHO HAS STARTED TOO LATE TO FIND AN ESTATE OF HIS OWN.

From Eliot Howard's "Territory in Bird Life."

Much valuable work of this kind has been done by Mr. Edmund Selous, as those will know who have read his delightful "Bird-Watching." But the first to demonstrate the full significance of the behaviour of this aspect of bird-life was Mr. Eliot Howard. The first-fruits of years of laborious work he gave us in his wonderful book on the British warblers, which was followed by a wider survey in his "Territory in Bird-Life." These are two books which should be read just now by all who aspire to gain a real grip of the problems raised by Darwin's theory of "Sexual Selection." Had Darwin possessed the facts set out in these two volumes, he would still have propounded a theory of "Sexual Selection," but it would have been differently fashioned.

Darwin was inspired by observations made on gorgeously plumaged birds such as the peacock, the argus pheasant, the golden pheasant, and birds-of-paradise. The fact that these singularly striking and beautiful habiliments were worn only by the males, and being always the subject of an apparently conscious display when in the presence of their soberly coloured females, they were, he believed, the result of female preference. Individual females anxious to mate, he believed, choose from among a number of rival males the one which, by appropriate display, made the most of his charms. And thus, through long generations, by slow increments, the peacock's train, or the even more wonderful "eyes" on the enormous wing feathers of the argus pheasant, came into being. An obvious objection to this interpretation is this—that it implies a very discriminating taste and sense of the beautiful in the females, who, other things being equal, are assumed to choose between rival males the most adept in the art of display and the most brightly coloured. Moreover, it implied a preference for a definite, standardised coloration, persisting throughout not only her own life-time, but transmitted to her female descendants—a very unfeminine trait. But we further have no reason to believe that there was in the past any more appreciable variation in the matter of the coloration of these birds than exists to-day, when any two peacocks are as like as two peas.

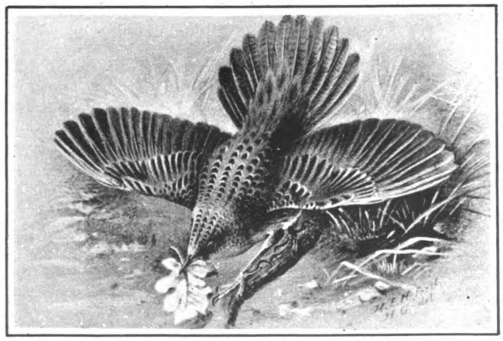
The evidence on this head seems to show, rather, that this resplendent plumage is the result of an inherent variation, which, having started, went on increasing in amplitude, generation after generation, until it could no further go, for the fine feathers of the peacock or the golden pheasant seem now to have become stabilised. If only birds thus gorgeously arrayed courted their females as if to charm them with their beauty, there would be little room for any other interpretation. But Mr. Howard has shown that sombrely coloured warblers go through precisely similar "antics" before their mates. They spread their wings and tails, as though they glowed with all the colours of the rainbow. The grasshopper warbler, for example, spreads his wings as though they were as gaily coloured as those of the sun-bittern.

JAYS FIGHTING FOR "TERRITORY": A PRELIMINARY TO MATING.

From Eliot Howard's "Territory in Bird Life."

All this coquetry, all these strange displays of wings and tail, whether of exaggerated size or gaily coloured, or merely of varying hues of dull brown and black, are intended to serve as "aphrodisiacs," to arouse the mating instincts of the less ardent female. Males who fail thus to demonstrate their desire fail to beget offspring—and here is one all-important aspect of "Sexual Selection." The other and equally necessary part which must be played if the race is to survive is played by the male, who, if he is to mate, must first provide a nesting-site, or, as the need may be, a nesting-site and "territory" large enough to ensure a sufficiency of food for his prospective family.

In the case of birds like the raven or the peregrine, this territory must be extensive. A whole country side will scarcely suffice. Hence it is that no more than a pair of these birds will be found nesting in any given area at one time. It is this consciousness of the limitations of the food supply that causes birds to drive away their young so soon as they are big enough to fend for themselves. The failure of this instinct would bring disaster on both the parents and their offspring. This aspect of bird life is so full of interest that I propose, in the near future, to discuss what obtains in the case of polygamous and polyandrous birds like the ruff, the cuckoo, and the blackcock.



THE GRASSHOPPER WARBLER "DISPLAYING," AFTER THE FASHION OF A BIRD WITH GAILY COLOURED PLUMAGE.

Many birds at this time hold a leaf in the beak, as if to suggest nest-building.

From Eliot Howard's "British Warblers."

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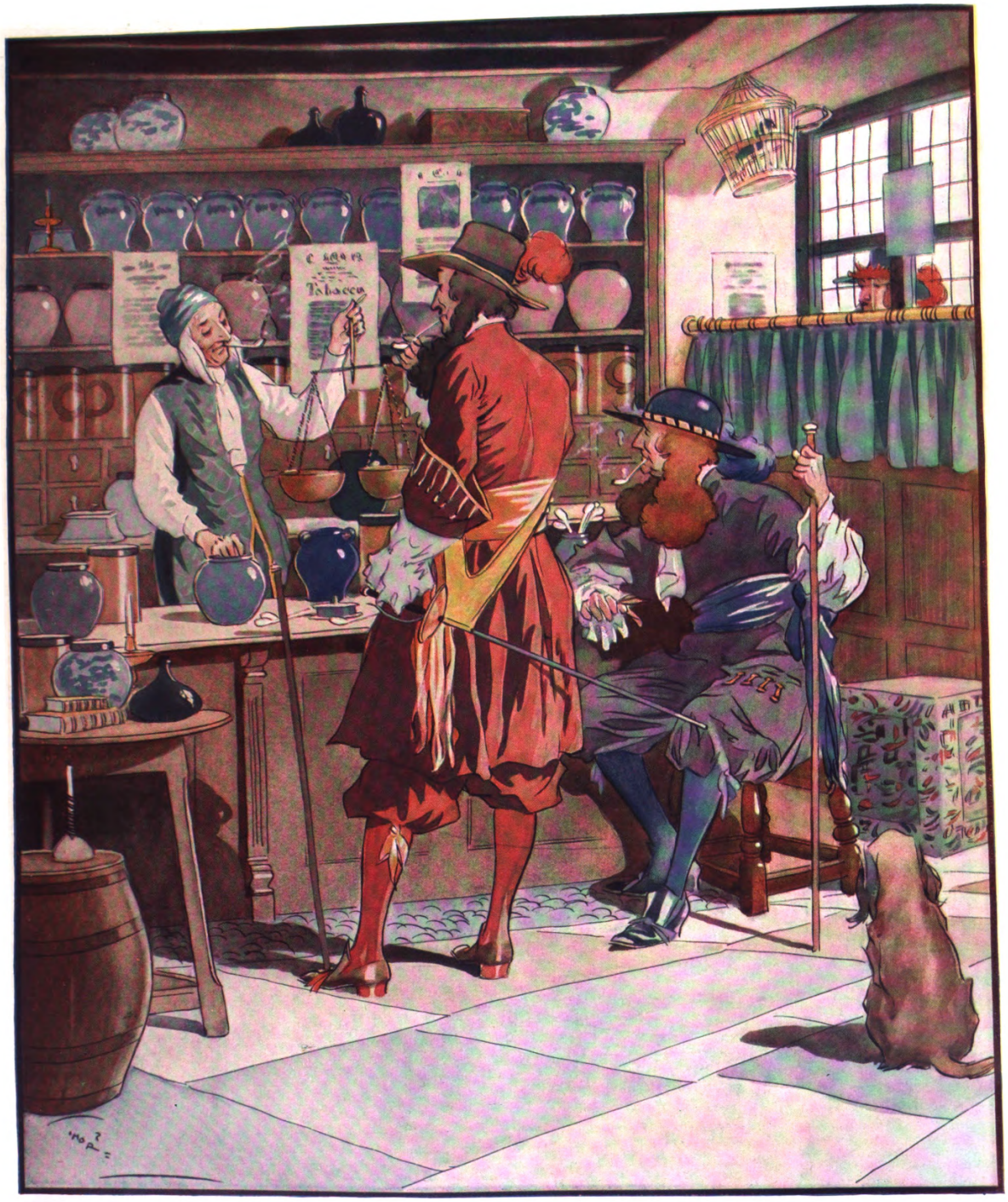

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The World of the Theatre.

A "LONG-FELT WANT" AND A CHANCE.—NELL GWYNNE.

HERE is an Easter-egg for somebody with enterprise and a little money. And this is how I found it.

Being a Cosmopolitan by inclination, and ever wishful to keep abreast of what is going on in our World of the Theatre beyond Aldgate Pump, I am on the look-out for foreign plays that matter. In most countries all the plays that matter are printed, and, I am glad to say—thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. Benn—we are rapidly following suit, and with careful selection they are bound to establish an institution. So, naturally, when one hears of a new work that matters that is published in Paris, Vienna, Madrid, or elsewhere, one imagines that in London, hub of the universe, it will be easy to procure it. One has but to go to a so-called "foreign bookseller," and in a twinkling you carry away your treasure, eagerly looking forward to the leisure hour of perusal. That is the vision splendid—the theory. Now comes the practice.

The other day, for my studies, I wanted three foreign plays: one by Sarment, the new and promising young dramatist of France; one by George Kayser which has made a sensation in Germany, since he wrote it in durance vile; and one by Benavente, the great Spanish author. Gaily I set out on my journey, hoping and thinking that three such notable works would be easily obtained in the purlieus of Piccadilly and Soho, where the French booksellers are; in Tottenham Court Road, where there are many bookshops; last but not least, in the Charing Cross Road, where odds and ends from all the world are flaunted in old editions and in new. When I came back to my office, about lunch-time, weary and tired, what was the result of my pilgrimage? Loss of time and disappointment! The French booksellers, ever polite, were quite ready to get the Sarment play—in ten days or so: they would order it at once—it would be in the first "*envoi de Paris*" in ten days. Benavente—to make a long story short—was nowhere to be found. A suggestion of a postcard to Madrid was countered with a remark concerning the dilatory manners of the Spaniards—"*hasta mañana*"—you might get a reply in a month, if you got one at all. As for George Kayser, he had been heard of in one quarter, since my friend Ashley Dukes had translated and (I think) published one of his plays, but of this particular one there was no trace. "Of course it could be ordered"; and then the usual rigmarole that it would take some time, and so on.

I will not add insult to injury by relating how in some bookshops there was a candid confession that Benavente and Kayser had never been heard of by this man of letters. True, I have not explored all the foreign booksellers for my purpose—that would have meant endless time and journeys—but my experience is sufficient to prove that London, as far as foreign plays are concerned, is entirely out of the running. This is all the more remarkable, since doctors, lawyers, and scientists tell me that there is no place in the world so well stocked with international works as the purlieus around the British Museum. In Gower Street there are special libraries where you can find the whole output of modern Europe and America, to say nothing of classics pertaining to the domain of learned professions.

Now of late years play-reading, which at the beginning of this century was but the study of the few, has gradually become a more general pastime. People read plays nowadays as they read novels: probably the works of Shaw and the Manchester School have paved the road of interest in this form of fiction. So what is wanted is a Play Centre—a place where one can at a glance become acquainted with the production of international drama. Nor is the idea and its realisation quite new. It was tried in that year of ill-omen 1914; it existed and was swept away by the war wave. We—I and a few friends—had then planned play-propaganda on a large scale. We obtained from the largest firm of theatrical publishers in France the monopoly of all their publications. We had a store of all the classics and some 2000 modern French plays on our shelves. We had arrangements with the leading firms of Germany, Austria, Scandinavia, Holland, Russia, on "sale or return." America alone would not support us in this way. They would not see the advantage of the Play Centre, and would grant us no dépot. They demanded cash; and, as American publications are dearand numerous, we should have had to find much capital to create efficiency of service. However, that was to come.

Things began well. We had bright offices in Piccadilly; we had large tables covered with new plays, and easy chairs to allow the visitor reposeful perusal; our shelves were replete with classics in all manner of binding, from the cheapest for the students' use, to the most artistic designs to attract the epicure. All went well. Visitors came and bought; literary loungers plied us with calls and enquiries; we planned a British Play Library—printing was cheap then—at a few pence a copy, in imitation of Philip Reclame's famous Leipzig collection. The future seemed full of promise and smiles; then—the thunderbolt. Four months after our incorporation—and *finis Poloniæ*! There was no more demand for plays when the tocsin rang through the land.

But now the time has come to rebuild the erstwhile structure, and to found it so firmly that it will become a milestone in bookland. It heralds a useful and remunerative career to a man—or I would prefer a woman; they are better sellers and their manners prepossess the visitor—who has capital enough to hire a shop in a lively thoroughfare, or in the artistic corner of the Adelphi; to furnish it with taste and comfort, so that the caller feels tempted to linger and is tempted to buy; and to let the display of all manner of work concerning the drama be, as it were, a geographical chart of the dramatic movement in the world. It is not so much a question of a large capital as of a broad mind and one endowed with the power of persuasiveness. The right person will, in one trip through the principal book-centres of Europe, amass enough "stock" for the present and the future to keep the machine going. The right person will be welcomed everywhere from Christiania to Amsterdam (and particularly in Berlin and Vienna) with open arms, and will obtain all the support that is needed. For, let it be said, lest we forget, that London is the market towards which all eyes are turned—not only the eyes of the Lehars, the Falls, and the rest of the Viennese operetta kings, but the eyes of all dramatists. For the London hall-mark is as universal currency as the golden sovereign of sad and sacred memory. J. T. G.

A NEW IMPERSONATION OF THE ORANGE GIRL WHO BECAME A FAMOUS ACTRESS AND A KING'S FAVOURITE: MISS JOSÉ COLLINS AS NELL GWYNNE, IN "OUR NELL," AT THE GAIETY.

Nell Gwynne has been the heroine of many plays, of which the latest is "Our Nell," described as "a new all-British musical play." It was produced at the Gaiety Theatre on April 16, with Miss José Collins in the title-part.—[*Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.*]

. . . . .

Romance is the riddle of the Sphinx, and Realism is the answer. Romance is a bright fairy with the brush of deception in her hand. Who wants the historian's records for solution? The world, which ever loves to cheat itself, will always prefer Romance. It is by grace of romance that Nell Gwynne lives to-day. She is still "Our Nell"; still "The Sweet Nell of Old Drury," with her basket of oranges. Many a pretty tale has filled out the obscurities of her early years and cast a halo around the actress who bore two sons to the gay Charles II. The fictions of the scholar become the facts of the playwright. Why should we tear down the veil and remember this was the England of the Plague and the Fire, the England that had to look on Dutch ships in the Medway? Was it not the age of Mode, according to Evelyn? Nell Gwynne was a daughter of Fashion, a stage favourite, piquant and bustling; a symbol, if you please, that we had cast off the hair-shirt and taken to the silken vest. Folly, that in Cromwellian days was a *Dea Infamis*, sported herself shamelessly with painted face, bare bosom, and flaunting love-locks. This is the age of the periwig and perruque, the time when Mr. Pepys confessed to watching intimacies in actresses' dressing-rooms. Nell had a trim ankle, and who with such a neat curve would wish to hide it? Since My Lady ruled at Court, methinks she had some say in the new fashion of short skirts. Let us not peep too closely, for behind the mask is no sincerity, no passion. The courtiers are like Grammont, "with pocket looking-glass . . . essences and other small wares of love." Wit is esteemed above fervency, and salacity above fantasy. Yet out of this elegant, ribboned, rotten age, Nell Gwynne has come down to us. The thunders of Baxter and Prynne are dead. We do not care a pinch of rappee for their curses. For us she lives a fragrant figure of romance, a picture in satin, ribbon and curls, a treasured memory that has grown more charming through the years—"Our Nell," that José Collins at the Gaiety will sing into our hearts, so that we shall say to the niggling historian, "Avaunt! I will keep my illusions."—G. F. H.

The World of Women

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THE King and the Queen like nothing better than assembling their family round them. Small wonder this, when they have such an altogether charming family to assemble! The Prince of Wales, despite the poor weather during his stay at Biarritz and the refusal of the sun to do his important part in the cure, is well again and perfectly fit, as he would probably express it. His Royal Highness thoroughly believes in the combination of healthy body and healthy mind. The establishment at Biarritz where he convalesced is one of the most completely equipped in the world, with baths and appliances for every kind of treatment. That for the Prince was simple, and occupied only a short time each day. He was out a great deal enjoying the breezes from the Atlantic, and taking, as his custom is, plenty of exercise. General Trotter, who is devoted to him, is a first-rate soldier and a good sportsman, although handicapped by the loss of an arm, and the two men have much in common.

Princess Mary is becoming a very enthusiastic Yorkshire woman. Her visit to the textile show in connection with the Empire Exhibition was undertaken quite *con amore*. The Princess showed the keenest interest in the beautiful fabrics, and asked many questions as to how they were produced. In the season at Chesterfield House, but at Goldsborough Hall she is at home. Her hunters know her personally; one is a beautiful grey given to her by Irish hunting women; another is a bay, a present from the King; and Lord Lascelles has contributed generously to his wife's stud of hunters. Princess Mary is a keen horsewoman, and rides straight and well. She has some favourite dogs too, and in her love of animals and the country and sport she resembles her grandmother, Queen Alexandra. Queen Victoria, although she never hunted, was a good horsewoman, and enjoyed riding even in the supremely uncomfortable clothing and the grotesque side-saddles in use in her time.

Solgardine, the famous weatherproof material sponsored by Burberrys, Haymarket, S.W., has been used to build these two practical wraps for little people. (*See page* 764.)

The Countess of Ilchester has been presiding at meetings in the Conservative interest in Dorsetshire. Lady Ilchester, like her mother, the late Marchioness of Londonderry, is a keen observer of events and a very intelligent politician. Her interest in Dorsetshire is through Abbotsbury, a place which has been in the family for many centuries. There is the finest swannery there in England, and visitors to it are many and from all over the world. Lady Ilchester is very pleased with her daughter's engagement, and delights in the happiness of the fiancés. The wedding will probably take place during the season, either from Holland House or from Londonderry House, from which Lady Ilchester was herself married. Lord Ilchester, then Lord Stavordale, left his presents to the bridesmaids in a hansom-cab, and cabbie, a very honest man, had some little trouble in tracing him to return them. Holland House is very beautiful, and a fine place for a big reception, but Londonderry House is nearer the churches.

...riot overchecked with smoke-grey makes the perfectly tailored ...n the left, and the long coat to match destined to be worn at race ...ings. Sketched at Burberrys. (*See page* 764.)

The weather up to Easter gave no inspiration for the purchase of spring clothing; nevertheless, some wonderful confections graced the Easter holidays. It is a good testing-time for the modes of the middle classes — there are only middle classes nowadays — also, of course, the new poor; but they have to make quite sure what is to last before they purchase, and can use the Easter holiday people as useful object lessons. It would seem that some of them had purchased new furs, as there was an epidemic of short coats in expensive peltry. A lady who was sunning herself in one of chinchilla, said to another similarly clad in ermine that it was positively sickening to see people out in shabby furs that they had had all winter. The poor dear would not have been able to bear up at all had she known the number of winters those same old furs had proved good comforters to their owners! A number of blue hats appeared at Easter. Let us hope that, like the blue bird, they make for happiness. Anyway, they make a pleasant change after too many red top-knots. Red is a popular colour, but one can have too much of it in dress, as in politics. The bandanna-handkerchief craze shows no sign of abatement. The truth is it supplies a long-felt want. It is delightful to wear no collar and feel the neck free and open. A rough coat collar, or one of fur, is not always pleasant next the skin. Soft furs are all right in this way, but are apt to convey smuts. The silk handkerchief is grateful to the touch, and also keeps the neck in nice condition.

Hunting pictures are difficult to paint. There is something about a fast thing across country that is so electric as to be very hard to portray. Major Douglas Giles, who is a well-known painter of hounds and horses, has achieved notable success in a series of pictures of the Bramham Moor Hounds, of which Viscount Lascelles and his brother, Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, are Joint Masters; also of the Albrighton, of which Major Hickman is Master. There are six pictures of each hunt, and looking at them one seems transported to the very scenes. No portraits are attempted, but the spirit and feeling of the thing is caught. The horses, hounds, and people in each canvas represent a close study of them at the covert-side, running across country, and seeking scent. The pictures also represent no end of close work; but these things are as nothing when success over so difficult a task gives us the pleasure of pictures of hunting which convey to us the atmosphere and spirit of the sport, and, to those who belong to these two hunts, what they know and love.

The Queen of Roumania, whom we know well over here, is an extraordinarily magnetic and fascinating personality, in addition to being very good indeed to look at. Her mother, whom we remember best as the Duchess of Edinburgh, believed in marrying her daughters young, and the Queen, eldest of the four, was Crown Princess of Roumania at the age of seventeen. The poet-Queen, Carmen Sylva, was her aunt-in-law, and was of a nature so different from the bright, energetic young Anglo-Russian Princess that the wonder is that they got on well together. In early days, the Queen loved driving and riding, and then motoring, and was often rather reckless in her methods. Later in life she devoted time and study to art. She inherited her mother's love of architecture, and in her country palace the interiors designed by herself are very beautiful. She loves garden planning, and has helped by her artistic talents many of the pottery and embroidery industries of her adopted country. Recently Queen Marie has devoted her talents to a close study of Balkan politics, and has married one daughter to the King of Greece, whose exile she is seeking to terminate in favour of a triumphant return to his throne; another is the wife of the King of the Serbs and Croats; and the third, as yet a schoolgirl, is said to be also designed for a Balkan throne.

Naturally, Queen Marie, whose mother was the only daughter of a Tsar of All the Russias, does not love the Bolshevists, who are now credited with the design of taking Bessarabia from Roumania. It is a cherished gain of the Great War, and will not be parted with. The King and Queen of Roumania have the confidence of their people, and have already done so much for them that they believe they will accomplish much more, which is, after all, a remarkably human way of looking at things

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WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE COMING OPERA SEASON.

N is, after all, going to be well supplied opera during the coming season. The old era Syndicate which used to flourish in the e the war, when Caruso and Tetrazzini were ief stars, has come to life again, and is to son of Grand Opera at Covent Garden from fay 5, to Saturday, July 26. en provided with a prelimi- f artists and with the names ras from which the reper- Syndicate still sticks to the rd, *répertoire*—will be drawn, he whole, it is an excellent e.

ws that the Grand Opera realises that public taste ed considerably during the 'ears. The days are gone ason at Covent Garden was vent, and the music prin- excuse for Society gather- er in a display of the finest d jewels. Now it is the : matters, and you can fill rden any night in the week n, appreciative public if you thing first-rate to give them. interesting item in the re- r this season is the an- it of two complete cycles of ' Der Ring des Nibelungen " under the musical direction Walther. Those who have mate enough to hear any nich Festivals under Bruno direction will know what to Bruno Walther is one of the ienced and capable of living nductors, and the standard ance reached at Munich during his régime the National Opera House there made the stivals famous throughout Germany. The will begin with "Das Rheingold" on Mon- ;, and the second on Tuesday, May 13. No ycle " will be given. For the performance Walküre," " Siegfried," and " Die Götter- g "—the first two of which begin at 5 o'clock ast at 4.30—it has been arranged that a erval of an hour and a half will take place after the first act. A number of leading foreign singers have been engaged, and in the list of artists for the Wagner operas Miss Florence Austral and Miss May Busby stand out as the only two British names.

In addition to the " Ring," " Tristan und Isolde " is to be given, but not " Die Meistersinger." There are, however, to be three Strauss operas—" Ariadne," " Der Rosenkavalier," and " Salome," which has not been heard in London for many years. The remainder of the repertory is to be Italian opera with one exception, and this exception is Mozart's " Don Giovanni," which, as usual, will be sung in Italian. This is probably the opera which music-lovers will welcome most. It seems an eternity since we have had an opportunity of hearing a really first-rate performance of this great masterpiece. We may not get it even now, but we must hope for the best. So far, the names of the Italian singers and conductors have not been announced, but I have the hope that the Grand Opera Syndicate intend to put the performance of " Don Giovanni " into Bruno Walther's hands. Those who have heard Bruno Walther's performances of Mozart at the beautiful little eighteenth-century Residenz Theatre in Munich know that he is almost the ideal man to conduct " Don Giovanni." After all, though " Don Giovanni " is sung in Italian, it is a German, and not an Italian opera.

The list of Italian operas includes Verdi's " Un Ballo in Maschera "—musically one of the most delightful of Verdi's works. Another attractive announcement is Verdi's " Macbeth." These are the two most interesting of the Italian group, and I could wish that Verdi's last, and in many respects finest, opera, " Falstaff," had also been included. For this we could have dispensed with Puccini's " Manon Lescaut," or with " Madama Butterfly," which has been played to death by the British National Opera Company.

I also would gladly do without Puccini's " Tosca," and Wolf - Ferrari's " I Gioielli della Madonna." In place of them we might have had Rossini's " Barber of Seville," or, as Donizetti's " Lucia di Lammermoor " is to be revived, why not have given us a Bellini revival—say, " Norma," or " La Somnambula," which contain some exquisite gems of lyric melody? Or we might have had another Donizetti opera, " La Favorita," which contains some of Donizetti's best music; it would be far more interesting and attractive than these hackneyed Puccini operas, and the everlasting " I Pagliacci." But while I am referring to Donizetti, I should like to suggest to Mr. Henry Higgins, or whoever is the responsible person on the Grand Opera Syndicate's board of management, that in the forthcoming production of " Lucia di Lammermoor " the soprano should sing the air in G major, " Perchè non ho del Vento," which was specially composed for introduction into the famous " Mad Scene." I believe that " Lucia di Lammermoor " will be a great success. It is absolutely unknown to the younger generation, and we are to-day much more appreciative of this

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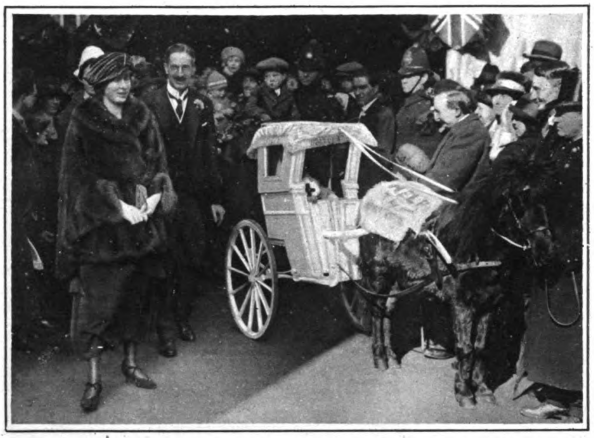
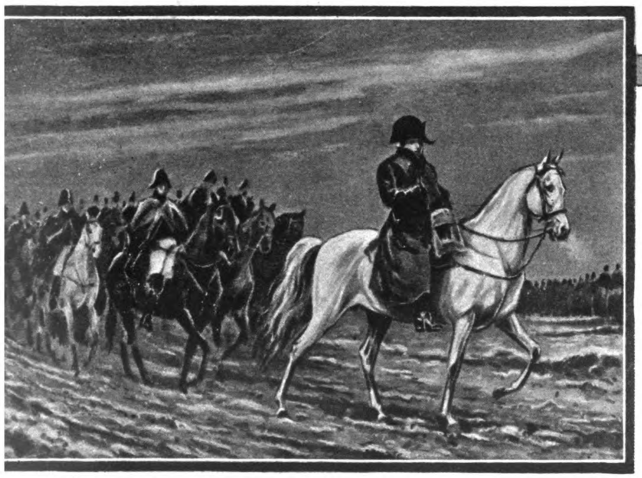


ROYAL INTEREST IN A MODEL HANSOM CONTAINING A CHILD "NURSE" COLLECTING FOR THE POUND SCHEME: PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES AT THE INFANTS' HOSPITAL IN VINCENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER.—[*Photograph by Aitken, Ltd.*]



ıpoleon's Retreat from Moscow."
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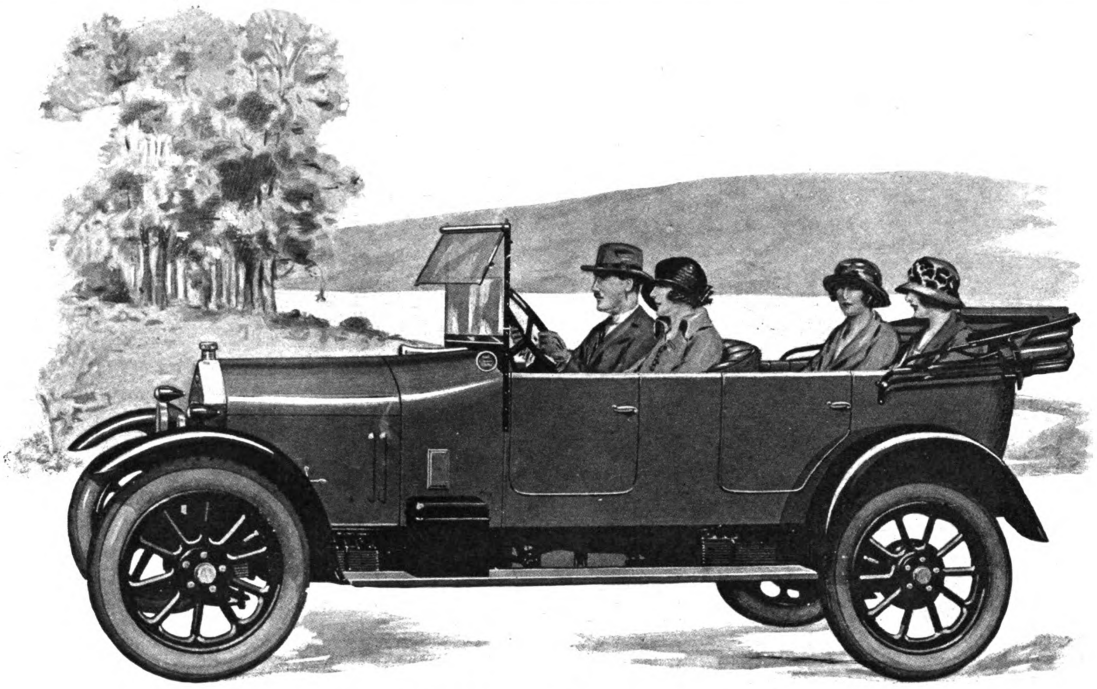

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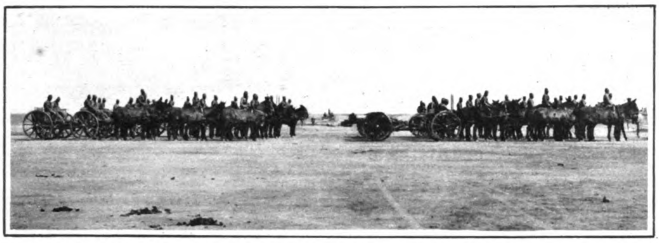
turn its attention
give us a French



HANDED OVER TO THE ARAB ARMY IN IRAQ ON THE OCCASION OF SIR JOHN SALMOND'S FAREWELL: BRITISH GUNS IN THE MARCH-PAST.

SIR JOHN SALMOND'S FAREWELL TO THE TROOPS IN IRAQ: ADDRESSING THE ARAB ARTILLERY AT THE HANDING OVER OF BRITISH GUNS.—[*Photographs by Sport and General.*]

mon Lescaut "), "Le
id "Werther." These
able for a beauty of
feeling that is quite
Italian opera. There
recent French operas
hearing. A French company would probably be able to present us with some of the lighter Russian operas, which have never been heard in London—such, for example, as Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," and Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Snow-Maiden," "Mlada," "Christmas Eve," and "The Tsar's Betrothed." Some of these Rimsky-Korsakov operas would have enormous success if they were well done. They have been very successful in Russia, while French and other musical critics who are familiar with them write of them with enthusiasm; but the only opera of Rimsky-Korsakov's known in this country is "Coq d'Or."

In addition to the Grand Opera Syndicate's season at Covent Garden, it is possible that the British National Opera Company may give a season of opera in English if it can find a suitable theatre. Then there is Mr. Barry V. Jackson, who is beginning very tentatively with Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte" at the Regent Theatre, at the end of April. "Cosi Fan Tutte" is to be given two nights a week, with "The Immortal Hour" on the remaining nights; but, if it finds favour with the public, it will no doubt supersede "The Immortal Hour." Whether "Cosi Fan Tutte" pleases or not will depend entirely upon the production. Although it is not one of Mozart's best-known operas, it is full of the most exquisite music, and could not fail to draw if properly done. But, like all Mozart's operas, it needs infinite pains taken in rehearsing, and quite exceptional singers. Wagner's operas can make their effect shouted through voices little better than fog-horns; Mozart's cannot. A singer that can do justice to Mozart has reached the topmost pinnacle of his art; he has nothing more to learn. Further, a perfection of ensemble and a general musicianship and polish are needed which are far beyond the reach of the average conductor. For these reasons I await Mr. Barry Jackson's production of "Cosi Fan Tutte" with considerable nervousness; but we must hope for the best, and trust that Mr. Barry Jackson will be well served, for if "Cosi Fan Tutte" is a success, he will no doubt be encouraged to embark upon a season of light opera at the Regent Theatre. The extraordinary success of the Gilbert and Sullivan seasons shows that there is an enormous public for light opera, and there would be no difficulty in finding half-a-dozen first-rate light operas to follow "Cosi Fan Tutte" if necessary. W. J. TURNER.

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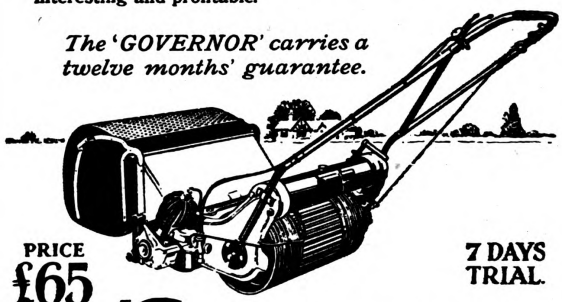

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and Fancies.

dividing line between spring summer is so faint that the htful hats which are now idows will serve the purposes y. The trio on this page are illustrations of the newest tudied in the salons of Gor- lace Road, S.W. The close- carried out in brown pedal quaint fans of tartan ribbon; toque below is made of atin ribbon, the wide loops circular motifs of sequins. oilettes, Bangkoks in lovely with beautiful scarves will Gorringe's have a wonderful 63s. upwards. Then useful hats in fine picot tagel straw ds, expressed in every shape inating new hats of raffia bass are only £1 1s.

This "chic" little toque, sponsored by Gorringe's, is of reversible satin and moiré ribbon, ornamented with motifs of glittering sequins.

Hats of Lizard and Leather.

Lizard skin made a triumphal début not long ago in the form of shoes, and now it is being utilised by Dame Fashion for hats, with equally successful results. These hats are simply ideal for country or sports wear, as they clean very easily and always look distinctive. At Burberrys', Haymarket, S.W., there are many attractive examples, some plain, others faced with kid, or a third variety is in leather bound with lizard. Another novelty to be seen in these salons is the hats of butterfly silk, which are light as the proverbial feather, and present the appearance of beautiful metal brocade The larger items of the wardrobe—*i.e.*, travelling wraps, coats and skirts, and sports outfits of every description (some of which are pictured on page 758) are, of course, a speciality of this firm, whose perfect tailoring is a byword. It must also be noted that Burberrys are making a special feature of coats and suits in their famous weatherproof material, Solgardine, for children as well as grown-ups.

Quaint fans of tartan ribbon decorate the attractive toque of brown pedal straw above; while the becoming cloche on the right is carried out in shaded feathers. Sketched at Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

Spring and Summer Fashions.

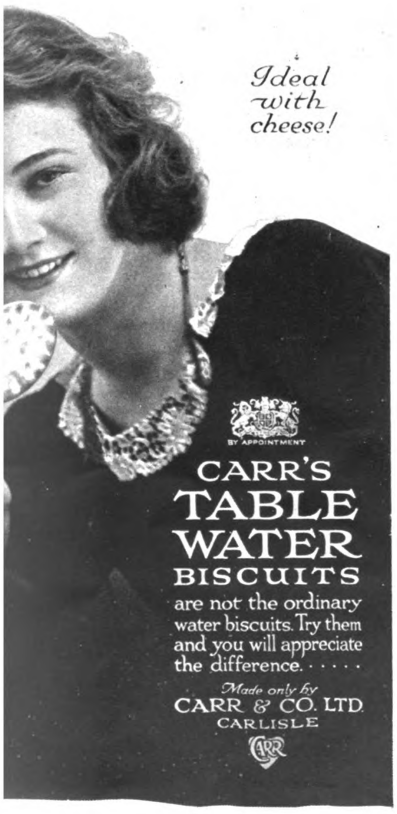
A delightfully simple way of appreciating to the full the many whims of this season's fashions is to study carefully the well-illustrated catalogue recently issued by Gooch's, Brompton Road, S.W. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. There is a graceful coat of fine repp, cut with the fashionable tiered front, for 4½ guineas, in several shades; and one of the new jumper suits in summerweight wool marocain, completed with demure Peter Pan cuffs and collar, is only £5 15s. 6d. Well-cut overblouses range from 19s. 6d., destined to be worn with plain tailleurs, which are from 6 guineas; and there is a delightful frock and cape of knitted wool and silk for 94s. 6d., completed with quaint pockets. Many pages of the catalogue are devoted to lingerie, shoes, and children's outfits, so that the needs of the whole family may be comfortably studied at one's leisure.

Novelty of the Week.

Practical tennis frocks of pure Irish linen, adorned with pretty hemstitched designs, are obtainable for 28s. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to give the name and address of the firm where they are available.

Pretty Wrappers.

Directly the warm weather arrives pretty wrappers are of topical interest, so no apology is necessary for drawing attention to those in the salons of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. Much to be desired are those of Kanko crêpe, which, although they are lined with Japanese silk, are 39s. 6d., while those of heavy Shantung are 33s. There is also an infinite variety of cotton crêpe kimonos for 12s. 9d.



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THE close of the 17th Century and the early part of the 18th was remarkable for its taste and culture in many ways, most notably in the making of fine Furniture, and Walnut was the favoured medium for the choicest pieces. The vogue for Walnut to-day adds special interest to Harrods period re-creations, so faithful in detail, and softly glowing with mellow colour. They are quite moderate in price.

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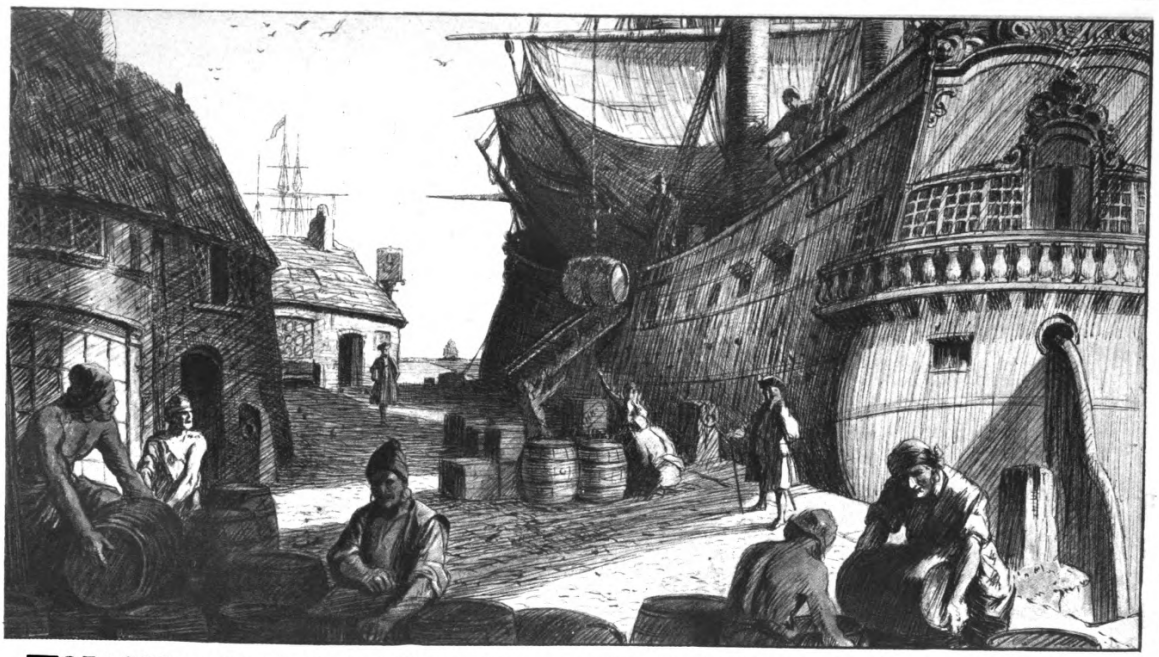

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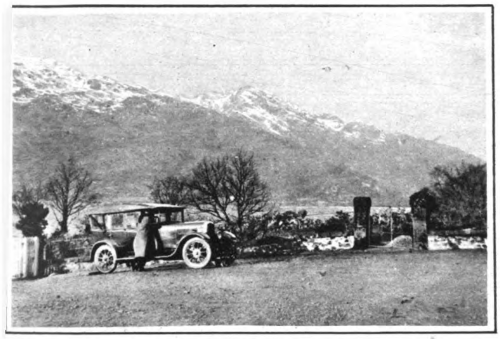
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Standardised Repair Charges.

One of the chief uncertainties of car ownership is the cost of repairs and overhauls, which vary very considerably according to the ideas of the repairer and, it should in justice be said, to his knowledge of his business. Obviously, it is better to pay more for a satisfactory job than to go to a low-priced car-butcher who is gaining his experience at the cost of his customer. From time to time efforts have been made in the direction of standardisation of repair charges, but hitherto without much success, because it is manifest that in the case of one car the cost of renewing, let us say, a clutch-lining may be almost negligible on account of the accessibility of that member; while in another it may approach extravagance, because of the amount of time expended in getting at it. I have in mind an old-time car, and a very good one at that, in which the cost of a new clutch-spring was 3s. 9d., but the labour involved in fitting it meant a charge of about £7—and that was before the war. I do not think, for these reasons, that it is possible to standardise repair charges generally; but it ought to be easy for manufacturers themselves to lay down at least approximate costs in the case of their own cars. Of course, many of them practically do this in those cases where their cars are repaired in their own works; but it has been left to that very enterprising concern, Morris Motors, Ltd., to issue a standardised list of such charges, irrespective of where the work is to be done.

The list covers seventy-nine detail jobs, each with its own price — which, it may be said, seems extraordinarily moderate. These prices are fixed, hard and fast, so far as concerns any authorised dealer in Morris cars; so the owner of a Morris knows exactly what any particular job on his car is going to cost him. The example is one which I commend to other manufacturing firms whose cars have a sufficient vogue to make possible similar standardisation.



MOTORING IN ROB ROY'S COUNTRY: A 12-40-H.P. ALVIS CAR BESIDE THE LOCH AT INVERSNAID, WITH THE SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS OF DUMBARTONSHIRE BEYOND.

America Follows England's Lead.

The lead given by the Anglo-American Oil Company and others in removing roadside signs in this country has had a far-reaching effect: fourteen States have now pledged themselves to abolish highway bill-boards. Those who are familiar with the American highway will readily appreciate what this means, as roadside advertising in the United States was commencing to assume such proportions as to constitute a serious menace to the American countryside — even greater than in this country, where, if the movement to remove such signs is conscientiously observed, the public will in the near future be spared the annoyance and irritation of having glaring notices obtruding upon their vision when travelling through the country. Why not put a heavy tax on all such disfiguring boards and hoardings in urban areas? It might be made so high as to be practically prohibitive—which would be better still.

Link with Old London Reopened.

For those people possessed of sentiment progress is often tinged with regret. Consequently, when the reconstruction of the West End of London, including the rebuilding of Regent Street, and alterations to Warwick Street, were started after the war, many familiar landmarks of Old London vanished, to the chagrin of many Londoners. Perhaps no old haunt disappeared with more reluctance than the old eating-place of the literary and learned, the Sceptre, at 5, Warwick Street, which runs immediately behind Regent Street. The Sceptre was one of the last survivors of the many whimsical "chop-houses" of literary and artistic associations. This eighteenth-century building was a well-known link with the literary giants of Queen Victoria's reign, boasting among its customers Thackeray and Dickens, and later such notabilities as Augustus John, Epstein, Benson (the "Jubilee Plunger"), Frank Moran, G. K. Chesterton, and R. C. Woodville. It was here Dickens is said to have written part of the "Sketches by Boz." Those to whom the spot was familiar may be interested to hear of its reopening, not, it is true, as a chop-house to serve the "inner man," but man in a different need—as a motor-car show-

[Continued overleaf.

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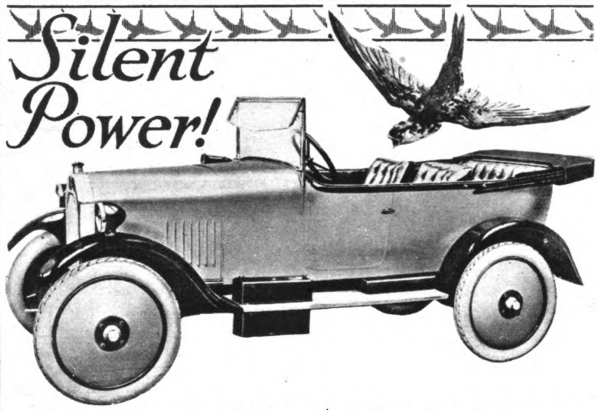

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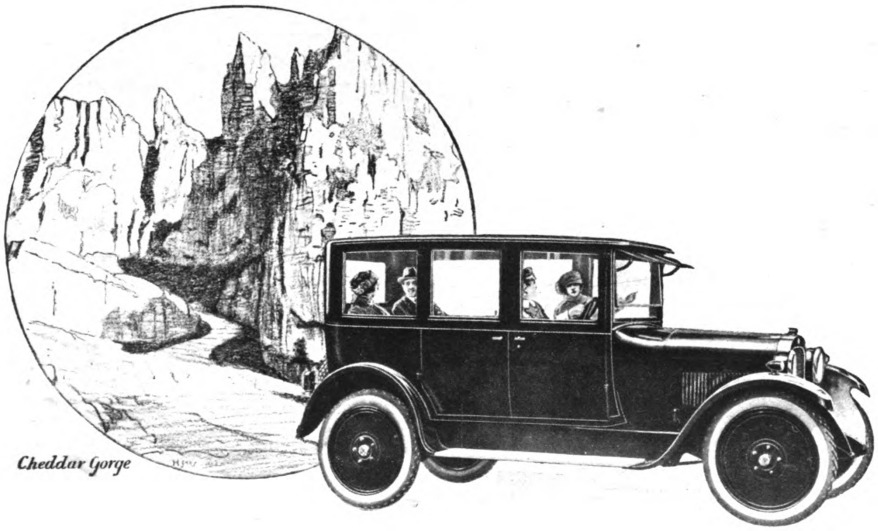

(Continued.)

room. Although the outward appearance has been altered, the old features have been retained. A lease of the greater part of the building has been secured by Messrs. N. L. R. Easton, Ltd., authorised London dealers for Messrs. General Motors' products—that is to say, Buick, Chevrolet, and Oakland cars.

A Useful Lubrication Guide.

The Shell Company announce that their Super-Shell motor oil, the success of which in motor-racing and aviation events has been without precedent, is now available to the general public, and is being sold in "golden" cans at leading garages throughout the country. It is claimed that Super-Shell oil represents as great an advance in motor lubrication as did the four-cylinder engine in motor design, the electrical equipment in car lighting and starting, or the advent of four-wheel brakes. It embodies important new properties, recently developed in the Shell laboratories, which, it is submitted, assure more power, better acceleration, lower petrol-consumption, and easier starting. The Shell Company have published a "Lubrication Guide," which every motor-owner should possess. A copy will be sent post-free upon application to Shell-Mex, Ltd., Motor Oils Department, Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2.

Gwynne Catalogue.

Clothed in an attractive blue cover, a new list descriptive of Gwynne cars has been issued. In the first part the famous "G. 8" is described in admirable detail, with suitable illustrations; the specification is a useful bit of summary, showing at a glance points required for ready reference; and the section is completed with a brilliant list of successes in various competitions. Part two is devoted to the "G. 14," and, though less elaborate, is still very informative. Two models are available, and front-wheel brakes can be fitted as an extra. Copies may be obtained from all Gwynne agents, a steadily increasing band; or from the manufacturers, Church Wharf, Chiswick, W.4. The new 8-h.p. four-seater, with folding seat and full equipment, has impressed all who have seen it.

Sunbeam Marine Successes.

The Grand Prix for 1½-litre boats at the recent Cannes motor-boat race meeting was won by Mr. Gordon Bolton's British boat, *Miss Empire II.*, propelled by a Sunbeam-Talbot-Darracq engine. In the kilometre race for 1½-litre boats, the winner was Captain Woolf Barnato's *Ardenrun II.*, which is fitted with a Sunbeam engine. This was a very strenuous race, both the Italian and one of the French boats failing to finish the course because of the rough sea. In the ten-kilometre race on the following day, *Ardenrun II.* was second. W. W.

ORGANISER OF THE EMPIRE BALL: MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.

Miss Olga Nethersole is Hon. Organiser of the Empire Ball, in aid of the People's League of Health, to be held on April 30 at The Hill, Hampstead (lent for the occasion by Lord Leverhulme). There will be a Costume Pageant, with prizes for the best costumes illustrative of the British Empire. The King is the Patron of the People's League of Health, and the ball is under the immediate patronage of the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York.—[*Photograph by Claude Harris.*]

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"OUR NELL." AT THE GAIETY.

IT is an odd thing to say of a piece which has Nell Gwynne for heroine, but the strong point of the Gaiety's new musical play, "Our Nell," is certainly not its humour. There are other recommendations, of course. Its librettists, its lyric-writer, its composers are as British as its leading character. Its Whitehall and Chelsea scenes are made gay with colour. Its score, to which both Mr. Fraser Simson and Mr. Ivor Novello have contributed, is pleasantly tuneful, and can boast a patriotic ditty, "Our England," which is sure to take the town by storm. There is an excellent cast of actors, quite apart from vocalists. Finally, out of consideration for the feelings of Miss José Collins' host of admirers, who would be very unhappy were their favourite asked to represent a character of dubious virtue, Mr. Louis Parker has subjected Nell Gwynne to a whole pail of whitewash. But as this Nell sings admirably, and looks a handsome, saucy creature, who cares—at the Gaiety? Miss Collins is unsparing of effort; she has good vocal help from Mr. Robert Michaelis; Mr. Arthur Wontner realises to perfection the popular idea of Charles—really not over-merry a monarch; and there is a most telling little sketch of a crippled soldier supplied by Mr. Reginald Bach. If Mr. Walter Passmore and Mr. Miles Malleson supply rather mild comic relief at present, they are not to blame. Fun, it seems to have been argued, was assured with the engagement of two first-rate comedians. This is not enough, however; the sooner Mr. Passmore and his colleague are called in to collaborate with the authors, the better.

"CARTOONS." AT THE CRITERION.

Every lover of sport and devotee of humour reserves a warm corner in his heart for Tom Webster; and, as each year's great sporting events come round, we turn to his caricatures, sure that he will find some fresh matter for fun. In print they are in their right place: their charm being their economy of line, and their delicate suggestion of the grotesque. Transferred to the stage they suffer somewhat, used as the stuff of a revue. They have to be over-elaborated, and there is the possibility of having too much of a good thing. Still, a "Tom Webster" revue is certainly something of a novelty, and "Cartoons" is not wholly dependent on the inspiration of the cartoonist. Miss Cicely Debenham is, as usual, full of vivacity; and Mr. Morris Harvey does good service, both as collaborator and as actor.

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No one who has driven a Sunbeam car equipped with Sunbeam four-wheel brakes will ever—willingly—go back to a car which is braked through the rear wheels only. The introduction of four-wheel brakes, of such proved reliability as those incorporated in the Sunbeam system, is one of the most progressive steps in the history of automobile design.

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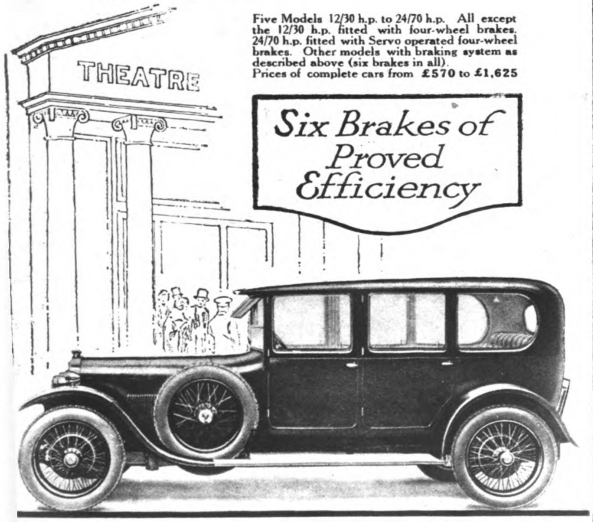

Five Models 12/30 h.p. to 24/70 h.p. All except the 12/30 h.p. fitted with four-wheel brakes. 24/70 h.p. fitted with Servo operated four-wheel brakes. Other models with braking system as described above (six brakes in all). Prices of complete cars from £570 to £1,625

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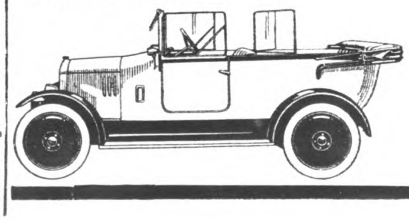

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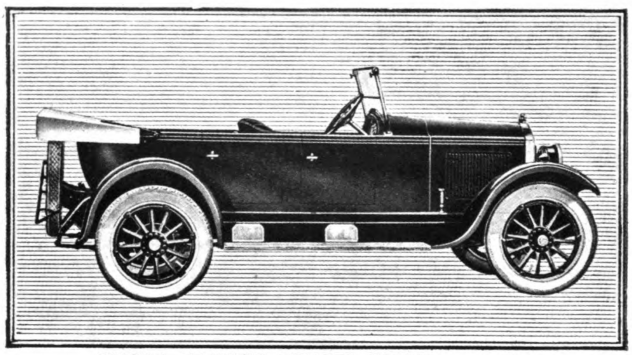

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o. 3927 speaks of age to say, missed t might, however, eversal of the con- and the problem That is, at least,

ly familiar with all et, as far as we are ied which goes back

sorry to find, almost ver of yours we have 8th (becomes Kt and

your very kind and ve overmarched your

It is always a pleasure rds solutions, you are stray in No. 3925 gave w York Congress must at we have seen of the s imaginable.

y unpublished problems,

blem you submit is too re elaborate compositions.

Hill (Melbourne), R B N d C C W Sumner (Childon), orted upon in due course.

ed a chess-player who can game, it has possessed many tation, and, in the person e fame has travelled far and ebration of its fortieth anni- ais work, the volume contain- pgaver") is now before us. to the Bohemian school of ions count for so much, and le. The consequence is that an uninteresting key, followed ove; but with surprising final task to discover how the mate . Scheel's genius cannot always and he occasionally gives us a g point of a solution; but his ating nets cannot be repressed, that he must be judged. The esentative of Bohemian influence the possession of every student e times. A word must be said book. To a Scandinavian intro- anslation is appended, while the l clearness, and the editing is of a credit on Mr. C. C. Christiansen, e outward form of the work.

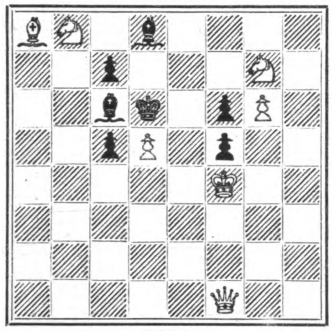
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3928.—BY E. G. B. BARLOW.

WHITE	BLACK
1. R to R 5th	Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.	

Another pleasing two-mover which has earned many compliments from our solvers. From a critical point of view, its weakness is that the R at R sq has obviously no functions where it stands, and therefore must be played somewhere. The rest too quickly follows.

PROBLEM No. 3930.—BY T. K. WIGAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF No. 3922 received from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3925 from F B Horton (Seattle), and H Heshmat (Cairo); of No. 3926 from Joseph T Bunting (Secane, Pa., U.S.A.); of No. 3927 from Rev. A D Meares (Baltimore), Herve Bourbeau (Montreal), Arthur Elson (Boston, U.S.A.), Joseph T Bunting (Secane), and John Ransford (Ontario); and of No. 3928 from M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), F J Fallwell (Caterham), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), Miss D Gale (Thornton Heath), E M Vicars (Norfolk), A Edmeston (Worsley), Councillor J T Palmer (Church), and L W Cafferata (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF No. 3929 received from J P Smith (Cricklewood), C H Watson (Masham), H W Satow (Bangor), and L W Cafferata (Newark).

Owing to holiday arrangements, we had to go to press before the usual batch of solvers' letters had come to hand. They will all be acknowledged in our next issue.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament, at New York, between Señor CAPABLANCA and Dr. LASKER.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Sr. C.)	BLACK (Dr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	K Kt to B 3rd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to B 3rd
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 4th
4. P takes P	

With the apparent intention of simplifying the game.

4.	P takes P
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
6. B to B 4th	P to K 3rd
7. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd
8. B to Q 3rd	Castles
9. Castles	K Kt to R 4th
10. B to K 5th	P to B 4th

Better than P to B 3rd, but creating a certain element of weakness in Black's centre that makes itself felt a little later on.

11. R to B sq	Kt to B 3rd
12. B takes Kt	P takes B
13. Kt to R 4th	K to R sq
14. P to B 4th	R to Kt sq

The open file with its opportunities of attack is perhaps rightly seized, but the cost begins to show itself in the King's uncomfortable position.

15. R to B 3rd	B to Q 2nd
16. R to R 3rd	B to K sq
17. P to R 3rd	R to Kt 2nd
18. R to Kt 3rd	R takes R
19. P takes R	R to B sq
20. K to B 2nd	Kt to R 4th
21. Q to B 3rd	Kt to B 5th
22. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd
23. R to K R sq	Kt to K 5th (ch)
24. B takes Kt	B P takes B

White is now left with the theoretic inferiority of two Knights against two Bishops; while, on the other hand, he has in compensation a well-contained position, either for attack or defence.

25. Q to Kt 4th	P to B 4th
26. R Kt takes P	

An unexpected, but perfectly sound, sacrifice, for which he obtains more than an equivalent in material and attack.

26.	P takes Kt
27. Q takes P	P to K R 4th
28. P to K Kt 4th	R to B 3rd
29. P to Kt 5th	K to Kt sq
30. Kt takes Q P	B to B 2nd
31. Kt tks B (ch)	Q takes Kt
32. P to K Kt 4th	P takes P
33. Q to R 7th (ch)	K to B sq
34. R to R 6th	B to Kt sq
35. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
36. R takes R	P takes R
37. K to Kt 3rd	Q to K 3rd
38. K takes P	Q takes Q (ch)
39. K takes Q and wins.	

Black's Bishop can make no fight against White's three surplus Pawns; and, although the game lasted a few more moves, it might fitly have ended here.

The Underboar pipe always appeals to smokers, because of its very simple system whereby it is cleaned in a moment by withdrawing the plunger and wiping it—thus guaranteeing a perfectly dry pipe. The proprietors have been for some time endeavouring to discover a means of absolutely preventing the condensation of nicotine on the plunger. They have now succeeded in doing this, and the new Underboar is as near perfection as it can be. It is made by Messrs. F. Charatan and Sons, Ltd., 146, Minories, E.1, a firm of over fifty years' reputation.

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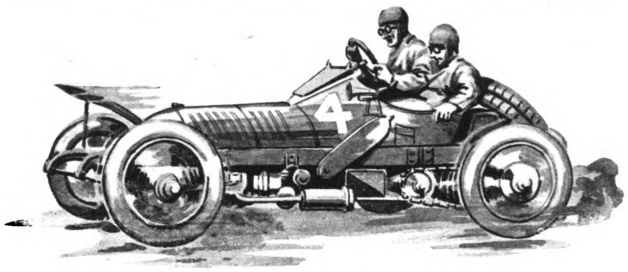

Streamlining was an unknown art in racing car design of 20 years ago, as may be gathered from the accompanying sketch of the Wolseley "Beetle" built for the historic Gordon-Bennett contests.

Nor had taxation, as in these days, any influence on engine size; for the bore of the "Beetle's" four cylinder power unit measured no less than 153 millimetres!

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Two of these cars took part in the 1905 Gordon-Bennett in France, finishing 8th and 11th—the faster of the two driven by the late Hon. C. S. Rolls, averaging 40.4 miles an hour.

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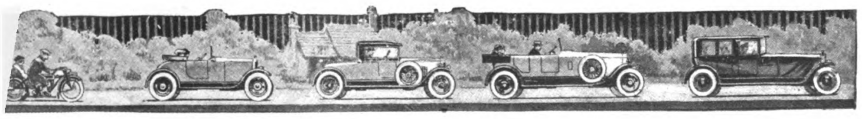

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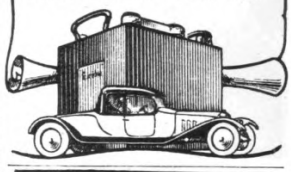

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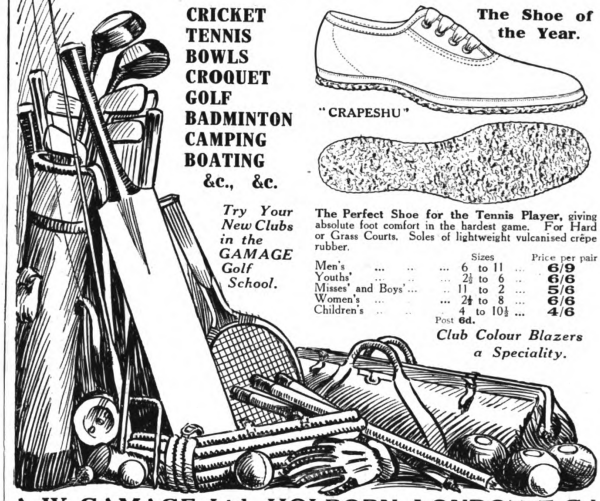

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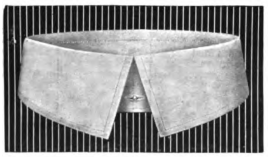

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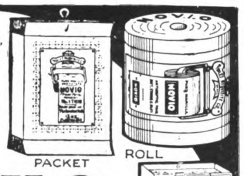

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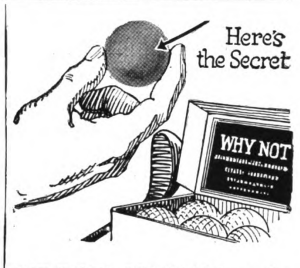

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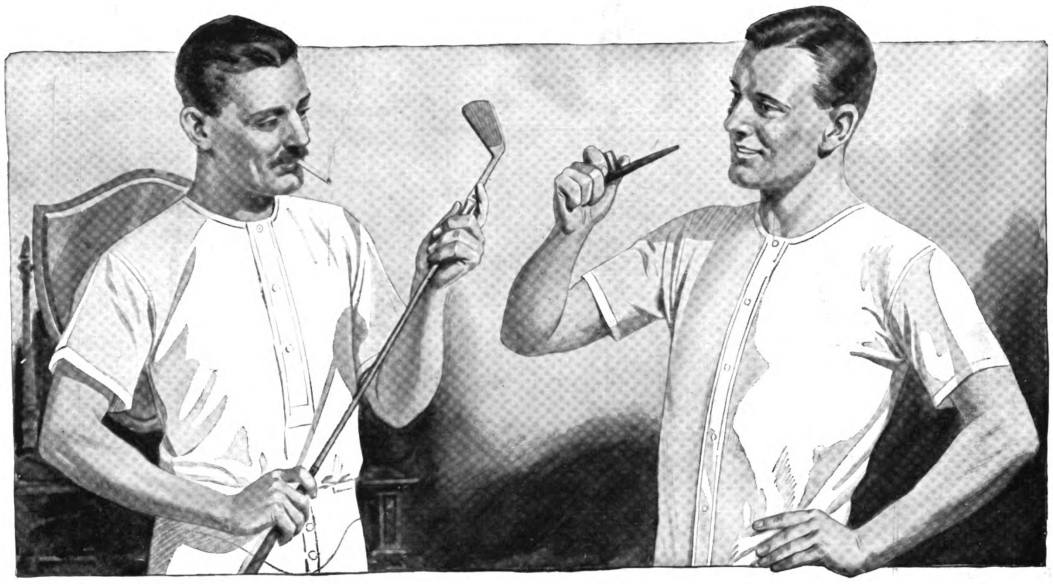

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15

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1924.

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THE AUTHOR OF "THE SOCIALIST BUDGET" NOW A REAL BUDGET-MAKER: MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO HAS JUST INTRODUCED THE FIRST BUDGET OF A BRITISH LABOUR GOVERNMENT.

The first Budget statement of a Labour Government in this country was introduced in the House of Commons on April 29 by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Philip Snowden, who has represented the Colne Valley Division of Yorkshire, as a Socialist, since 1922, and from 1906 to 1918 was M.P. for Blackburn. Among Mr. Snowden's various works on political subjects, it may be noted, is a book entitled "The Socialist Budget," and he has now had an opportunity of translating theory into practice. Mr. Snowden was born at Keighley in 1864, and received his early education at a Board School. He was Chairman of the Independent Labour Party in 1903-6, and again in 1917-19. He has served on several Royal Commissions, and was a member of the Central Control Board for Liquor Traffic. His wife, who was Miss Ethel Annakin, of Harrogate, is also well known politically, and as the author of "Through Bolshevik Russia."

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

stic. gue. ries, as ning ause in us ; tion ings cter ous, in with

It means, first, that, if Edison is correct, life is life wherever found." I think we may boldly commit ourselves, with a loud cheer of loyalty, to the proposition that Edison *is* correct when he says that life is life wherever found. Life is life, as here suggested, into whatever kind of egg it may enter, of the lowest sea-beast or the loftiest bird. That is, in our popular pre-scientific formula, as sure as eggs are eggs ; or, in deference to the American literary tradition, as pigs is pigs. But while these rhythmic and recurrent phrases, that life is life, and eggs are eggs, and pigs is pigs, have something of the rounded beauty of song and dance and decorative pattern, they are not what you might call hustling in the matter of getting any further in the process of an argument. And Edison evidently has something a little more definite

'THE SEAS THAT ENCOMPASS THE WORLD ARE THEIR BATTLEFIELD AND THEIR GRAVE": THE NAVAL MEMORIAL AT CHATHAM UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEREMONY.

The Prince of Wales unveiled at Chatham, on April 26, the last of three identical memorials to the men of the Navy lost or buried at sea during the war, erected at the three chief manning ports in home waters. The other two monuments stand on Plymouth Hoe and on the edge of Southsea Common, near Portsmouth. They all stand high as landmarks to sailors, that at Chatham being at the highest point of the "Great Lines," 400 ft. above sea level overlooking the Medway estuary. It bears 7543 names of men and women who lost their lives in Naval service from Chatham. As the Prince finely said in performing the ceremony : "All the seas that encompass the world are their battlefield and their grave." The architect of the obelisk was Sir Robert Lorimer, A.R.A., and the sculptor, Mr. Henry Poole, A.R.A.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

rom ding ust age. tely ther ned net, uch ous an ?

to say than the identical proposition which his interpreter holds up before us, like a scroll of revelation.

What he says is that eggs are all dead ; and the same applies to seeds. He denies that there is, as many assume, a sort of germ of life in each. "A seed or an egg is merely a blue-print—an architect's plans for the building of a structure. It is as dead as any other blue-print. The energy that we call life flows into the blue-print and goes to work. If the blue-print was made by a rose-bush, the life-force makes another rose-bush. If the plans and specifications call for a man, the life-force makes a man." I am not quite sure where Mr. Edison imagines that his argument is leading him ; but the only direction in which it could logically lead him is back to the oldest and most orthodox argument from design. The metaphor which he makes so important makes the whole imagery a little fanciful. Few of us walking in our gardens at evening have ever actually come upon a rose-bush making a blue-print, or even a red-print, or a green-print. And to believe that the rose-bush really does plan another rose-bush is to turn our garden into something of a fairy-land. But if it does not, who does ? The notion of a blind life in the germ did at least favour some vague evolutionary idea of a blind growth unfolding outwards into the void. But evolution has far less chance with the blue-prints of Mr. Edison. They are only an architect's plans : what architect's plans ? It is the working out of a specification : who works out whose specification ? So far as the argument has gone, it would seem that the reasoner has been forced to summon the aid of two mythological beings. One is a god called Life, who has winged his way from a strange star where such deities dwell, and who has the genius to understand and fulfil the most labyrinthine plans that he finds. The other is the Spirit of the Rose-Bush, a sort of dryad who draws up the most elaborate plans for posterity and leaves them like a last will and testament. Both of these figures, on the face of it, are far more improbable than the traditional truth in which most men have believed : that both were parts of the plan of a greater mind.

The philosopher seems to feel that he is becoming too much of a mystic, even for a materialist. In the next passage he treats the life-force merely as an instrument : "It is as if he had said that the electricity that prints a book might as easily have ground sausages if it had been applied to a sausage-grinder instead of to a printing-press." But a book does not print itself ; still less does it print all by itself an appendix giving directions for the printing of another book. Still less does a sausage-machine grind out a specification of another sausage-machine. The electricity would not be applied to producing either books or sausages, if there were not a mind outside and above them ; a mind that is neither a machine nor a book nor a sausage nor an electric current. His own analogy would prove that there is a mind behind nature, as there is a man behind machines.

Recoiling from this dreadful possibility, he falls back on a last fantastic theory. He says it is the cells that have souls. He says, again in italics : "*All cells apparently go consciously about it to reproduce the forms of life in which they appear.*" I cannot italicise italics ; or I would underline the word "consciously." Each one of the tiny cells in an elephant's tail has in its little mind a vivid and complete picture of an elephant. I will leave it at that. The article ends with the sad death of Mr. Edison's father at ninety-three ; and the writer is quite sure (he does not explain why) that the old gentleman was thus cut off in his prime because the conscious cells found they could not come to an agreement. They seem to have taken some little time to discover their difference. But I only ask the reader to read again those words at the beginning : "My mind is incapable of conceiving such a thing as a soul." Is it so very much easier to conceive such things as these ? Is it so very much easier to conceive a million souls, where we suppose there are cells, than to conceive one soul where we know at least that there is one mind ?

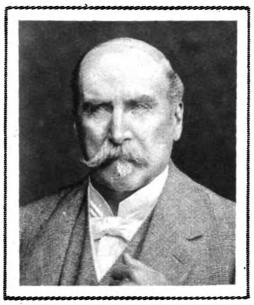
OUR ANAGLYPHS.

erested in the "Anaglyphs," which we are publishing from time to time, that anyone who may have mislaid the red and iblished in our issue of March 8) may obtain (if they have not already done so) one Anaglyph viewing-mask, complete printed on page 815 of this issue, and forwarding it, accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2. We draw attention to the fact that the red and ork's Theatre, to witness the remarkable "Shadowgraph" Illusion in "London Calling," are suitable also for viewing OUR The Illustrated London News," provided that the mask is reversed—red to left eye, green to right eye.

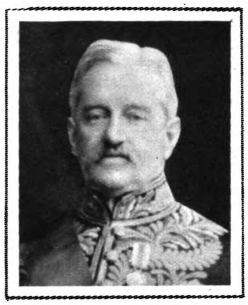
PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, INSTEAD, CAMPBELL GRAY, VANDYK, LAFAYETTE, C.N., AND CONTINENTAL PHOTO.

PURSUER OF THE BRITISH WORLD-FLIERS: LIEUT. PELTIER D'OISY, WHO FLEW 3270 MILES IN 5 DAYS.



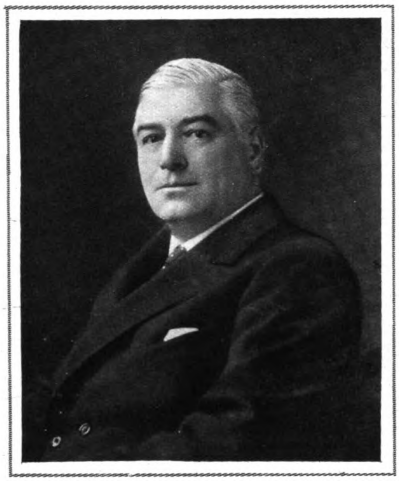
A WELL-KNOWN IRISH PEER AND SPORTSMAN: THE LATE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN.



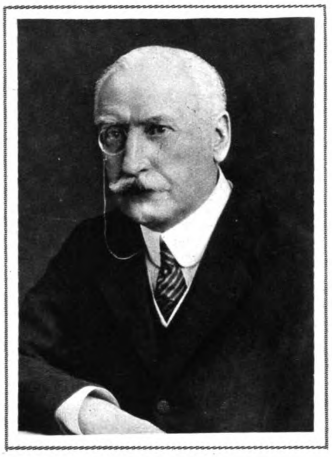
THE LAST OF THE VICTORIAN AMBASSADORS: THE LATE SIR CHARLES STEWART SCOTT.

A NEW A.R.A.: MR. W. RUSSELL FLINT, THE WELL-KNOWN PAINTER, FORMERLY ON OUR STAFF.

KNIGHTED: SIR EVAN OWEN WILLIAMS, PRINCIPAL ENGINEER TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION



MADE A BARON: SIR J. STEVENSON, BT., CHAIRMAN OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE, BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.



KNIGHTED: SIR JOHN WILLIAM SIMPSON, PRINCIPAL ARCHITECT TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

BISHOP OF JARROW SINCE 1914: THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. J. N. QUIRK.

A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN POLITICIAN: THE LATE MR. CHARLES F. MURPHY, LEADER OF TAMMANY HALL, AND DEMOCRATIC "BOSS" OF NEW YORK CITY AND STATE SINCE 1902.

KILLED IN THE SWISS RAILWAY DISASTER: HERR HELFFERICH, EX-GERMAN FINANCE MINISTER.

Lieut. Peltier d'Oisy, the French airman, flew from Paris to Bandar Abbas (3270 miles) in five days (April 24-28, inclusive), thus nearly overtaking Squadron-Leader MacLaren, who on April 26 made a forced landing 290 miles east of Karachi.——Lord Enniskillen had been Master of the North Cheshire Hunt, and a well-known member of the Jockey, Turf, and National Coursing Clubs. As Viscount Cole, he was M.P. for Enniskillen in 1880-5.——Sir Charles Scott, who was British Ambassador to Russia from 1898 to 1904, was the last survivor of those appointed by Queen Victoria. In 1890 he was with Bismarck when the latter was summoned to received his dismissal.——Mr. W. Russell Flint was from 1903 to 1907 on the staff of this paper, which was the first to give prominence to his work. He has exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy, and is represented in many important permanent collections at home and abroad. During the war he served in the R.A.F. Later, he was Admiralty Overseer in the "R 34."——On the occasion of the opening of the British Empire Exhibition the King conferred a barony on Sir James Stevenson, Bt., Chairman of the Standing Committee. The Principal Architect, Mr. John William Simpson, and the Principal Engineer, Mr. Evan Owen Williams, were made Knights Commanders of the Order of the British Empire.——Dr. Quirk became first Bishop Suffragan of Sheffield in 1901, and in 1914 Bishop Suffragan of Jarrow.——Mr. Charles F. Murphy, who in 1902 succeeded "Boss" Croker as leader of Tammany Hall, was born in New York in 1858.——Herr Helfferich, a prominent German Nationalist, was travelling with his mother in the Milan-Berlin through carriage burnt in the collision at Bellinzona.

E WEMBLEY EXHIBITION IN BEING: TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB;

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., PHOTOPRESS, SPORT AND

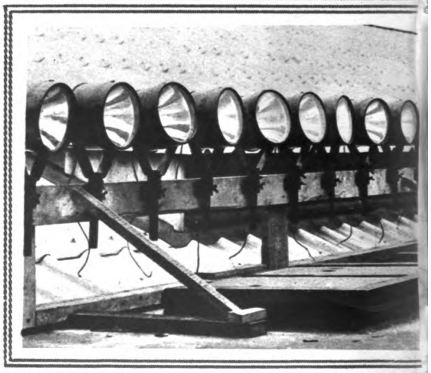
A SUPER-GULLIVER AT A SUB-LILLIPUT: PLACING A "PIECE" IN POSITION ON A MODEL OF THE PORT OF BELFAST AT WEMBLEY.

TO TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB BY TURNSTILE: WOMEN VISITORS APPROACHING THE ENTRANCE TO THE REPLICA IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

"PASSING" BY MEANS OF SHOULDER, HEAD, FEET, OR KNEES: BURMESE PLAYERS OF CHIN-LON, PROBABLY ONE OF THE EARLIEST OF BALL GAMES, IN THE BURMA PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

VERY POPULAR AMONG HUNDREDS OF SCHOOLBOYS DURING ITS "COCKLESHELL" BOATS — IN THE BACKGROUND, THE

REAL DIAMOND-SEEKING AT WEMBLEY WITH BLUE SOIL SPECIALLY BROUGHT FROM THE SOUTH AFRICAN MINES: WASHING AND SIFTING CLAY IN RUNNING WATER IN THE RAND MANNER AND IN SIMILAR SURROUNDINGS.



MAN-MADE "MOONLIGHT" AT WEMBLEY: SOME OF THE OF THE STADIUM, WHICH HELP TO ILLUMINATE

ter the opening ceremony performed by the King on April 23, and illustrated in our issue for April 26, the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley settled wn to business—that of amusing and instructing the millions of visitors whom it expects to entertain during the summer. We illustrate here a few of the ibits which especially attracted attention in the first week. Among these the subterranean reconstruction of the Tomb of Tutankhamen, with its faithful licas of the treasures so frequently illustrated in our pages, excited great interest. For the diamond-washing plant in the South African section, shown der actual conditions, thousands of tons of real diamond-bearing blue soil were brought over from the South African mines, and are expected to yield usands of pounds' worth of stones, which will be cut and polished in public at Wembley. The Burmese game of Chin-lon is new to the West, but it s been played in Burma for so long that its origin is not known. It is played with a ball of plaited cane, and, in the ordinary village game, the players

CHIN-LON, A NEW GAME FROM BURMA; AND OTHER JOYS.

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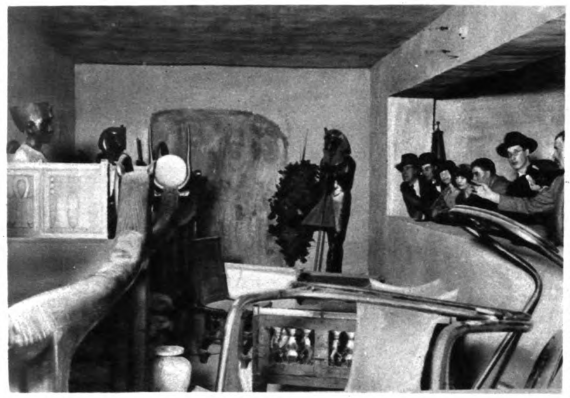
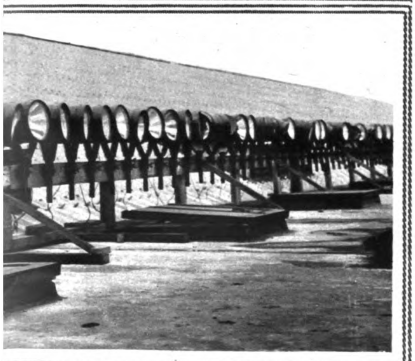


IN THE ANTECHAMBER OF "TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB": REPLICAS OF THE ANIMAL COUCHES, CHAIR, STATUES, CHARIOTS, BOUQUET, AND CASES OF FOOD (SEEN UNDER COUCHES).

REGARDLESS OF EGYPTIAN CONTROVERSY: A PARTY OF VISITORS ADMIRING THE REPLICA OF TUTANKHAMEN'S GOLDEN SHRINE IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY.

HE EASTER HOLIDAYS: THE LAKE AT WEMBLEY WITH NDIA BUILDINGS, WITH THE "TAJ MAHAL" ON THE LEFT.

SONG AND DANCE AS PERFORMED IN BURMA: A CHARMING TROUPE OF BURMESE DANCING GIRLS FROM RANGOON GIVING A "PUE" (ENTERTAINMENT) IN THE BURMA PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.



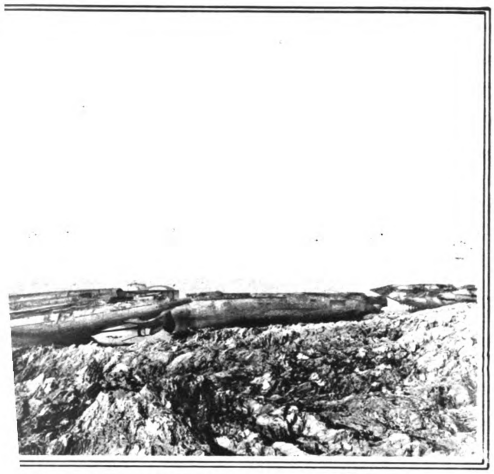
GREAT "FLOOD LIGHTS" (170 IN ALL) ON THE ROOF THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS AT NIGHT.

ANOTHER ATTRACTIVE EXHIBIT IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN SECTION, WHICH INCLUDES AN OSTRICH PADDOCK: A REALISTIC GROUP OF SPECIMENS OF SOUTH AFRICAN WILD ANIMALS, WITH A ZEBRA IN THE BACKGROUND.

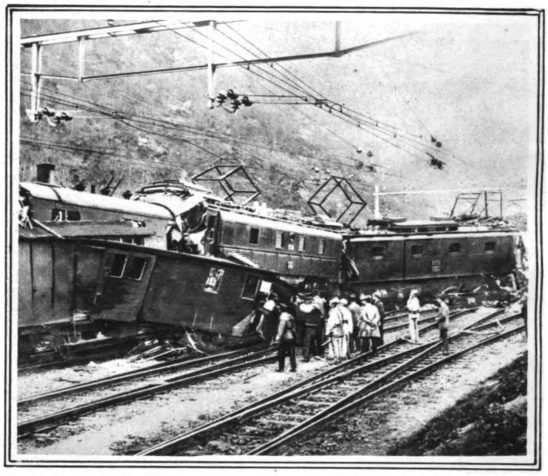
arrange themselves in a circle, and keep the ball passing from one to the other in the air by means of feet, knees, or heads; in fact, in any way available, except by the arms and hands. It is probably one of the earliest of ball games. The chief points in its favour are that it requires a very limited space of ground, and that a great deal of hard exercise can be got out of it—as any Westerner will find if he tries it for ten minutes. The three players who have come to England from Rangoon to perform at the Burma Pavilion at Wembley are experts at the game; and the chief exponent, Moung Law Paw (the centre figure in our photograph), is the most noted trick player in Burma, and therefore, no doubt, in the world. When the Prince of Wales visited Burma at the end of 1922, the possibilities of the game as a means of taking exercise so appealed to him that he took away a supply of chin-lon balls on the "Renown." The photograph of the Stadium roof shows only about a quarter of the total number of "flood lights."

OME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., AND L.N.A.



TURNED TO PEACEFUL USES: DERELICT SUBMARINES DESCRIBED
BREAKWATERS ON THE FORESHORE IN FALMOUTH HARBOUR.

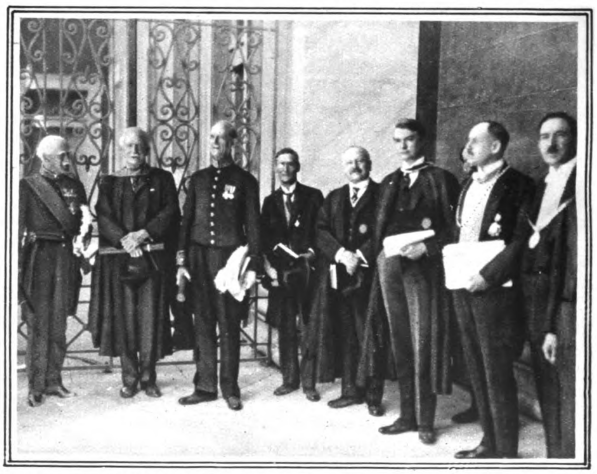


THE WORST SWISS RAILWAY DISASTER FOR 40 YEARS: WRECKAGE AFTER THE HEAD-ON COLLISION AT BELLINZONA, IN WHICH HERR HELFFERICH WAS KILLED.

JCHESS OF YORK IN DOCKLAND: THE DUCHESS RECEIVING A KEY TO OPEN
EW BUILDINGS AT THE SETTLEMENT IN CANNING TOWN.

THE DUKE OF YORK AS HOUSE-BREAKER: WIELDING A PICK-AXE TO INAUGURATE CEREMONIALLY THE DEMOLITION OF AN OLD BUILDING.

ELEBRATION AT MISSOLONGHI: THE CROWNING OF THE
IES BY THE GREEK PREMIER AND SIR RENNELL RODD.



BYRON CENTENARY DEGREES AT ATHENS: (L. TO R.) SIR RENNELL RODD, MR. HAROLD SPENDER, LORD ERNLE, MR. S. C. ATCHLEY, LORD BURNHAM, MR. JOHN DRINKWATER.

t in Switzerland for forty years happened at 2.20 a.m. was a head-on collision at Bellinzona, in Canton Ticino, hard-Milan night express and the Milan-Basel express, ıtion. In the latter train a through coach to Germany all its passengers (from 20 to 25), including Herr man Finance Minister (whose portrait appears on our : mother. It was stated on the 25th that 18 bodies that the total of killed could not yet be established.—— York, on April 28, visited the Dockland Settlements, of which the Duke is patron, in the East End of London. After tea, which they took with working girls and dock labourers, the Duchess opened a new block of buildings, and the Duke struck the first blow to demolish some old ones that are to be rebuilt.—— The Byron Centenary was celebrated at Missolonghi, where he died on April 19, 1824, on the 100th anniversary of that date. The statue of Byron in the Heröon was crowned, and speeches were delivered by the Greek Premier, M. Papanastasiou, and Sir Rennell Rodd, chief of the British delegation, who also received an honorary degree at Athens University, along with the other British delegates shown in our photograph.

YORK'S "MILITARY SUNDAY": A PICTURESQUE CEREMONY AT THE MINSTER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

HELD FOR ALMOST THE FIRST TIME IN THE ABSENCE OF THE LORD MAYOR: THE THIRTY-EIGHTH "ANNUAL SERVICE FOR THE MILITARY" AT YORK—TROOPS MARCHING IN PROCESSION FROM THE MINSTER.

The "annual service for the military," as it is called, is a great event at York, where the grand old Minster makes a picturesque setting for a stately ceremony. On Sunday, April 27, the thirty-eighth observance of the custom took place, and there was a brave show of troops, all the regiments of the garrison being represented, including battalions of the 8th (Royal Irish) Hussars, Durham Light Infantry, Cheshire Regiment, Yorkshire Hussars, West Yorkshire Regiment, the 5th Brigade Royal Garrison Artillery, and the various Departmental Corps. There was also a strong contingent of the British Legion, who marched through the city, headed by their band, and accompanied in procession by a body of women, widows and relatives of fallen soldiers, whose decorations they wore. At the march-past the salute was taken by Lieut.-General Sir Charles Harington, of Constantinople fame, now G.O.C., Northern Command. The sermon was preached by the Chaplain-General to the Forces, Bishop Taylor-Smith. An almost unprecedented feature of the occasion was the fact that the Lord Mayor of York (Alderman W. Dobbie) and the Lady Mayoress were not present, owing to alleged lack of support by the Council at previous functions.

KING AS ENGINE-DRIVER: THE FIRST ROYAL VISIT TO SWINDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND FARRINGDON PHOTO CO.

DON BEFLAGGED FOR THE FIRST VISIT OF THE KING QUEEN: THE ROYAL CARS DRIVING THROUGH THE N TO THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY WORKS.

ON THEIR WAY TO THE TOWN HALL, WHERE EIGHT EX-MAYORS AND THEIR WIVES WERE PRESENTED: THE KING AND QUEEN HEARTILY CHEERED IN SWINDON.

E SWINDON FIRE BRIGADE DISPLAY BEFORE EIR MAJESTIES: FIRE-ESCAPES MANNED ON THE ROYAL ROUTE.

THE KING USING A SCREEN TO WATCH SOME ACETYLENE-WELDERS AT WORK: HIS MAJESTY IN THE G.W.R. SHOPS.

"IN FOND AND GRATEFUL MEMORY OF THE MEN OF SWINDON": THE KING PLACING A WREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE CENOTAPH.

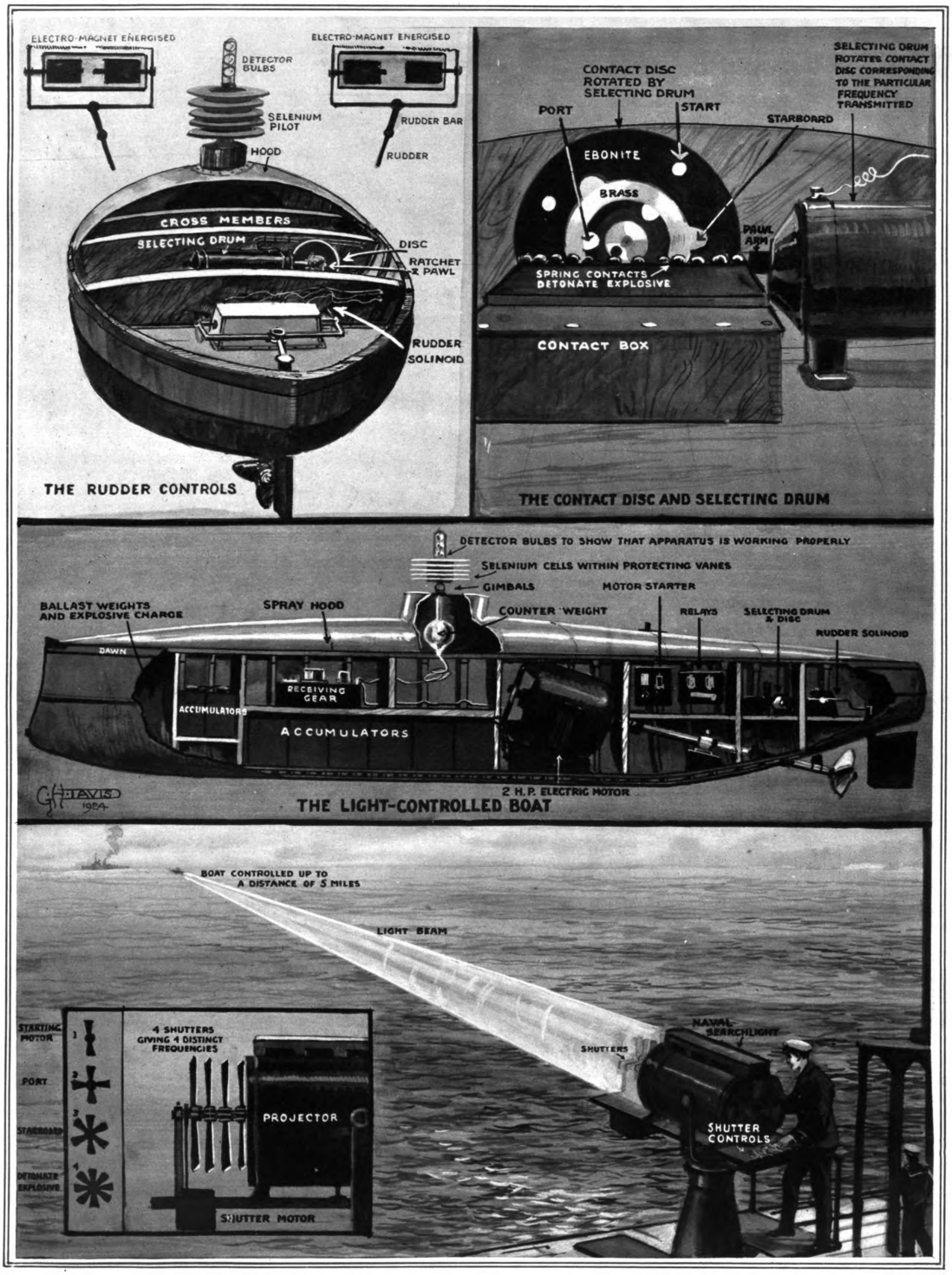
RITING A "WELCOME TO THE KING AND QUEEN" IN MOLTEN IRON: SURPRISE FOR THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE IRON FOUNDRY OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY WORKS AT SWINDON.

ON THE FOOT-PLATE OF THE ROYAL ENGINE, WHICH THE KING (IN LEFT BACKGROUND) DROVE BACK INTO SWINDON STATION: THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH SIR FELIX POLE, GENERAL MANAGER (SECOND FROM RIGHT).

King and Queen paid their first visit to Swindon on April 28, and received y enthusiastic greeting. From the station they motored to the Cenotaph, the King deposited a wreath. Thence they walked to the Town Hall, eight ex-Mayors of Swindon (all Town Councillors) and their wives were ted. After going over part of the Victoria Hospital and the G.W.R. al Fund Surgery, their Majesties drove to the Great Western Railway Works, established in 1842, have since developed into a vast organisation covering cres, of which 65 are roofed, and employing nearly 20,000 men. The tour spection lasted 1½ hours, and the royal visitors were especially anxious to see the men at work. In the iron foundry the men had planned a special surprise, which consisted in writing the words, "Welcome to the King and Queen," in glowing letters of molten cast-iron in a mould of thin sand. In a few moments the letters and surrounding design solidified into grey metal. On leaving the works their Majesties, to the delighted surprise of the onlookers, climbed on to the foot-plate of the royal engine, the "Windsor Castle," and the King, after blowing the whistle, drove it back to the station, a distance of about a mile, amid loud cheers. Among those on the foot-plate were Sir Felix Pole, General Manager, and Mr. C. B. Collett, Chief Mechanical Engineer of the G.W.R.

AN UNMANNED BOAT STEERED BY LIGHT: A £25,000 WAR DEVICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE INVENTOR, MR. H. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS.



TESTED DURING THE WAR BEFORE LORD FISHER AND MR. BALFOUR ON PENN POND IN RICHMOND PARK: MR. H. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS' LIGHT-CONTROLLED MOTOR-BOAT—DIAGRAMS OF THE APPARATUS.

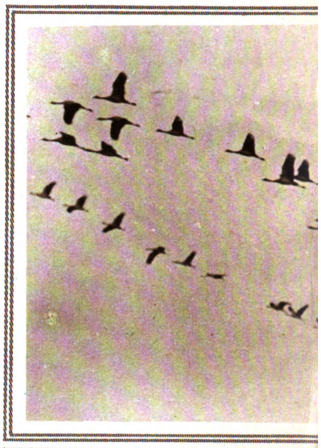
The wonderful electrical light-ray invented by Mr. H. Grindell-Matthews was illustrated in our issue for April 26, both in actual experiment and its possible application to the destruction of hostile aircraft. As there mentioned, the inventor received from the British Government during the war a "deposit" of £25,000 for his successful demonstration with his light-controlled motor-boat, the "Dawn." The test took place on Penn Pond, Richmond Park, in the presence of Lord Fisher, Mr. Balfour, and an array of naval and military experts. The full story is told by Dr. E. E. Fournier D'Albe in his new book on Selenium, entitled "The Moon-Element" (Fisher Unwin). Later, the boat was operated at sea at 3000 yards in daylight, and at five miles by night. Mr. Matthews was to have had £250,000 in all if he could bring down a Zeppelin with his light-ray, but the rest of this sum was not paid, as other means were found sufficient to deal with the German aircraft.

A note supplied with this drawing says: "Four shutters placed in the ray of light immediately in front of the searchlight are made to give four distinct frequencies at the will of the operator. In the circuit of the selenium pilot attached to the boat are four relays whose frequencies correspond to those of the interrupted light. When sending, one relay will only respond to one particular frequency. The command of the selenium pilot is sent *via* the receiving apparatus, through these relays, to the selecting drum, which by the action of a ratchet-wheel and pawl moves an ebonite disc. This disc is so constructed that points on its surface come in touch with spring contacts. This closes the circuit and the particular evolution required of the boat is sent either to the rudder solinoid, the propelling motor, or the detonator of the explosive charge. If the boat is to be manœuvred to port or starboard, electro-magnets in the rudder solinoid are energised accordingly."

WHERE MIGRATING BIRI

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS BY

"OUR COMMON SNIPE FROM EUROPE AND THE JACKSNIPE FROM ASIA WHICH KEEP COMPANY IN AFRICA": AN INTERESTING CASE OF "BIRDS OF A FEATHER."



CRANES IN FLIGHT ON THEIR WAY TO WIN SUGGESTING A COLLECTION OF H

THE PARADISE OF MIGRATING BIRDS THAT FLY FROM EUROPE TO AFRICA FOR THE WINTER SEASON: MYRIADS OF MIGRANTS OF VARIOUS SPECIES, IN FLIGHT OR STANDING ON THE SHORE, BY THE BANKS OF THE WHITE NILE.

remarkable photographs of birds familiar in Europe, taken during their winter migration to Africa (whence they are now returning), are the work of Bengt Berg, one of the leading novelists in Sweden, who has made a special hobby of bird-photography. "There is a tie between us humans and the " he writes, "which has no comparison. I don't believe there is in the world one single white man who would not be touched at the sight of a ing that had lost its way. There is something that moves our feelings, when we see such a little tender being helpless in our hands to-day, and know within a few weeks his wings will have grown strong enough to carry him far away from us, high up under the sky, just as the migrating birds speed our heads, when our summer is at an end and the days grow cold." The following note on Mr. Berg's work has been kindly supplied by Mr. C. A. "The pictures reproduced above are a few from the hundreds of photographs he has taken. He hunted a great deal with his father in his boyhood,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. BENGT BERG, THE WELL

GO IN THE WINTER:

FAMOUS SWEDISH NOVELIST IN AFRICA.

ARTERS ON THE NILE: A PHOTOGRAPH OWN AWAY BY THE WIND.

"OUR COMMON SANDPIPER AND RINGED PLOVER (RIGHT) ON THEIR HOLIDAY BY TUTANKHAMEN'S SACRED WATERS": HOME BIRDS IN EGYPT.

"VIRGIN CRANES FROM ASIA RISING FROM THEIR WINTER QUARTERS IN AFRICA": A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BIRDS IN FLIGHT, WITH A HIGHLY DECORATIVE EFFECT SUGGESTIVE OF AN ORIENTAL PAINTING.

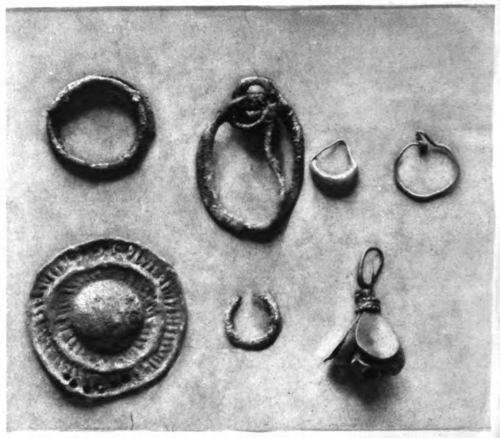
and it was this experience which encouraged him to use the camera, with which he is now a unique expert. In the country where he lives (Sweden), thousands of wild birds breed and numerous birds of passage fly over his place on their way southward. He has followed some of them—for instance, the heron—as far as Africa, to the edge of a river infested with crocodiles, and the plover to the mountains of Lapland, the stork to Egypt, and so on. Day after day, week after week, with infinite patience he has overcome by his voice the wild birds' fear of human beings. In one case he even induced a plover to brood her eggs in his hand. She allowed him to scoop up her mossy nest with his hand, and sat trustfully on the eggs meanwhile. Mr. Berg has also photographed eagles, phalaropes, cranes, owls, and many other birds. At present he is again on an expedition to Africa, which will last about six months, and he hopes to secure there some good photographs of the giant crane, which is the shyest of all birds."

KNOWN SWEDISH NOVELIST AND ORNITHOLOGIST.

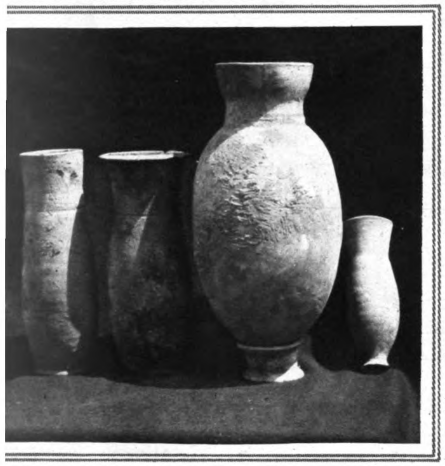
THE EARLIEST KNOWN POTTERY, AND JEWELS 500(

PHOTOGRAPHS: NOS. 1, 2, 3, 10 AND 11, BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR STEPHEN LANGDON, M.A., B.D., PH.D., PROFESSOR OF ASSYRIOLOGY AT OXFO

1. "A PORTION OF AN INLAID PLAQUE, ONE OF A LONG SERIES THAT DECORATED THE WALLS OF A ROYAL CHAMBER": REMARKABLE ANIMAL CARVINGS FROM THE SUMERIAN PALACE AT KISH.

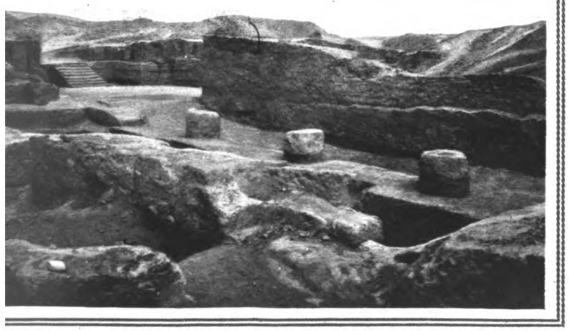


2. FOUR SILVER ORNAMENTS (ON THE LEFT) DATING FROM 3200 B.C., WITH GOLD OBJECTS OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S TIME (6TH CENT. B.C.), INCLUDING A POMEGRANATE, THE FINEST ORNAMENT FOUND IN MESOPOTAMIA.



MADE SOME FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO: VERY ANCIENT AMPLES OF SUMERIAN POTTERY FROM KISH, DESCRIBED AS DATING FROM ABOUT 3000 B.C.

6. SHOWING PECULIAR BRICKWORK FORMATION EMBODIED IN THEIR CONSTRUCTION: PART OF THE WALLS OF THE SUMERIAN PALACE AT KISH (4500 TO 2900 B.C.), "THE OLDEST CITY OF WHICH RECORDS EXIST."



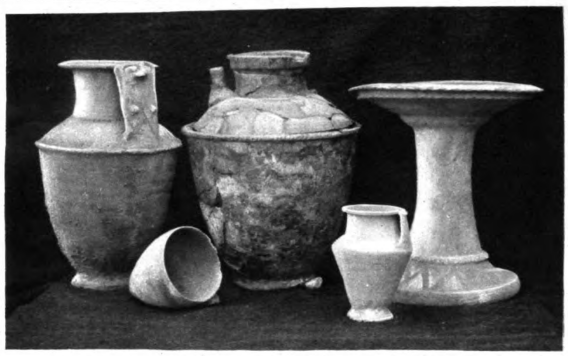
. A ROYAL PALACE SOME 5000 YEARS OLD: RUINS AT KISH, SHOWING THE ASES OF THREE PILLARS AND THE STEPS TO THE UPPER CHAMBER (ALSO SEEN IN PHOTOGRAPH NO. 9).

9. ASCENDING THE OLDEST STEPS IN THE WORLD, ONCE TRODDEN BY SUMERIAN KINGS ABOUT 5000 YEARS AGO: COLONEL LANE (EXCAVATOR) AND A FRIEND.

ther discoveries of great interest and importance have recently been made on the site of Kish, near Babylon, since we last illustrated the subject in our issue March 1. The joint expedition to Kish is financed by Mr. H. Weld-Blundell (on behalf of Oxford University) and the Field Museum, of Chicago, and the on the spot is in charge of Mr. Ernest Mackay, under the direction of Professor Stephen Langdon, Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, who has himself ntly visited the excavations. "Kish," he writes, "is the oldest city of which any human records exist, and it was the seat of a semi-mythical line of kings arly as 5000 B.C." The discoveries include (as mentioned in our issue of March 1) the remains of a magnificent Sumerian palace, with pillars, stairways, decorated walls bearing specimens of the earliest known form of pictographic writing. No less remarkable was the finding of a whole "library" of iform tablets, mainly grammars, dictionaries, and commentaries on the Sumerian and Babylonian languages. Professor Langdon has since stated that tablets belong to two distinct and widely separated periods, the twenty-second century B.C. and the sixth century B.C. Describing photograph No. 2 above,

YEARS OLD: NEW DISCOVERIES AT KISH, IN BABYLONIA.

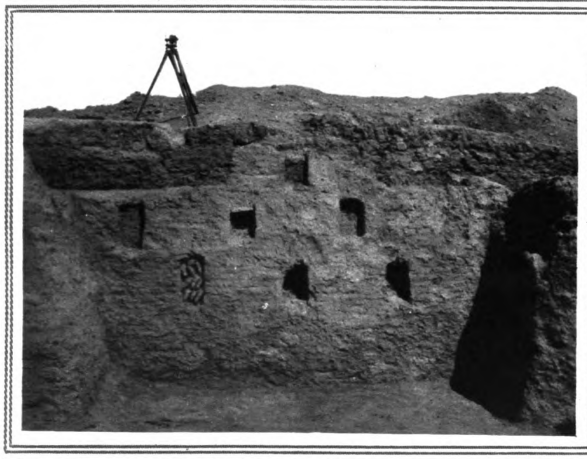
AND DIRECTOR OF THE WELD-BLUNDELL AND FIELD MUSEUM (CHICAGO) EXPEDITION TO KISH. NOS. 4 TO 9 SUPPLIED BY MR. PHILIP HAYWARD.



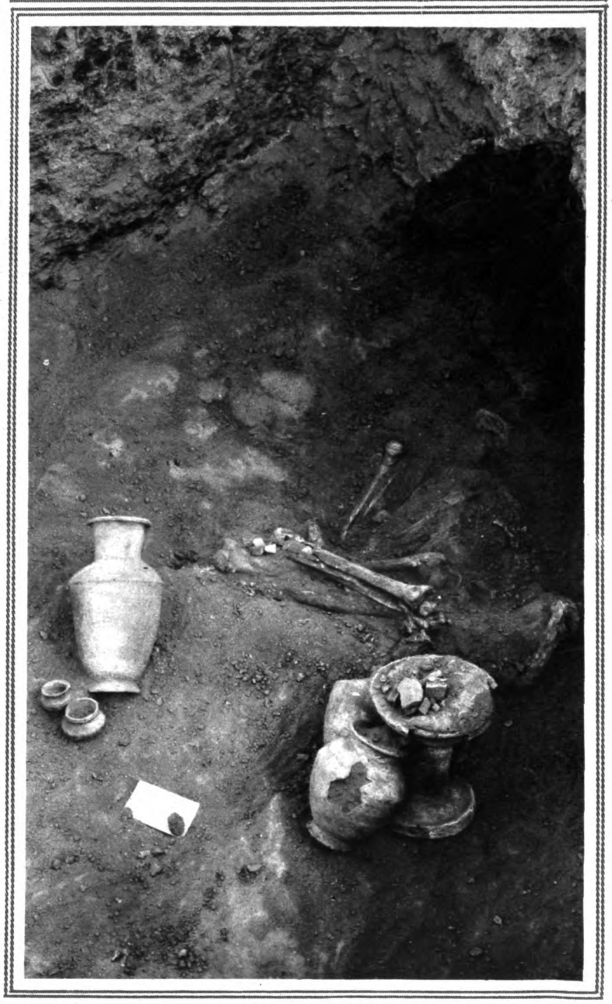
3. "THE OLDEST TYPE OF POT KNOWN IN THE HISTORY OF CERAMICS AND THE FINEST SPECIMENS": SUMERIAN POTTERY FROM BURIALS, INCLUDING THE BRAZIER (RIGHT) SEEN IN NO. 11.

4. SAID TO DATE FROM ABOUT 3500 B.C.: SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT SUMERIAN POTTERY RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN GRAVES ON THE SITE OF KISH, NEAR BABYLON.

7. HOW THE EXCAVATOR LIVES IN THE REMOTE BABYLONIAN DESERT: PROFESSOR LANGDON'S CAMP AT KISH, WITH TWO MOTOR-CARS AS A SIGN OF MODERNITY.



10. DATING FROM THE PERIOD 4500-2900 B.C.: A PORTION OF THE COURT WALL OF THE ANCIENT SUMERIAN ROYAL PALACE EXCAVATED AT KISH.



11. WITH JARS OF FOOD, DRINK, AND OINTMENT FOR THE SOUL IN THE OTHER WORLD: A SKELETON IN A SUMERIAN GRAVE AT KISH (SHOWING THE BRAZIER SEEN IN NO. 3).

Professor Langdon writes: "The four silver ornaments on the left are of the period 3200 B.C., and are made up of three ear-rings and a bossed silver brooch. On the right are two gold ear-rings and a finger-ring. The solid gold pomegranate bud is the finest ornament of its kind ever discovered in Mesopotamia. It is certain to have an influence upon modern jewellery. The gold objects are from the period of Nebuchadnezzar (sixth century B.C.)." Photograph No. 3 shows the brazier (on right) also seen in No. 11, and "similar early Sumerian pottery from other burials. This photograph (continues Professor Langdon) shows the oldest type of pot known in the history of ceramics and the finest specimens ever recovered." Of No. 11 he says: "The skeleton is lying in the background, and in the foreground are three large pots and a fine brazier, together with two small ointment jars. These all had been filled with food, drink, and ointment to supply the soul for its journey to the nether world." Another very interesting discovery since made by Professor Langdon at Kish is that of a bone stylus for making cuneiform inscriptions on clay. It is the oldest-known pen.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE KING CRAB.

P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

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KING CRAB AND THE
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sea-floor. When hunger rouses it into activity, it proceeds to shuffle along in search of shell-fish and marine worms. But its hunting seems to be done chiefly by night. The victim, once in the grip of the "chelæ," or "pincers," is disposed of in a very

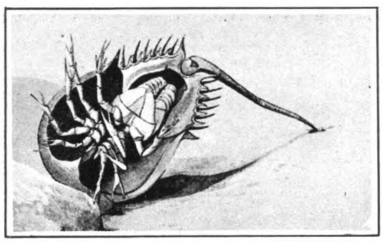

FIG. 2.—TRYING TO RIGHT ITSELF BY MEANS OF ITS TAIL-SPINE: A KING CRAB "TURNED TURTLE"—SHOWING THE "LUNG-BOOKS" THAT ACT BOTH AS PADDLES AND BREATHING-ORGANS.
Photograph by E. J. Manly.

curious way. For it is torn up, much after the fashion of "carding" wool. And this by means of spines at the bases of the legs. These all point towards the mouth, and when at work push the broken-up fragments towards the mouth. So that its legs are also its teeth! When a fresh feeding-ground is desired, a certain liveliness is displayed, the swimmerets driving the body forwards with a rather jerky motion. As soon as they come to rest the body falls—and some times "turns turtle" in doing so. When this mishap occurs, it is by no means easily righted, as those who have visited the specimens in the London Aquarium will have seen. The tail is now called into requisition, being used as a lever after the fashion seen in our illustration (Fig. 2). Only after strenuous efforts does it regain its normal pose.

There are altogether five species. One—that represented in the London Aquarium—ranges from Maine to Yucatan; three are widely distributed in Malaysia; and one occurs in the Indian Ocean, the Gulf of Siam, the Moluccas, and the Philippines. These differ one from another chiefly in relatively unimportant structural details. In all, the males are rather smaller than the females. At spawning time, both sexes make for shallow water, the male in close attendance on his mate, in order that he may fertilise the eggs as soon as they are laid. In three species these are deposited in shallow burrows, in no more than a few inches of water, and there left to be covered with the sand within a few minutes after their deposition.

For some unfathomable reason, however, the Malaysian species and that found in Indian seas and the Philippines—and also in the Moluccas—carry the eggs about attached to their "swimmerets," after the fashion of the Crustacea. Altogether, about one thousand eggs are laid; but there is nothing either in the form of the eggs or in the nature of the physical environment which affords the slightest clue to these strongly divergent maternal instincts.

The young (Fig. 3) emerge in the condition known as the "Trilobite-larva," since, in its general appearance, it recalls one of the ancient Trilobites. But this likeness is more apparent than real. They do, however, resemble, in certain anatomical characters which need not be discussed here, two species of Eurypterids, or "sea-scorpions," of the Coal Measures: to wit, *Euprōops* and *Belinurus*. Even to the casual observer, it will be apparent that they differ from the adult in the absence of a tail, which does not make its appearance until after the first moult. And it takes several moults to attain to its full size. In their habits these youngsters resemble their parents. The lack of the tail-spine does not hamper them if they happen to fall upon their backs, since, being but frail, the action of the "swimmerets" suffices to right them.

As touching the Eurypterids, which represent the ancestral stock from which the King-crabs have been derived, these strange creatures first appeared in Ordovician times, and they disappeared from the Book of Life in the Permian. Hence they are among the most ancient creatures known, and seem to have swarmed in shallow lagoons. Hugh Miller, one of the pioneers of Palæontology—or, in other words, of the study of fossils—first brought them into prominence by his discovery of their remains in the Old Red Sandstone. Their appearance during life is shown in the restoration I have taken from the Rev. H. G. Hutchinson's delightful book, "Extinct Monsters and Creatures of Other Days," where two Trilobites will be seen, lying to the right of the Ammonite, and immediately under the hinder half of the lowermost of these "sea-scorpions."

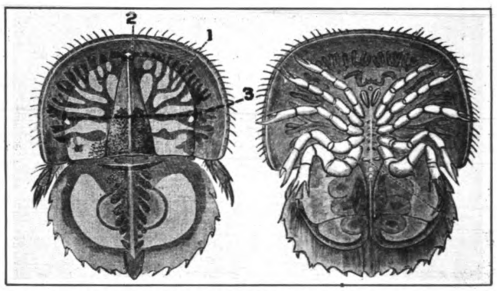

FIG. 3.—WITH TAIL-SPINE NOT YET DEVELOPED: A YOUNG KING CRAB, SO TRANSPARENT THAT THE SHAPE OF THE LIVER CAN BE SEEN THROUGH THE SHELL (IN LEFT DIAGRAM).
The figures indicate—(1) The liver; (2) the median eye; (3) the lateral eyes.

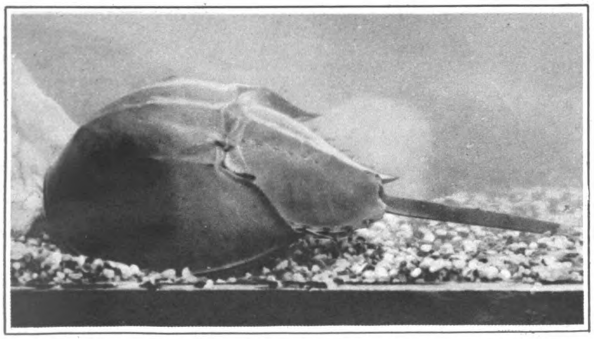

FIG. 1.—A LIVING LINK WITH A REMOTE PAST: THE KING CRAB (*LIMULUS*), SHOWING ITS DOME-SHAPED SHIELD AND LATERAL EYES GUARDED BY AN OVERHANGING LEDGE.—[*Photograph by F. W. Bond.*]

To derive the King-crab from the "sea-scorpion," you must enormously enlarge the head-shield, shorten up and broaden and fuse together the body-rings, and pull out the tail-spine. That's how the King-crab got its shape!

Limulus, it would seem, is sometimes used to fatten poultry and pigs. The females are most esteemed for this purpose, because of the half-pint or so of eggs they yield. But the fattened must be sent abroad, where they cannot be returned to the vendor, since this diet gives a most shocking flavour, either to pork, "spring chicken," or eggs!

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RELIGION AIDED BY SCIENCE: SOUND-PROJECTION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE WESTERN ELECTRIC CO., LTD.

WITH MICROPHONES AT PULPIT AND LECTERN, SOUND-PROJECTORS IN NAVE, CHOIR, AND TRANSEPTS, AND AMPLIFIER IN THE TRIFORIUM: THE ABBEY'S PROPOSED INSTALLATION FOR DISTRIBUTING THE PREACHER'S VOICE.

Our drawing shows the system of sound-projection (as it will be if installed) that was tested in Westminster Abbey on Easter Sunday, when the preacher's voice was amplified by "loud speakers," and the sermon was distinctly audible in the remotest parts of the building. The method is similar to that by which the King's speech was distributed in the Stadium at Wembley when he opened the British Empire Exhibition. The Abbey experiment, which is known as the Public Address system, was carried out by the Western Electric Company. The principle of the system is one not of loudness, but of scientific sound-distribution. It includes microphones placed over the pulpit and the lectern, and sound-projectors, quite inconspicuous, being specially designed to blend with the architecture. There would be projectors in the choir, in the pillars of the south transept, in the north transept, and in the nave. An operator, with amplifier equipment, would be concealed in the triforium, as shown in the top left-hand corner of our illustration. It is expected that, in view of the success of the test at the Abbey, similar devices will be used in St. Paul's, York Minster, and other cathedrals.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

"LONG HEADS AND DEEP PURPOSES": TRADER EMPIRE-FOUNDERS.

*"THE EAST INDIA HOUSE." By WILLIAM FOSTER, C.I.E.**

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in the Grammar School at the Hospital (Christ's) might reach the age of fifteen without being taught the multiplication table." Wisely, the India Office treasures that copy of Booth's "Tables of Interest" from which Lamb "daily received inexpressible official facilities."

As for the oddities, they are as numerous as they are varied. Let us call witnesses.

On the 28th of August, 1649, the Court had a sermon and a meeting "to returne thankes to Almighty God for the safe arrivall of the shipps from India" and dined at "the Shippe Taverne in Bishopsgate Streete." A week later it recorded: "The Court was pleased to bestow £3 upon Mr. Frauncis Lenton, a poett, who had writt a poem about the arrivall of the seaven shipps now returned, and had this day presented the same to the Court; though the Court did not very well rellish his conceits, and desired him neither to print them nor proceed any further in making verses upon any occasion which may concerne the Company."

In further charity, in February of the following year, "the Court was pleased to bestowe 20 nobles out of the poores box upon the poore of Barkin parish who sustained losse by the late fire there." This was after the explosion of twenty-seven barrels of gunpowder, which blew up some fifty or sixty houses, damaged All Hallows, Barking, and, according to Strype, provided what would now be at least a one-edition sensation: "There was . . . found upon the upper leads of Barkin Church a young child lying in a cradle, as newly laid in bed, neither the child nor cradle having the least sign of any fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it for a memorial."

The Plague was a dread chastisement, but a 50 per cent. dividend was paid! The Great Fire also found the Company in fortune: it cost them but £749 9s. 3d., and this may be taken to include such charges as the monies paid for watchmen; 3s. 6d. "to the red coates that prest carts to carry goods from Leadenhall to the Blewhowse"; 12s. "to six men that pumpt all day"; and 3s. "given the men to drink that were at the pumpe and the weomen that sweept the kinnell."

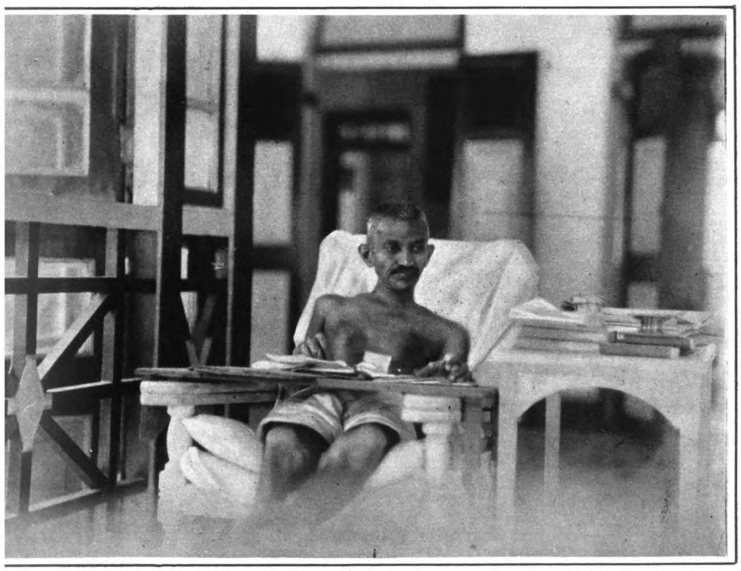
From that time, fire was a constant bugbear and the Company kept both eyes open. An entry in its minutes of Jan. 3, 1722, is: "It being represented to the Court that some youths and others in Leadenhall Market have made it a practice in sport to catch weasels and, daubing them over with oyl of turpentine or spirit of wine and seting the same on fire, have turned them loose, by which means the Company's warehouses there may be exposed to great danger by the weasels returning thither, from whence it is believed they came: ordered that it be referred to the Committee of Warehouses to examine matter of fact and apply such remedys for preventing a repetition of such dangerous practices as they judge proper." And in June 1728 it was noted that the Company's solicitor had been instructed to prosecute two persons accused of "setting fire to a dog anointed with combustible stuff . . . whereby the whole neighbourhood were exposed to great danger." Strange comments on the period!

Rioting was another expensive cause of trouble, particularly that of the Spitalfields weavers, in 1696-97, when the Huguenot artisans and their wives, who had settled here after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, demonstrated at Westminster, mobbed the House of Commons, attacked the East India House, and were only checked by the Trained Bands.

Most curious charge of all, however, was that of 2s. 6d. entered in 1707 as "by what paid the Coroner for the pistoll with which Rawlins killd himselfe." Mr. Foster comments: "Who Rawlins was, and why he killed himself, are questions we cannot answer. Probably he was one of the watchmen, and had committed suicide with a pistol belonging to the Company; the weapon would thereby be forfeited to the Crown as a deodand, and could only be recovered upon payment of its value. This quaint practice, which was not abolished until the reign of Queen Victoria, dates from a very early period. The root notion was that an animal or thing that caused a man's death ought to be destroyed in expiation; but this was modified into forfeiture, first to pious uses, and then to the Crown. A strange distinction was made in English Law between an instrument in motion and an instrument at rest. For instance, if a man were killed while climbing up the wheel of a cart at rest, only the wheel became a deodand; while if the accident took place while the cart was moving, the cart and all that it carried were forfeited. If a boy fell from a horse in motion, with fatal results, the horse was impounded; but if the fall took place while the horse was standing still, there was no deodand. It was the duty of the Coroner's jury to decide not only the instrument of death but its value, in order that the Crown might get its due. Naturally, these forfeitures were extremely unpopular; and it became the practice for juries, with the connivance of the judges, to fix trifling values in order to defeat what was felt to be an inequitable claim."

Thus the chronicler, with much else that will interest—from staff salaries to "Bohe" tea at £1 14s. a pound; from office hours and "holydays" to "two mastiffe doggs and meat for them" at a charge of £4, probably for presentation to the Queen of Achin, in 1658; from moral rules for the clerks to the Royal East India Volunteers; from the presentation of Christmas spice to directors, chief officials, and those of the Customs officials "who have deserved it" to the profits of eighteenth-century supercargoes: "the chief supracargo might fairly and honestly gain upon the success of one voyage from eight to ten thousand pounds, and the rest in proportion." And, with this, much of the Company's London homes. Altogether a most entertaining book.

E. H. G.



LIGHTLY CLAD REFORMER, WHO WAS LATELY SAID TO BE ABANDONING HIS POLICY OF OBSTRUCTION: MOHAMDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI, THE INDIAN NATIONALIST LEADER, CONVALESCING AT THE SEASIDE SINCE HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON.

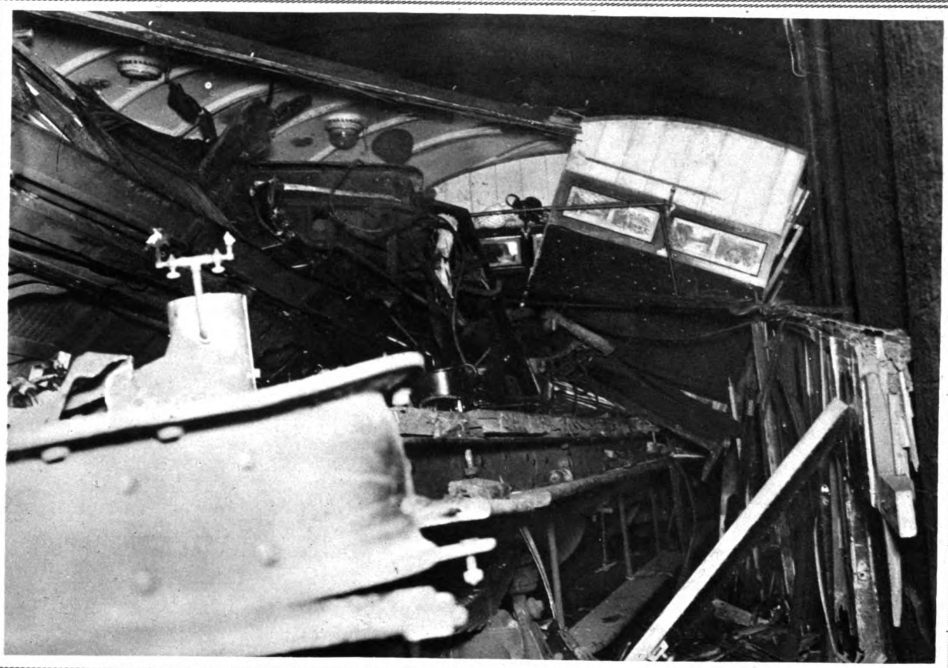
Gandhi, the well-known leader of the Non-Co-operation movement in India, who was sentenced in March 1922 to six years' imprisonment, was released last February for reasons of health. Doctors advised six months' convalescence at the seaside, and the Government decided to remit unconditionally the remainder of his sentence. It was recently reported that he intended to advise Swarajists (Home Rulers) to cease "indiscriminate obstruction against British rule and to co-operate with the Government whenever possible.—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]

THE CUP FINAL RAILWAY DISASTER: COLLISION IN A LONDON TUNNEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO., AITKEN, L.N.A. AND TOPICAL.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT IN WHICH FOUR MEN FROM COVENTRY WERE KILLED AND SOME FIFTY PEOPLE INJURED: STRETCHER CASES REMOVED FROM THE TUNNEL NEAR EUSTON.

RESCUED AFTER BEING PINNED UNDER WRECKAGE FOR FIVE HOURS: DRIVER ADAMS (OF THE ELECTRIC TRAIN), WHO DISPLAYED GREAT FORTITUDE, BEING WHEELED AWAY IN AN AMBULANCE.



SHOWING PHOTOGRAPHS INTACT ON THE SIDE OF A SHATTERED CARRIAGE, IN THE REAR COACH OF THE CUP TIE "SPECIAL" FROM COVENTRY, AND (LEFT) THE MOTOR OF THE ELECTRIC TRAIN FROM WATFORD, WHICH RAN INTO IT: A SCENE OF WRECKAGE.

THE day of the Cup Final, April 26, was marred by a terrible railway accident in which many excursionists travelling from Coventry to see the match were involved. The excursion train from Coventry was waiting in the tunnel between Chalk Farm station and Euston, owing to adverse signals, when an electric train from Watford crashed into it from behind. Both the rear coach of the Coventry "special" and the front part of the electric train were telescoped, but the casualties occurred chiefly in the former, which was packed with passengers. Three of them were killed outright—Mr. Thomas Bradshaw, Mr. Samuel Ives, and Mr. James Gray—and another, Mr. William Dix, died in hospital after an operation. All four were from Coventry, as also were most of the injured, numbering about fifty, and the news cast a gloom over that city. The horror of the scene was enhanced, and the work of rescue made more difficult, by

[*Continued opposite.*

THE TRAIN THAT SUFFERED CHIEFLY IN THE COLLISION: THE COVENTRY "SPECIAL," WHICH WAS PACKED WITH EXCURSIONISTS FOR THE F.A. CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY—SHOWING WRECKAGE.

Continued.]

the fact that the collision occurred in a tunnel, also by the danger from "live" rails and the risk of fire. The electric rail, however, was quickly deadened, and happily no fire broke out. Extinguishers were at hand, and ambulances were soon on the spot, the uninjured passengers joining in the work. All the injured were rapidly removed to hospital, except one, the driver of the electric train, an elderly man named Adams, who was pinned under heavy metal-work. It took five hours to extricate him, and he displayed remarkable fortitude and calmness during the ordeal, directing the efforts of his rescuers. He was eventually taken to the London Temperance Hospital, where an enquiry was received from the King as to his condition and that of other victims. Cases were also received by University College Hospital, the Middlesex, the Royal Free, and the Royal Northern Hospitals.

DRAMATIC CUP FINAL BEFORE 105,000 PEOPLE AT WEMBLEY :

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPOR

THE FIRST GOAL OF THE MATCH KICKED ONLY EIGHT MINUTES BEFORE THE END : NEWCASTLE UNITED'S CENTRE-FORWARD, HARRIS (IN STRIPED JERSEY, SECOND FROM LEFT), JUST AFTER PUTTING IN HIS SUCCESSFUL SHOT AFTER A FINE PIECE OF COMBINATION.

WITH THE HUGE CROWD OF 105,000 SPECTATORS DIVIDED INTO SECTIONS BY THE NEW PARTITIONS, AND BARRED FROM THE FIEL FOR THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP, PLAYED IN TH

e F.A. Cup Final, the great event of the year in Association football, was played in the Stadium at Wembley on Saturday, April 26, between Newcastle ited and Aston Villa. Up to nearly the end of the match neither side had scored, but within the last ten minutes two brilliant goals were kicked for wcastle United in quick succession, by Harris and Seymour respectively. Newcastle United thus won by two goals to nil. The Duke of York, who was sent, shook hands with both teams before the match, and afterwards handed the Cup to the victors. The total number of spectators was officially given

TWO SPECTACULAR GOALS IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES.

ND GENERAL, AND C.N.

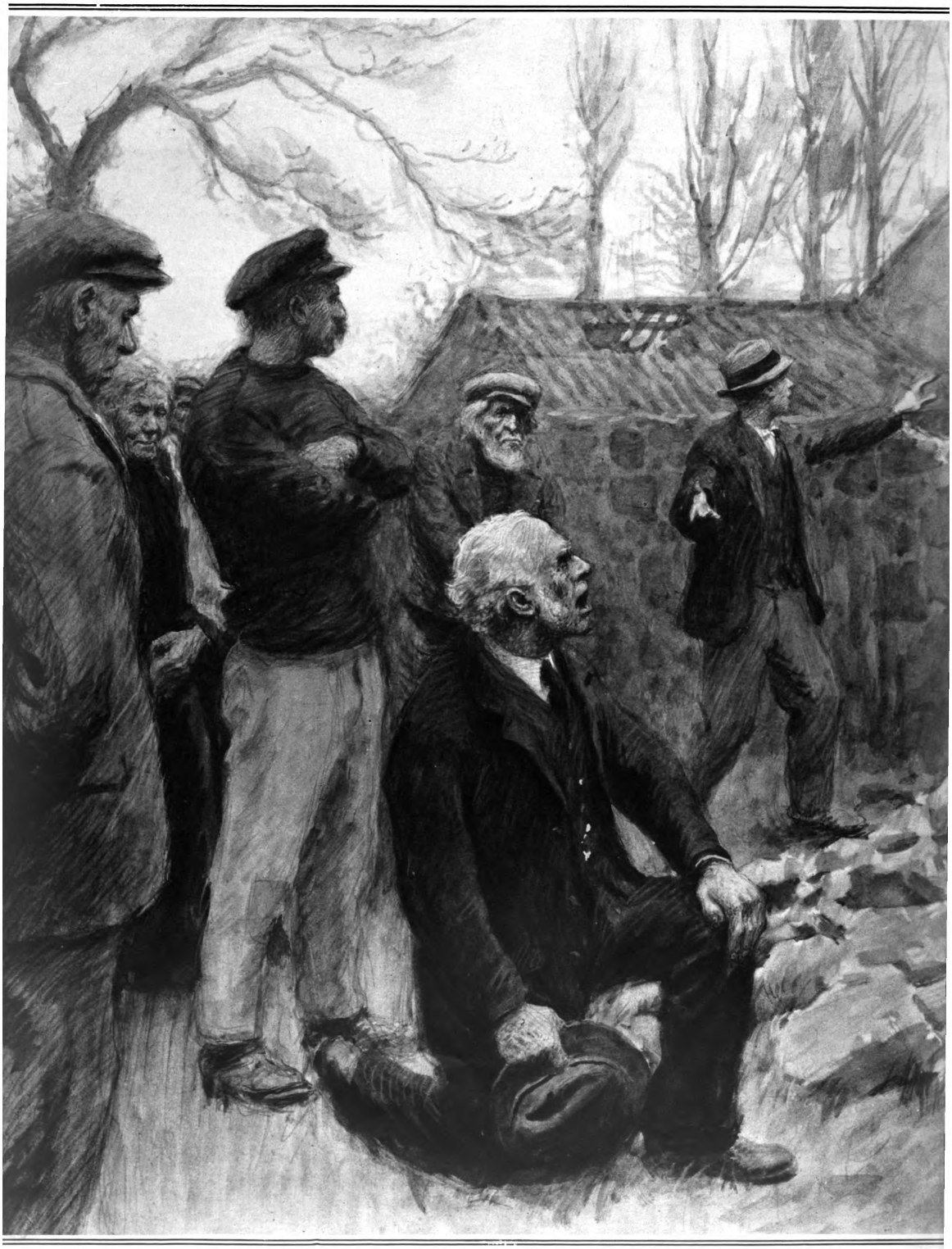
A TREMENDOUS SHOT BY SEYMOUR (ON THE EXTREME LEFT), FROM A DISTANCE OF 25 YARDS, WHICH TOOK THE ASTON VILLA GOALKEEPER (JACKSON) BY SURPRISE: THE SECOND OF THE TWO GOALS THAT GAVE VICTORY TO NEWCASTLE UNITED.

A SOLID WALL CONSTRUCTED SINCE LAST YEAR TO PREVENT A RECURRENCE OF DISORDER: A PANORAMA OF THE MATCH IUM AT WEMBLEY BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK.

105,000, but there was no repetition of the disorders of last year, as the arrangements had been thoroughly reorganised; lateral partitions had been con-ucted to divide the tiers into sections, and a solid containing wall had been built at the foot all round the Stadium, to prevent the crowd from encroaching the field of play. After the finish the whole Stadium was cleared of its occupants within a few minutes. In our photographs the Newcastle United players n be distinguished by their striped jerseys, and the Aston Villa men by plain jerseys

"HARO! HARO! HARO! À L'AIDE, MON PRINCE! ON MI

DRAWN

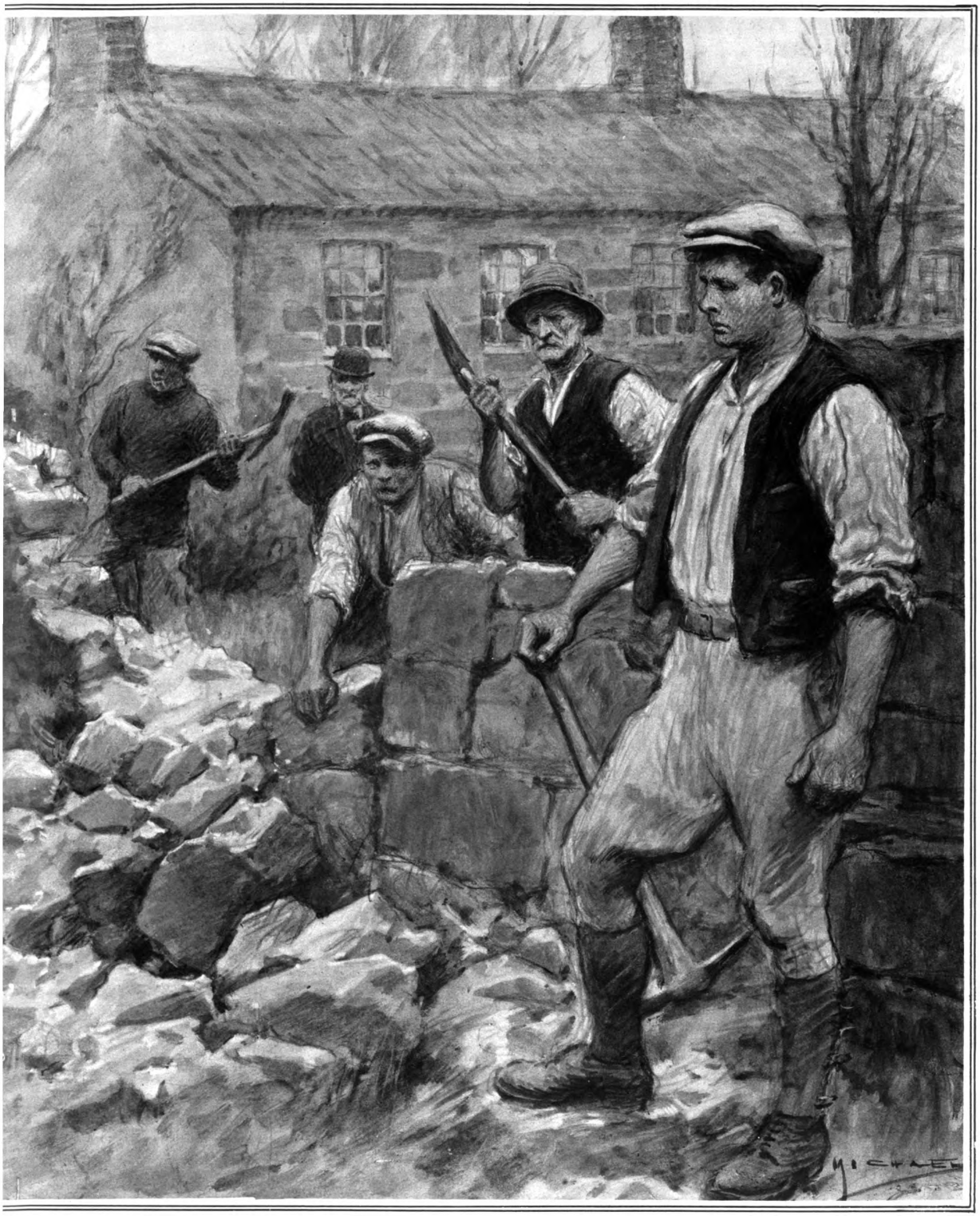


KNEELING TO REPEAT THE FORMULA AND RECITE THE LORD'S PRAYER IN FRENCH:

eading barrister of Guernsey, Mr. H. C. Ninnim, explaining this remarkably interesting picture, writes: "The 'Clameur de Haro' has its origin from Rou, Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy. The formula used is as follows: 'Haro! Haro! Haro! à l'aide, mon Prince: on me fait tort" (Help, my Prince! does me wrong). The appellant must kneel on at least one knee when the appeal is made, and then, before rising, must recite the Lord's Prayer in ıch, in the presence of two witnesses. This 'Clameur de Haro' was a prayer for the Prince's aid against anyone who wished to take possession of the)erty of someone else, or cause damage thereto. It was a means of keeping in one's possession what was attacked, and of defending it against the ence of the stronger. When the appeal is made to Haro, the attacking party must cease his enterprise, and, if he does not do so, it is a 'contempt,'

FAIT TORT": A NORMAN SURVIVAL IN GUERNSEY LAW.

A. C. MICHAEL.



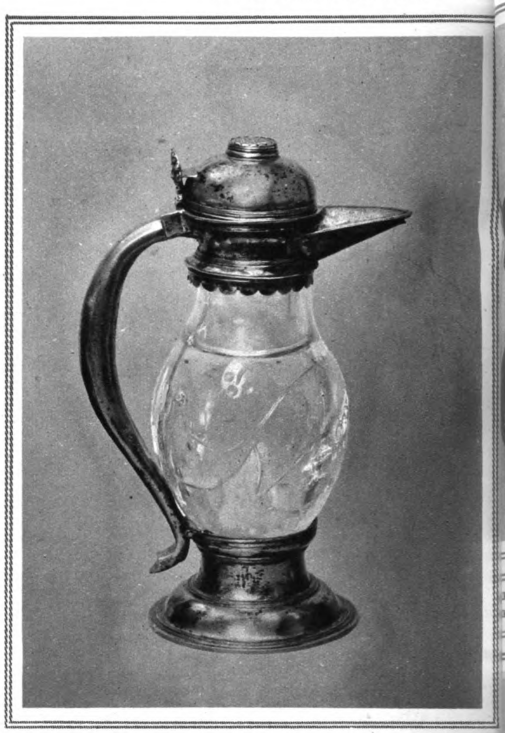
A GUERNSEY FARMER STOPS THE DEMOLITION OF A WALL BY "CLAMEUR DE HARO."

for which he must be condemned to a penalty towards the King, and to one night's imprisonment in the Castle, and the 'Procureur' (Attorney-General) must repair all damage done if he has been duly informed of the same. (This, however, is never done at the present time.) The appeal cannot be made against the act of an officer of the Court in the exercise of his duty, nor against the King's order. The appeal must be made within a year and a day from the act complained of. A party making the appeal must present himself before the Bailiff, or two Jurats of the Royal Court, within twenty-four hours from the time of the appeal, and then go to the Greffe Office to register the appeal. The Court is afterwards called upon to adjudicate on the matter, either by the party making the appeal or by the other side. Several cases have come before the Court of Guernsey during the last few years."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]*

A GREAT COLLECTION COMING UNDER THE HAMMER: TUDOR ART

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS

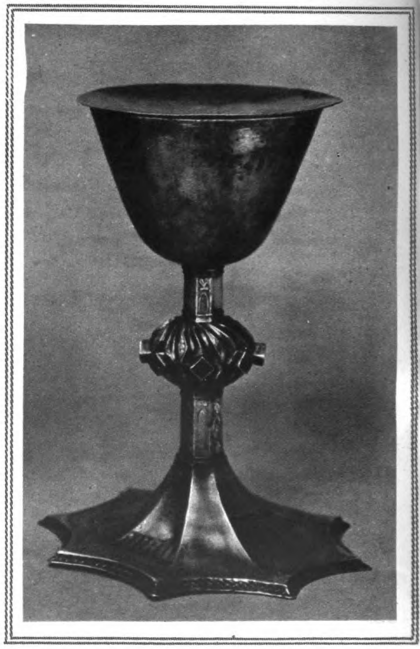
1. ELIZABETHAN SILVER-GILT: (L. TO R.) A STONEWARE JUG, BY C. ESTON, 1590 (10⅛ IN. HIGH); A MARBLE TANKARD (9 5-8 IN.); AND A RHODIAN FAIENCE JUG, 1586 (10½ IN.).



2. QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GIFT: A ROCK-CRYSTAL EWER MOUNTED WITH SILVER-GILT, 1565 (9¼ IN. HIGH).

5. OLD FOREIGN SILVER: (L. TO R.) A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN BEAKER OF ROCK-CRYSTAL (8⅛ IN. HIGH); A FRENCH CHALICE, DATED 1222 (7⅛ IN.); AND A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH BURETTE (7⅛ IN.).

6. BELIEVED TO HAVE BELONGED TO SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD, KNIGHT-MARSHAL TO QUEEN MARY: A HENRY VIII. CHALICE (6 IN. HIGH) AND PATEN (5 1-8 IN. DIAM.), WITH LONDON HALL-MARK OF 1518.



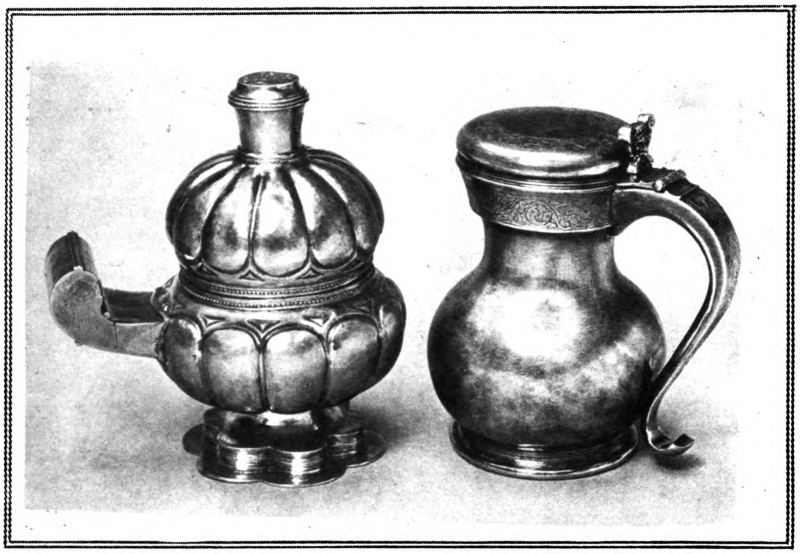
7. INSCRIBED AS MADE IN 1494 FOR THOMAS BURKE, OF DONEGAL: AN IRISH CHALICE (8¾ IN. HIGH).

The sale of the magnificent collection of old silver formed by the first Lord Swaythling, to take place at Christie's on May 6 and 7, will be one of the most important held in London for a long time. The greater part of the collection has for many years been exhibited on loan at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Many of the pieces possess great historic interest. Thus, the Elizabethan ewer and cover (No. 2 above) was given by Queen Elizabeth to John, Lord Erskine, twenty-second Earl of Mar (Regent of Scotland in 1571), for the baptism of one of his children, about the time of the Coronation of James VI. of Scotland, in 1567. The Regent's son gave it to his second wife, Lady Marie Stewart, the King's cousin, and she left it to her son, Sir Charles Erskine of Bandeath and Alva, from whose descendants it was purchased at Christie's in 1904. The Henry VIII. chalice and paten (No. 6) probably belonged originally to Sir Henry Bedingfield, Knight, of Oxburgh, Norfolk, one of the first to declare for Queen Mary on the death of Edward VI. He was made

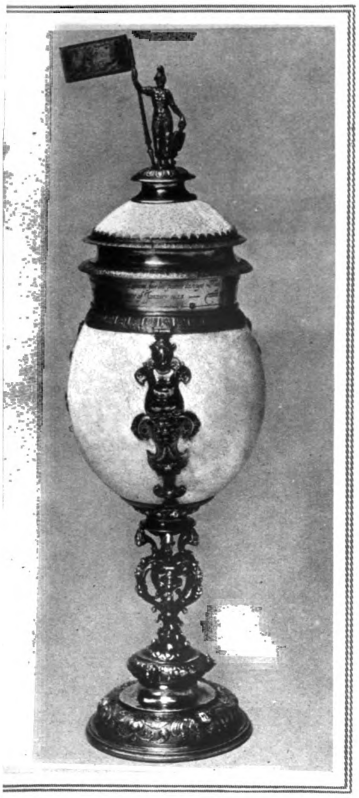
TUART, AND FOREIGN WORK AMONG THE SWAYTHLING SILVER.

ISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.

. LIKE ONE DATED 1664 AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE: COMMONWEALTH SALT-CELLAR, 1656 (4 7-8 IN. HIGH).



4. A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER-GILT GOTHIC CUP (16¼ IN. HIGH), PROBABLY MADE FOR SIR JOHN RODNEY; AND (RIGHT) A QUEEN MARY TANKARD, 1556 (6 IN.) THAT BELONGED TO AN ARCHDEACON OF OXFORD.



. WITH OSTRICH-EGG BOWL AND INSCRIPTION OF 1623: JAMES I. STANDING CUP AND COVER (18¼ IN. HIGH).

9. ENGRAVED IN LARGE GOTHIC LETTERS, "SOLI DEO HONOR ET GLORIA" (TO GOD ALONE HONOUR AND GLORY): A SILVER-GILT FONT-SHAPED TUDOR CUP (3¼ IN. HIGH) WITH LONDON HALL-MARK FOR 1500.

night-Marshal of her army, Captain of the Guards, and Governor of the Tower of London. The chalice and paten descended to his namesake, Sir Henry edingfield, Bt., of Oxburgh Hall, and were bought at Christie's in 1905. The ostrich egg cup (No. 8), one of the finest pieces of the James I. period in ie collection, bears the following quaint inscription engraved on the lip of the bowl: "This Cupp was given to Mr. John Stopes, our Parsonns Sonne, by ie Parishioners of the Parish of St. Mary Magdalens In or neere Olde Fishstreete, London, for his painestakinge with us by his often preaching with us, oping that he will so friendly accept it as we most franckly and willing meane it. The first daye of January, 1623." On one side of the banner held by ie figure of Minerva at the top are the words: "The 4 of October, 1577, Mr. James Stopes came to be or Parson." On the other side (seen in the photo-aph) is a figure of the Magdalen.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

ONE of the most interesting of the newer books recalls a note that fell to be made upon this page some little time ago. It was a note of correction, not perhaps a frequent occurrence here, but one should not boast. Possibly in the stream of verbiage that one is compelled to pour forth week by week, and deliver to the printer on an appointed day, more errors occur than one discovers. If that is so, then my readers are all too indulgent, for a letter of admonition is of rare receipt. Such notes, however, are always welcome, for I would not, if blameworthy, sit unreproved.

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When a slip does occur, it is usually a case for confession in Dr. Johnson's famous phrase—"Stark insensibility, Sir," with perhaps "insensibility" altered to "ignorance." In the instance more immediately in my memory, the latter word fitted the case exactly. It was an example of criticism on insufficient grounds, and yet I had consulted authorities before I made it. But *quis custodiet custodes ipsos?* The phrase is doubly appropriate, for the whole question had to do with the Brigade of Guards. In a novel of the war, in many ways the ablest and most convincing of all the war-novels, a junior officer was spoken of as an "Ensign." This led me (an ignorant civilian) to ask (there was no censure in my note) whether such a rank now existed in the British Army. A standard book of reference told me that Ensigns were abolished in 1871. But every rule has its exception, and here the rule of the exception holds good.

. . . . . .

A few days after the article appeared, there came to my hands a very courteous letter from the author of the novel, a Guards officer, to say that in the Guards the title of Ensign is still used. I made due submission in print, and filed the letter as a most interesting autograph, for it bore the signature of Wilfrid Ewart, from whom the world looked for great things yet to be in fiction. Not long afterwards it was announced that Mr. Ewart was about to make a tour in Mexico with Mr. Stephen Graham—news that aroused the liveliest expectations of another conjoint travel-book in the vein of that delightful work which Mr. Graham wrote after his tour in the West with Mr. Vachel Lindsay. It is a book of conversations—"Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies." Mr. Graham was the actual writer, but he heard Poet Vachel his catechism by the camp fire and set down the answers. With a change of catechumen, it seemed that the new work would be as rich in discursive talk as its forerunner.

. . . . . .

But it was not to be. On an evening in January 1923, the newspaper told us that Wilfrid Ewart had been accidentally shot at Mexico City on Old Year's Night, 1922. The news led everyone who understood its full significance to "consider" (as Sir Walter Scott said of another brilliant man fallen), "the quantity of genius of which Britain was prematurely deprived." "Revelation," Ewart's admirable novel, was to have no successor; Graham was to write few pleasant interludes of talk and travel with his friend; but Ewart was not to miss his literary memorial. Although, directly, it is but a dedication, the whole book so dedicated is his monument, for it is the record of the tour he was fated not to finish. So far, he accompanied Mr. Graham. Together they had seen the Seven Cities of Cibola, and the famous Shaleco dance at the "centre of the Earth." Thence Mr. and Mrs. Graham rode with Ewart to Jemez and on to Mexico City, where fate overtook him.

. . . . . .

Before Ewart joined the party, Mr. Graham had made "The Columbus Journey." He sailed from Cadiz on a Spanish ship, "and the voyage we were making was the voyage Columbus made, seeking a new way to India, and coming upon the Indies." They were fifteen days out—"a beautiful voyage, so serene, with blue skies every day, and a just waving sea and a breeze behind the boat that wafts our smoke ahead of it. It is delicious to sit up on the nose of the boat and be a Columbus now. . . . Each still night we seem to pass through something, as it were, through mists and veils which are hiding something new." Mr. Graham's description is as true as it is entrancing, as everyone will agree who has sailed those waters on a slow boat in fair weather. I am not sure that I have been quite so far South (he gives no bearings), but something I know of that Atlantic magic in the latitude of the Azores, down to which a ship I remember was steered far out of her usual course by a prudent skipper who had the fate of the *Titanic*, scarcely a fortnight earlier, before his eyes, and sought to avoid all hazard of ice.

. . . . . .

If you begin Mr. Graham's "In Quest of Eldorado" (Macmillan; 12s.), you will not, I promise you, lay it down before the last page is turned. If he is delightful on the high seas, he is not less charming when he has made his landfall and visits the islands and the mainland. It is on no purely material errand that he takes us in quest of Eldorado, but to a spiritual treasure house. For more than one reason, we read this book with the lines of Edgar Allan Poe lingering in our thought—

> "Over the Mountains
> Of the Moon,
> Down the Valley of the Shadow,
> Ride, boldly ride,"
> The shade replied—
> "If you seek for Eldorado!"

. . . . . .

This is a day, or a night (for lately many preoccupations have made the usual hours for task-writing all too short, and I am burning the midnight, or rather, the small-hours oil), a night on which the books run, fortunately, in companionable groups. One of these volumes has, I know, been reviewed already, on April 5, by my colleague, "E. H. G.," on the "Best Book" page, but the subject of this article warrants a return, and—there are excellent precedents. From Mr. Graham's chapter of adventurous history, ancient and modern, it is a happy and appropriate transition to the other volume, as original as it is welcome, by the Last of the Conquistadors. He is still with us, happily, and, if his exploits are literary rather than martial and buccaneering, the spirit of the soldier of fortune vibrates in all his pages. Again our author is a gallant Graham, hight Cunninghame, R. B., who has followed up his "Conquest of New Granada," which gave me inexhaustible enjoyment not long ago (enjoyment duly acknowledged on this page), with "The Conquest of the River Plate" (Heinemann; 15s.). That book was justly compared with Prescott, but it had individual qualities that lift it far above any charge of mere imitation, and here, again, is another chapter of conquest, new and thrilling and more difficult to write than perhaps any chapter of South American history, because the records are scantier, even almost non-existent.

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The tale of Mexico, in New Granada and Peru, was told by rough soldiers with the incomparable literary touch of Bernal Diaz del Castillo or Pedro Cieza de Léon, whose very names are literature. "Cortez himself wrote well and like a scholar." Quesada (the Granada hero—you remember his river expedition by night, which becomes in Mr. Cunninghame Grahame's hand a veritable idyll), Quesada was an author of repute. Nor do these end the list of writers who "chronicled in good Spanish all that they saw and did." But "all this was wanting in the history of the conquest of the River Plate." The only record by an eye-witness was written by an illiterate German soldier in his own tongue, one Hulderico Schmidel, whose name, if you would get it right, is an adventure. Likewise his birthplace, not Strasburg (Estrasburgo in one edition), but Straubing in Bavaria, requires much minutiæ of the footnote to set all in order. He never got good Spanish, and his place-names are full of traps for the unwary and mystification for the learned; but for all that "he is the one writer who saw all that he wrote about." A good man, it appears, and the chief authority, and in the main to be trusted.

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With Schmidel for guide, and much reinforcement from his own stores of knowledge, Mr. Cunninghame Graham has woven his new romance that is yet solid and warrantable history. Good wine needs no bush. The prosing reviewer who stands between the reader and this work deserves the worst tortures of the Inquisition. The best the public crier of books can do is to make it known, and to say in the old monastic tag: "*Tolle, lege.*" (Take up and read.) I can answer for it that none who do so will be disappointed.

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Apropos of this subject, there has lately appeared a novel, very readable and agreeable, under the sonorous title "Conquistador," by Katherine Fullerton Gerould (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), which makes a pleasant foil to these books of travel and history combined. It is not, however, a story of the age of the Conquistadors, but of their successors, and of the survival of their spirit into the present day. The plot hinges on the antagonism of Latin-American customs and traditions to those of a Briton born, and when it is hinted that the imbroglio is somewhat matrimonial, little more need be said to stimulate curiosity. It may not be a novel of the first flight, but it is well worth reading.

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Another history of an adventure has to do, first of all, with a Briton, and next with the modern representatives, not of the Latins, but of the Greeks. This book should by rights have been noticed a fortnight ago, but it did not come into my hands until that week's page and its successor (owing to Easter holiday arrangements, which antedate the usual times of going to press) were already in type. Consequently one had to fob the book off with a mere mention of its announcement by the publisher. These snags are inevitable at the great Church and St. Lubbock festivals. At last, however, it is possible to repair the gap, more or less, although the right place for any remarks was the Byron centenary article of April 19.

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The book is Mr. Harold Spender's "Byron and Greece" (Murray; 15s.). Mr. Spender has collected all the passages of Byron's prose and verse relating to Greece—a useful compendium and a valuable service to students of this particular aspect of the poet. It was a work that required to be done, and has been done with great thoroughness. There is new material from Mr. Murray's archives, including an authoritative account of the burning of Byron's Memoirs. The notes to the text are copious and illuminating.

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One or two considerations make me long to hold, at comfortable leisure, a Platonic dialogue with Mr. Spender on the question of Byron as a Grecian. Too often it is taken for granted that Byron was moved by a pure enthusiasm for Classical Antiquity in his espousal of the Greek cause and his interest in things Grecian. This, it may be submitted, is open to debate, and Mr. Spender evidently has the point in mind; but I should have liked to find in the book some analysis of Byron's Greek scholarship—a subject that has always moved my curiosity.

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It is a point which would bear further elucidation, and it would have fallen into the scheme of this book very appropriately. To say that "the theme of Greece became for Byron, as well as for Shelley, the vehicle of a higher soul," and that "he followed the gleam," may be true, doubtless is true, but it leaves us somewhat in the dark as to what precisely was "the gleam"—the concept of Greece that so moved the poet. It was certainly not the same as Shelley's by a very long interval. Was it the concept of the accomplished scholar, the man inspired with the classical ideal, or merely the concept of a man who knew a great deal about Greece and mingled his knowledge with a large share of romanticism, into which many other elements entered? Perhaps in a future edition Mr. Spender will discuss this at greater length.

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One more note, and I promise to leave this ever-intriguing poet out of the weekly bill until Mr. Desmond McCarthy's new biography appears, when duty will make a further word imperative. Mr. Spender follows ancient tradition in considering "The Isles of Greece" apart from its context; but one is tempted to wonder whether that is altogether an advantage. As an isolated strain of patriotism, to be sure, it can very well stand by itself; but there is not a little to be gained by remembering the scene in which it was sung and the personality of its composer—not Byron, but the hireling poet at Haidee's revel. With that in mind, one catches points otherwise lost or obscure, and the continuity of Byron's inspiration all through his epic becomes apparent. He was often less desultory than he himself believed. It is comforting, by-the-bye, to see that the quotation of the Romaic in "I enter thy garden of roses" follows Mr. Coleridge's edition, in which it was first rescued from the unholy orthographical mutiny that had pursued it through all previous editions.

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The story, in part, of a more recent soldier of fortune, a patriot who seemed at first to fail in his efforts for his adopted country, but finally, by his enlightened action and his wise policy of conciliation, brought his cause to a happy issue, will be found in "General Botha," by Earl Buxton (Murray; 12s.). It is a book that will attract not only those who are interested in South African affairs, but also every reader who cares for the well-told tale. Lord Buxton has not attempted a formal biography. He is content to give an account of the Botha whom he knew intimately from the outbreak of the Great War to the General's death in August 1919. But, although that is the main period covered by this personal record, the writer includes a sketch of Louis Botha's earlier career, without which his later years cannot be understood or appreciated.

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Botha, born a British subject in 1862, at Greytown, Natal, was of Huguenot ancestry. When he was five years old his family migrated to Vrede, in the Orange Free State, where he was bred to the life of a high-veld farmer. When he was nineteen he became a citizen of the Transvaal, in the politics of which he was to take so prominent a hand. In the South African War he made his mark at once as a soldier. After the peace of Vereeniging, he kept out of politics for five years, but worked quietly for the new part which he believed the Boer people were yet to play. His later history is known in outline to all men. Here it is set down in vivid detail by the intimate hand of a friend. In addition to a picturesque chapter of biography, Lord Buxton has given us a valuable subsidiary history of the South African phase of the Great War.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"ANCIENT FIRES." *(Cassell.)* By I. A. R. Wylie.
"NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE." *(Hutchinson.)* By Andrew Soutar.
"THE PERILOUS LOVERS." *(Fisher Unwin.)* By John Oxenham.
"POIROT INVESTIGATES." *(John Lane.)* By Agatha Christie.
"SECOND WIFE." *(Thornton Butterworth.)* By Lilian Arnold.
"SO BIG." *(Heinemann.)* By Edna Ferber.
"TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW." *(Thornton Butterworth.)* By Stephen McKenna.
"WOMAN TO WOMAN." *(Hutchinson.)* By Michael Morton and Peter Traill.

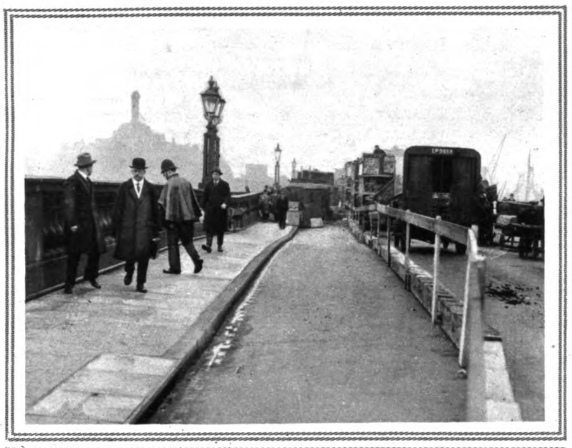
MISCELLANEOUS.

"MEMORIES AND FRIENDS." *(John Murray.)* By A. C. Benson.
"THE DRAMA OF THE LAW." *(Fisher Unwin.)* By His Honour Judge Edward Abbott Parry.
"SEVENTY-TWO YEARS AT THE BAR." *(Macmillan.)* By Ernest Bowen-Rowlands.
"TALES OF TIRAH AND LESSER TIBET." *(Hodder and Stoughton.)* By Mrs. L. A. Starr.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

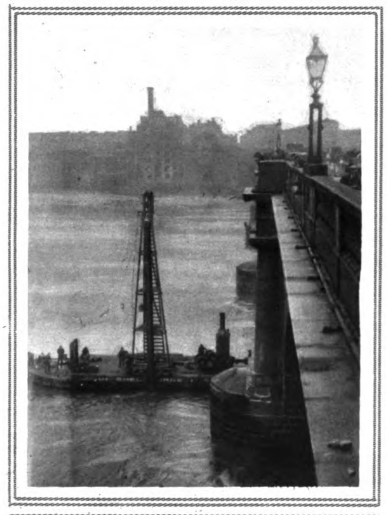
CAUSED BY A ZEPPELIN BOMB? THE SUBSIDENCE OF WATERLOO BRIDGE.

Photographs by Sport and General, "Daily Mail" Photo-Illustrations Co., and Central Press.

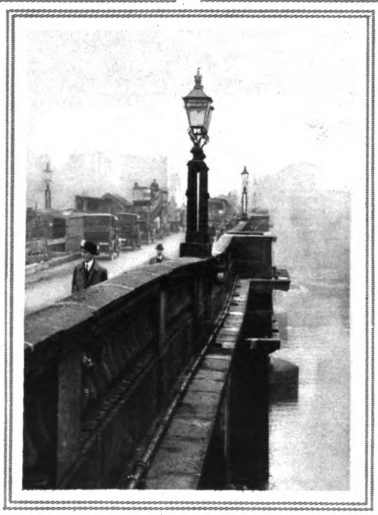


1. THE DIP (PARTLY HIDDEN BY PEDESTRIANS) IN THE PAVEMENT AND PARAPET: A VIEW TOWARDS THE SURREY SIDE, SHOWING THE ENCLOSURE FOR WORKMEN.

2. TO BE REBUILT BY THE L.C.C. AT A COST OF £1,000,000 (INCLUDING THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE): THE SAME VIEW AS IN NO. 1, SHOWING THE "DIP."

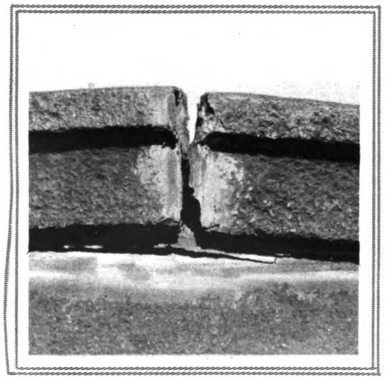


3. WORK DURING WHICH A DERRICK FELL INTO THE RIVER: A PILE-DRIVING BARGE WITH A PILE READY.



4. SHOWING THE "DIP" ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE TO THAT IN NOS. 1 AND 2: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BRIDGE.

5. SHOWING THE WEIGHT DROPPED ON TO A PILE TO DRIVE IT IN: MEN AT WORK ON A DERRICK.



6. EFFECTS OF THE SUBSIDENCE OF WATERLOO BRIDGE: A CRACK IN THE PARAPET.

7. ANOTHER OF THE GAPS IN THE MASONRY CAUSED BY THE SUBSIDENCE: A CRACK IN THE PARAPET.

8. EFFECTS OF THE SUBSIDENCE OF WATERLOO BRIDGE: A GAP BENEATH THE TOP OF THE PARAPET.

The London County Council recently adopted the scheme of the Improvements Committee for the reconstruction and widening of Waterloo Bridge, in a style to preserve the character of Rennie's work, and for the building of a temporary bridge to be used till the work is completed. The sum of £1,000,000 was voted for the execution of the scheme. A new theory of the cause of the subsidence has since been put forward. On April 24 divers reported a large crack at the base of the pier affected, and it was suggested that this crack may have been caused by a bomb which narrowly missed the bridge and exploded in the river during a Zeppelin raid in 1917. Preliminary work on the temporary bridge has been begun, but it was stated that the L.C.C. did not at present intend to close Waterloo Bridge, as it was quite capable of bearing the usual volume of traffic until the substitute is ready. Maintenance gangs are at work on the bridge night and day, with an inspector from the Engineering Department always on duty. On April 21 some of the stonework of the pier fell into the river, and another mishap occurred on the 25th, when a barge with pile-driving apparatus collided with the bridge and its derrick fell overboard into the water.

The World of the Theatre.

ENCH AND ENGLISH PLAYGOING: A CONTRAST IN MOODS.

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But to return to the living. As mentioned before, the English go to the theatre in a business-like way; of the French I would say that going to the theatre is a "business"—the business of life in a sense, for the theatre is part of life in France, but also the business of labour. The people are all excitement before they enter; they become almost ecstatic at the box-office. Everybody is in a hurry; everybody pushes somebody else; the file is unknown; the crush is a sport, and *place aux dames* is but rarely your place all at once; there is the formality of comparing your ticket with a plan in her hands—it takes time—and on Sundays in the smaller theatres there is often some confusion; somebody has taken your seat; sparring and sparkling words! At last, *tout s'arrange*—there remains the question of a programme, of a foot-stool, of oranges, chocolates and *dragées* flourished under your nose by another damsel or matron. You are all the time afraid that the curtain may go up while you deal with all these ceremonies. But no need to worry—the hour of starting is an advertising stunt—you are lucky (or unlucky as the case may be) if the curtain rises only fifteen minutes after the scheduled time. Meanwhile the noise and cackle around you is often deafening; the dropping of seats is alternated with the stamping of impatient feet—a pair at first, then a dozen, at length such a "stampede" that behind the curtain a bell begins to tinkle and at last the first of the three thuds is greeted with an immense "Ah!" of relief.

Then comes the transformation. As soon as the curtain is up, those who have arrived are wrapt in attentive silence. Late-comers may disturb but cannot deflect rapt interest. The play is on—the audience is transported into a new world. Nothing disturbs the stillness. Until the curtain falls there is no outward sign of appreciation—but the silence is eloquent. When the act is over, the connoisseur of audiences knows exactly how the wind blows. He reads the temperature of an audience as he reads his thermometer. There is no organisation of calls—an invidious thing all too often—as in our theatres. The reward is distributed all round, not single-handed.

In France, more than in England, the entr'acte is the trial of the play to the players. Our people indulge after the curtain's fall in brief exclamations of approval or depreciation. The average French playgoer, unless he is merely of the digestive order or a *bon bourgeois* out for the day, shuns such commonplaces. He is truly critical; he expresses blame or praise in analytical discussions, and not until he (or she) has delivered a kind of rhapsodical oration *pro* or *con*. does he wind up with "*Superbe*," which is a tower of praise, or "*Moche*," which puts the lid on everything—a brief summarising verdict after a reasoned summing-up. At the end of the performance there are no lengthy demonstrations, no unnecessary speeches; there are other things to look after: a renewed push and crush at the cloak-room, the wrangle to get out, the haste to get home. For it is now well after midnight; we have been four hours and more in the theatre, and spent two of them—or a little less—to feed the "buffet" in the interminable entr'acte.

Yes, it is a business to go to the theatre in France compared with our easy traffic between eight or eight-thirty and eleven. But then, to us, going to the play is a pastime; to the French it is a rite as ingrained in life as a daybreak Mass after the week's toil.

MME. HELENE JUNG: A CONTRALTO FROM DRESDEN.

ONE OF THE FEW BRITISH SINGERS: MISS FLORENCE AUSTRAL AS BRUNNHILDE.

MME. MARIA OLSZEWSKA: THE VIENNA CONTRALTO.

MME. GOETA LJUNGBERG: A WELL-KNOWN SOPRANO FROM SWEDEN.

IN A FAMOUS WAGNERIAN RÔLE: MME. FRIEDA LEIDER AS ISOLDE IN "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."

THE NEW GRAND OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN: SOME OF THE FAMOUS SINGERS ENGAGED.

Grand Opera season at Covent Garden is to begin on Monday, May 5, and continue till July 26. The programme e first two weeks, excepting two performances of Strauss's "Salome," is devoted entirely to Wagner. As our musical noted in our last issue, "a number of leading foreign singers have been engaged, and in the list of artists for the Wagner operas, Miss Florence Austral and Miss May Busby stand out as the only two British names."

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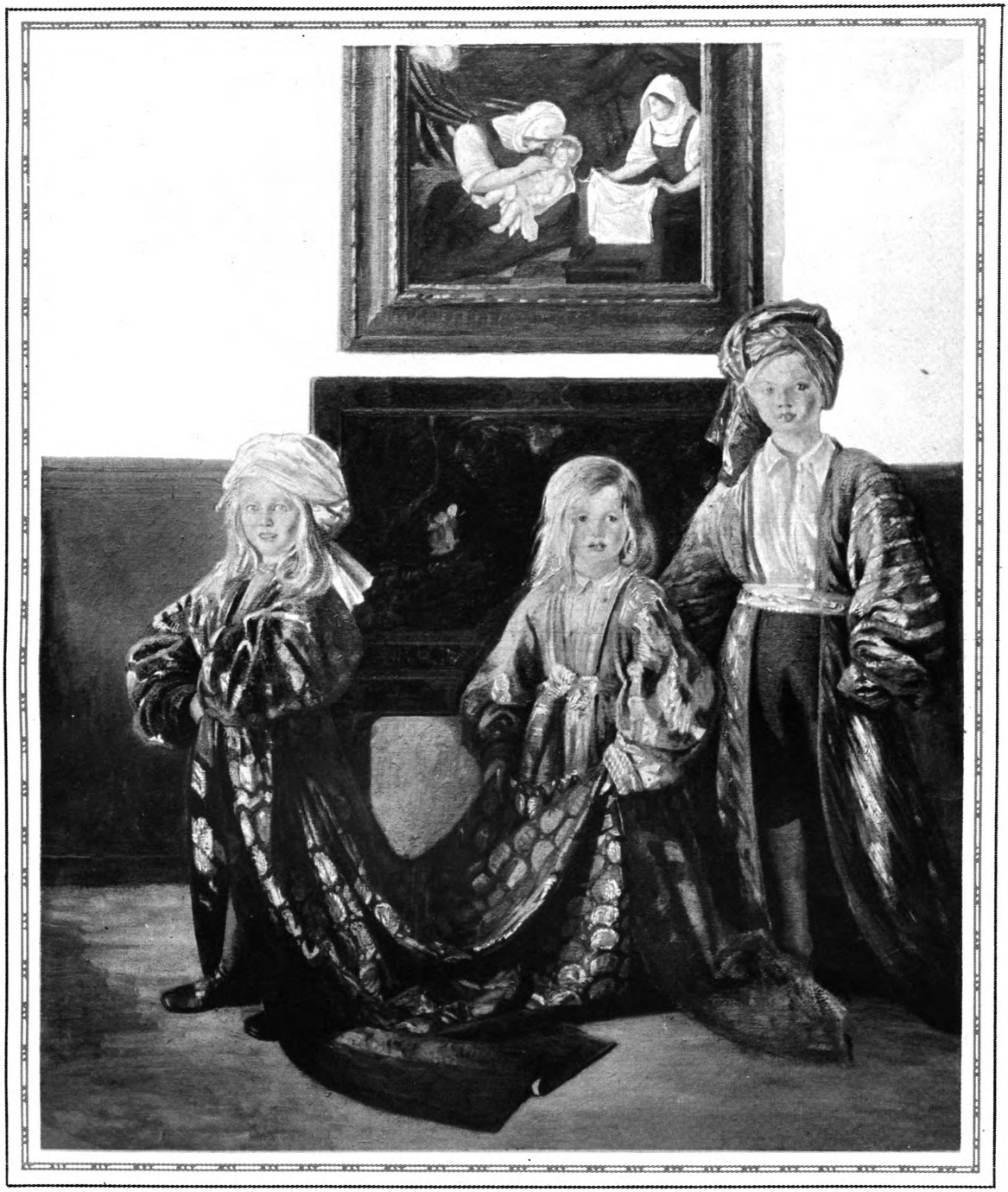
respected. And what an affair it is to get the ticket! The box-office keeper is always overwhelmed; he says that his head reels; he scribbles and he searches and he calculates. It is part and parcel of the administration. At last, after much ado, pushing, discussing the merit of the seat, counting of money, the ticket is duly conquered. Now comes the cloak-room: another little upheaval; you don't get served in a "jiffy"; they count your wearing apparel; they strap it up with a numbered string; they hand you a token, and with much trouble you extricate yourself from the throng—to fall into the hands of the *ouvreuse*. That relic of the past does not find

A MODERN MASTER FOR THE NATION: THE NEW CHANTREY PURCHASE.

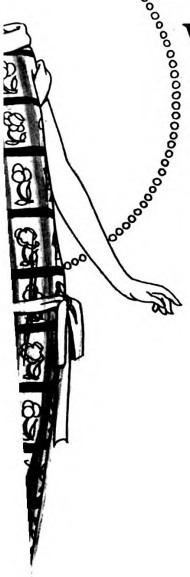
BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST, PROFESSOR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



BOUGHT BY THE ROYAL ACADEMY UNDER THE CHANTREY BEQUEST: "THE PRINCESS BADROULBADOUR," BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, PRINCIPAL OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART.

This charming picture by Professor William Rothenstein, which has just been purchased for the national collections under the Chantrey Bequest, is an oil painting said to have been done in 1908. It will be on view in the exhibition of the Royal Academy opening on May 5. The subject is a group of children playing at charades, and portraying characters from the "Arabian Nights." The little "Princess Badroulbadour" and her attendants have arrayed themselves in "oriental" costumes consisting mainly of dressing-gowns borrowed from "grown-ups" and improvised turbans. In the background is a lacquer cabinet and part of a picture of the Nativity. Professor Rothenstein, who is already represented at the Tate Gallery by two paintings and some drawings, has been Principal of the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, since 1920, and since 1917 has been Professor of Civic Art in the University of Sheffield. He is a Yorkshireman, having been born at Bradford in 1872 and educated at Bradford Grammar School. He studied art under Legros at the Slade School and afterwards in Paris. Examples of his work are in many public galleries at home and abroad, including the British Museum, the Luxembourg, Paris, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the National Gallery at Melbourne. Among his publications are "Oxford Characters," "A Life of Goya," and several series of "Portraits."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN



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company, and will follow their example, no doubt, in the desirable way of good looks as an index to good ways.

I have in America a most kind correspondent whose name I do not know and who knows me only as "A. E. L." I have received from her—she must be one of us, I am sure—a cutting about the bride of the Hon. John F. Amherst, son of Lord William Cecil and of his late wife, who was Baroness Amherst of Hackney in her own right. This states that if the bride does not reside in the United States she loses the Vanderbilt properties at Biltmore and a generous slice of the fortune left by her parent, estimated at fifty million dollars. Doubtless it will be no hardship to her to live in her own country, and her husband will feel it none to live there with her. They are not, apparently, debarred from visiting by the terms of the will. Once the Ambersts were quite wealthy people, but lost their fortune through some financial crash—I have forgotten what—but through no fault of theirs. They behaved in most plucky, honourable, and exemplary manner. The first Lady Amherst was a skilled carpenter and joiner, and worked a lathe with fine skill. There were no sons, but each of her daughters learned a trade. One was a bootmaker, another a turner ; I don't remember a plumber, but one—the Hon. Lady Cecil—took gardening as her trade. She has written charmingly about it, and was the first woman to be admitted a member of the Honourable Company of Gardeners. That was a long time ago, and doubtless there have been others since. From her picture in the paper so kindly sent to me, Cornelia Vanderbilt, the new bride in the Amherst family, is handsome, dignified, and looks as if she would know her own mind and take her own way.

Two attractive overblouses from Harvey Nichols. The one above is of white crêpe-de-Chine embroidered in scarlet, and the second of printed artificial silk bound with suède. (*See page* 806.)

Easter minds were made up as to holidays by the lovely weather, and, as ever with us islanders, there was a rush for the sea. North, south, east, or west, always the sea. Britons have the love of it in their natures, and it was in complacent and amiable mood this Easter, at least off the Devon and Dorset coasts, where in sun-warmed days and moonlit nights it looked entrancing. The old-world town of Lyme Regis, with its protecting Cobb of many centuries' standing, its bay with its queer mixture of style in buildings, is a fascinating place in which to read "Persuasion," and look at the house in which Jane Austen wrote it. Bursting with pride it may be—its front looks very bulgy. It is called "Wings," and they would be useful adjuncts to get up the many steps by which it is approached.

A visit of great interest in West Dorset is to the Swannery at Abbotsbury, which has been in the possession of the Strangways family since the days of good Queen Bess, and belongs now to its head, Lord Ilchester. People seldom have opportunity for intimate acquaintance with swans, which are shy birds. It is therefore a novel experience to visit them when they are domestically occupied in sitting on their huge nests, placed within a few yards of each other, and made of dry reeds and odds and ends of things that Mr. Swan picks up. Foundations of nests are supplied to them, and they do the rest, bringing fresh building material all through the time of sitting. Mr. Swan is a very fussy, busy person while Mrs. Swan sits. Also he is very gallant, for when his lady goes for a walk and a swim, and apparently stands on her head to feed on the grass which grows in profusion in the brackish water of the lake-like enclosure made by Chesil Beach, he sits on the eggs—from four to eight of them. He turns them very carefully with his strong yellow beak, and if he also goes out—possibly to send Mrs. Swan back, if he thinks she has been away too long—he covers them up with the loose part of the nest. There are eight hundred swans now in the swannery ; when the eggs are hatched there will be over a thousand cygnets. They are sold, and some are specially kept for Lord Ilchester's table. Once I encountered a cooked cygnet, and cannot say I enjoyed it. Possibly the culinary proceedings were not correct — they verily smelt to heaven !—or perhaps the cygnet was past his youth. At Lord Ilchester's table they certainly must be different !

A. E. L.

Knitted in real tapestry cross-stitch and colourings is this slender woollen coat trimmed with clipped wool, which hails from Harvey Nichols'. (*See page* 806.)

Born 1820—*Still going Strong!*

LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES NO. 11.

THE "OLD MERMAID TAVERN," Aldersgate Street, for which the distinction is claimed of being "continuously an inn longer than any other hostelry in the Metropolis." Often visited by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and their friends.

Johnnie Walker: "So this was the rendezvous of the choicest spirits of the Age."

Shade of Ben Jonson: "Yes! but none were so choice as you are."

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Fashions and Fancies.

ted Suits for Summer Days.

There are few women who do not share the opinion that there is nothing more comfortable than d suits and frocks, and who regret that the weather means laying them aside. But this many delightfully cool knitted affairs have their appearance, and some typical ex- from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., tured on page 804. The frock on the left is ite bouclette, with large overchecks of blue ack, each square surrounding a posy of gaily d flowers. It is available for twelve guineas; ttractive models of light woollen bouclette, bound with artificial silk and brightened with gay woollen flowers, are four guineas only. For sports wear, warm wrap coats are, of course, essential, and the soft woollen coat knitted in real tapestry cross-stitch pictured on the same page (price fifteen guineas) is an ideal tennis wrap. Three-quarter-length woollen coats knitted in an effective open-work checked design are 5½ guineas.

ps of ribbon is captivating f pedal straw, s from Henry eath's.

Jumpers Knitted and Otherwise.

The over-blouse is, of course, an essential feature of the summer wardrobe, and pictured on the same page are two which may be studied at Harvey Nichols'. Printed artificial silk in artistic colourings, bound and trimmed with suède, original model on the left (price three d the second, of white crêpe-de-Chine in scarlet, has two quaint pockets in the buttons tightly on the hips. It may be or 79s. 6d., and pretty models in cotton crêpe, embroidered in many colours, range from £1 1s. upwards. A most attractive affair for all sports is a roomy jumper of soft white crêpellaine (price 35s. 9d.), edged with a deep border of fleecy wool, introducing narrow coloured stripes.

Hats of Ribbon and Straw.

Every wardrobe needs one or two pretty little summer hats which will fulfil many missions, and sketched on this page are a trio of attractive suggestions from Henry Heath, 105, Oxford St., W. They are expressed in pedal straw, trimmed with ribbon and flowers worked in effective designs, and can be made in any desired colourings. For occasions demanding more elaborate toilettes, there is a wide choice of fascinating models. One picture hat, with the crown of silk rose petals and the double brim of crêpe-de-Chine, has a wonderful scarf *en suite*, heavily fringed with drooping petals; and another has an amusing scarf of ribbon attached to the brim of the hat. Waterproof and unspottable fur felts of every shape and hue are, of course, a speciality of this firm, and are known and appreciated by every sportswoman.

Here are two becoming hats of pedal straw for summer days, one trimmed with ribbons and the other with massed flowers. They may be studied in the salons of Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W.

A Book of Summer Fashions.

A simple way of planning the summer wardrobe is to study carefully the new illustrated catalogue issued by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. (which will be sent gratis and post-free to all who mention the name of this paper), and to consider the many attractive possibilities it contains. There are neat jumper suits of heavy crêpe-de-Chine, pleated at the sides to allow ample fulness for sports, priced at 6½ guineas; and simple chemise-frocks in the favourite sponge cloth, for 45s. 6d., completed with demure georgette collar, cuffs, and pockets. Perfectly tailored coat-frocks in fine repp are 7½ guineas; and 5½ guineas is the price of an attractive afternoon gown of heavy crêpe-de-Chine falling in graceful handkerchief draperies. Boudoir wrappers of shimmering woolback satin are obtainable for 69s. 6d. in many colours; and 35s. 9d. is the price of a practical washing boudoir jacket in the same material edged with fine lace. Naturally there is a wide range of bathing dresses, extending from a fascinating affair of taffeta with tiny picot-edged frills at each side of the long tunic, to a well-fitting woollen stockinette suit for 18s. 9d.

A Painting-Book Catalogue.

Every small denizen of the school-room and the nursery will revel in the delightful painting-book offered by Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., in the guise of a catalogue depicting "Fashions for Little Folk." Each page is decorated by merry gnomes and goblins as well as the small people wearing their new spring suits. There are smocked zephyr suits for 19s. 6d., and others in hair-cord for 17s. 6d.; while outfits in real Harris linen are 28s.

Novelty of the Week.

Ideal wraps for tennis and motoring are the new long scarf-capes of soft fleecy wool, completed with two useful pockets. They are available in several colourings for the modest sum of 8s. 6d.; and on application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the address whence they may be obtained.

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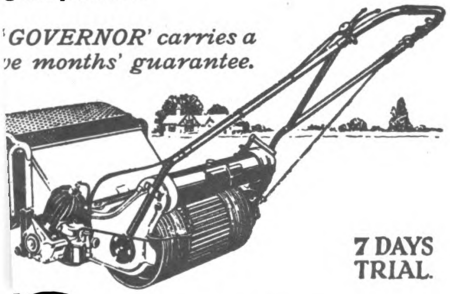

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NOTES.

1 when "His
were reduced
record amount-
course, single-
cement is that

a good chance of finding it under some alternative heading.

Lists of recorded works under the principal composers, together with short biographies of the composers and the Celebrity artists, add to the fascination of a book that, issued primarily as a trade catalogue, is actually encyclopædic in its scope. Over five hundred pages of small but clear type bear eloquent testimony to the importance that the gramo-

'H HER GRAND PIANO CARRIED ON THE HEADS OF FOURTEEN INDIAN WOMEN: COUNTESS HELENA MORSZTYN (WHO RECENTLY MADE HER FIRST "H.M.V." RECORDS) AT NAGPUR.

ntess Helena Morsztyn made her début as a recording artist in the March list of "His Master's Voice" records. Above is seen superintending the removal of her piano at Nagpur, Central Provinces, India. There were fourteen bearers, all women, who carried the instrument on their heads. What if one of them had stumbled!

OGUE.
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phone has now reached, and the gramophonist should bespeak a copy of this super-catalogue from his dealer without delay.

MORE COMPLETE WORKS.

Both the "His Master's Voice" and the "Columbia" Companies are indulging in a perfect orgy of recording big works in their entirety, which would seem to point to the success of their previous efforts in this direction. Certainly, the lack of such sets of records was, up to about a couple of years ago, holding back the development of the gramophone as a serious musical entertainer. Comparing music with literature, the ordinary record, even if it extend to two sides of a disc, is the "short story," a mere morsel. And, however pleasant such may be—and many are very beautiful indeed—the real music-lover can no more exist on these alone than the bookworm can be wholly satisfied with short stories.

The recording companies have recognised this, and have now settled down to make complete recordings of the larger instrumental works a regular feature of their output. Of the Beethoven Symphonies we have already the No. 5 ("H.M.V.") and No. 8 ("Columbia"); while the Ninth, complete with Choral section, is announced for early release ("H.M.V."). I hope to give a detailed review of this last in my next notes, as the records are not to hand at the time of writing. Modern composers are also having a good show, and the tendency seems to be in the direction of choosing works by their musical value. In short, we are now getting plenty of solid music to intermix with the single-faced examples of virtuosity.

NEW RECORDS.

"His Master's Voice."

This month we have the first batch of double-sided Celebrity records. Selma Kurz emulates Trilby (who used to sing the A flat Impromptu of Chopin), by giving a vocal rendering of the same composer's famous Nocturne in E flat, complete with chromatic runs, turns and shakes. A remarkable performance, with which is coupled Gounod's "Serenade." Kirkby Lunn's contributions are two songs: "Love is a Dream" (Percy Pitt) and "The Heart Worships" (Holst). Although both are slow, they form an excellent contrast. Joseph Hislop sings the "Prize Song" from the "Mastersingers," and Lohengrin's

[Continued overleaf.

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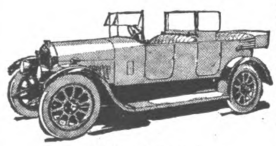

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Continued.]

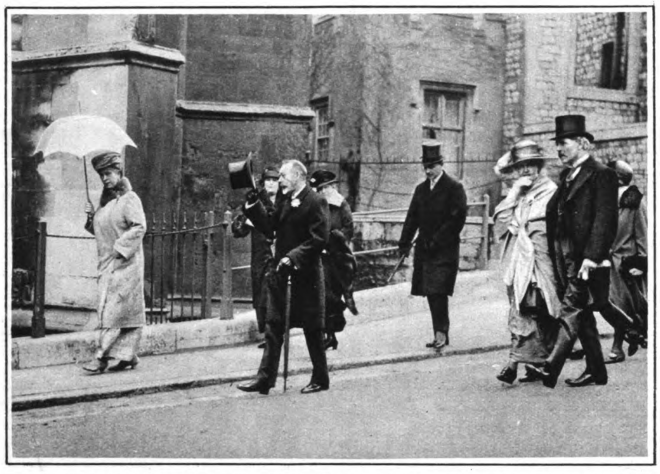
" Narration," in which the Knight of the Grail reveals his name, afterwards disappearing in the magic boat drawn by the Swan. The famous 'cellist, Guilhermina Suggia, makes her first records for " H.M.V." They are: " Allemande," by Senaillé, and a Spanish Dance (Vito), by Popper, both brilliantly played. Cortot has made a great contribution to recorded piano music by giving us Debussy's " Children's Corner," complete, the fourth side of the two records having his " La Cathédrale Engloutie." These records are delightful in every way. Another good piano record is Arthur de Greef's rendering of the well-known Twelfth Rhapsody of Liszt. Lovers of the Russian Ballet will revel in the fine set of four double-sided records giving the complete music of Stravinsky's " Petrouchka." Albert Coates and the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra are responsible for a masterly performance.

" COLUMBIA."

This list is very strong in ·trumental items. There is the nplete Eighth Symphony of ·thoven, played by the London nphony Orchestra, under Felix ngartner. It is given with-cuts, and is a welcome addi- to the growing record library ese great works. To those re unacquainted with this ony, I would say that it is uneful and enjoyable, and ighter and more optimistic an much of Beethoven's nown work. Crystal clear, ne complete recording of String Quartet in C, per-yed by the Lener String n four double-sided re-he seventh movement of eat suite, " The Planets " (this one being , the Mystic "), is played by the L. S. O., ôton of the composer. Of the vocal records, as has the most interesting in her singing of Spirituals: " Little Wheel a-Turning in and " Keep a-Inching Along."—STYLUS.

THE NEW MILNE COMEDY AT WYNDHAM'S.

MR. MILNE has gone back to his lighter vein in the new play he has written for Sir Gerald du Maurier, " To Have the Honour." As the title might suggest, he here pokes fun at our British love of rank and titles; round this national weakness he spins a story as flimsy as gossamer, but engaging and agreeable, notwithstanding its thinness and lack of movement. It begins, to be sure, with a certain flutter of excitement. Out at Wych Trentham an elderly Bohemian and his daughter have invited their neighbours to meet at dinner a Balkan Prince whose acquaintance they have made at Monte Carlo. While he tarries, time must be filled in by talk—some of Mr. Milne's sprightliest and easiest dialogue. The host wonders whether his few cigars will go round; the guests debate the way in which they should address the Prince and behave in his presence. To one of the party, however—a merry-eyed lady who gives herself out as a general's widow—the Prince, when he arrives on the scene, is no stranger; and if you are an experienced play-goer, you take note of the looks they exchange as the first-act curtain drops. Alas and alack, things are not what they seem. Just as Mrs. Bulger, as she calls herself, is no widow, so the Prince has no drop of blood royal in him, and owns no less plebeian a name than Brown. Moreover, the lady, really his wife, gives him until noon of the following day to withdraw or be exposed; she is not going to let him trifle with their host's ingenuous little daughter, Angela. If you fear a vulgar flare-up, you do not know your Mr. Milne; his folk are much too gentle-mannered for that. The pleasant impostor is ready with a fresh pretence—that he is the Prince's secretary — and his wife is no gorgon, but rather that sort of fascinating and good-tempered woman a husband can be supposed to make love to again as if he really liked the experience. A very leisurely little play this, with opportunities for the players to be charming or amusing rather than strictly to act. The rôle of the Prince gives Sir Gerald du Maurier but holiday work to do; Miss Madge Titheradge's fine comedy talents are put to no strain in the grass-widow's scenes; and Miss Faith Celli, with her pretty voice and boyish manner, is only asked to be her delightful self. Miss Grace Lane, Mr. Basil Loder, and Miss Joan Clement-Scott are in the cast; and there is also that excellent comedian, Mr. H. O. Nicholson, of whom one sees here but too little.



THE FIRST LABOUR PREMIER AND HIS DAUGHTER AS GUESTS OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT WINDSOR: THEIR MAJESTIES, ACCOMPANIED BY MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (RIGHT) AND MISS MACDONALD (SEEN JUST BEHIND HER FATHER), WALKING TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL. The Prime Minister and his eldest daughter, Miss Ishbel Macdonald, spent the week-end (April 26-28) as guests of the King and Queen at Windsor Castle. Our photograph shows them walking with their Majesties to morning service at St. George's Chapel, on Sunday, April 27. The visit was memorable as being the first paid by the head of a Labour Government to the reigning Sovereign of this country.—[*Photograph by Central Press.*]

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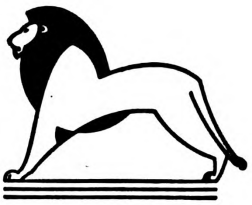

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD

SERIOUS, noble, dignified—a poem of Empire; the words are true of the Exhibition at Wembley, deeply true. The thoughtful man, the man on business bent, wends his way to Wembley with definite purpose. He seeketh knowledge, desireth increase of commerce or willeth to study new epoch-making inventions. Nor will he be disappointed. But laughter and jest and jollity, innocent fun, pleasant merriment and genial fellowship, are also part of life, and the Exhibition seeks to be rich and comprehensive as life itself.

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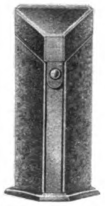

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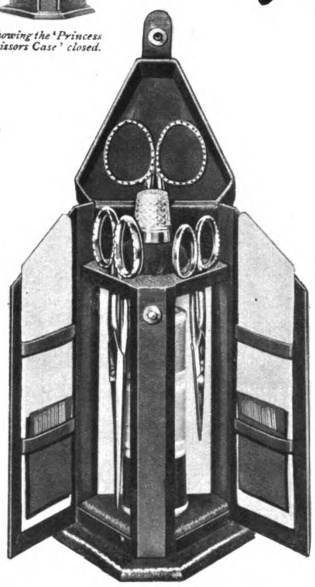

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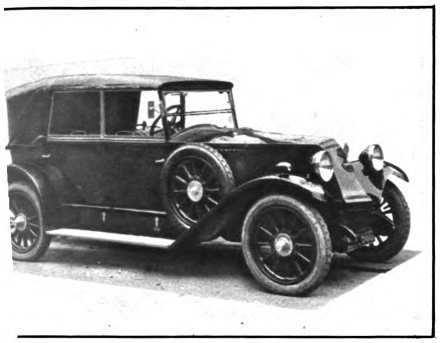
CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

on Road Track.

A motorist acquaintance of mine complained bitterly the other day that he had bought a much-ed super-car whose makers talk a great deal he wonderful speeds their vehicles are capable



TLY PURCHASED BY LORD DUNEDIN: A 17.9 RENAULT ALL-WEATHER CAR.

ıg on the road. He was, he told me, very th the car for a time. Its road perform-speedometer, was quite up to what he had to expect. One day, however, he was to go to Brooklands and take the car round against the watch. Once more the speed nt, according to the speedometer readings; tch made the car a good deal slower, and uld induce it to perform as it should when est was applied. Result, he was simply ut it, and I really believe he would have r for the figurative ninepence if somebody an offer. Now he wants to know why s should be.

erience is not new to me. In the first 1't think I have ever known the makers nodel to deliver one of their cars with the reading on the slow side. The car is ı the benefit of the doubt. Again, very, very few speedometers are accurate in their readings over the whole range of car speeds. Finally, I do not think there is the slightest doubt but that the average car is actually a good deal slower on the Brooklands track than on a really good, straight road. The cement surface is slower, I should think. Then Brooklands is very open, and wind plays a larger part in keeping down speeds than it does on a comparatively sheltered road. It is really extraordinary how the speed of a car falls away on the track when one is running into the wind, especially in the case of moderate-powered cars. I have myself experienced a drop of over ten miles an hour when I have turned into the wind on the track, and it is almost needless to say that this plays the very deuce with lap speed. Therefore, I should never condemn a car because at Brooklands it failed on occasion to come up to the speed given by its maker. "I should make several tests under selected conditions. All the same, catalogue and actual speeds are often two very different matters.

Light Cars in Trials.

Next week the R.A.C. Light Car Trial begins, with no more than twenty-five makes of small cars facing the starter. This does not compare well with the 108 which took part in the London-Land's End trial at the Easter holiday. Still, there is the explanation that participation in the R.A.C. event—extending as it does over six days of actual running—is a trouble-some and rather costly business, and it would appear that the trade generally does not think the game is worth the candle. That seems to be a pity, because there are quite a lot of things we still want to know about the small cars of to-day—things that only trial performances can tell us. Take the Land's End event as an example. Of the 108 starters, only 85 finished without incurring penalties. It is true that part of the route was over very severe roads indeed, including the ascent of such notorious hills as Porlock, Lynton, Beggar's Roost, and Blue-hill Mine. Indeed, the route as a whole was one which the cars of even ten years ago could hardly have been expected to negotiate at all. Certainly those of fifteen years ago would never have looked at it. The moral seems to be that we have improved wonderfully in the interval, but that there remains a long road to travel before even relative perfection of design has been achieved; and it is trials and tests—of the kind we are considering—that will assist very materially in reaching the desired goal. From that point of view I regard it as being very regrettable that the R.A.C. event has not attracted more entries.

Leaky Battery Boxes.

The Chloride Electrical Storage Company, makers of the well-known Exide batteries, are issuing a very useful set of letters to motor-car owners and sellers, dealing with the upkeep and care of electric storage batteries. No. 4 has just reached me, and I find that it deals with leaky battery boxes. The following good advice is given: "Take the trouble

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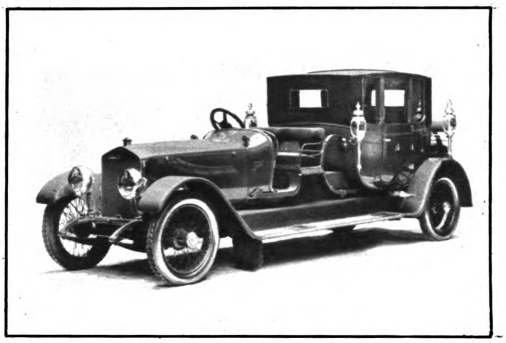

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4-cyl. engine, 65 x 102 mm. unit construction; detachable cylinder head; overhead valves; oil circulation by pump; battery ignition; thermo-syphon cooling; dry-plate clutch; 4 speeds and reverse, right-hand change; internal expanding brakes on all four wheels, electric starting and lighting; 5 detachable wheels with 710 x 90 cord tyres; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; speedometer; clock; patented non-glare illuminated dash; Wefco spring gaiters; oil and petrol gauge; luggage grid; large tool box at rear with complete set of tools, jack, pump, etc.

MODELS AND PRICES.

Two-Seater completely equipped - £360

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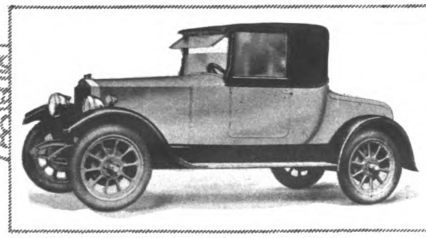
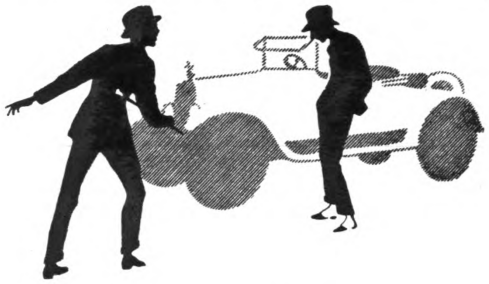


CANS & CAN'TS



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WHITE CASHMERE HALF HOSE with embroidered clox. Fully fashioned with extra spliced Toes and Heels. Sizes, 9½ to 11½ ins. Per pair **4/6**

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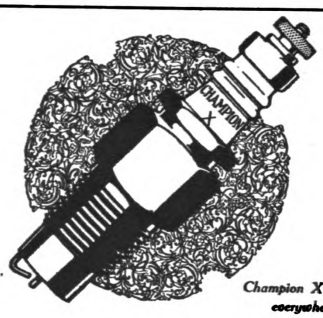

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CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

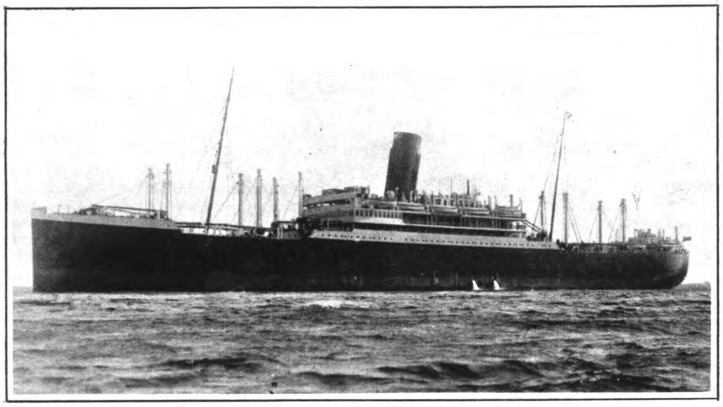
ce, when putting water into the cells (and this be done regularly), if any cell seems to be dry ds much more water than the others. If in remove the battery from the car, and test by to the proper level, drying the outside and it stand on a sheet of dry paper over night. n a slow leak is dis- l, send the battery t delay to the nearest station to be repaired. Keep the cells supplied ater, and if a leaky box os do not overlook or it. Just remember lectrolyte is as neces- the battery as air is tyre, or water and oil engine." Very sound nely advice.

Prince and Crossleys.

ince of Wales used his ossley saloon limousine e first time when he ed the opening of the Empire Exhibition at ey. This was the only car in the procession Stadium.

dicious Damage to Motor-Cars.

utomobile Association ently received several ints of cases in which t unattended for short have been disfigured ions deliberately dam- the paint-work in various ways. At the y Police Court, the Association recently pro- an offender. On this occasion the A.A. observed a lad with a knife in his hand, scraping a line along the bodywork of the car. The magistrates inflicted a fine of five shillings. In view of the prevalence of this nuisance, the Automobile Association has decided to prosecute in all cases where there is sufficient evidence to ensure a conviction.



SAILING TO-DAY (MAY 3) ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE FROM LONDON TO NEW YORK: THE NEW S.S. "MINNETONKA."

The Atlantic Transport Line's new twin-screw turbine steamer "Minnetonka," 21,998 tons, is a magnificent vessel built especially for their direct service between London and New York. Luxurious accommodation is provided on the "Minnetonka" for 369 passengers, first-class only. Passengers who travel by this vessel or her sister ship, the "Minnewaska," proceed from either Metropolis, London or New York by motor car direct to the vessel, and, on reaching their destination, journey by motor-cars direct from the ship to their hotels.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

A Wonderful Lanchester for India.

The Lanchester Motor Company, Ltd., have recently despatched to India for H.H. the Maharajah of Alwar a 40-h.p. six-cylinder car, whose coachwork is probably the most elaborate ever fitted to a motor-car. (See photograph on page 812.) It resembles a State coach of the last century, having a box-seat for the driver and another servant, and at the rear a perch for two servants. The State coach accommodates four persons, and is suspended on "cee" springs after the manner of the horse-drawn coach; but, in order to prevent excessive swing or rolling of the body, the lower extremities of the "cee" springs are continued to meet the under-side of the body, where they engage with trunnions in the same manner as the Lanchester cantilever suspension. In practice, this arrangement is found to give complete isolation from road shocks and from the mechanism; and when seated in the coach there is no sense of mechanical propulsion — the sensation is more that of floating than of a mechanically propelled vehicle. The car is painted blue with gold lines, and the interior is upholstered in blue-and-gold brocade. The door handles are engraved and bear the coat-of-arms of his Highness. There are four electric side-lamps of the early carriage candle type, richly ornamented, while the head-lamps are powerful electric with a special dimming device. The whole of the bodywork is an excellent example of Lanchester coachbuilding, and at first sight it would appear almost impossible to harmonise the antique coach with the modern automobile chassis.—W. W.

CLASS RY WAY HOTEL SCHWEIZERHOF SPLENDID SITUATION ON THE LAKE

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A Stylish Saloon

LUXURY at small cost—a Saloon Car you will be proud of in any company. The 14 h.p. "Standard" "Pall Mall" Saloon is light, airy, roomy and comfortable. Fittings and finish are everything that can be desired. There are four doors and plenty of room for four or five people.

"Standard" reliability and ease of control.

All complete only £525

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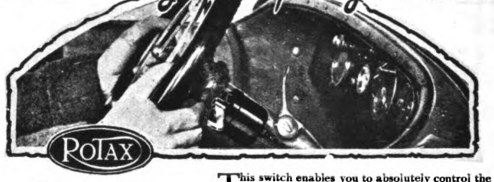
The All British
Standard
Light Cars: 11 h.p. & 14 h.p.

COUNT THEM ON THE ROAD."

DAZZLE *is purely a matter of circumstance which this switch enables you to completely* CONTROL



GRADUAL RECULATION LIGHTING SWITCH

This switch enables you to absolutely control the power of your Head Lights to any degree. It can be used with Electric Lighting systems of any make, and with lamps of any candle power. The cost of it is immaterial. Decide to-day to fit one to your car!

Price without flex—
15/-
Flex 3/9 per dozen feet.

Lighting Equipments Dept.
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A LITTLE MACHINE THAT IS READY FOR ANY AND EVERY OCCASION.

THERE is no need to deprive yourself of the pleasures and convenience of a motor cycle, neither is there any need to disturb capital, earning good dividends, to acquire one. Pay-as-you-ride is an easy, convenient road to possession.

For a deposit of £14 8s. 6d. and 12 Monthly Payments a TRUSTY TRIUMPH, equipped with every requisite, including Electric Lamps, can be acquired. No extras whatever to pay for, and terms include a comprehensive Insurance Policy with Accident Benefit.

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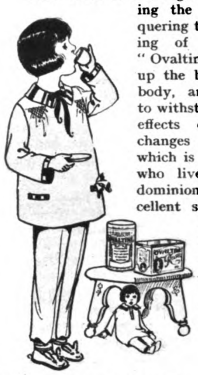
"OVALTINE" ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THE DREARY WINTER IS OVER.

THE consensus of opinion is that there has never been a longer or more unpleasant winter, nor one that has worked greater havoc on the general health. Even the most robust have not been immune to attacks of influenza and more serious illnesses and have found it difficult to throw off the feelings of inertia which remain after these illnesses. It is generally believed that this is due to the fact that not sufficient care is given to the dietary, and that women in particular are inclined to go without a meal when it is not just what they fancy. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that irritability is often due to insufficient nourishment being taken.

A TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE.

Now there is nothing better for preserving the health and conquering that wretched feeling of irritability than "Ovaltine," as it builds up the brain, nerves, and body, and fortifies them to withstand the disastrous effects of the constant changes of temperature which is the portion of all who live in the British dominions. It is an excellent substitute for the early morning cup of tea, or it may be taken during the morning by those who do not care for a heavy breakfast. Furthermore, there is no more effective sleep wooer at the end of the day. It supplies a reserve of force with which to face the work of the forthcoming day.



This small personage has made for himself a cup of "Ovaltine," and evidently he intends to complete his "elevens," as this mid-morning meal is called in schoolboy language, with not one but with many "Ovaltine" rusks.

There is no better substitute for the early morning cup of tea than a cup of "Ovaltine," either made with milk or milk and water. It is nourishing, and has a soothing effect on the nerves.

NATURE'S TONIC FOODS.

A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that it is prepared from nature's tonic foods—malt, milk, and eggs—and flavoured with cocoa, all vitalising and reconstructive elements being retained. It is so easily assimilated that it carries at once to the worn-out cells just the necessary food elements which restore and maintain vitality.

EASY TO PREPARE.

Everyone will appreciate the fact that it is easy to prepare either with milk or with milk and water. Should the latter method be adopted, take a quarter of a teacupful of hot or warm milk and fill up with boiling water; if desired, unsweetened condensed milk may be used. Then take two or more teaspoonfuls of "Ovaltine" and stir gently into the liquid until dissolved. Add, if necessary, sugar to taste. The beverage should not be boiled, but heated only to just above drinking temperature.

"OVALTINE" RUSKS.

Everyone declares that "Ovaltine" rusks are perfectly delicious, nevertheless the majority are not aware of the fact that they were introduced to meet the requests of a large number of medical men and users of "Ovaltine" tonic food beverage for a rusk possessing a higher nutritive value than ordinary rusks or biscuits. They are made from the finest wheaten flour, with which is incorporated a suitable proportion of "Ovaltine." They are delightfully crisp, slightly sweet in flavour, and sold by all chemists in 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. tins. They are as warmly appreciated by members of the older as the younger generation, and are specially recommended for children when teething and for invalids. A cup of "Ovaltine" with an "Ovaltine" rusk forms a satisfying meal. Children—and adults too—will also enjoy "Ovaltine" chocolate. This is a most delicious and very nourishing food-sweet.

There is no shadow of doubt whatsoever that these small personages sing the praises of "Ovaltine" rusks in no measured terms.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE

DRYAD FURNITURE

Comfort & Pleasantness

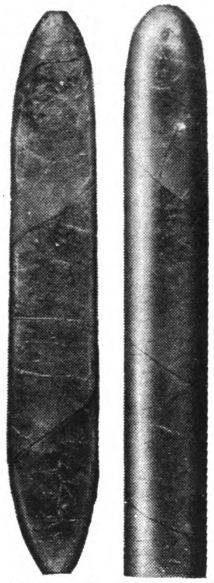
of design are always happily combined in a Dryad chair, together with a strength and lasting quality not found in any other cane furniture.

The label "Dryad Furniture" must be on every chair or it is not genuine.

Cat. from B. Dept. Dryad Works, Leicester.

CRITERION

Two fine, typical examples of a notable brand



Actual size of IMPERIAL No. 2

Actual size of IMPERIAL No. 3

The Smoker who takes a pride in the quality of his cigars will find an unusual degree of satisfaction in these choice Criterion examples.

They are distinctly handsome and high-class in appearance, and they possess in a marked degree the inimitable flavour and aroma which belong only to cigars manufactured from choicest leaf.

If the moderate price of Criterion Cigars makes you a little sceptical as to their high quality, we suggest that you buy a sample five to-day and smoke them in your most critical mood.

Samples *of* 5 *for* 3/-

IN CEDAR WOOD CABINET BOXES OF 25, 50, AND 100

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS TOBACCONISTS AND STORES

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GARDEN DEVELOPMENT.

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T. GEOFFREY W. HENSLOW,

M.A., F.R.H.S.,

Author of "Garden Construction," etc.

Every Gardener's Guide to garden alterations, garden development, garden improvement, garden maintenance. Advice from experience.

15/- NET.

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OUR ANAGLYPH MASK COUPON.

Please send me One Anaglyph Viewing-Mask. I enclose stamps [Three-halfpence, Inland; or Two-pence-halfpenny, Foreign] to cover Postage.

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To THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS (Anaglyph) 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

I.L.N., 3.5.1924.

"BYRON IN PERSPECTIVE."

ENGLAND awoke one morning — let us say, on April 19, 1924—to find Byron world-famous, and was almost as much surprised as he himself had been by a similar experience more than a hundred years ago. The average Briton was, indeed, slightly bewildered at the amount of *réclame* scored by the Byron Centenary, which for several days even eclipsed the Wembley Exhibition. For it was no mere domestic literary celebration; it seduced Mr. Garvin from politics in two successive *Observers*; and its reverberations resounded about Europe. It indicated that Matthew Arnold was not very far wrong when he prophesied, in 1881, that by 1900 Byron would be acclaimed as one of the two greatest English poets of the nineteenth century, although the prediction was derided by contemporary Victorians. The Centenary gave occasion to the public voice to express a view of Byron that had doubtless long been latent in the public mind. Many of us, suddenly confronted with the expression of that view, felt rather guilty that we had not read Byron quite as diligently as we ought to have done, and hastened to remove the dust from the neglected volume.

But some, like the Wise Virgins, had put oil—it may be, midnight oil — in their literary lamps, and were prepared betimes to improve the occasion for the benefit of the ignorant. Among them was Mr. J. D. Symon, the well-known writer of our weekly *causerie* on "Books of the Day," who has most opportunely arrived with his delightful appreciation, "Byron in Perspective" (Martin Secker; 12s. 6d. net). The author modestly disclaims any attempt to write a new biography of Byron. "This book," he says, "pretends to be no more than a series of what may be called intensive studies, illustrating, from known or new material, various aspects of Byron's life, character, and work."

The new material consists mainly of fresh particulars relating to the circumstances of Byron's birth which have recently come to light in a collection of hitherto unpublished manuscript letters presented to Aberdeen University Library by a kinsman of Byron's, Mr. Edward Gordon Duff. Mr. Symon has also unearthed some forgotten Byroniana from old files of the *Aberdeen Journal*. He has, moreover, been enabled to cite Lord Ernle's edition of "Lord Byron's Letters and Journals," Mr. Murray's own edition of "Lord Byron's Correspondence," and Dr. J. M. Bulloch's "The House of Gordon," which explains much in the poet's heredity on the maternal side. The new light thrown on Byron's parents and his early childhood shows clearly the sources of his tempestuous temperament.

As a good Aberdonian, Mr. Symon dwells with patriotic zeal on the various influences, topographical and scholastic, which affected Byron at Aberdeen during "the eight most impressionable years of his life," until in 1798, on succeeding to the title at the age of ten, he left the Grammar School there for his ancestral home at Newstead, to continue his education later at Dulwich, and finally at Harrow and Cambridge. At intervals throughout the book we are reminded of Byron's Scottish blood and of affectionate allusions to Scotland in his poetry. Mr. Symon makes an especially good point when he regrets that Byron did not have the opportunity to associate more with Scott, who thoroughly understood him and might have proved a restraining mentor.

The later chapters deal successively with Byron's foreign travels, the "Byronic hero" of his verse, his awakening to fame, his love affairs and disastrous marriage, his "burlesque epic" of "Don Juan," and his last tragic adventure in the cause of Greek freedom. Mr. Symon writes from full knowledge, and with enthusiasm tempered by sound judgment, scholarly precision, and a genial sense of humour. His book is a very able piece of criticism which will be indispensable to any Byronic library. It has for frontispiece an excellent photogravure of the bust by Bartolini, which, in itself, goes far to reveal the secret of Byron's personal fascination.

THE EXILE OF DOORN SUBMITS TO THE CAMERA AGAIN: THE EX-KAISER OUT WALKING WITH HIS SECOND WIFE, AT HIS HOME IN HOLLAND.

Until recently, it is said, the ex-Kaiser has been shy of the photographer since his abdication. His second marriage, it may be recalled, took place on November 5, 1922, to Princess Hermine, daughter of the late Prince Henry XXII. of Reuss, and widow of Prince Johann Georg of Schönaich-Carolath. The ex-Kaiserin Augusta Victoria died in April 1921.—[*Photograph by Keystone View Co.*]

Are you ready for the Spring?

THE unusually long and severe winter has undermined the health and strength of young and old alike. Influenza, bronchitis and pneumonia have been rampant and have impoverished the health resources of many.

Spring arrives with its warmth and sunshine and flowers. Are you able to enjoy it fully?

Build up your strength and vitality. Take advantage of the health and energy-giving properties contained in "Ovaltine"—the delicious food beverage.

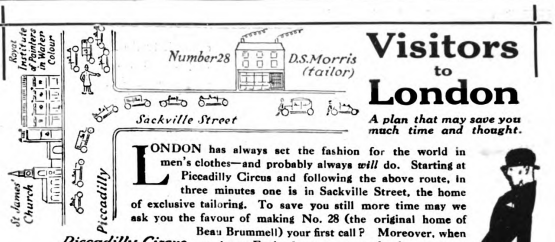
Every particle is nourishment—concentrated, energy-giving, easily digested nourishment—brimful of the vitalizing and energizing elements contained in ripe barley malt, rich creamy milk and eggs—Nature's Tonic Foods. One cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage instead of tea, coffee or cocoa.

Sold by all Chemists throughout the British Empire.
Prices in Great Britain 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

P 255



Visitors to London

A plan that may save you much time and thought.

LONDON has always set the fashion for the world in men's clothes—and probably always *will* do. Starting at Piccadilly Circus and following the above route, in three minutes one is in Sackville Street, the home of exclusive tailoring. To save you still more time may we ask you the favour of making No. 28 (the original home of Beau Brummell) your first call? Moreover, when you leave England you can re-order by post: we make and retain a model of your figure and so guarantee perfection of "fit" always. Lounge Suits from 9 Guineas.

Piccadilly Circus

The "Corstay" Figure Belt (Registered) reduces the figure. Price 25/-.

D.S. Morris

Est. 30 Years

28, Sackville Street, London W.

Telephone: Regent 728.

SHOES are a man's most pardonable vanity. A man would rather you thought his excellent neck-ties and his remarkable socks were an accident. But he will freely admit he's particular about the shoes on his feet.

WHY? Because shoes aren't millinery. They're leather. They're related to saddles and cricket balls and proud masculine things like that. Leather's got to be leather or it isn't the thing in the masculine code.

THE Lotus and Delta boots and shoes are made for the man who, for his feet, wants first things first. The two first things are perfect dryness and perfect comfort and ease. And the third? The third is shapeliness and style and the Lotus and Delta shoes give this also. Richly!

Lotus & Delta

SHOES OF STANDING

Prices from 25/- to 45/-

LOTUS, LTD., STAFFORD & Northampton. *AGENTS* EVERYWHERE

Ease that soreness

WHEN your skin begins to feel sore, apply "Vaseline" Jelly. It's a simple, sure, and safe method of soothing, smoothing, and softening the skin.

TRADE MARK **Vaseline**

Petroleum Jelly

For COLDS in the HEAD, HAY FEVER and CATARRH, use **"VASELINE" Eucalyptol** Jelly.

For CUTS, BURNS and WOUNDS and all skin abrasions use **"VASELINE" Carbolated** Jelly.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., (Cons.), Victoria Rd., WILLESDEN, N.W.10

FREE.—A copy of Booklet "For Health and Beauty," which tells you how to care for the skin.

"The Major"

A man of Proven Ability

HE does not smoke INK. He knows thick paper embellished with Bronze Powder and Printers' Ink spoils good Tobacco. CAVANDER'S ARMY CLUB Cigarettes are rolled in pure, *Ribbed Rice* paper, ***uncontaminated with Bronze Powder or Printers' Ink,*** and are made to a quality only obtainable from a firm of 150 years' successful Tobacco study.

CAVANDERS say—

Don't smoke *Ink*–Smoke–

THE NEW

Cavander's

"Army Club"

Cigarettes

10 for 7½d. 20 for 1/3

Cavanders, Ltd., Manchester and London.

The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775.

M.A.A.

THE ART OF A. A. MILNE.

ALL the world—that is, of course, a very small fraction of it—knows that Mr. Milne is a brilliant man; most of it knows him only as the dramatist who created "Mr. Pym" and told "The Truth About Blayds," or charmed and amused them along "The Dover Road," to say nothing of the hurricane booster, "The Great Broxopp." There are a few who remember that he is a delightful essayist; and, as if to prove that he can be happy in any field of writing, he constructed one brilliant detective story. I remember a volume of his essays entitled "Not That It Matters" which seems in its title to hit off the Milne attitude. For him nothing matters enough to be either tragically serious or wildly satirical. With a shrug of his shoulders he looks on the Passing Show. He wears a gentle smile of urbanity, and his comments, though pungent, never lacerate; though reascned are never dull; and through his inconsequent humour we get enough of satire to make his polite comedy always entertaining. Though I can marvel at his skill in weaving out of the slenderest theme three acts of gay intelligence, I do feel that, when Mr. Milne becomes earnest enough to do more than set out to please us, he will give us a much bigger play. He only responds, as it were, to the pure idea, and Life as most of us understand it has not very much to do with the pure idea. He drags the waters with an unsubstantial net, and his fishes don't matter. In "The Great Broxopp" he had the opportunity to lash with whips of scorn the booster who plasters his ugly hoardings in every fair garden; but no—he tempered the edge of his wit with sentiment. Now at Wyndham's we get another delicious *soufflé* of trifles, "To Have the Honour." There is no story—not that it matters—but just a score of quaintnesses, a winning affability, and a pleasant spice of mendacity, though never enough of gall to make the satire bite. You cannot withstand Mr. Milne's manner, you must admire his deft skill, you are bound to laugh at his pleasantries, you enjoy his frankness and delicacy of treatment with a *risqué* theme; but, like Oliver, I ask for more. I want Mr. Milne to drop his masquerade and forget to be polite. I want to see him use his splendid gifts in serious satire, to be less gracious and more in earnest, for we have sore need of his talents.

THE FUNERAL OF MISS MARIE CORELLI: THE FLOWER-DECKED COFFIN CONVEYED ON A HAND-BIER FROM CHURCH TO CEMETERY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The funeral of Miss Marie Corelli, the popular novelist (of whom we gave a photograph in our last issue), took place on April 26, at Stratford-on-Avon, where she had lived for many years. The coffin, covered by beautiful wreaths and crosses, was conveyed on a hand-bier from her home to the old parish church, where the first part of the service was held, and thence to the borough cemetery for the interment. Among the mourners was Lieut.-General the Earl of Dundonald. The Mayor and Corporation unofficially attended the funeral, and there were also present representatives of the many societies in which Miss Corelli had been interested.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

Baby Howard of Birkenhead.

Sensible Feeding for Infants

Mellin's Food is recommended by doctors all the world over, for they know babies naturally thrive on it. No extravagant claims have ever been made for it, for it is recognised that when prepared to meet the needs of any babe from birth upwards, it will do all that healthy breast milk does. Mellin's Food is the perfect substitute for mother's milk.

Mellin's Food

Baby Ogden of Douglas, I. of M.

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A Mother Surprised: "My baby is just seven months' old and has been fed on Mellin's Food, which agrees with him splendidly. I never thought for one moment he would have turned out such a fine child." *Mrs. A. Ogden, Douglas, I.O.M.*

Free Sample of Mellin's Food, and Booklet, sent on application. Please state baby's age and write Dept. D., Mellin's Food, Ltd., London, S.E.15

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MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS, which contain Mellin's Food, are invaluable during the weaning period, whether baby has been hand-reared or breast fed.

MELLIN'S FOOD LTD., LONDON, S.E.15

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Via VANCOUVER and VICTORIA, B.C.
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The most equable climate.
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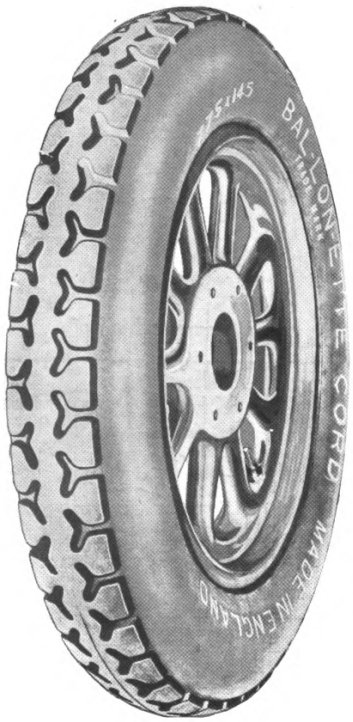
TRADE MARK.

THE PREMIER LOW-PRESSURE CORD TYRE MADE IN ENGLAND.



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No alteration to existing hubs. You simply take your old wheels off and put the "Bal-lon-ette" type wheels straight on the car

The following are some of the cars we have already fitted:

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1923 Ansaldo 14 h.p.
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1920 Bean 11.9 h.p.
1923 Belsize 15 h.p.
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1924 Belsize Bradshaw 9 h.p.
1921 Beardmore 12 h.p.
1924 Bianchi.
1924 Charron-Laycock.
1923 Crouch 12/24 h.p.
1924 Crouch 12/24 h.p.
1920 Calthorpe 11 h.p.
1922 Calthorpe 12/20 h.p.
1924 Clyno 10 h.p.
1922 Calcott 11.9 h.p.
1923 Darracq 12/32 h.p.
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1923 Fiat 10/15 h.p.
1923 Gwynne 8 h.p.
G.W.K.
1922 Humber 15.9 h.p.
1923 Humber 8 h.p.
1923 Humber 11.4 h.p.
1924 Hampton 11.9 h.p.
Jowett.
1923 Lagonda K.K.
1921 Morris Cowley 11.9 h.p.
1922 Morris Cowley 11.9 h.p.
1923 Morris Cowley 11.9 h.p.
1924 Morris Cowley 11.9
Occasional Four.
1921 Morris Oxford 13.9 h.p.
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Overland (English Models 1923).
1924 Palladium.
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1923 Rover 14 h.p.
1924 Rover 8 h.p.
1924 Riley.
1921 Swift 10 h.p.
Sunbeam 16/24 h.p.
1924 Singer 10 h.p.
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1923 Standard 13.9 h.p.
Talbot 12/30 h.p. 6-cyl.
Talbot 8/18 h.p.
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1924 Westcar 12 h.p.
1924 Vulcan.

The "AUTOCAR" writes on March 21st:

"We have lately commenced a test of "Bal-lon-ette" low-pressure tyres on a 1924 model 10 h.p. Singer car. These tyres are made by Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd., 172, Great Portland Street, W.1. The size under test is 715 × 115 mm. and the inflation pressure is 18 lbs. The car weighs approximately 13 cwt. in touring trim.

"Up to the present the car has covered some 750 miles with the "Bal-lon-ette." It is, of course, early days to speak of the wearing qualities of the tyres, but later on, after they have covered some thousands of miles, we hope to write at greater length concerning their behaviour. We can, however, definitely state, after even a comparatively brief experience, which has been over rural and urban roads and in snow, that the "Bal-lon-ettes" do not slow the car and do not skid; they assist very materially in the stopping power of the brakes, probably due to the large contact with the road. They do not roll at corners, and they do not in any way, at either slow or fast speed, adversely affect steering. Indeed, at fair speeds, they definitely improve the steering, already very good on the latest Singer Ten. The "Bal-lon-ette" provide quite exceptional comfort; they do not jump over pot-holes; they roll over them. Perhaps they are at their best when running over rough setts. In other words, the car holds the road all the time."

SPECIAL OFFER!

We undertake to supply you with a set of four 715 × 115 tyres, including wheels, sent to you pumped up to the right pressure ready to be put on. Price with steel pressed spoke type £20 1s. 0d., or fitted on disc wheels for £18 6s. 0d. If you prefer to go back to your old wheels and tyres, we will return you 75 per cent. of the purchase price so long as the wheels and tyres are returned to us within a month, having had fair wear and tear, that is to say, that they have not been damaged by an accident.

A Trial Run may be had on a Car fitted with "Bal-lon-ette" Tyres by calling at 172, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1.

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JUST THE HOUSE YOU WANT
An Artistic, Cosy and durable production made with extreme care from the best seasoned materials. Beautifully designed in six sizes. Embodying every convenience at a most moderate cost.
Carriage paid to most Goods Stations in England and Wales.
ASK US ALL ABOUT THEM.
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and keeps it neat and tidy all day, no matter how strenuous your exertions. Cream for greasy scalps, Viola for dry scalps. From Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, in 1/6 and 2/6 bottles.

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NICE.
ASTORIA
Best comfort—Large garden. En pension from 45 to 75 frs. First-class Cuisine.
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Skin Blemishes

Germolene removes all skin disfigurement caused by rashes, eruptions, pimples, roughness, redness and scurf, and produces a clear, healthy complexion.

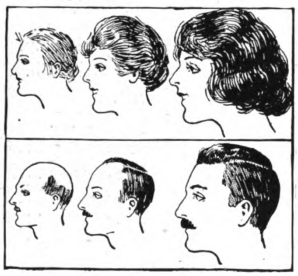
Before you retire at bedtime, warm the Germolene tin slightly, and apply the dressing with the tips of the fingers, gently massaging it in. Wash next morning with **Germolene Aseptic Soap,** obtainable at all chemists. All ordinary skin blemishes will disappear in a week under this simple treatment.

Good for all common skin ailments, including eczema, eczematous rashes, children's skin troubles, and for domestic first aid.

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-, of Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

INVISIBLE WHEN APPLIED.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing



A REWARD of 100 POUNDS
For bald-headed and beardless.
An elegant growth of beard and hair can be produced when using Comos Hair-Balsam during 8 days. This balsam causes hair and beard to grow on all bald-headed persons or persons with thin hair. "Comos" is the best product of the modern science of this domain, being the only balsam which really produces hair and beard even on persons of old age. "Comos" brings the Dormant Papillæ of the hair to grow again after having been used in a few days, and within a very short time you will have a very vigorous growth of hair. Harmlessness is guaranteed.
If this is not true we will pay a net amount of 100 Pounds to all bald-headed and beardless persons, or persons with thin hair who have used the Comos-Balsam for three weeks without any result.
One parcel of "Comos" costs £1, 2 parcels cost £1 15
"Comos" gives to the hair and beard a becoming wave, as well as a soft and delicate texture. It will be sent on application to the head works all over Europe against **payment in advance** or against **cash on delivery. Out of Europe,** payment only in advance
The COMOS-MAGAZINE Copenhagen V. Denmark 21

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Latest 1924 Cars £3-13-6 INCLUSIVE FEE
The BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING LTD
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WRITE FOR BOOKLET O.D

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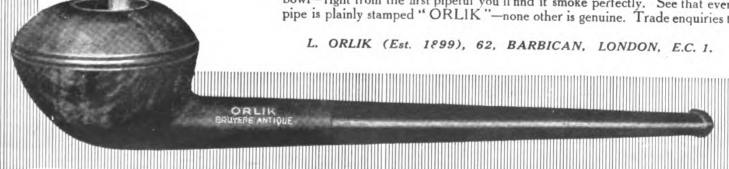
Orlik

Orlik Bruyère Antique Pipes are obtainable in all popular shapes from most good tobacconists throughout the world at 10/6 & 12/6, according to shape.



BY "REQUEST" I have designed this unique shape

The pipe is long (six inches) with a flat-style bowl. Like the elongated cigarette holder, it is preferred by writing men and all who smoke while working. It is now obtainable in Bruyère Antique quality. The beautifully grained briar root, specially selected for its compactness, is subjected to an exclusive heating and drying process that drives out all moisture from the bowl—right from the first pipeful you'll find it smoke perfectly. See that every pipe is plainly stamped "ORLIK"—none other is genuine. Trade enquiries to

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Shrewd judges smoke ORLIK PIPES.

LONDON: Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, aforesaid; and Printed by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, W.C.2—SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1924. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903

New Styles in COATS

Dickins & Jones, ever to the fore in matters of Fashion, are displaying a wonderful collection of new modes, authentic in every respect to the style tendencies of the season. The two charming models here shown are from the Mantle Salon, second floor.

On extreme left
Delightful Coat for Sports Wear made of finest quality real Cumberland Homespun, lined throughout Crêpe-de-Chine, plain, well-fitting shape, finished at waist with suede belt. In Fawns, Beaver, Grey, Rust, Brown, etc. ... ... **9 Gns.**
Same shape in pretty basket weave Shetland Wool Tweeds 98/6

On near left
Coat in heavy quality Satin-backed Marocain lined throughout Crêpe-de-Chine, designed with straight back and fronts and pretty panels of fine pleating at sides. In Grey, Mole, Beaver, Almond, Navy and Black. Also in fine quality Wool Repp in all newest colours, Navy and Black.
Crêpe Marocain **13½ Gns.**
Repp ... **10 Gns.**

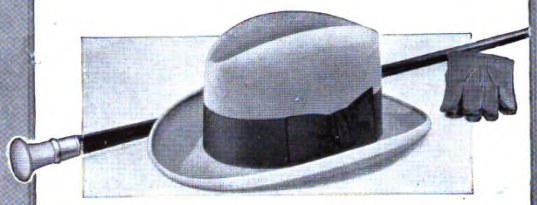
DICKINS & JONES
"The Fashion House" LTD
REGENT STREET LONDON. W.1.

HENRY HEATH LTD
OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

By Appointment. By Appointment.

Fur Felt of the finest texture, fashioned by skilled hands into elegant lines, is an outstanding characteristic of all Henry Heath Soft Felt Hats. Made in varying styles to suit individual tastes they are of such excellent quality that they will retain their shapely contour for as long as they are in wear.

THE "LUMEN"



THE "LUMEN," as illustrated, is made of finest quality Fur Felt, unlined, and combines comfort with durability. Trimmed with contrast band and self binding, it appeals strongly to those who appreciate a very lightweight hat. In Drab, Buff, and Grey (complete range of sizes) ... Price **28/6**
Heavier weight, lined silk, **32/6.**

We also have a large selection of felt hats in a wide range of colours, from **22/6.**

Write for name and address of nearest Henry Heath Agent.

A selection of Hats will be sent on approval.

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Gamefeather, Silvering and Floretta Tweeds, Tropical Suitings, Clachan Homespuns, Solax and Slimber—delightful textiles that "tailor" well and drape gracefully.

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protects the cloth from any ill effects of rain, and preserves the contour of the frock as well as its beautiful colours.

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Post Orders should be accompanied by remittance or leading business-house reference. Carriage paid in the U.K.

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"FILEY."
Distinctive COAT AND SKIRT composed of Gabardine, the coat being attractively embroidered in self coloured silk in a check design, collar and waistcoat of broché in a contrasting colour. Well tailored wrapover skirt. W. sizes. Beaver, Fawn, Grey, Mole, Navy, Black.
£13 13 0

"WALTON."
An entirely new model COAT AND SKIRT of Silk Marocain, the outstanding feature being the self material finely pleated which is daintily employed on the coat. Attractive wrapover skirt. Colours: Grey, Tan, Almond, Navy and Black.
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"FILEY." "WALTON."

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Two minutes from Victoria Station. *Telephone: Victoria 8600 (direct to all Depts.)*

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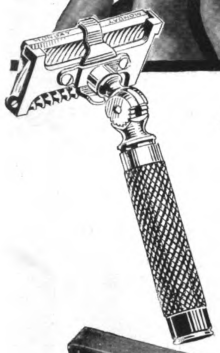
HOLLOW GROUND BLADES

SAFETY SHAVER



A Man's Razor.

The Wilkinson Safety Razor Blades are **Hollow Ground** and **hand-forged** from the finest steel. They have the same power and edge-retaining qualities of the highest-grade straight razor. The Wilkinson will shave the toughest beard quickly and smoothly time and time again. In addition, the **Roller-Guard,** which feeds the lather on to the cutting edge, and the **Automatic Stropper,** which keeps a perfect edge to the blade, are features that make this Safety Razor the ideal shaver for any man.

Set with **7 Hollow-Ground Blades,** each etched with a day of the week. Adjustable Shaver Frame, Automatic Stropper, Setting Handle in polished oak case *(as illustrated)* **42/-**

Set as above with **Three Hollow-Ground Blades** **25/-**

Also sets at **8/6** and **15/6.**

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Gun, Sword & Equipment Makers.

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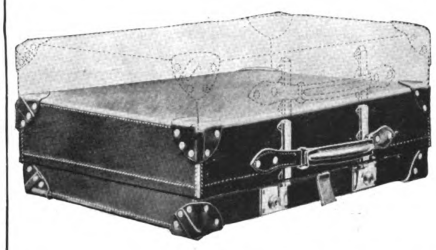

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of the Revelation Expanding Suit Case is explained in the unanimous verdict of all who use it. . . . **"It is inconceivable that anyone who has seen a Revelation could spend money on an old-fashioned 'one capacity' case."**

The Revelation is instantly compressible to week-end size, yet is extensible, as each fresh call is made upon it, up to the trunk-like capacity which a month from home demands; and it locks at *any* size.

The economy and convenience of having *One* case only for every occasion is obvious. The Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit Case must be seen, however, for its other features to be fully appreciated.

RIGID—not the concertina type.

The Revelation Rigid EXPANDING SUITCASE

Call at 169, Piccadilly (facing Bond Street), or at the leading shop in your town, to have this simple but perfect invention demonstrated to you, and see the many styles and sizes at prices to suit all purses.

If you cannot call send for fully illustrated List "N" and name of local Agent.

The REVELATION EXPANDING SUIT CASE Co., Ltd.,
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— and you will hardly find a tobacco so soothing at all times, so even in burning, so cool and dustless as Three Nuns. The curiously cut circlets, each in itself a perfect blend, are responsible for the uniformity of quality and fragrance for which Three Nuns is famous. Smoke Three Nuns and you will search no more.

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THREE NUNS
CIGARETTES
of
Pure Virginia Tobacco
10 *for* **6D.**

793

Prattitudes for MOTORISTS by a MOTORIST

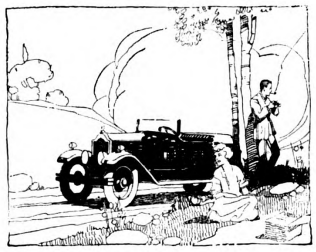
Planning a Tour—

by STENSON COOKE
SECRETARY, AUTOMOBILE ASSOCTN

BROADLY, the essentials for a satisfactory motor tour are good roads, cheerful travel and at the journey's end—comfortable bed and board. Happily, the motor tourist has a breadth of choice denied to the rail traveller. He is free to leave the beaten track and to stop or start without consulting a time-table. Nevertheless, a definite itinerary and some advance knowledge of the best halts are wise precautions. They both save disappointment and are an incentive to complete the ideal programme.

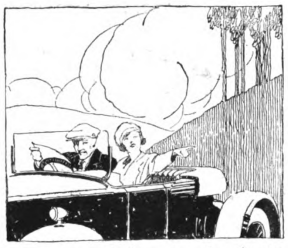
Having decided the length of time to be allowed for it, or, as in the majority of cases, having it settled for you by someone else, it now remains to decide where to go, what to see, and what the cost will be. Where to go? I will not venture to make any suggestion—beyond the obvious, that the time of year limits the choice, as do the power of the car, inclination and purse.

Avoiding the industrial areas, the tourist has a wide choice of happy hunting grounds. Scotland, north of Edinburgh to the Caledonian Canal, offers the best natural scenery. Cumberland and Westmoreland—the Lake District—rival the Scottish moor and mountains. The trinity of castles, rivers and mountains give to Wales a special charm, and, indeed, the whole of the west of Great Britain is superior to the east in natural beauty. As for England, the Midlands, embracing Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, Warwick, Lichfield, Shrewsbury and Ludlow may well be selected for a compact tour. Devon and Cornwall, with their extensive rockbound coast and sheltered bays, their moorland roads and romantic history, are sooner or later the Mecca of most motorists who can afford the time for the long run down. But these are not typical England and could not be, for English scenery is diverse in her parts. So I will not discriminate further. The ultimate choice of a tour rests with the motorist. To settle his doubts let him take a good tour book and contoured map—and then study the pleasant problem.



A word about progress. Most motorists know what suits them best, so I will address myself to the novice. Don't overdo the mileage. Keep it down to 100 or 70, or even less, among the hills. To parody Robert Louis Stevenson, it is better to travel leisurely than to arrive breathless and late and disgruntled at the prospect of cold mutton and a shakedown in the annexe.

When to travel? For a British tour I recommend mid-May to mid-July and September. The latter gives shorter days, better promise of fair weather, and the temperature is invigorating. During these months all the hotels, including the seasonal houses, are open and not overcrowded—a consideration at the popular resorts and in Scotland. For a Continental trip, and excepting Southern Spain and Southern Italy, the best time, as regards weather, is from June to September. But one must not forget that one cannot always secure accommodation on the boats during the July-August period when the carrying capacity is overtaxed.



And now to drop into the second person with a few "Don'ts":—

DON'T omit to book rooms in advance whenever possible.

DON'T forget to have the car and tyres in as good fettle at starting as you hope to be in when finishing.

DON'T disregard good advice! "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety."

DON'T burden yourself with luggage. Lay out what articles seem to be necessary, divide by two and add a warm coat.

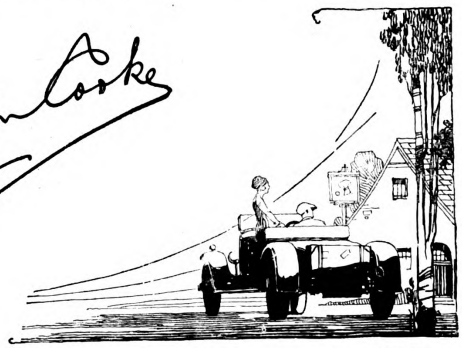
DON'T forget to renew insurance and licences.

DON'T tell the office where they can get you with business letters.

DON'T carry all cash. "Travellers" cheques are issued by the banks.

DON'T "park" in a strange town without first ascertaining what are the local regulations.

Stenson Cooke



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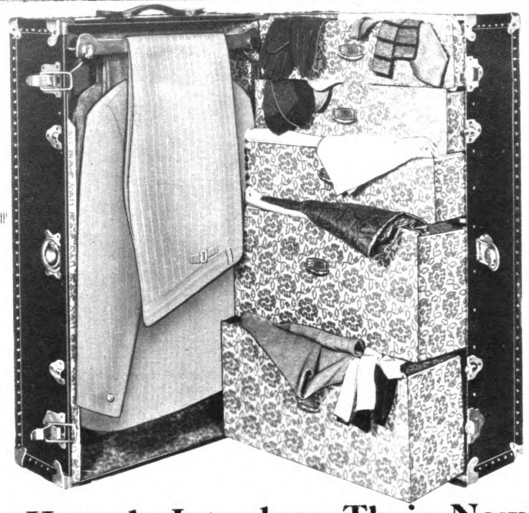

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1924.

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THE THREE GRACES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK, THE LADY ELPHINSTONE, AND THE LADY ROSE LEVESON-GOWER." BY MISS FLORA LION.

One of the most attractive pictures of the year at the Royal Academy is this charming group of the Duchess of York and her two sisters painted by Miss Flora Lion. It is popularly known as "The Three Graces," like Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait-group of the three daughters of Sir William Montgomery, and it is the first picture in which the three sisters have been painted together. They intend to present it to their mother, the Countess of Strathmore. The Duchess of York, who is the youngest of the trio, is in the centre; on the left is her eldest sister, Lady Elphinstone, who married the sixteenth Baron in 1910; on the right is Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, whose husband, Captain the Hon. William Spencer Leveson-Gower, is the only brother of Earl Granville; her marriage took place in 1916. Miss Lion began the picture a little over two months ago, when all three sisters went together to her studio off the Fulham Road to pose for the group. They afterwards sat to her in turns. The Duchess of York gave about eighteen sittings, some of them lasting two hours. She is shown wearing a Victorian frock of white taffeta, which she kept in readiness at the studio and put on at every visit.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHATEVER are our opinions on foreign policy, we none of us want all foreigners to think we are all fools. Still less do we wish them to think the collective Englishman a collective fool. We may be as pro-German as some papers are, or as anti-German as the *Daily Mail*; we may think, as some still do, that Germany is the home of culture; we may think, as I do, that its culture is recent and raw and its soul still largely uncivilised. But if I were to say that German music has never been anything but a noise made by savages beating on tom-toms, I should simply look silly; and, to the limit of my small contribution, make England look silly.

A recent leading article in the *Manchester Guardian* dealt with the allegation about France having black troops on the Ruhr. The writer admitted that perhaps the black troops were not so black as they were painted. He admitted that they were not quite black, but only nearly black, or perhaps nearly nearly black. But their darkness seemed to him a matter of degree. He called it a fine distinction. In short, the leader-writer on the great Liberal daily was content to say that, anyhow, Algerians were Africans if they were not actually Negroes. Similarly, some little time ago, equally liberal old women, on Continental tours, would say that Italians, if not exactly niggers, were at any rate only natives.

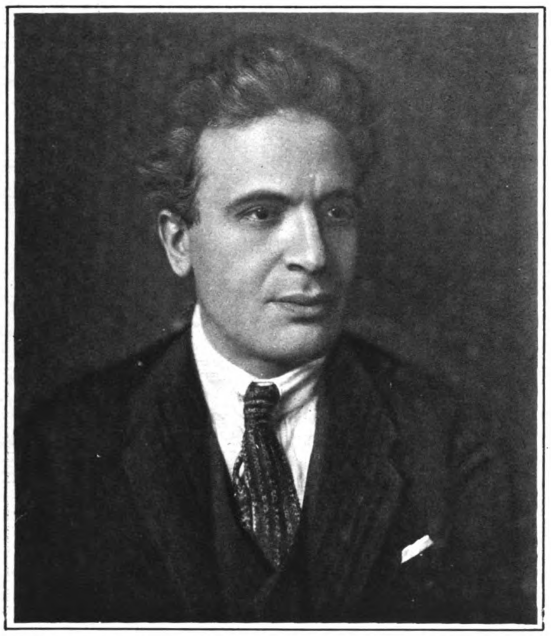
I can only faintly measure that remark about Africa by a pretty approximate parallel with America. It is just as if a man were to say that all Americans were American Indians, in war-paint and wampum. It is as if he then proceeded to write diplomatic despatches to Washington in picture-writing on the barks of trees, and expected all those assembled at the Washington Conference to smoke the pipe of peace and ceremonially bury a tomahawk. Such is the true internationalist's knowledge of other nations. Then, when it was mildly pointed out that many U.S.A. citizens are not Red Indians, the leader-writer in question would call it a fine distinction. He would say that the red men, if not exactly red, were undeniably pink. He would scoff at the fine shade of difference between the complexions of Hughes and Hiawatha. He would assume that, wherever American citizens were officially stationed, they would scalp men or skin them alive. In short, he would reason in the same way as the man on the *Manchester Guardian*, and for the same reason. He would do it because he was ignorant of a certain fact; because he did not know that the United States were once a part of the British Empire. Similarly, the other writer apparently does not know that the Barbary States were once a part of the Roman Empire. He would not know there is a race like our own on the other side of the Atlantic, as the other does not know there is a race like our own on the other side of the Mediterranean.

What people of this sort very badly need is an "outline of history." A very simple outline of the history of Europe, as it is known to most of the other nations of Europe. It is especially well known to the French, and is the foundation of their policy from Charlemagne to Napoleon and from Napoleon to Foch; from the Crusades to the French Revolution and from the French Revolution to the Great War. But there is no need for us to see it as the French see it; we have our own angle or aspect of it; but we also are a part of it. It is a pity that educated Englishmen, like the men on the *Manchester Guardian*, should never even have heard of it.

The Roman Empire was not what we now call a Continental thing. It was European, but it was not what is marked on the map as Europe. Just as it included Britain as well as Gaul, so it included Morocco as well as Spain. Indeed, in one sense it covered Morocco more than it covered Britain, or even Gaul. Its nucleus was not on some inland river like the Danube or the Rhine, which long flowed through the trackless forests of barbarian lands; whatever else it was, it was not a Mittel-Europa. Its nucleus was no inland river, but the inland sea; or rather, the ring of old city states that ran round that sea. It was what the Romans called the world; the circle of the lands. All these lands round the Mediterranean had the same citizenship and general culture; most were of the same race; certainly the Algerian race was the same as the Spanish race; most certainly neither of them had anything to do with the Negro race. That strip of coast which the Romans called Africa people afterwards called Barbary. It was Roman in exactly the same sense as the city of Bath. It was European in exactly the same sense as the city of Paris. The things that happened there were precisely the things that happened everywhere else in the Roman Empire, during that particular phase of the history of the white race: campaigns of legions, riots about emperors, disputes about schools of philosophy, disputes about heresies in the Early Church, and all the rest of it. These things happened in Barbary as they happened in Britain. Probably a late Emperor or an early Pope would have been more surprised at losing Barbary than at losing Britain. Nevertheless, in a sense, civilisation did lose Barbary, as it did for a time lose Britain; and did, indeed, for a much longer time lose Spain. But Europe only lost Britain to the Northern pirates, who had no religion in particular and no civilisation at all. Europe lost Spain and Africa to the great religion and civilisation of Islam; and it naturally took much longer to get them back. Britain was finally restored to Europe by the Normans in the eleventh century. Spain was finally restored to Europe by the Castilians in the fourteenth century. Algiers and all that coast was restored to Europe by the French in the nineteenth century. That is how a Frenchman regards the conquest, or rather reconquest, of Algiers.

That is what is meant, for instance, by calling St. Augustine an African. I do not know whether the writer on the *Manchester Guardian* imagines that St. Augustine was a Hottentot. That is what is meant by the whole tradition of "Othello"; by the idea that a Moor could be chivalrous in the same style as a Spaniard. The Moors were Moslems, but they were not Asiatics or what these people mean by Africans. They were simply citizens of the civilisation of Rome, who during the decline had adopted the more static creed of Mahomet rather than the more creative creed of Christ. From a Latin point of view, they have quite naturally come back to the civilisation of Rome in coming back to the civilisation of France. It would be just as natural for a Napoleon to raise some of his troops from Algiers as for a Cæsar to summon some of his legions from the country round Hippo and Carthage. But these Roman citizens, these Roman legionaries, seem to the writer on the Manchester paper as something vaguely like a black boat-load from the Cannibal Islands. He imagines an Algerian to be some sort of Kaffir; perhaps a rather light shade of Kaffir. He considers it a fine and fastidious shade of difference to distinguish between St. Augustine of Hippo and a Kaffir. Now that sort of nonsense has nothing to do with the detailed controversy about Reparations and the Ruhr. It has nothing to do with the question of whether French policy seems to us right or wrong. It is to be deplored, not because it makes France seem wrong, but because it makes England seem ridiculous. It makes us look as if we did not know the fundamentals of European history which are also the fundamentals of English history. It suggests not so much that we do not agree with what a Frenchman says as that we do not know what he is talking about.

It is this positive picture of the past, even the other man's picture of his own past, that it is important to see. I say nothing here of the negative recriminations round the particular question; I do not inquire whether a horror at black troops is in itself a very consistent emotion either for the British Empire or the American Republic. I am not arguing about the Ruhr, but about the Roman heritage, as it does in fact appear to those who regard themselves as its inheritors. Even if it were only an illusion, it would be far too large an illusion, in the whole Latin world, for it to be safe that we should be merely ignorant of it. Others will act on it before we have even thought of it; and their illusion will be a fact while our doubt is still a daydream. To bargain with the French, to quarrel with the French, to fight with the French, it is equally necessary to see the sense and meaning of the French. Otherwise, they may yet rebuild the Roman Empire round the central sea, and perhaps gather again around the Eagles all the Moors and Saracens and strong riders that rode away after the Crescent; while we are talking nonsense about niggers, mostly from a memory of niggers at Margate.



CONDUCTOR OF "DAS RHEINGOLD" ON THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE GRAND OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN: HERR BRUNO WALTER, OF MUNICH FESTIVAL FAME.

The fine rendering of "Das Rheingold" at Covent Garden on May 5, under the baton of Herr Bruno Walter, gave promise that the season thus inaugurated will restore the pre-war standard of Grand Opera. Herr Walter conducted some Wagner performances at Covent Garden as long ago as 1910. To-day, as our musical critic (Mr. W. J. Turner) recently said, "he is one of the most experienced and capable of living operatic conductors, and the standard of performance reached at Munich during his régime as head of the National Opera House there made the Munich Festivals famous throughout Germany."

OUR ANAGLYPHS. (See pages 841, 844.)

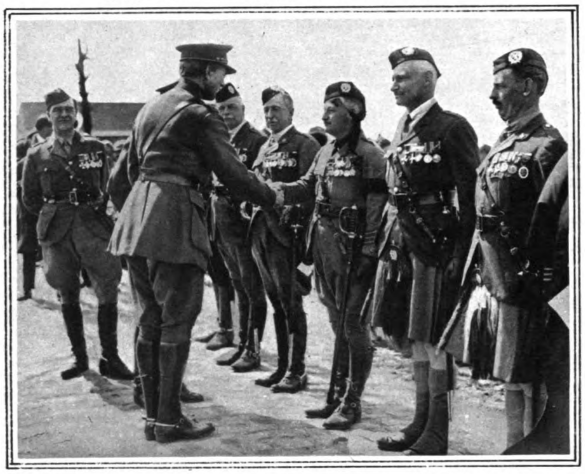
We would remind those of our readers who are interested in the "Anaglyphs" which we are publishing from time to time that anyone who may have mislaid the red and green films given away with the first Anaglyphs (published in our issue of March 8) may obtain (if they have not already done so) one Anaglyph viewing-mask, complete with red and green films, by filling up the coupon printed on page 872 of this issue, and forwarding it, accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

"STONES OF REMEMBRANCE": WAR MEMORIALS; AND A ROYAL MONUMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, I.N., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.

ON THE RIDGE WHERE MANY OF THEM FELL IN 1914: THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY WAR MEMORIAL—A CROSS OF REDEMPTION—AT ZANDVOORDE, NEAR YPRES, UNVEILED BY EARL HAIG.

COMMEMORATING "AN UNFORGETTABLE EXAMPLE OF COURAGE": KING ALBERT READING HIS ADDRESS AFTER UNVEILING THE LONDON SCOTTISH WAR MEMORIAL NEAR MESSINES—SHOWING (TO LEFT) EARL HAIG.

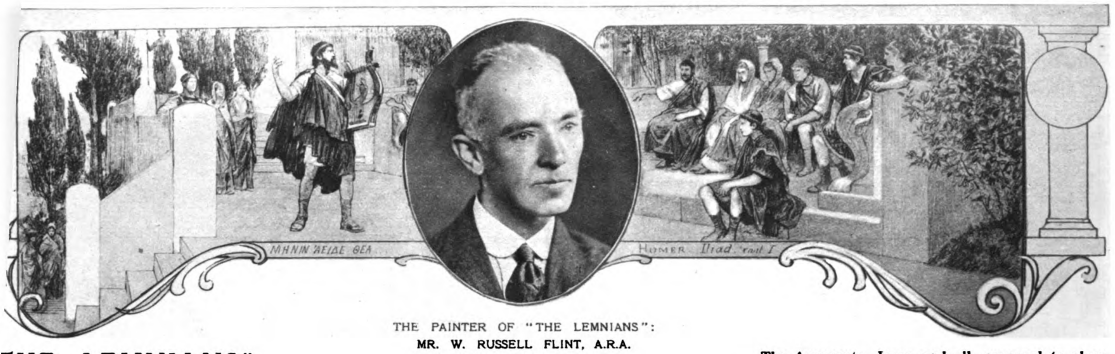


THE KING OF THE BELGIANS GREETING OFFICERS OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH WHO FOUGHT IN THE WAR: AN INCIDENT AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.

ADDITIONS TO THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL, WHOSE COMPLETION WAS DELAYED BY THE WAR: A STATUARY GROUP, SYMBOLIC OF NAVAL AND MILITARY POWER, RECENTLY PLACED IN POSITION.

IN HONOUR OF THE 1481 MEN OF IPSWICH WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR: THE UNVEILING OF THE WAR MEMORIAL BY ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD WEBB AND GENERAL SIR AYLMER HUNTER-WESTON.

The Household Cavalry War Memorial—a Cross of Redemption—was unveiled by Field-Marshal Earl Haig on May 4 near the village of Zandvoorde (about eight miles from Ypres), where the British cavalry made a heroic stand in October 1914. An inscription records that many of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards "fell in defence of the ridge on which this Cross stands." Among the relatives of the honoured dead, present at the ceremony, was the Dowager Duchess of Westminster. On the following day the King of the Belgians unveiled a memorial cross to the 14th Battalion The London Regiment (London Scottish) at a point between Messines and Wytschaete where hundreds of them had fallen in action. King Albert said: "The volunteers of the London Scottish gave an unforgettable example of courage. Many of them sleep their last sleep in this land of Flanders." In our photograph of the Memorial the King is seen second from left in the right-hand group. Earl Haig is the foremost figure in the group on the left.——The Ipswich War Memorial—a Cenotaph and screen wall—was unveiled on May 3 by Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Webb and Lieut.-General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston.——On the Queen Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace, whose completion was delayed by the war, two new statuary groups have been placed, representing naval and military power, and science and art



THE PAINTER OF "THE LEMNIANS":
MR. W. RUSSELL FLINT, A.R.A.
Photograph by Lafayette.

THE LEMNIANS":

The Story of the Academy Picture.

been remarked that the question of the at the Royal Academy will be "What are s?" If it recalls the ancient query of the young woman, "What are Keats?" it is at sier to answer. To many who admire Mr. Flint's (A.R.A.-elect) canvas, "The Lemnians," ure will bring back old tags of old and the title of a lost play of es, which is, in fact, identical with ist's title. But if the "Attic bee" elp here, there are others—Pindar, ius Rhodius, and Apollodorus—from accounts or allusions the old story pieced together.

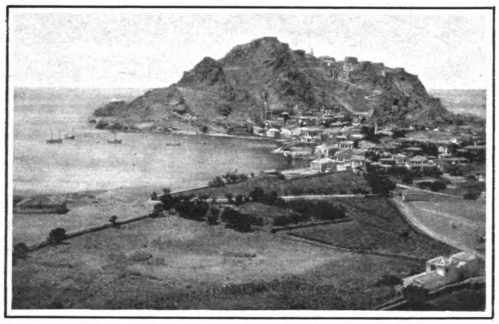
art critic has said that the picture at the first glance to suggest "pother a petticoat." These are not his actual which run, to be precise, "To the judiced eye the Lemnians would seem in a pardonable distress about a blue oat, but classical authorities assure us here is more in it than that." There good deal more; but if it was not r about a petticoat, it was certainly a coat pother, of a rather hectic and even cidal sort. That is why Pindar alludes the Lemnian race of husband-slaying s."

The story of the Women of Lemnos is by Apollodorus with a neat economy phrase that would have made him in- iable to the Athenian *Daily Mail*. He how the *Argo*, Jason being skipper, came to mnos. "Now at that time Lemnos was manless, was ruled over by Queen Hypsipyle, daughter of as, for this reason. The Lemnian women would honour Aphrodite; wherefore the goddess had licted them with an evil savour, so that their sbands took to themselves women captives of war m neighbouring Thrace. The dishonoured Lemnian men thereupon slew their thers and husbands, but Hyp- pyle alone concealed and saved r father Thoas. Howbeit, when e Argonauts were come to omen-governed Lemnos, they onsorted with the women. And lypsipyle became the bed-fellow f Jason, and bare him sons, Euneos and Nebrophonos."

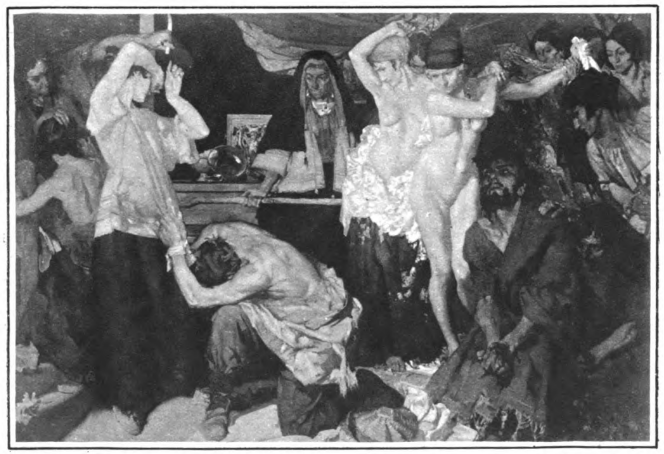
From the Lemnians' act arose he Greek proverb, "Lemnian leeds," for any terrible happen- ngs. So much for a plain prose author. Apollonius Rhodius, in his "Argonautica," gives the story a poetical and more dramatic form.

"Here," he says—the prose translation is Mr. R. C. Seaton's in the Loeb Series (Heinemann)—"the whole of the men of the people had been ruthlessly slain through the transgressions of the women in the year gone by. For the men had rejected their lawful wives, loathing them, and had conceived a fierce passion for captive maids . . . for the terrible wrath of Cypris came upon them, because for a long time they had grudged her the honours due. O hapless women and insatiate in jealousy to their own ruin! Not their husbands alone with the captives did they slay . . . but all the males at the same time that they might thereafter pay no retribution for the grim murder."

Apollonius recounts the debate held by the Lemnian women as to the entertainment of the Argonauts, and how Hypsipyle's aged nurse, Polyxo (of the old school of thought), counselled hospitality, and drew a dismal picture of the perils that beset a manless community. Hypsipyle yielded, and consented to receive Jason. It was her undoing. Cypris saw to that. When the hero entered the hall, "Hypsipyle turned her eyes aside and a blush covered her maiden cheeks, yet for all her modesty she addressed him with crafty words." She professed to account for the Adamless Eden of their island, and did not spare mankind deceased. "In their homes, in the dance, in the assembly and the banquet, all their thought was only for the captive maidens." She told a cock-and-bull story of how the injured women had expelled the erring men together with all male children. "She spoke, glozing over the murder that had been wrought upon the men," and begged the Argonauts to "stay and settle with us." The Argonauts were delighted, and the maids went down to the ship, dancing, to escort them back; "for Cypris stirred in them a sweet desire, for the sake of Hephaestus of many counsels, in order that Lemnos might be again inhabited by men and not be ruined."



IN THE FAMOUS ÆGEAN ISLAND WHICH IS THE SCENE OF MR. RUSSELL FLINT'S PICTURE, "THE LEMNIANS": A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF KASTRO ON THE WEST COAST OF LEMNOS.
Photograph by F. W. Hasluck. By Courtesy of the Hellenic Society.



A ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURE ILLUSTRATING A GREEK LEGEND OF A MASSACRE OF MEN BY WOMEN: "THE LEMNIANS," BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, A.R.A.
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Heracles and one or two chosen companions alone of the Argonauts refused the seductions of the Lemnian ladies, and elected to stay on board ship, while the others passed their time in dalliance. The city rejoiced with dances and banquets; it was filled with the steam of sacrifice and the melody of choral song in honour of Cypris. From day to day the heroes delayed their sailing, but at last Heracles gathered together his comrades apart from the women and reproached them for their luxury, bidding them put to sea again and leave Jason with Hypsipyle, until he had peopled Lemnos with men-children and so won great glory.

The Argonauts, Jason and all, prepared to obey, and there was sorrow in Lemnos. Hypsipyle wept, but bade Jason go, and wished him a safe return with the Golden Fleece, promising him her father's sceptre if he should choose to come back to her. Yet she mistrusted his return, and confessed to a foreboding that it would not be so. Still, she prayed him to remember Hypsipyle. Jason replied that if he should not return to Hellas, and if she should bear a man-child, she might send him, when he was grown, to Pelasgian Iolcos to comfort his father Aeson. So saying, he mounted the ship, the rowers bent to their oars, and Jason passed out of Hypsipyle's life. She had given him a robe for remembrance, and twice the garment recalls her name to Apollonius's story of the Argonauts.

Volcanic Lemnos was sacred to Hephaestus (Vulcan), who fell on the island after he "was flung by angry Jove sheer o'er the crystal battlements of Heaven." A Thracian tribe, the Sinties (robbers), were its earliest inhabitants. The name Lemnos is said to be a title of Cybele among the Thracians, and the orgiastic worship of Cybele was characteristic of Thrace, whither it had spread from Asia Minor. Hypsipyle and Myrina (the chief town of Lemnos) are Amazon names, always connected with the Asiatic worship of Cybele. The story of the Lemnians probably reflects the rise of communication between the original Thracian people and the Greeks, as navigation began to unite the islands of the Ægean. To the comparatively more civilised Greek mariners, the Thracians would seem barbarians, whence the easy rise of a ferocious myth. The inhospitable repute of Thrace finds an echo in the first chorus of "Œdipus the King," but the forbidding character of the shores of Thrace is a commonplace of Greek poetry. About Lemnos, too, there lingered a tradition of fierce manners, although this is qualified by more gracious allusions. In both "Iliad" and "Odyssey" Lemnos is spoken of as "the well-founded." Apollonius Rhodius suggests a somewhat advanced and luxurious civilisation in his picture of Hypsipyle's Court at Lemnos; but then he belongs to the third century B.C., and writes in the language of the conventional epic. Himself an Alexandrian, he employs Alexandrian forms and late uses of Homeric words. His "Argonautica" is a skilful fusion of mythology, traditional history, and legend, but it is the artificial creation of an imitative school, and, as a guide to folk-lore, not to be compared with the fresh and spontaneous Homeric poems.

Time, that brings its revenges, brought about a reversal in some sort of the old tragedy; for on this occasion women were the victims, Athenian women whom the Pelasgians of Lemnos had carried off from Attica. These the Lemnians massacred, and fell thereby under a curse. The Delphic Oracle bade them give the Athenians satisfaction, and when they came to Athens to make submission, the Athenians replied by setting forth a well-plenished table and desiring the Lemnians to surrender their island in a similar condition. They replied that they would do so when a ship came to them from the Athenians' country by a north wind in a single day. Long afterwards, when the Thracian Chersonese had become an Athenian possession, Miltiades remembered the saying, and sailed by the help of the Etesian winds from Elaeus in the Chersonese to Lemnos. On arrival he claimed fulfilment of the undertaking, and consequent surrender. The Pelasgian Lemnians resisted, but Miltiades overcame them easily.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS:
RECENT MATTERS OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

THE GERMAN EX-CHANCELLOR VOTES IN THE ELECTIONS: HERR STRESEMANN, LEADER OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE'S PARTY, LEAVING A POLLING STATION.

POET AND NOVELIST: THE LATE "E. NESBIT" (MRS. HUBERT BLAND).

THE MISSING LEADER OF THE U.S. WORLD-FLIERS: MAJOR MARTIN.

SOLDIER, SPORTSMAN, POLITICIAN: THE LATE GEN. SIR H. McCALMONT.

COMPOSER OF "NERO": THE LATE ARRIGO BOITO.

NEW MASTER OF THE KING'S MUSICK: SIR EDWARD ELGAR.

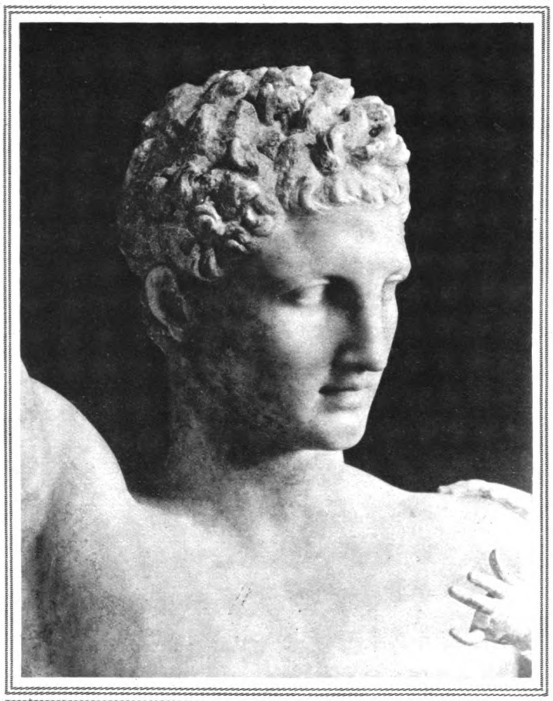
AUTHOR OF "A MESSAGE FROM MARS": THE LATE MR. RICHARD GANTHONY.

A DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER PEER: THE LATE VISCOUNT HARDINGE.

A GLASGOW UNIONIST: THE LATE MR. WILLIAM HUTCHISON, M.P.

INDIAN PAGEANTRY IN HONOUR OF A BRITISH GOVERNOR: A BEAUTIFUL CAR AT THE FAREWELL ENTERTAINMENT TO LORD WILLINGDON AT MADRAS.

A MASTERPIECE OF ANCIENT GREEK SCULPTURE LENT TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE GREEK GOVERNMENT: THE "HERMES" OF PRAXITELES.



TO BE SHOWN IN AMERICAN MUSEUMS: THE "HERMES" OF PRAXITELES—THE BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF THE CELEBRATED STATUE.

Polling in the German Reichstag elections took place on Sunday, May 4. Herr Stresemann, as Leader of the German People's Party, made the Experts' Report the main issue.——Mrs. Hubert Bland, who wrote under her maiden name, E. Nesbit, was the author of poems, novels, and charming stories for children.——Major Martin, leader of the U.S. Army world-flight, left Chignik for Dutch Harbour, Unalaska, Aleutian Islands, with Sergeant Harvey, on April 26, and up to the time of writing has since been missing.——Major-General Sir Hugh McCalmont served on the Red River, in Ashanti, and in Egypt. Later he was M.P. for North Antrim. He was a well-known sportsman.——Arrigo Boito, the Italian composer, kept secret during his life the music of his opera "Nèrone" (Nero), the production of which in the Scala at Milan recently aroused immense interest.——Sir Edward Elgar has succeeded the late Sir Walter Parratt as Master of the King's Musick.——Mr. Richard Ganthony's most popular play was "A Message from Mars," in which the late Sir Charles Hawtrey made a great success.——Viscount Hardinge, elder brother of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, served in the Nile Expedition of 1885 and was A.D.C. to Lord Roberts.——Mr. W. Hutchison sat for the Kelvingrove Division of Glasgow.——Lord Willingdon, who recently returned home, had been Governor of Madras since 1919.——The "Hermes" of Praxiteles has been lent by the Greek Government to the United States, in gratitude for American aid in settling Greek refugees from Asia Minor.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CONTINENTAL PHOTO, L.N.A., C.N., BASSANO, SPORT AND GENERAL, CLAUDE HARRIS AND ERNEST BROOKS, ERNEST H. MILLS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, AND W. T. DAY.
THOSE OF THE "HERMES" BY ALINARI BROS. (SUPPLIED BY MANSELL).

ROYAL RECREATIONS; McKENNA DUTIES; SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.A., TOPICAL, AND C.N.

HE PRINCE OF WALES (ON RIGHT) IN THE AMUSEMENTS PARK AT WEMBLEY: IN A CAR ON "THE WHIP."

WHERE 10,000 MEN MAY BE THROWN OUT OF WORK BY THE REMOVAL OF THE McKENNA DUTIES: A GREAT DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE PROPOSED REPEAL, AT THE MORRIS MOTORS FACTORY, OXFORD.

THE DUTCH ROYAL FAMILY HOLIDAY-MAKING ON THE SANDS AT SCHEVENINGEN: (L. TO R.) QUEEN WILHELMINA, PRINCESS JULIANA, AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WEMBLEY: A TRIP ON THE GIANT SWITCHBACK WITH LORD AND LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN.

A CAT MAY LOOK AT A QUEEN! HER MAJESTY MUCH AMUSED AT A GIANT FIGURE OF FELIX IN THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR AT THE WHITE CITY.

WITH THEIR CAPTAIN, MR. H. W. TAYLOR (CENTRE), WHO MADE SIXTY NOT OUT IN THEIR OPENING MATCH AGAINST LEICESTERSHIRE: THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKET TEAM.

The Prince of Wales thoroughly enjoyed himself at Wembley on May 5, when he paid an informal visit to the Exhibition with Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten. In the Amusements Park they took their turns in the queue for the Giant Switchback. The Prince is seen in front of the car with Lady Louis Mountbatten, and behind him is Lord Louis next to Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince's private secretary. The Prince was the only one of the party to go on The Whip, on which, seated in a little car with an Exhibition official, he was "whirled in wide jerky circles" and lost his cigarette.——On the same day the King and Queen visited the British Industries Fair at the White City at Shepherds Bush.——The motoring industry strongly oppose the proposed removal of the McKenna Duties, which (as our motoring expert notes on page 868) include an import duty of 33 1-3 per cent. on imported chassis and cars. He mentions that "the biggest manufacturing concern in the country, Morris Motors, has already announced a drop in production of 25 per cent., which will throw out of employment some 10,000 workers."——The South African cricket team began their tour at Leicester on May 3. Our group shows (l. to r.)—Back row: H. G. Deane, P. A. M. Hands, C. D. Dixon, M. J. Susskind, G. F. Bissett, E. P. Nupen, A. D. Nourse, G. Allsopp (Manager); Middle row: J. M. Blanckenberg, M. J. Commaille, H. W. Taylor (Captain), S. J. Pegler, T. A Ward; Front row: R. H. Catterall, C. P. Carter, G. A. L. Hearne, and D. J. Meintjes.

EATING SHARK'S FIN WITH CHOPSTICKS: CHINESE FARE AT WEMBLEY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

WHERE THE MENU INCLUDES BIRDS'-NEST SOUP, SHARK'S FIN, STEWED LICHENS, BROILED BAMBOO PITH, AND "NOODLES": BRITISH DINERS LEARNING TO USE CHOPSTICKS IN THE HONG-KONG RESTAURANT AT THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

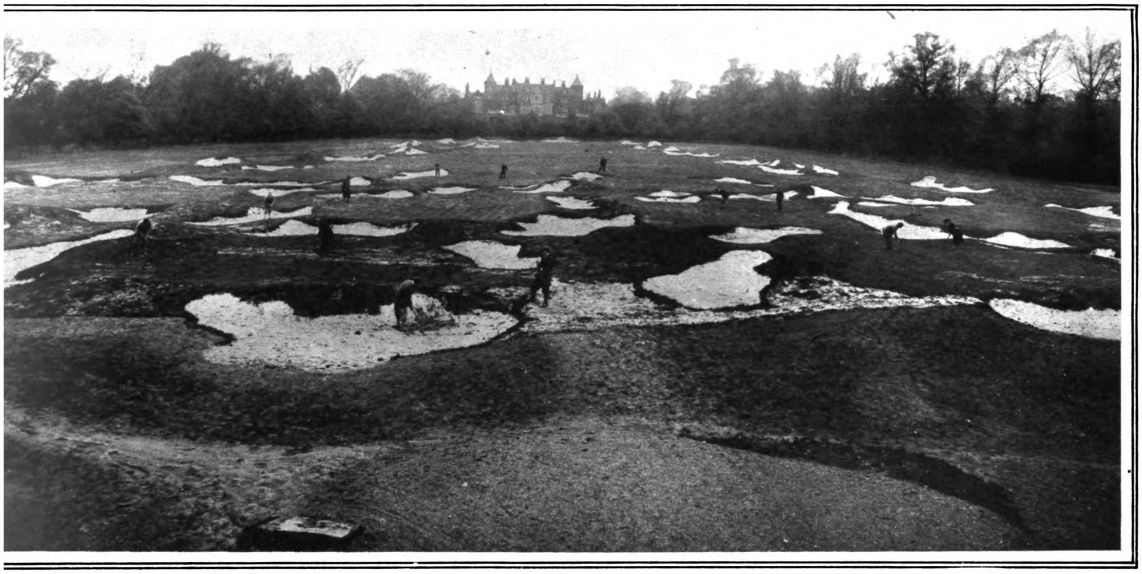
Among the many varieties of oversea catering to be enjoyed at Wembley, one of the most interesting experiences is to dine in the Chinese Restaurant presided over by Mr. Lum, of Hong-Kong. The meal is eaten with chopsticks (which can be replaced by forks, if desired) to the accompaniment of jazz music by a Chinese orchestra which played before the Prince of Wales when he visited Hong-Kong. The dishes, which seem strange at first, exercise an increasing fascination. The prices vary from quite small amounts to considerable sums for expensive dinners. Thus, simple dishes such as pork and noodles (a kind of Chinese macaroni) or a plate of noodle soup, can be ordered for 2s. and 1s. respectively. A 10s. lunch comprised shark's fin with chicken in soup, broiled bamboo pith, stewed chicken rolls, fried yam and Chow rice, and tea. One ten-course dinner for ten people cost £40, each course being a speciality of some particular province and prepared by a special chef. The menu was:—1. Peking birds'-nest soup. 2. Kwon-Chow (stewed shark's fin). 3. Kiang-Nan (steamed chicken with glutinous rice). 4. Manchurian stewed lichens. 5. Soochow stewed Awabi (fish). 6 [illegible] steamed duck (with ham). 7. Yang-Chow maize custard in soup Lo-Han Maigra (vegetables). 9. Shanghai stewed fledgling pigeon. stewed mushrooms.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C*

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: A PAGE OF RECENT HAPPENINGS.

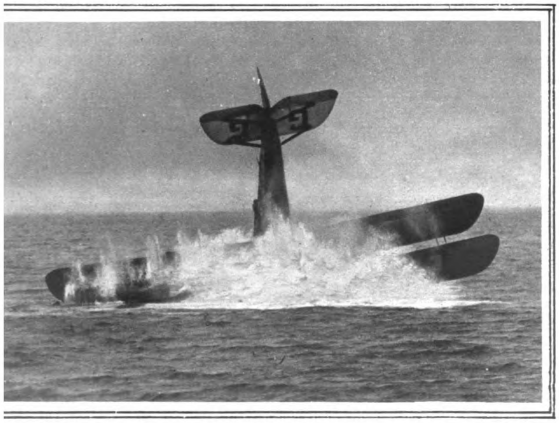
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOTHEK (BERLIN), C.N., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.

IE FUNERAL OF DR. HELFFERICH, THE GERMAN POLITICIAN KILLED, WITH HIS OTHER IN THE RECENT SWISS RAILWAY DISASTER: FLORAL TRIBUTES IN THE CREMATORIUM AT MANNHEIM.

PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE ADVENTUROUS VISIT OF MR. G WARD PRICE, THE FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT: ABDUL KRIM (RIGHT), THE SULTAN OF THE RIFFS, AT WAR WITH SPAIN.



GOLF IN THE HEART OF KENSINGTON: THE NEW COMBINED PRACTICE GROUND AND EIGHTEEN-HOLE APPROACHING AND PUTTING COURSE, 1000 YARDS LONG, RECENTLY OPENED IN THE SOUTH PARK OF HOLLAND HOUSE—A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING A NUMBER OF PLAYERS PRACTISING IN THE BUNKERS.



DARING FEAT ON THE PART OF THE PILOT: A TEST "CRASH" INTO THE SEA F FELIXSTOWE PERFORMED FOR THE AIR MINISTRY BY FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT A. C. REA.

INJURED IN THE HAND BY HIS EXPERIMENTAL "CRASH" INTO THE SEA: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT REA BEING ROWED ASHORE BY R.A.F. MECHANICS FROM HIS WRECKED MACHINE.

. Helfferich, leader of the German Nationalist Party, and for a time Finance inister during the war, was killed with his mother in the railway collision at ellinzona.——Mr. G. Ward Price, the famous war correspondent, recently carried it what is described as his greatest and most thrilling adventure, a secret visit disguise to the country of the Riffs, the Moorish tribe who have been at ar with Spain, off and on, since 1912. Clad in the burnous and turban of a oor, Mr. Ward Price rode on horseback through wild and trackless mountains rely traversed by Europeans, visited the field headquarters of the Riff forces, id obtained an interview with the Sultan, Abdul Krim.——In the South Park of Holland House, Kensington, the A.W.G.P. (All-Weather Golf Practice, Ltd.) have recently opened a new Practice Ground to be used alternatively (1) for practice with covered tees, for aimed shots at every range up to the full drive, without nets; and (2) as an eighteen-hole approaching and putting course, 1000 yards in length. —— Flight-Lieutenant A. C. Rea, on May 2, "landed" in the sea off Felixstowe, to test how long a fully loaded aeroplane will remain afloat. The machine (an old De Havilland 18) was weighted with ballast to represent passengers. As the wheels of the under-carriage touched the water, the tail rose and the machine "nose-dived." The pilot received an injury to his hand.

WITH HER EIGHT CHILDREN: THE EXILED EX-EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

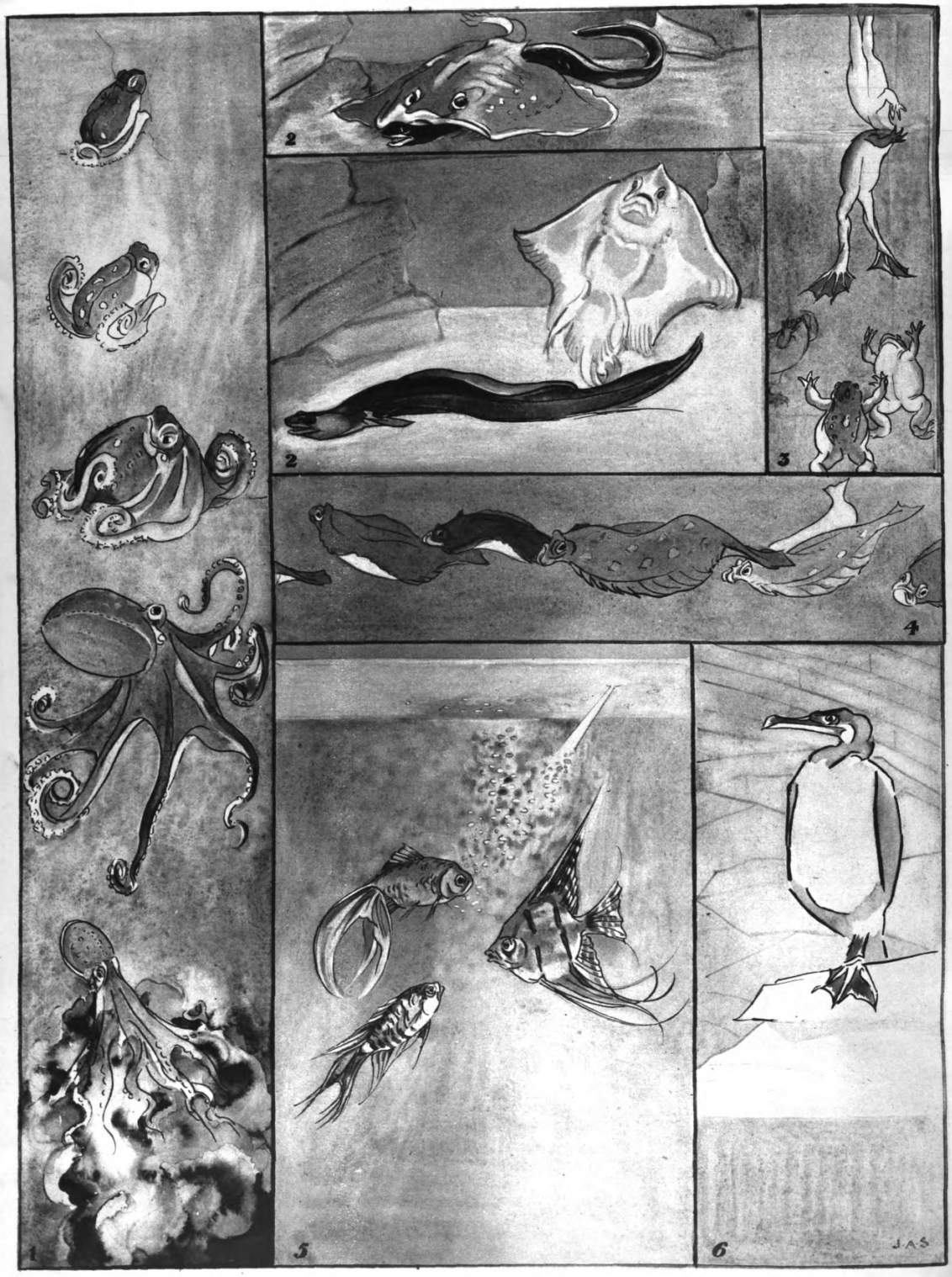
PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.

WIDOW OF A MEMBER OF THE UNLUCKY HOUSE OF HAPSBURG: THE EX-EMPRESS ZITA AND HER FAMILY.

The tragic destiny of the House of Hapsburg has been played out since the war, and, with the death of the ex-Emperor Charles, the ex-Empress, who was once the consort of the wearer of the double crown of Austria-Hungary, has now no other preoccupation than the education of her eight children. The ex-Empress Zita, who is a Princess of Bourbon-Parma, was born on May 9, 1892. She was married in 1911 to Charles, son of the Archduke Otto and grand-nephew of the late Emperor Francis-Joseph I., and her husband succeeded in 1916. With the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1918, he lost his kingdom, and was compelled to live in exile until his death on April 1, 1922. The ex-Empress, who now lives in Spain, has the large family shown with her in our photograph. The eldest boy, the Archduke Franz-Joseph-Otto, is eleven years of age; the Archduchess Adelaide is ten; the Archduke Robert, nine; the Archduke Felix, eight; the Archduke Karl-Ludwig is six; the Archduke Rodolphe-Suringus is five; and the family is completed by the two baby Archduchesses, Charlotte, who is three, and Marie, who is a posthumous child, born after her father's death, and will not be two years old until next month.

FISHY FUN IN THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM: BY A FAMOUS ANIMAL-ARTIST.

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

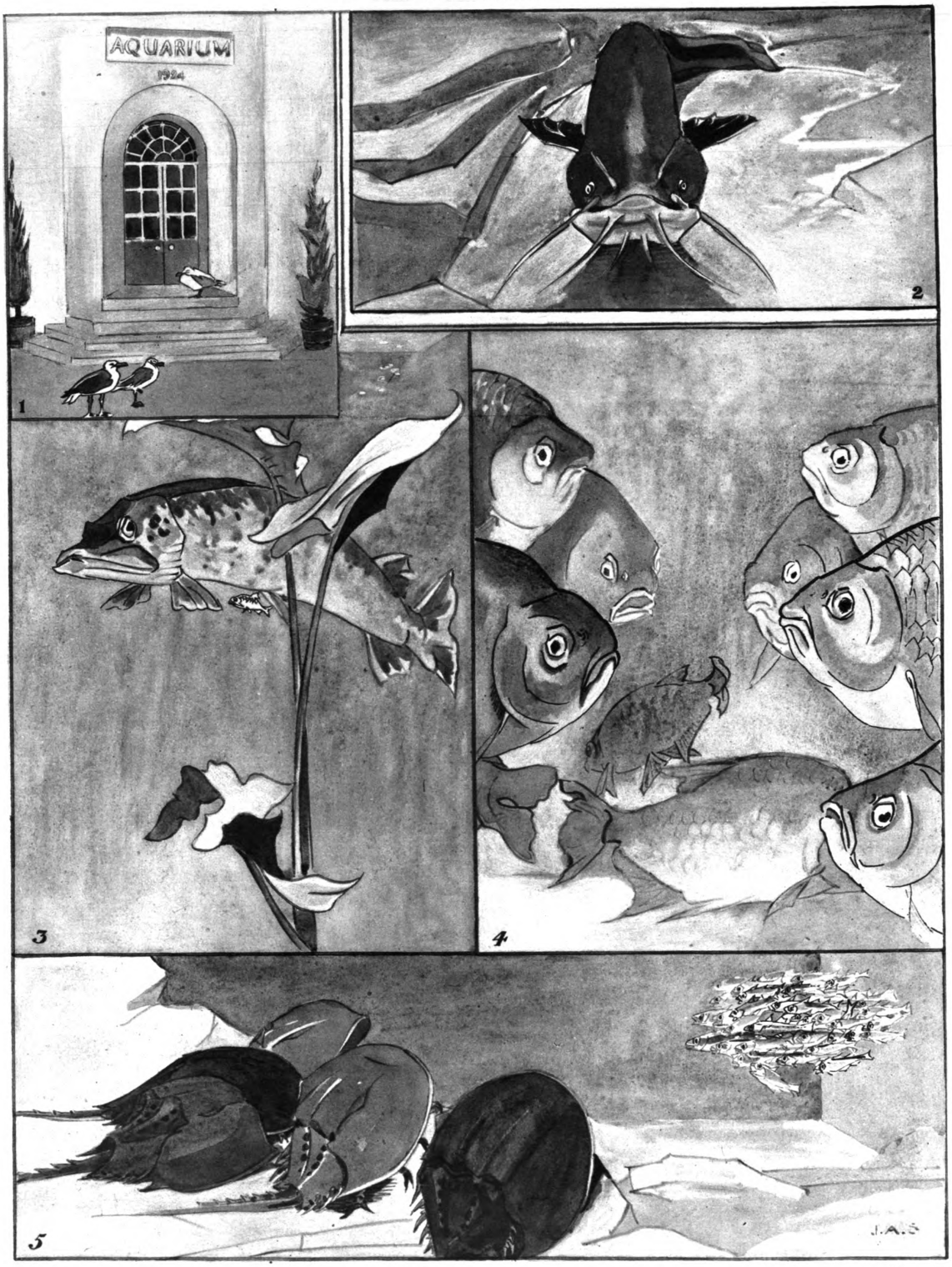


HUMOURS OF THE WATER WORLD: (1) THE OCTOPUS; (2) SKATE AND CONGER; (3) SMOOTH-CLAWED FROGS; (4) A FLAT (FISH) RACE; (5) CHOICE FISH; (6) THE CORMORANT, A FOE TO FISH.

Mr. James A. Shepherd, the well-known animal artist and caricaturist, has naturally been among the first to see the humours of the new Aquarium at the "Zoo," and to portray them in his own inimitable style, as on these two pages. His full descriptions of the above drawings are as follows:—"(1) London's Octopus (now deceased, I read). Resting, it looks like a meek toad, but when disturbed reveals itself, expels ink from its ink-gland, and darts away obscured in a 'smoke-screen.' (2) The Skate receives a shock; or, the Conger Eel's joke. (3) Smooth-clawed Frogs. A reflection—not a balancing feat. (4) The flat (fish) race. (5) Choice fish—Angel Fish, Paradise Fish, and Veil-Tailed Goldfish. (6) A sinister figure in the Aquarium—the Cormorant. He is fed on fish!" We may recall that examples of Mr. J. A. Shepherd's work have often before been reproduced in our pages.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

FISHY FUN IN THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM: BY A FAMOUS ANIMAL-ARTIST.

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



HUMOURS OF THE WATER WORLD: (1) GULLS "GULLED" BY THE AQUARIUM; (2) A GIANT CAT-FISH; (3) THE PIKE SEEKS THE WILY ROACH; (4) THE CRITICAL CARP; (5) SMALL WHITING IN MASS FORMATION FACING TANK-LIKE KING CRABS.

As on the opposite page, Mr. J. A. Shepherd, whose "Zig-Zags at the 'Zoo'" initiated his reputation as a caricaturist of animal life, has here depicted various denizens of the "Zoo's" new Aquarium which lend themselves to humorous presentment. His notes on the above subjects are as follows:—"(1) Early morning visitors—Gulls apparently waiting for the doors of the Aquarium to open. (2) The Giant Cat-Fish, who seems to realise his formidable appearance, and spreads his fins from time to time, making himself look even more menacing. (3) The disconsolate Pike seeking the Roach he left over from lunch. The Roach keeps immediately beneath him, moving with him. (4) The constant passing to and fro of the reproachful-looking Carp family. (5) Uncongenial surroundings. Small Whiting, in mass formation as usual, facing King Crabs, which have the aspect of Tanks."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.]*

LOBSTERS SAVED FROM DROWNING; AND FISH IN

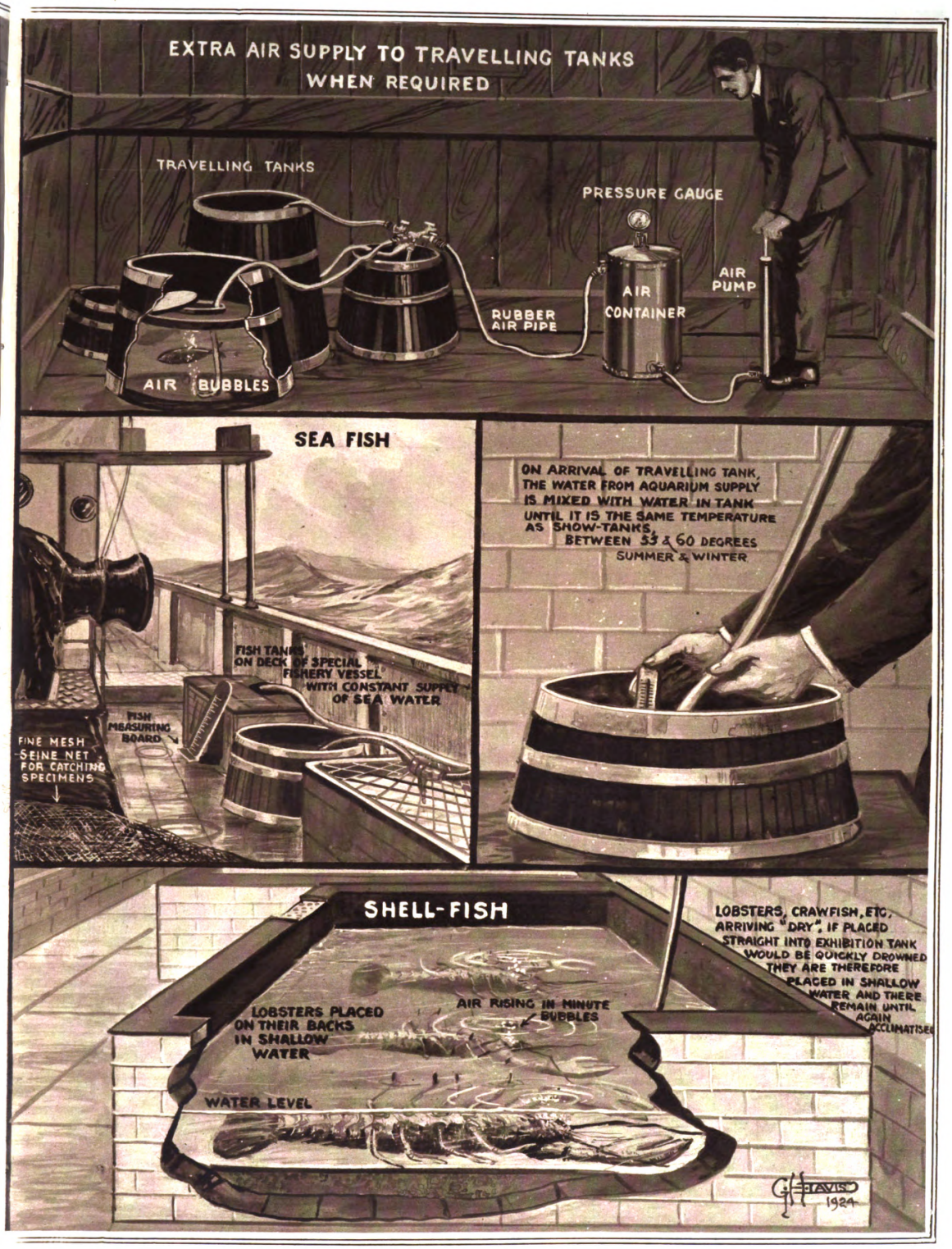
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

HOW CAPTIVE FISH FOR THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM JOURNEY TO LONDON: SPECIAL

"There is considerable romance," writes our artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, "behind the problem of keeping the 'Zoo' Aquarium stocked with the varied specimens from all parts of the world exhibited in it. Many of the tropical fish are brought in travelling tanks from the wilds of Asia, Africa, and South America, and in many cases the special tanks are carried by native bearers over hundreds of miles of trackless country. For the conveyance of these tropical fish the special tanks provided are supplied (underneath) with a minute heating lamp, which is lighted immediately the tank reaches cooler zones, and is kept continuously alight until the fish arrive at the 'Zoo.' This is necessary to keep the water at a regular temperature familiar to the fish in its native haunts. On arrival at the 'Zoo,' the fish are placed in acclimatising tanks, where they are 'nursed' until they are in a fit condition to be placed on exhibition. Ordinary fish of a non-tropical nature are brought long distances in special wooden tanks, so constructed

TRAVELLING TANKS: STOCKING THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



TANKS, WITH METHODS OF AERATION, TEMPERATURE, AND ACCLIMATISATION.

that the water is unable to splash out, and the lid is so arranged that the vibration of the journey splashes the water against the top, and the 'waves' force air into the water. In some cases this is done with an air-pump attached to an air-container. Sea-fish are obtained by special vessels employed by various scientific institutions and the Board of Agriculture. The fish, when caught, are kept in tanks constantly supplied with a fresh flow of sea water, which is mixed with the water in the 'Zoo' tanks on arrival. Shell-fish, such as lobsters, crawfish, and so on, arriving at the Aquarium in a 'dry' condition (after being some considerable time out of the water), cannot immediately be placed in the exhibition tanks, otherwise they would be actually drowned in their natural element. They are, therefore, placed in shallow water, and there remain for several hours, until all the air has been expelled, and they are then in a fit condition to be put on exhibition."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

"THE English (one almost shrinks from the platitude) are unswerving devotees of heredity." That sentence comes from Mr. Philip Guedalla's new and superhumanly brilliant volume of essays, of which, in more detail, anon. The essayist goes on to find this British devotion to heredity "the local form of the human impulse which drives the Chinaman to ancestor-worship and the American to overcrowd the *Mayflower* with congested forebears."

. . . . . .

By a self-denying ordinance (how heroic deponent alone knoweth) I hold my pen aloof for a little from Mr. Guedalla's coruscating epigrams in order to note a signal example of the American devotion to heredity. Although it has worked itself out almost, if not quite, to its inevitable end—the "signing-on" of yet another *Mayflower* pilgrim-passenger, this genealogy stops just short of that final dignity of ancestral congestion. It contrives, however, to get as far as "a lost member of a distinguished Puritan family, a certain Mordecai Lincoln, who removed to New Jersey, whose descendants became wanderers in the forest and sank speedily to the bottom of the social scale, retaining not the slightest memory of their New England origin." But if those Lincolns were untouched by any finer spirit of ancestor-worship, in process of time they threw off a scion so important that the genealogists were forced to ply their holy work to the unearthing of this shadowy Mordecai, whose descendants were but forgetful mortals. The greatest of them, it appears, never even heard of worthy Mordecai. But he did pretty well without that knowledge.

. . . . . .

Let it not be thought that we would scoff at heredity. In considering the life history of any man who rises above the common, it is indispensable; and the latest biographer of Abraham Lincoln has gone beyond the mere tracing of forebears in his effort to account for the great President of the United States. He has lifted his story far above the Smiles-like records sacred to the juvenile library, those books of smug instruction which begin with the comprehensive title, "The Farm-Boy Who Became President," and end with uncomfortable justifications of Lincoln's presence in a playhouse at the moment of his death. Mr. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson in "LINCOLN" (Hutchinson; 21s.) shows himself a complete modern in his treatment of his subject.

. . . . . .

Alive to the influences of place, Mr. Stephenson begins with "that great forest which once extended its mysterious labyrinth to the tide-water of the prairies. When the earliest colonists entered warily upon its sea-worn edges, a portion of the European race came again under a spell it had forgotten centuries before, the spell of that untamed nature which created primitive man. All the dim memories that lay deep in subconsciousness . . . all the thousand wandering dreams that evolved the older gods, Pan, Cybele, Thor; all this waked again in the soul of the Anglo-Saxon penetrating the great forest."

. . . . . .

The Panic impulse took strange forms. Mr. Stephenson traces it in the religious revivals which gave the plain, toiling, early nineteenth-century women of the wilds from whom Lincoln was sprung their one escape out of themselves. "Their religion was ecstasy in homespun, a glory of violent singing, the release of a frantic emotion formless but immeasurable, which at all other times, in the severity of the forest routine, gave no sign of existence." The men "found their one deep joy in the hunt," and in a lesser degree they too enjoyed the revivals.

. . . . . .

These things went to the making of young Abraham. He was a boy apart—a humanitarian from the beginning. The chase of dumb animals was to him abhorrent. He endured whippings for releasing the quarry from the traps. Like the women, he remained outside the pleasures of the hunt. He was "the incredible exception. In him had come to a head the deepest things in the forest life: the darkly feminine things, its silence, its mysticism, its sensitiveness, its tragic patience." But he was also a man of his hands, at need, who could beat all competitors at wrestling or boxing.

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With that for foundation, this, it will be seen, is no ordinary biography. These strands of character run through the whole story to the end. They are traceable in the turmoil of the war years, when, as Hay wrote in his diary, "He is managing this war, the draft, foreign relations, and planning a reconstruction of the Union all at once. I never knew with what a tyrannous authority he rules the Cabinet until now." But the tyrant hated to sign warrants for military executions. "'General,' he said to an angry commander who charged him with destroying discipline, 'there are too many weeping widows in the United States now. For God's sake don't ask me to add to their number, for I tell you plainly I won't do it.'"

. . . . . .

Another trait of Lincoln's boyhood follows him to the end. He was always a great story-teller. It did not matter that his tales were ancient. In his hands they became new, just as Homer's listeners, in Kipling's phrase, "heard old songs turn up again, but kep' it quiet—same as you." "Lincoln never would have captured as he did his plough-boy audience, set them roaring with laughter in the intervals of labour, had he not given them back their own tales done over into new forms brilliantly beyond their powers of conception. . . . anyone who knows how peasant schools of art arise—for that matter, all schools that are vital—knows how he did it." The boy of Pigeon Creek was to emerge as "The Literary Statesman," described in one of Mr. Stephenson's most interesting chapters. "The oratory of 1854 was not statecraft in any ordinary sense. It was art. . . . It was one of those moments when a new political force, having not as yet any opening for action, finds salvation in the phrase-maker, in the literary artist who can embody it in words." But there was another and deeper development of the forest influence—"The Mystical Statesman." Without his mysticism Lincoln would not be the compelling force he remains. Its origin may not have lain wholly in natural religion. "Was it due," asks his biographer, "to far-away Puritan ancestors? Had austere, reticent Ironsides, sure of the Lord, but taking no liberties with their souls, at last found out their descendant? It may be. Cromwell, in some ways, was undeniably his spiritual kinsman."

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Mr. Stephenson makes out his case for origins. He does not stake too much—indeed, he stakes little or nothing—on old Mordecai as an individual. Of him we know too little to trace in his descendant any direct inheritance. But from the temper of the ancestral people, and from Pagan elements of environment of which, had they known them, they would have disapproved, sure inference can be drawn. The proof is Lincoln himself, as Mr. Stephenson has here drawn him with a discerning and picturesque touch. The book, enlivened by anecdote and allusion always subordinated to the main design of the work, is a reconstruction of a kind that the present age cannot fail to appreciate and enjoy.

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Another reconstruction, less protound, but in its own way equally interesting, is that of a chapter in the life of another President of the United States. It relates to a phase of character diametrically opposed to a leading trait of Lincoln's. He, who abhorred the hunt, had a later successor in office to whom the chase was as the breath of life. Theodore Roosevelt was nothing if not a son of Nimrod. But here hunting is only an incident. The main subject of "ROOSEVELT IN THE BAD LANDS," by Hermann Hagedorn (Melrose; 16s.), is the future President's life as a ranchman in Dakota thirty-five years ago. Of this no detailed record existed. Indications occur in Roosevelt's own books, but the complete story had to be pieced together from many sources.

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Roosevelt himself sets the scene in his "Autobiography." "It was still the Wild West in those days, the Far West, the West of Owen Wister's stories and Frederic Remington's drawings, the West of the Indian and the buffalo-hunter, the soldier, and the cow-puncher. That land of the West has gone now, 'gone, gone with lost Atlantis,' gone to the isle of ghosts and of strange dead memories. . . . In that land we led a free and hardy life, with horse and with rifle."

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From the isle of ghosts Mr. Hagedorn's patient research has recaptured the incidents, the works and days, the humour and the risks of that "free and hardy life." It was a task worth carrying through, for it has added to the list of notable adventure books. Written first of all for grown men, this is a tale that will delight boys. It will seem to them as if "Deadwood Dick" had come to life again, always supposing that a Stevensonian taste for such heroes survives into the age of young preoccupation with the motor-bicycle and wireless. The modern human boy's interest in questions of transport may, however, carry him through the farcical yarn of the Marquis de Mores's "Deadwood Stage-line." The scheme was a fiasco, but it makes good telling. The last of the coaches, it is amusing to note, was "rattled to kindlings" in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. But the company's elaborate poster is preserved by the North Dakota Historical Society, and is reproduced in the book. "The North Dakota Historical Society" has a pleasing sound, but in these degenerate days one fears that it is a more staid body than the Society upon the Stanislow.

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These portraits of statesmen give little opportunity for that ultra-sophistication which of late years has lent the biographical sketch a new attraction for the reader whose sense of humour is qualified by just a touch of cynicism not ill-natured, cynicism that is no more than Attic salt. This brings me back to the book from which I borrow the opening sentence of the article, a book that handles statesmen and others in a mood of ultra-sophistication, and with a touch so light as almost to pass for superficial—with the superficial. But Mr. Philip Guedella's "A GALLERY" (Constable; 10s. 6d.), for all its fireworks, has a groundwork of that serious reflection which he exists to reprove.

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Perhaps the best commentary on Mr. Guedalla's talent is to be found in a story that floats about in Junior Common (or Combination) Rooms—I am not sure whether it originated on Isis or on Cam. No matter; its wisdom would justify the children of either university. One young pundit (rumour has it), remarked to a friend: "The worst of Guedalla is that he is always trying to be clever"; to which the other replied: "Yes, and the trouble is that he usually succeeds."

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The story may come from the Academic Apocrypha—a book still unwritten, though surely deserving to be written by some waggish Anthony à Wood of these latter days—but Apocryphal or not, it serves its turn. Guedalla's cleverness hits the mark; it even hits the victim where he lives, at times pretty shrewdly, even vigorously, but without malice or bitter after-effect. That is only to be expected of the after-dinner speaker who in proposing "The Guests," refuses to soar to a catalogue of their vices and other accomplishments, but, with these for material, describes the entertained persons with an airy persiflage that, if trenchant, is always gracious. So it is, for the most part, with the portraiture of this book.

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Take this, for example, of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. "Mr. Chamberlain [the elder] left his son as a legacy to the British people; and in a sense they have erected him as a monument to his father. All that they ask (and, if malice is to be believed, nearly all that they get) is an eye-glass and a familiar look. It is for Mr. Austen Chamberlain a hard (and yet an easy) fate. . . . He is a sober politician, a steady man, a sound Conservative—the triple negation of all that Joseph Chamberlain was, an inverted epitaph of his father."

. . . . . .

Other politicians have their turn—among them "The Lords Robert and Hugh Cecil, M.P.," considered in a single essay. Is there a subtle Guedallism in the very title? Does our author avoid writing "MM.P.," as a hint that these two Cecils are one and indivisible in liberty, equality, and fraternity? Whether that be so or not, the point raises at least an interesting speculation. For the rest, the Lords Robert and Hugh are the chief "example and application" (to quote the formula of the old divines) of Mr. Guedalla's homily on heredity. "The taste for parents," he remarks, "which turns in foreigners to idle sentiment, is put by the British system to practical use. It is the first and simplest test of statesmanship. If a man has a father, one may rely on him. If he has a grandfather, one may return him unopposed. If he has two (and the case is not unknown), an early Under-Secretaryship is assured." But the Cecils, M.P., have deviated from the broad and easy road. This deviation is due (Mr. Guedalla notes, still harping on heredity) to their inheritance from Lord Salisbury, who "drove his way into public life with the cutting edge of a keen pen and a bitter tongue, when he might have walked quietly up to the front door and sent in his card." Lords Robert and Hugh "were never (perhaps it is a reproach to Eton and University College) such stuff as Under-Secretaries are made of. . . . There is an odd tangential quality in their thinking. . . . They have a strange grasp of general ideas, and an odd capacity for feeling enthusiasm about principles. It is a taste which has rarely carried a man to high office."

That temper, with something of French logic, sent Lord Robert riding to the "dark tower" of the Peace Conference. He took the cross in an odd international crusade for peace.

Mr. Guedalla does not notice, perhaps it did not come quite within his scheme, Lord Robert's supposed physical resemblance to Paulinus, Augustine's lieutenant.

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Lord Haldane, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Lord Curzon, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Lord Grey appear in this portrait gallery of a literary Sargent. But if the touch be incisive, the ruthlessness of a Sargent is absent. Nor are the politicians alone. The authors also sit. One is handled in an essay that does not bear his name for title, but his *genius loci*, "Kirriemuir." Perhaps on this I had better hold my tongue, for we of the North are apt to think the work of the Southron pen or pencil a trifle out of drawing here and there when the subject is Caledonian. This may be, no doubt is, because, in spite of Burns's invocation, it is not granted us "to see oursels as others see us." But even in the "Kirriemuir" sketch Mr. Guedalla returns, as always, after his stroke of quiet and not always misplaced censure, to a whole-hearted acknowledgement of his delight in the quintessential Barrie.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"THE BATHURST COMPLEX." *(Herbert Jenkins; 7/6.)* By Wyndham Martyn.

"DEEP MEADOWS." *(Chatto and Windus; 7/6.)* By M. R. Larminie.

"MARSH LIGHTS." By Rachel Swete Macnamara. *(Hurst and Blackett; 7/6.)*

"MATRIMONY PLACE." *(Mills and Boon; 7/6.)* By Sophie Cole.

"OCEAN TRAMPS." *(Hutchinson; 7/6.)* By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

"THE PIPERS OF THE MARKET PLACE." *(Thornton Butterworth; 7/6.)* By Richard Dehan.

"QUINNEY'S ADVENTURES." *(John Murray; 7/6.)* By Horace Vachell.

"THREE ROOMS." *(Cassell; 7/6.)* By Warwick Deeping.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"MELTON MOWBRAY AND OTHER MEMORIES." *(H. Jenkins; 16/-.)* By Moreton Frewen.

"LADY SUFFOLK AND HER CIRCLE." *(Hutchinson; 21/-.)* By Lewis Melville.

"SPORT AND SERVICE IN ASSAM AND ELSEWHERE." By Lieut.-Col. Alban Wilson. *(Hutchinson; 18/-.)*

"A CONSUL IN THE EAST." By A. C. Wratislaw. *(Blackwood; 15/-.)*

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

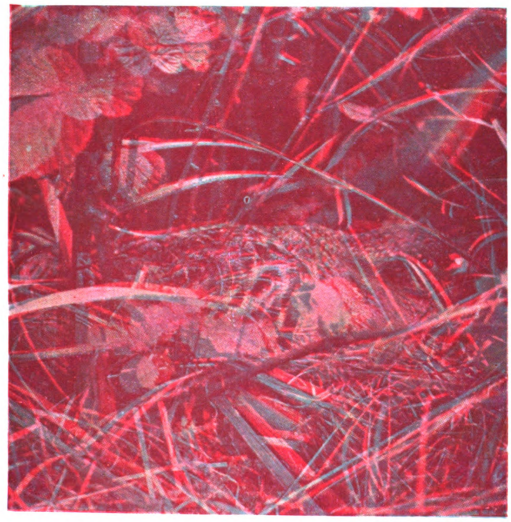
"BIRD-LIFE": TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF THROUGH THE ANAGLYPH-MASK.

THE [illegible] "MUSING"

A "VANISHING" [illegible] ON ITS NEST

[illegible] WITH [illegible]

THE CRAGGY HOME OF THE GANNET: A PAIR OF BIRDS WITH A YOUNG ONE IN THE NEST, AND THE SEA FAR BELOW.



LOOKING [illegible] FROM THE [illegible]

LIKE A [illegible] THROUGH THE ANAGLYPH MASK: A PEREGRINE FALCON AT THE EYRE OF A PEPOD OF PIGEONS.

The thousand [illegible] the Anaglyphs published in [illegible] will be interested, we feel sure, [illegible] like" relief, the [illegible] given with [illegible] red and green films [illegible] Readers who have not already obtained a copy can secure one by filling up the coupon printed on page [illegible] of the present issue, and forwarding it with postal stamps to the value of threepence [illegible] or twopence-halfpenny. Forms addressed to "The Illustrated London News" Anaglyph, 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2. Many observers have [illegible] by post, and the [illegible] is growing in numbers.

[illegible] FOR ANAGLYPH [illegible]

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

DUSE.—THE FORTUNE THEATRE.—THE "NIBELUNGS" FILM.

TWO years ago I saw Duse on the Riviera—a shadow of her former self; still a royal personality, but slightly bent and her features broken with sorrow. She hated that Riviera town: she went through her task pluckily, but with "death in her soul." People greeted her with ecstatic enthusiasm, but she found no pleasure in it. She had hoped to live out her life in quietude; then came a fell financial blow, and in her sixties, frail in health, she had to take to touring. A year ago she came to London, and to me her appearance was as painful as Sarah's, when, in the last year of her life, she came to the Princes Theatre, but not the Bernhardt of old.

Reminiscences obsessed me. I heard Duse's voice, as it had been long ago. I saw those lovely hands—

THEATRE AND CHURCH IN ONE: THE NEW FORTUNE THEATRE—SHOWING THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL CHURCH (EXTREME RIGHT) INCORPORATED IN THE FRONTAGE, AND THE CHURCH DOOR (EXTREME LEFT).

The Fortune Theatre, named after the famous Cripplegate house where Shakespeare acted, stands in Russell Street, opposite Drury Lane, and is the first new theatre built in London since the beginning of the war. It will hold from 600 to 700 people. To make the most of a small site the architect has ingeniously embodied in the building the Scottish National Church in Crown Court, which has an entrance in Russell Street leading to it by a passage traversing the whole length of the theatre. The Fortune Theatre owes its inception to Mr. Laurence Cowen, the playwright, and Mr. Dennis Eadie has taken it on a long lease. It will be opened within a few weeks. Like the St. Martin's, it is fitted with the "Schwabe-Hasait" electric-lighting system.

that inspired D'Annunzio's "Gioconda"—still beautiful, but now, as it were, strained by age. They still spoke volumes, but volumes of sorrow; the outline remained, but the motion had become different—it is difficult to express how—I can but summarise it in the word "lassitude." And lassitude, too, sounded in her voice. One felt indomitable willpower battling with waning force. She remained great, as great as ever, in silence—the ominous silence that in "Ghosts" described more vividly than words the awe-inspiring atmosphere of the Alving House. Duse was perhaps not Ibsen's Mrs. Alving. She was the Duse-Alving, the sad heroine of "Fuoco," that terrible book of D'Annunzio's, in which he flayed the erstwhile woman so well beloved and, so to speak, threw her to the dogs. All the sadness of Duse lay in her Mrs. Alving. Never was a *mater doiorosa* depicted in such sad, heartrending colours. One forgot the actress. One thought of her life, a ruin on a glorious pedestal; of the past, when she held us all by regality, not by pain; of the cruelty of fate that compelled her to toil when her very eyes, those eyes now dim with embers where before glowed flame, betokened that all she cared for was rest—rest and warmth, so much warmth that on that summer's day the playhouse had to be stoked to galvanise her life-force. The audience around me was wild with enthusiasm, such as is engendered less by impulse than by tradition-impelling homage. I, for one, could have wept. I felt like sitting by a bedside, watching the supreme effort of one sick unto death. I vowed never to go and see her again. The thought of the gladiator at the mercy of the imperial thumbs obsessed me. The present and the past—the glorious past, when she was all power, all domination, all magnetism springing from an inexhaustible coil—were in woeful conflict.

This was the third experience of the kind: Irving, a few days before he faltered in Becket; Sarah, when she bade us goodbye; now Duse, her spirit yet flickering, her personality frail and wistful. And yet she had to wander like the Jew, not for glory, for to that there could be no further increase, but to gather the dollars to make the two ends meet. To die far away—to die in Pittsburg of all places, ye gods!—to be carried home to the blue seas by the "Diulio," never to see them again! What a tragedy! What an end! What is the worth of fame, when the final call overtakes a ruler of men in a strange home away from Home—away from all that is near and dear—in Pittsburg!

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"*Coquet*"—that is the apt but untranslatable description of the new Fortune Theatre. It is a cosy little box, built with an ingenious eye for economy of space; outside the severity of line. It hardly conveys the idea of a theatre, but in the hall there is the brightness of marble and gilt, and the auditorium looks comfortable in its uniformity of seats, all upholstered in green leather. The democratic spirit has prevailed in the accommodation: all the seats are of the same dimensions, every one of them has a clear view of the stage, and, as far as one could judge, the acoustics are everywhere perfect. So is the ventilation: thanks to the engineers of Sulzer Brothers in Winterthur, fresh air is constantly drawn from space and pumped into the house. There is no fear of stuffiness. The lighting-system is the most complete of any theatre in London, with ninety-eight switches all gathered in a little office on the O.P. side. House and stage are under control of a single hand, and, thanks to the Schwabe-Hasait system, it will be possible to create the most variegated atmospheric effects. Another triumph of the economy of space is that the store-house of the scenery and "props" is below the stage, so that all the material can be lifted through a trap in the middle. The dressing-rooms, fifteen in number, are small but comfortable, supplied with hot and cold water and centrally heated. In the upper regions are capital offices—in fine, the equipment is up-to-date in the best sense of the term.

The Fortune, by its compactness, its close contact between stage and auditorium, will be particularly suited to the fine art of the *Théâtre Intime*, or to that other genre which demands intimacy between player and hearer—the revue. The colour-scheme of "blue-greys," creams, browns, reds, and old-gold" (I quote) seems a little capricious, but it should not be judged until the reflectors are at work. When all is shipshape, the little theatre will be a real acquisition,

A YOUNG ACTRESS WITH A FUTURE: MISS SIBELL ARCHDALE, WHO RECENTLY JOINED THE CAST OF "THE CONQUERING HERO," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

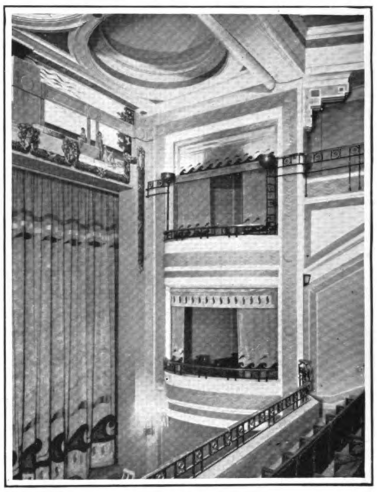
Miss Sibell Archdale, who is now playing the part of Helen Thorburn, the fiancée of "The Conquering Hero," made her début in Galsworthy's "The Family Man," after a successful career at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where she showed much promise. She has also been seen in Grand Guignol.

Photograph by Sasha.

reflecting much credit on the architect, and, particularly, on its originator, Mr. Laurence Cowen, who devoted so much energy, resource, and liberality to its construction. May the Fortune Theatre live up to the happy auspices of its name!

. . . . . .

Inscribe the name of Fritz Lang on the scroll of great film-producers. His "Niebelungs"—not Wagner's—the simple dramatic tale of the Saga, is a *magnum opus*. It will be a milestone in the film-world. It marks the immense progress of the craft in Germany, for it is closely allied to art. The play lives in the pictures. There is rarely a suggestion of artifice. Even Siegfried's fight with the Dragon is as natural as nature. The beast is of the "Zoo," not of the property-chamber. It lives, rages, battles, snorts fuming breath, reels pathetically in anguish, dies in long-drawn spasms of limbs and muscles, sheds



LONDON'S FIRST NEW POST-WAR THEATRE AND THE FIRST IN ENGLAND BUILT OF FERRO-CONCRETE: THE INTERIOR OF THE FORTUNE THEATRE, OPPOSITE DRURY LANE.

the gore that is to render Siegfried invulnerable, in powerful gushes as of veins pierced by the sword.

But Lang's mastery excels in his focus of nature and in his working of crowds. In the latter, he avoids the American method. He does not work with phalanxes, he works with battalions. There is no overwhelming by masses; there is individuality in the troops invading castles, in riders galloping through forests and across mountains. There is plastic grandeur in palaces and churches, and the buildings are ever but a frame; the pictures themselves are alive with characters. We feel the drama; and the story of how Siegfried died for his loyalty to Kriemhild and her brother Günther is closely knit together like a chain. Every unit tells, and strengthens the climax. His vistas of nature are marvellous. These forests, these sunlit glades, the ride of Siegfried through the mists, are a rare combination of mysticism and nature. The traveller familiar with Germany recalls his wanderings through the land of the Saga where he peopled the sacred spots with his own imagination.

This film, from a technical point of view, too, is strangely stimulating. The Germans have raised photography to the pinnacle of magic. See how Siegfried spirits himself away with the aid of the "Tarn Kappe"; see how the spear transfixes him before our eyes and lingers in his writhing body, till at Günther's feet he breathes his last. What ingenuity! How is it done? How much there is to learn!

Alas that the women in the cast fell short of the men! Brunnhilde lacked the ominous beauty and the transcendental power of the man-wife; and Kriemhild was but a wooden German Fräulein, statuesque, but without charm or temperament. The men were all excellent. Paul Richter (as Siegfried), of Apollonic build, with a wave of fair hair, with fiery eye and nimble force of sinews, was the true hero. Hagen was awe-inspiring as the villain with the evil eye; and Günther was the perfect picture of the weak vessel—the lamb in the lion's skin.

The great audience in the Albert Hall greeted the German film with unstinted applause. To the Graham-Wilcox concern our thanks for a perfect evening.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1924.

NOTABLE PICTURES.

THE "PICTURE OF THE YEAR" AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: THE MUCH-DISCUSSED PORTRAIT OF THE KING BY CHARLES SIMS, R.A.

The picture of the year at the Royal Academy is generally acknowledged to be the portrait of "H.M. the King," by Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., if only on account of the remarkable divergence of opinion which it has aroused. While some have roundly condemned it, one well-known art critic has described it as "the most human royal portrait within living memory." His Majesty is shown in all the magnificence of Garter robes, holding the Sceptre, and with the Crown resting on an adjacent chair. There can be no doubt that, apart from any considerations as to the general aspect of the figure, the painting of the head is very sympathetic, and more pleasing in expression than the usual royal portrait of a conventional type.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1924: NOTABLE PORTRAITS

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1. "THE VISCOUNTESS CHARLEMONT." BY HAROLD SPEED.

2. "THE LADY SWAYTHLING." BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.

3. "PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO." BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN, A.R.A.

6. "THE LADY MARJORIE BECKETT AND HER SON MARTIN." BY W. G. DE GLEHN, A.R.A.

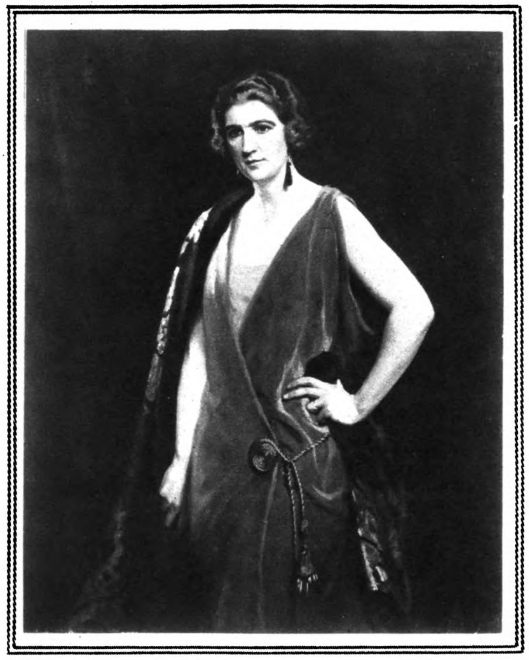
7. "MRS. JEUDWINE AND HER SON WYNNE." BY CHARLES SIMS, R.A.

The portrayal of woman has made the fame of many a painter, while it is ever the ambition of the fair sitter to be "hung on the line." This year's Academy contains, like its predecessors, notable portraits of notable women. Lady Charlemont, who married the eighth Viscount in 1914, was formerly s Evelyn Hull, and is a daughter of Mr. E. C. P. Hull, of Park Gate House, Ham Common, Richmond.——Lady Swaythling is a daughter of l A. E. W. Goldsmid. She married Lord Swaythling, the second Baron, in 1898.——Princess Bibesco is the younger daughter of Mr. Asquith, e of Prince Antoine Bibesco, Roumanian Minister at Washington. She is the author of "The Fir and the Palm," "Balloons," and "I Have

OF SOCIETY WOMEN IN THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION.

ILLUSTRATED"; NOS. 5 AND 9 SUPPLIED BY PAUL LAIB; NO. 8 BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN EACH CASE.

4. "THE LADY MARY THYNNE." BY WALTER W. RUSSELL, A.R.A.



5. "THE HON. MRS. ROBERT DUDLEY RYDER." BY ALFRED JONNIAUX.

8. "LADY FRANK." BY JAMES McBEY.

9. "H.S.H. THE PRINCESS DILKUSHA DE ROHAN." BY JAMES McBEY.

Only Myself to Blame." To have her portrait painted by Augustus John is another distinction. He was recently awarded the first medal at the twenty-third International Exhibition of Modern Paintings at the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh.——Lady Mary Thynne is the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Bath. She was a bridesmaid to Princess Mary and to the Duchess of York.——Mrs. Dudley Ryder is the widow of Major the Hon. R. N. Dudley Ryder (killed in action in 1917), son of the fourth Earl of Harrowby. She is an Australian.——Lady Marjorie Beckett is the elder daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and second wife of Sir W. Gervase Beckett, Bt. Her first husband, the second Earl of Feversham, was killed in the war.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1924: PORTRAITS AND FIGURE

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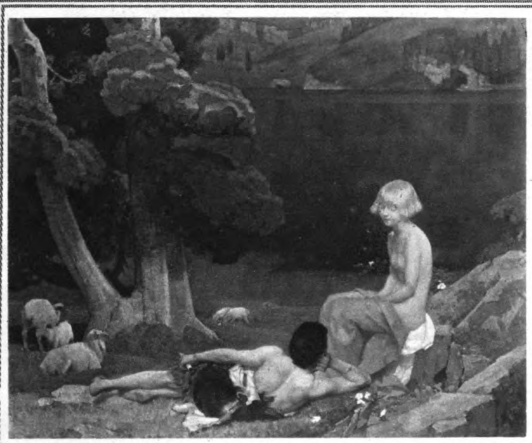
"DIEPPE: AFTERNOON." BY PHILIP CONNARD, A.R.A.

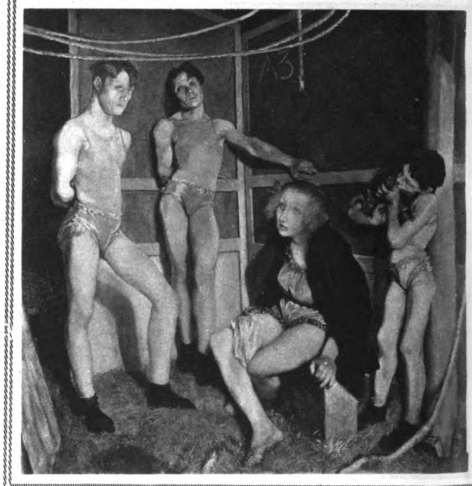
"A THAMES BATHING-PLACE." BY PERCY W. GIBBS.

"DAPHNIS AND CHLOE." BY HAROLD SPEED.



"MISS WYATT, OF HEATHFIELD SCHOOL, ASCOT." BY CATHERINE OULESS.

"ROSEMARY AND EDDIE DE ROTHSCHILD." BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.



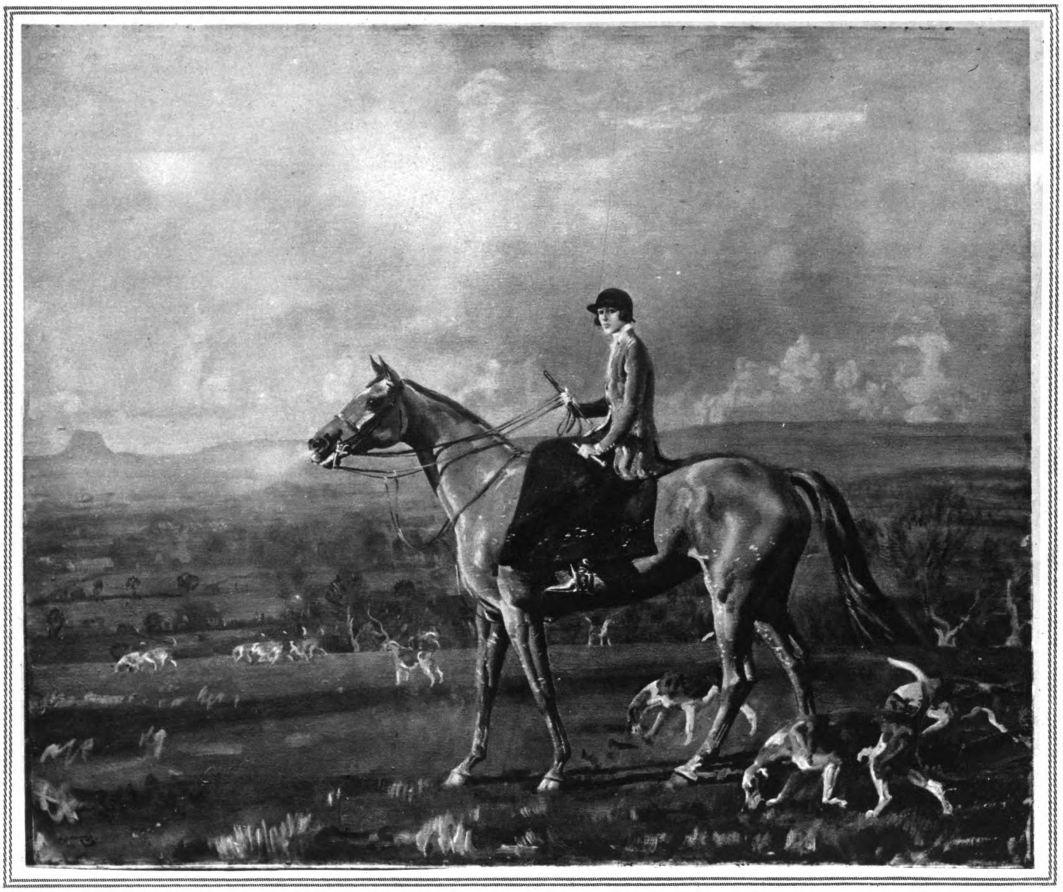
"THE RESTING ACROBATS." BY GLYN PHILPOT, R.A.

the Academy pictures reproduced above, Mr. Philip Connard's "Dieppe: Afternoon" forms an interesting comparison with a kindred subject treated by . Percy Gibbs, "A Thames Bathing-Place," shown in the adjoining illustration. Classical antiquity has not entirely lost its appeal for modern art, though, compared with former days, pictures of Greek and Roman legend are few and far between in the present Academy. In his "Daphnis and Chloe," Mr. Harold eed does not, apparently, recall any particular fable, but a pair of such pastoral lovers as we meet in the Idylls of Theocritus. The original Daphnis was Sicilian demi-god, son of Hermes by a nymph, and the reputed inventor of bucolic poetry. He was, indeed, beloved of a certain Naiad, who punished him th blindness for infidelity, but it does not appear that she was called Chloe, a Greek name chiefly known through the Odes of Horace. In his "Harvesters,

GROUPS FROM MODERN LIFE AND CLASSICAL IDYLL.

LTD., PUBLISHERS OF THE "ROYAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED."

"HARVESTERS, ARAGON." BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, A.R.A.



"THE UCHESS OF ESTMINSTER WITH HER IARRIERS." ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.

Aragon," Mr. W. Russell Flint touches ground with which he is very familiar. He is one of the new A.R.A.s, and, as mentioned in our issue of May 3, he was early in his career on the artistic staff of this paper, which may claim to have been among the first to recognise and encourage his ability. In the other picture which he exhibits this year, "The Lemnians," the scene is laid on a island which, like Sicily, possesses classical associations; and he has imparted to it an intriguing air of mystery. The secret of its meaning is explained on page 830 of this number, where the picture is reproduced, together with a photograph of the painter and a view of Lemnos. "The Duchess of Westminster with her Harriers" and "Rosemary and Eddie de Rothschild" are memorable both as open-air portraits and as typical examples of the art of the well-known sporting painter, Mr. Alfred Munnings.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1924: INTERIORS OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

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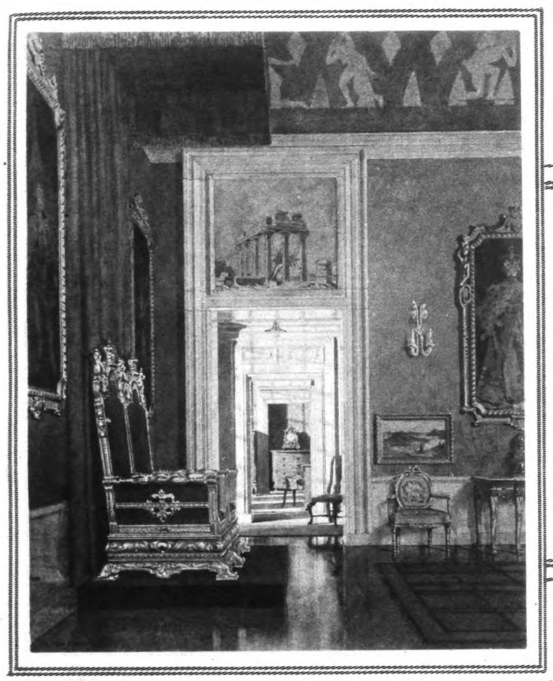
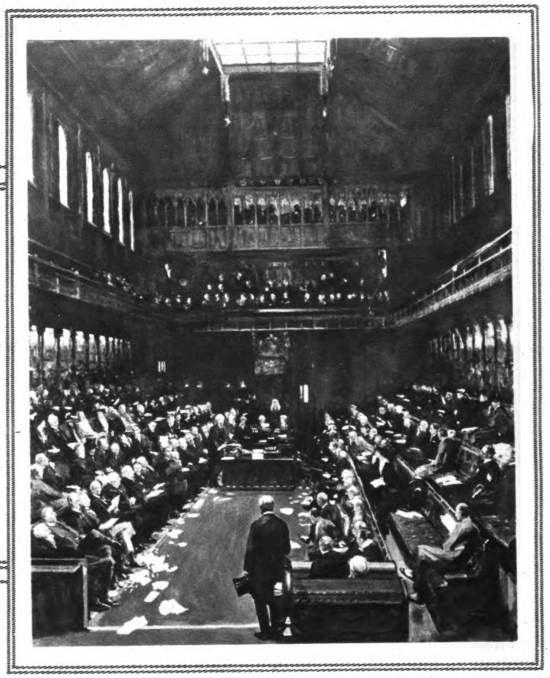
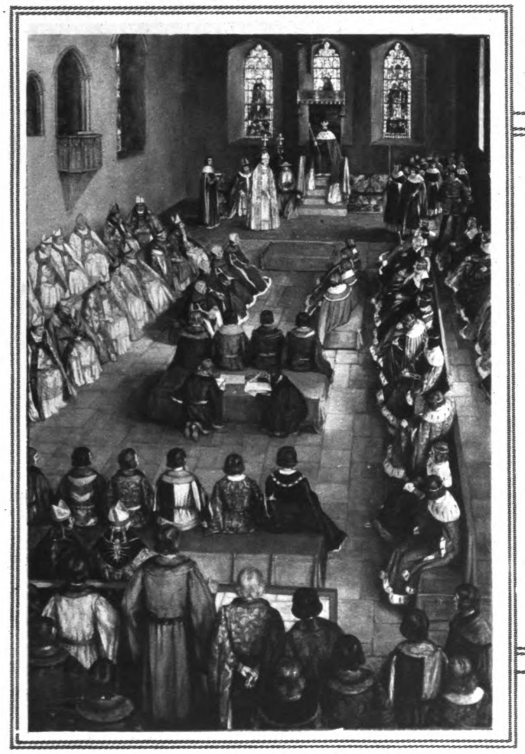


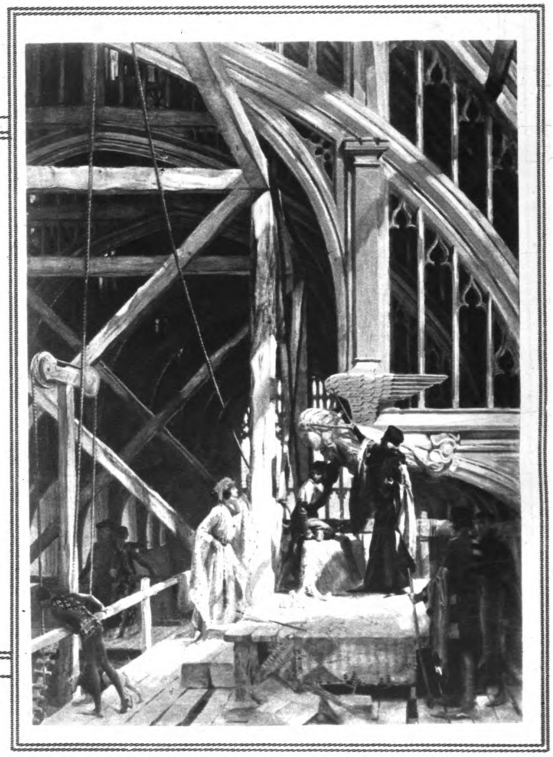
"VISTA IN THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE." BY A. VAN ANROOY.



"THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1924." BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



"THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT AT READING ABBEY, A.D. 1453." BY STEPHEN REID.



"THE ROOF OF THE GREAT HALL," (RICHARD II. BEING SHOWN THE WORK . . . 1397). BY FRANK O. SALISBURY.

The Queen's Dolls' House, our readers know, is no ordinary dolls' house, but a miniature model of a typical great mansion of to-day, complete within and without to the smallest detail of furniture, decoration, and equipment. The Queen herself inspected it with great interest when she and the King paid a surprise visit to Wembley on May 2, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York. Her Majesty was shown all its wonders by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the famous architect, under whose supervision it has been built.——Sir John Lavery's picture of the House of Commons shows a session since the first Labour Government assumed office, with the Prime Minister standing at the Table, and several women M.P.s among the Members on the benches.——Mr. Stephen Reid's picture of the Meeting of Parliament at Reading Abbey in 1453, under Henry VI., was painted for presentation to the Reading Corporation Art Gallery.——Mr. Frank O. Salisbury's picture, "The Roof of the Great Hall," has the sub-title (in the catalogue)—"Richard II. being shewn the work of the new roof by his 'beloved servant,' Hugh Herland, the king's master carpenter, 1397." The roof depicted is stated to be that of Westminster Hall.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1924: A PROBLEM PICTURE SATIRISING WAR.

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AN ALLEGORY IN PAINT DESIGNED AS A SATIRE ON MODERN WAR: "THE DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD," BY OTWAY McCANNELL—A "PROBLEM" PICTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. Otway McCannell (as reported in the "Daily News") explains his picture as follows: "'The Devil's Chessboard' is meant to be a perfectly fearless satire upon modern war. It was not intended to be sensational or to present any 'problem.' None of the figures is personal, but all are intended to be typical. Two statesman-diplomats—who also stand for the comfortable patriarchs who sacrificed the youth of Europe—are playing a game of chess, with young men for pawns. Looking on are a cleric, typifying the Christian Church, which preached the beauty of sacrifice and exploited the symbolism of the Cross; a young woman typifying Society; the Spectre of Evil (a skeleton), highly gratified by the proceedings; a widow and a nurse in the background. In the foreground a child is playing with a pistol. The decoration behind shows war as it really is—a thing of blood and entrails."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1924: NOTABLE PORTRAITS OF PUBLIC MEN.

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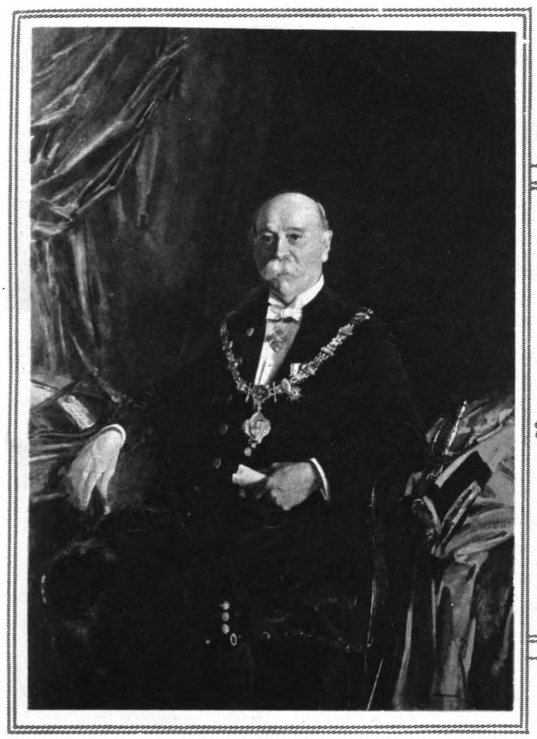
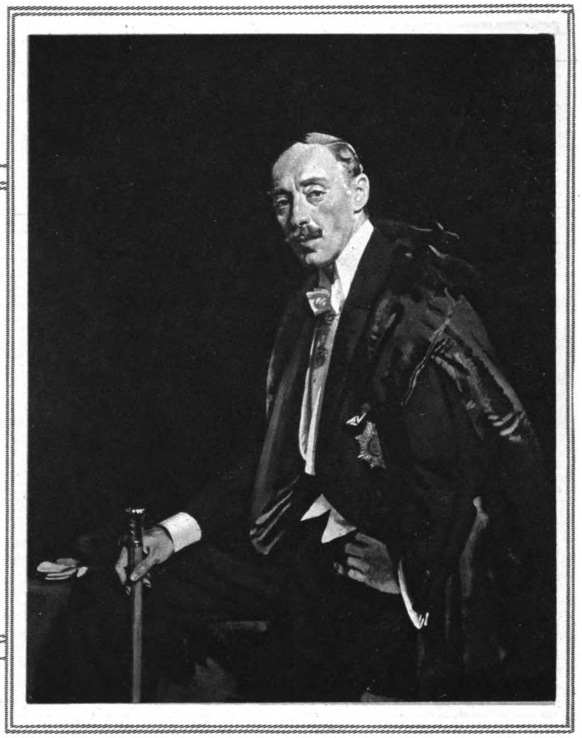
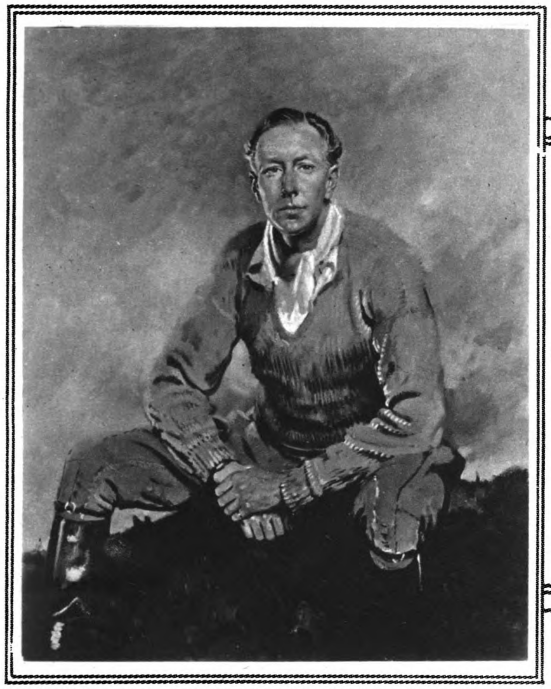


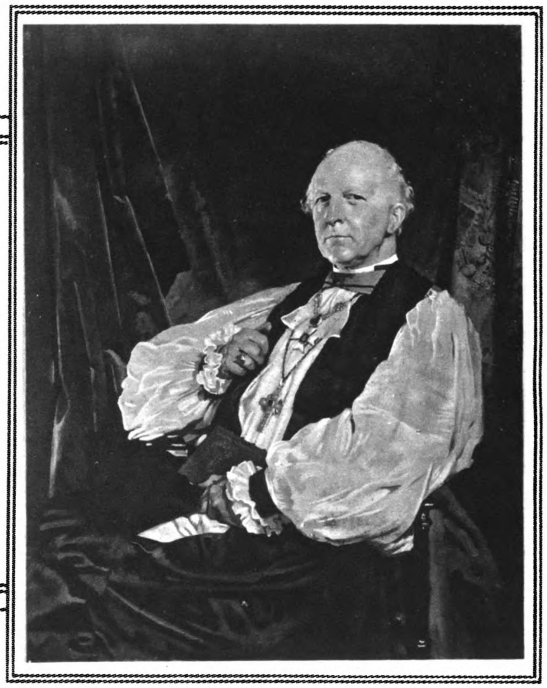
"SIR ALFRED RICE-OXLEY, C.B.E., M.D., J.P." BY WALTER W. RUSSELL, A.R.A. (PRESENTATION PORTRAIT.)



"THE VISCOUNT WIMBORNE, P.C." BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



"THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, G.C.V.O., D.S.O." BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



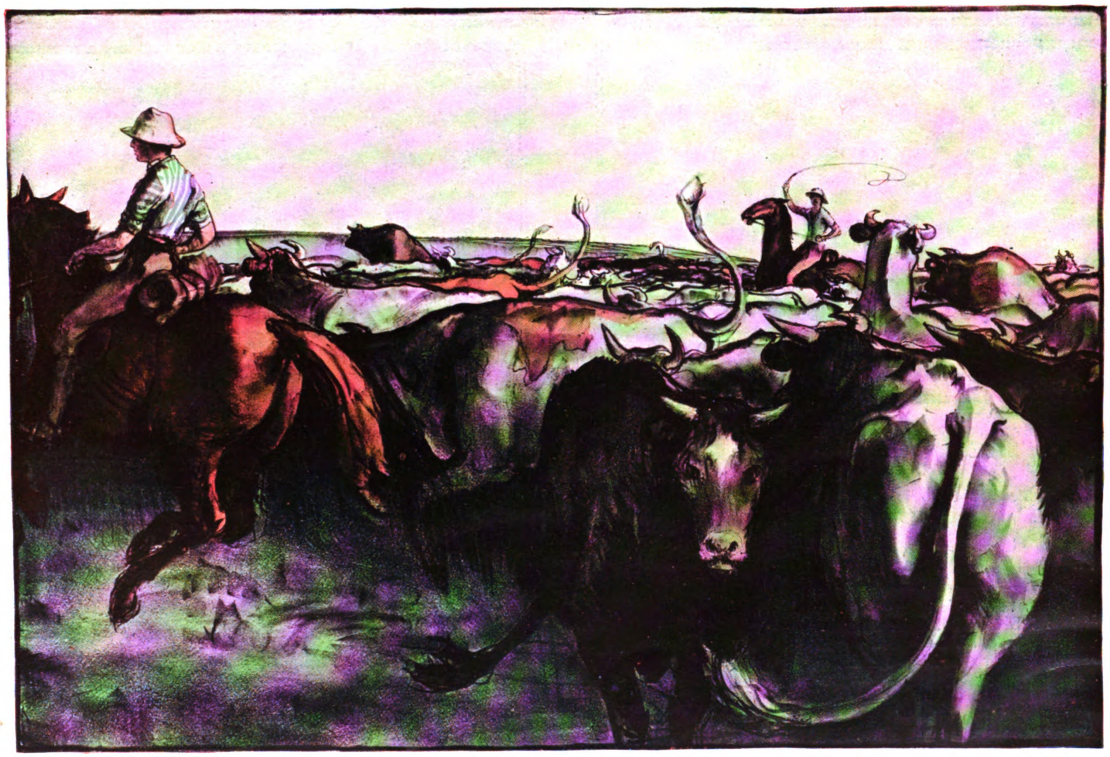
"HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK." BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

As mentioned on an earlier page, the annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy was opened on May 5. On this and other pages in this issue we reproduce a selection of the most notable pictures of the year, in portraiture and other branches of painting. Sir William Orpen, as usual, is represented by several fine portraits, of which three—those of Archbishop Lang, the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Wimborne, are seen above. Sir Alfred Rice-Oxley, the subject of the other portrait given here, is Physician-in-Ordinary to Princess Beatrice, and has been Mayor of Kensington for three years. He is also Chairman of the Kensington Council of Civic Art, and he is a member of the Central Council of the British Medical Association.

ART AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION: SPENCER-PRYSE POSTERS.

REPRODUCED FROM CARTOONS SPECIALLY DESIGNED AND DRAWN ON STONE BY CAPTAIN G. SPENCER-PRYSE, M.C., FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

THE WEST INDIES — HARVESTING FRUIT: ONE OF THE FINE CARTOONS DRAWN BY CAPTAIN SPENCER-PRYSE FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.



AUSTRALIA—A CATTLE ROUND-UP: FROM THE CARTOON BY CAPTAIN G. SPENCER-PRYSE—OF GREAT INTEREST IN CONNECTION WITH THE INTERNATIONAL RODEO (COWBOY SPORTS) TO BE HELD AT WEMBLEY.

The remarkable series of cartoons drawn by that well-known lithographer, Captain G. Spencer-Pryse, M.C., was commissioned by the British Empire Exhibition authorities for advertising purposes, and in order to illustrate the manifold industries of the Empire. The idea rose out of the suggestion made by the Prince of Wales at last year's Royal Academy banquet that the best artists of the day should turn their attention to the poster as a means of educating popular taste in art, since the hoardings are "the art-galleries of the great public." Captain Spencer-Pryse produced some sixteen large lithographic designs, showing vividly the characteristics of life and labour in various countries under the British flag. Several were reproduced in our issue of July 14, 1923, and others in that of July 21. Our reproductions, being in two colours only, do not give the full effect of the originals, but show the vigour of the designs.

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5th Prize.—CANTEEN of COMMUNITY PLATE, value £94 10s.

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"In the Bananas": The Ancestor-Ridden Wachagga.

"KILIMANJARO AND ITS PEOPLE." By THE HON. CHARLES DUNDAS, O.B.E.*

AS Fuji is to the Japanese, so is Kilimanjaro to those who dwell in its banana groves. Sacred indeed it is, this complex of volcanoes; holy are its peaks, Mawenzi the Scarred and Kibo the Speckled; and the finer of these is Kibo. "For Kibo is the great landmark and focus of the Chagga people. . . . The dead are buried with face turned towards Kibo; the side of the village facing Kibo is the honourable side, where the house master is buried, and the villagers assemble for feasts and councils. He who comes from above—by which is meant from the direction of Kibo—must give greeting first, because he comes from the fortune-bringing side. Filial affection requires that a son should face Kibo whilst washing, lest it be said that he thrusts his father into the plain. When meeting a superior on the road it is customary to pass on the lower side of the road, giving him the more honourable side towards Kibo."

It is not strange: the mountain is a place of wonders—from its tropical base to its barren bush; from fertile flanks to hut-strewn habitable belt four thousand feet above the sea; from zone of high bush and bracken to the dense, damp, bee-hived forest, in which the elephants wander and there can be seen, in the precipitous walls of a valley, "deep holes by the path where some giant rammed his tusks in the soil to steady his descent," and tree-bark polished "by the trunk that grasped it to haul up the huge bulk on the climb"; from this close growth to forty-foot heather and the open grasslands of the region of mists, from the boulder-strewn paths to the saddle; from the 14,000-feet-high summit of that saddle and the cave that echoes the heart-beats so that they sound as hammer-blows, to the 17,420 feet of craggy Mawenzi, with titanic rift falling sheer to a gorge six or seven thousand feet below; and to the 19,000 and odd feet of ice-capped Kibo, with crater 600 feet deep and a mile-and-a-quarter in diameter.

Concerning it are many myths and many memories. "High up there is said to be a great cave filled with ivory, for every elephant goes there to die when its days are numbered." In another, above Machame, is the colossal cow, Rayli, "her tail covered with glands containing fat of miraculous virtue. . . . Rayli is supposed to sustain the sun, giving him strength to vanquish the clouds. If the cow were killed or stolen, endless rain would fall and engulf all mankind." And there are "African Nibelungers," an unexpected echo of European legend, "kindly, helpful little folk who live in the mountain," enrich the poor and beat and drive away the wealthy who explore with greedy desire. "The very name of Kibo is a common invocation used by medicine men."

Thus the Wachagga live among the mysteries. It seems, in fact, extraordinary that they can find time for their occupations and industries, so domiated are they by the revered dead and by the diviner, the medicine man, and the wizard. They build their huts "in the bananas," pave the cattle-stalls within them, and set in place that "stone of preservation" which is at once the house-owner's seat and his symbol of dignity. They cultivate twenty-one varieties of bananas, eleven of them exclusively for cattle fodder and for liquor-brewing. They grow yams, maize, sweet potatoes, beans, coffee, wheat, rice, rye, potatoes, chillies, onions, and, next in importance to the all-conquering banana, that Eleusine which is used to some extent for gruel for the youngsters, but is employed for the most part in the making of that beer, Mbeke, which is a daily drink of all ages, and figures prominently at every ceremony and celebration—even unto three or four hundred gallons for a wedding feast in a family decently situated. They irrigate ingeniously, conducting artfully-graded furrows so skilfully that the water seems to run up-hill. They breed cattle, sheep, and goats, for milk and fat supply; but far less for eating than for sacrifices rendered to the spirits of ancestors who have healthy appetites, and can control the comfort of their descendants, not only when they are alive, but when they are passing over the scorching desert to spirit-land—protected only by the hide shroud, the fat rubbed into the body, and the milk and fat poured into the mouth—seeking admission at the gateway, and resting with those who have gone before, poorly enough, eating ants, crabs, frogs, and insects that include fleas and flies! Even, they have a few arts and crafts; shaping cleverly in wood; making little pottery, but encasing what they buy in ably-fashioned wicker-work; heating and beating skilfully as smiths. And they keep bees, hiving them in hollowed sections of trunks, bunged at either end, and suspended from the branches of trees.

All this while swaddled in superstition and in a miz-maze of magic; trammelled from birth, through childhood, "initiation," marriage to buttered wives, and death, by customs curious and confining; ever liable to fall foul of ancestors in need of placation, to be tried for misdeeds by the ordeal of an intoxicating drink contrived to loosen mind and tongue and induce confession, to be cursed by the dying—not by bell, book and candle, but by crashing cooking-pot or clay cylinder, by bell and by stone!

Wary walking has to be the rule. Many a step, many a halt, brings trouble with it—trouble only to be turned aside by gifts in kind to outraged fellows, perturbed spirits, and persistent "physicians" armed with dog's nose and ant-bear's snout, asperging with gruesome mixture flicked from a gnu tail, and dealing in divining seeds and stones, Eleusine grains and Dracæna stems, hyrax skin and sticks, the hammerings of an iron pin on a stone, the rattling of gourds, dreams and draughts, spitting and smoke-waving, rain-making and rain-preventing, charms and curse-confounding, rings of the skins of sacrificed beasts, to be worn on the big toe of the right foot, and such other things as go to a properly compiled native "pharmacopœia." Very expensive trouble, for in the course of a lifetime there are uncountable fees—slaughtered animals of various kinds, for the spirit of the grandfather of the great-grandfather, the half-brother of the grandfather's great-grandfather, the brother of the great-grandfather's grandfather, and for honour to anyone, including the great-grandfather and the grandfather, and so on to the number of sixteen categories; goats, sheep, beer, honey, and bulls, for the General Practitioners; offerings appertaining to births, marriages, and deaths, and the no less important "initiations" of boys and girls. As it is written by the author: "Whatever happens, wherever a man goes, what he dreams, the good and evil omens he encounters, all are occasions for sacrifice. And so the luckless Mchagga suffers a constant depletion of his small and large stock in vain endeavour to live in peace and to ward off evil by appeasing the greedy spirits. . . . Those who imagine that the African leads a care-free life may gain some idea . . . of the constant worry and consternation that afflicts him, more particularly as in most cases of concrete distress, such as sickness, it is hardly likely to be disposed of by a single sacrifice, and because so long as there is the fear of an unappeased spirit there is a haunting dread of woes untold yet to come."

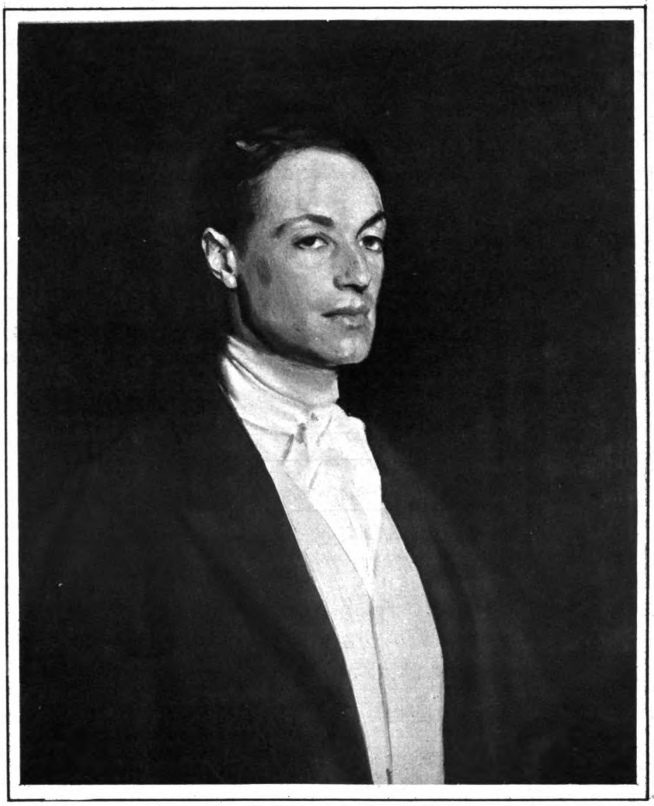
And labour begins young: "Almost as soon as a child learns to walk, it also learns to work. Particularly may this be said of the girls, the tiniest of whom go with their mothers to the fields and return with some head burden, if it be only a single fire-stick or miniature water-jar. At a very young age it becomes the chief duty of the girls to grind corn and clean out the cattle-stall and deposit the refuse round the banana roots as manure." Boys lead a rather freer and more indolent life, but they get more to do—mentally, if not physically—when preparing for the Ngasi ceremony. The instruction is imparted in verse, and at least one Mchagga knew some eight or nine hundred of these!

Stock-breeding calls for busy days, by reason of the exceptional local conditions. "Of all the stock in Chagga Land over half is kept in the owners' huts and fed with grass cut in the plains and carried to the animals. The work is a most laborious waste of time, for though a woman will carry as much as 100 lbs. weight, it will not suffice for more than two or three days' fodder. . . . The cattle have also to be given salt, which has to be fetched from many miles, often two or three days' journey distant."

"Constant worry and consternation": the Wachagga!

Needless to say, such a primitive people yield ethnographical material of the utmost interest. Mr. Dundas was fortunate enough to find them very responsive to sympathetic study and ready frankly to discuss their traditions and their habits. The result is an admirable, thorough, illuminating, and most entertaining book.

E. H. G.



THE ONLY "SARGENT" IN THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY: "SIR PHILIP SASSOON, BT., G.B.E., C.M.G., M.P.," BY JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

This fine portrait of Sir Philip Sassoon is the only picture which Mr. John Sargent, the famous painter, exhibits in the Royal Academy this year. Sir Philip Sassoon has been M.P. (Unionist) for the Hythe Division since 1912. He was Parliamentary Secretary to Mr. Lloyd George while the latter was Premier, and during the war was Private Secretary to Sir Douglas (now Earl) Haig in France from 1915 to 1918.

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*"Kilimanjaro and Its People." A History of the Wachagga, their Laws, Customs and Legends, Together with some Account of the Highest Mountain in Africa. By the Hon. Charles Dundas, O.B.E., Senior Commissioner, Tanganyika Territory; Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute. (H. F. and G. Witherby; 18s. net.)

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THAT WONDERFUL BIRD, THE RUFF.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

IT is still generally believed, as I remarked recently on this page, that birds of showy plumage owe their splendours to the action of "sexual selection," developed by slow increments, and the choice of the females for the most highly-coloured males, or the most ardent performers where aerial flights or dances are concerned. This was Darwin's view, who had at his hand no other data than such as were furnished by birds like the peacock, the ruff, or the birds of paradise, for example.

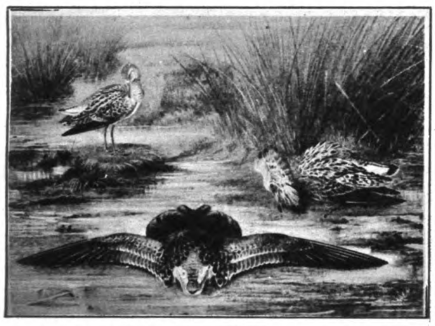

FIG. 1.—WITH THEIR RUFFS "EXPANDED TO FORM A GREAT, CIRCULAR, FEATHERY SHIELD CONCEALING THE WHOLE NECK": TWO MALE RUFFS COURTING A FEMALE.

Ruffs, during their ecstatic moments, assume various and strange postures, in which the display of the "ruff" and "ear-tufts" plays a conspicuous part. The female is seen on the left of the photograph; she bears a close resemblance to the male in his non-breeding dress.

Since then, as I pointed out, a vast number of new facts on the courtship of animals has been gleaned, and these have put a new face on the meaning of "display"—to take but one aspect alone of this theory. As I have already stated, there now seems to be no escape from the conclusion that the purpose of these displays is to serve as a stimulus to the mating desires of the females. The critical period of sexual selection is that which precedes the arrival of the female on the scene. It is the selection which takes place between the rival males of any given species; and it is not merely the selection of the physically "fit"—the most virile—but the selection between those in which the mating desires are strongest and earliest assert themselves. These, thus urged, seize soonest upon the most eligible nursery sites, and hold them against all comers. The laggards, at any rate for that year, go unmated. The possessors of "territory," on the other hand, have only to await the arrival of the females, in which the mating instincts are later developed. This, too, is a form of "sexual selection," for such as ripen too early would fail to find responsive mates.

The development of resplendent plumage, or long trains or wattles of brilliant hues, is to be explained as the fulfilment of a natural sequence of growth. For in these superficial characters, as in those more deep-seated, such as affect bone and muscle and nerve, the five senses, and "behaviour," there is no stability. Every organ, every tissue of the body, is not only always changing, but in each succeeding generation shows a tendency to diverge from the standard of its species, a tendency to enlarge upon the idiosyncrasies of one or other of its parents. Inhibiting factors will suggest themselves to those who have already given attention to this subject; but these must be left for the present.

Speaking broadly, one may say that these newly conceived characters are free to unfold themselves until at last they attain to a critical stage of development. That is to say, they will either give their possessors an advantage over their neighbours lacking this particular character, or this possession will prove a menace to their well-being, either because it hampers them in escaping enemies, say, or in securing food. The handicapped will then be ousted in the "struggle for existence." In other words, they will be eliminated by "natural selection." They are the victims of "disharmonies" of growth. Whatever part of the body we choose to study, whether the internal organs, or superficial characters, like coloration or ornament, we find this same evidence of instability in varying degrees. In some cases, however, these variations are so slight as to seem non-existent. A hundred peacocks, for example, will be as like as two peas.

But there are some species, on the other hand, which display an astonishing range of variability, and it is of these that I want now more especially to speak. No more striking illustration of this variability can be found than that furnished by the ruff, a bird which, years ago, was to be found in abundance in our fenlands, but which is now almost extinct as a British bird.

The males, in their breeding dress, are adorned with an enormous, erectile "ruff," which, in moments of excitement, can be expanded to form a great circular, feathery shield, concealing the whole neck, as may be seen in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 1). To this is added a pair of voluminous tufts of feathers which spring from each side of the head. Before these adornments have completed their growth, the feathers of the face are shed, and in their place appear numerous small, fleshy, wart-like bodies, of a yellow colour (Fig. 4). They form a semi-circular band, half-encircling each side of the face.

But, besides these very striking changes, the feathers of the back and breast are also changed, being replaced by a plumage strikingly different from that worn during the autumn and winter months, which resembles that of the female. The wings only undergo no change of coloration, though in some individuals a few feathers here and there matching those of the back are found.

So far, this plumage has been described only in general terms. Take it in detail, and you shall find no two individuals alike. The differences are not such as require careful comparison one bird with another. They leap to the eyes. Here is a bird with a uniformly Isabelline ruff, and dark-chestnut "ear-tufts"; and there one with a pale-chestnut ruff, heavily barred with black, and with barred "ear-tufts." Another will have an immaculate white ruff, streaked with black; or a white ruff streaked, or, as chances have it, barred with black. There seem to be no end to the permutations and combinations which a collection of such birds will display. And these differences are not confined to the "ear-tufts" and "ruff"; they extend to the body plumage as well.

I have selected two or three birds by way of demonstrating this variability (Figs. 2 and 3). I might have given a hundred! What is the meaning of this variability? No other species of all the thousands of birds known to science shows anything like so wide a range of coloration. Each individual, so far as is known, reproduces year after year its own peculiarities of coloration; but it is to be surmised that it does not transmit them to its offspring as a fixed heritage.

One is tempted to seek for some explanation of this mysterious phenomenon in the fact that this species is both polygamous and polyandrous. The males, while conforming to the rule of seizing a "territory," depart from the rule in that that "territory" is not a "breeding-area" but "place of assignation."

They resort during the mating-time, in considerable numbers, to ground which provides numerous small hillocks. For the possession of these there is vigorous competition, and each contrives to hold his own hillock. There they await the coming of the females, whose favours are besought by each in turn by means of strange and, to our eyes, ludicrous posturing, till one or other of them persuades the coy visitor to yield to his advances.

But no two birds "pair-up" together. No male can form a "harem," for the females prove too fickle. They will mate first with a bird with, say, a white ruff; next with a bird with a yellow ruff; and again with one with this adornment heavily barred, and so on.

There are a few other species with similar "loose" habits; but these are not markedly variable in their coloration as between the males: the cuckoo, for example. The blackcock, again, has similar tilting-grounds and similar mating habits, but this bird is singularly constant in the matter of its coloration.

Hence, then, we have yet to seek for an explanation of this, the singular diversity of coloration displayed by the ruff in its breeding-dress, as well as an explanation of its no less singular habits in regard to mating. Living organisms, in every fibre and tissue of their bodies, are for ever varying, in every conceivable direction. But it commonly needs an expert to detect the fact.

In the ruff, we have variation on a grand scale. This bird also furnishes us, it may be added, with some very striking variations in this matter of "territory" and the mating instincts.

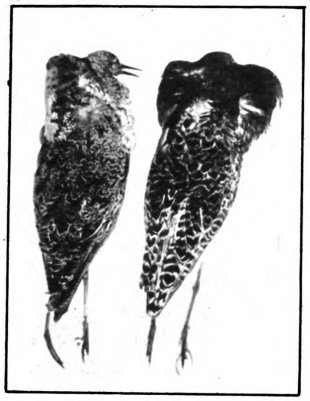

FIG. 2.—OF ALL BIRDS THE MOST VARIABLE IN CORALATION: TWO RUFFS THAT SHOW GREAT DIFFERENCE IN THEIR "RUFFS" AND "EAR-TUFTS."

No two ruffs are ever alike, and this difference is most conspicuous in the coloration of the "ruffs" and "ear-tufts."

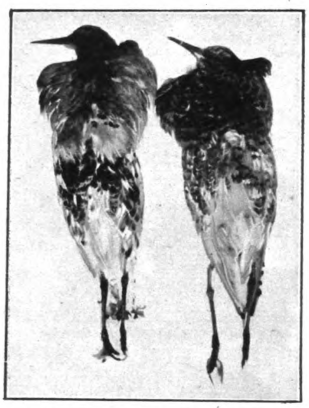

FIG. 3.—"DIFFERENCES EXTEND TO THE BODY PLUMAGE AS WELL": TWO MORE RUFFS CONTRASTED AS EXAMPLES OF VARIABLE COLORATION.

The plumage of the rest of the body is no less variable than in the "ruffs" and "ear-tufts," as will be seen in this photograph.

FIG. 4.—WITH "SMALL, FLESHY, WART-LIKE BODIES, OF A YELLOW COLOUR" REPLACING THE FACE-FEATHERS: THE HEAD OF A MALE RUFF DEVELOPING ITS BREEDING DRESS.

The feathers of the face, while the "ruff" is being worn, are replaced by small, highly coloured, wart-like bodies, which disappear with the "ruff" at the autumn moult.—[*Photographs by E. J. Manly.*]

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

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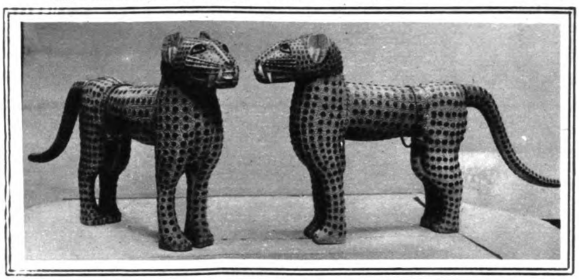
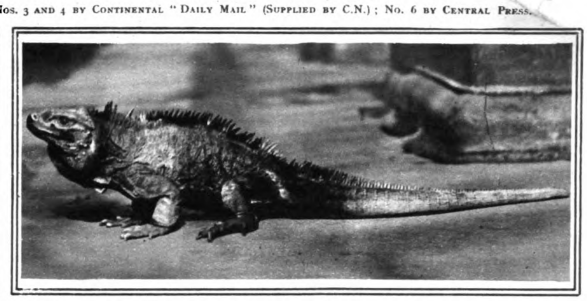


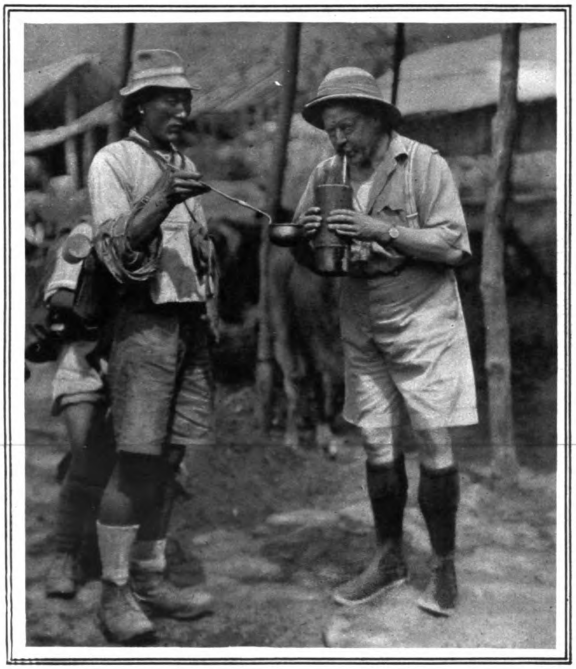
1. LENT BY THE KING INDEFINITELY TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: CARVED IVORY LEOPARDS, SAID TO DATE FROM THE 17TH CENTURY AND TO HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO QUEEN VICTORIA AFTER THE CAPTURE OF BENIN.



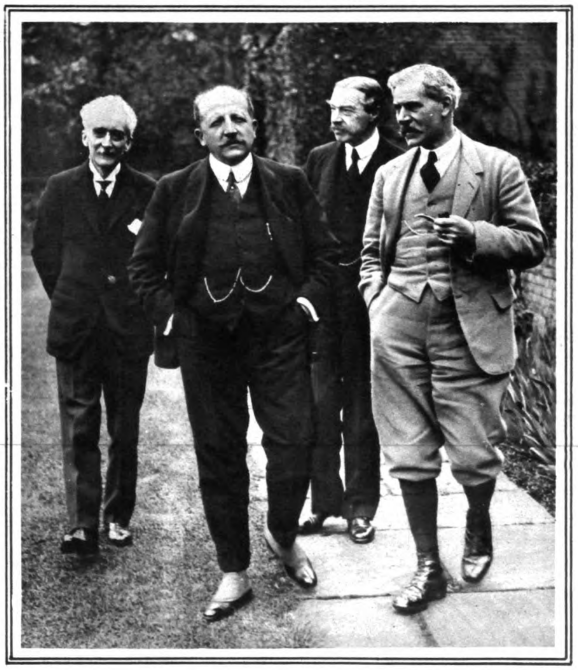
2. SAID TO BE THE FIRST OF ITS KIND SEEN AT THE "ZOO" FOR OVER THIRTY-SIX YEARS: AN IGUANA (A GIANT LIZARD) JUST ARRIVED FROM THE WEST INDIES.

3 THE FRENCH AIRMAN WHO RECENTLY PASSED THE BRITISH WORLD-FLIERS IN INDIA AND LATER ARRIVED AT CALCUTTA: LIEUT. PELLETIER D'OISY IN HIS MACHINE.

4. ACCOMPANYING LIEUT. PELLETIER D'OISY, AS MECHANIC, ON HIS GREAT FLIGHT IN A BREGUET BIPLANE FROM PARIS TO JAPAN, DURING WHICH HE BROKE ALL LONG-DISTANCE SPEED RECORDS: SERGEANT BEZIN SEATED IN THE MACHINE.



5. THE EVEREST EXPEDITION'S LEADER (SINCE COMPELLED TO RETURN THROUGH AN ATTACK OF MALARIA): GENERAL BRUCE (RIGHT) DRINKING "CHUNG" (LIGHT MILLET BEER) ON THE WAY TO PHARI.



6. BELGIAN STATESMEN WITH THE PREMIER AT CHEQUERS: (L. TO R.) M. HYMANS (BELGIAN FOREIGN MINISTER), M. THEUNIS (BELGIAN PREMIER), SIR EYRE CROWE, AND MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

The King has presented to the British Museum, on an indefinite loan, the two beautifully carved leopards (shown above), which were probably presented to Queen Victoria at the time of the capture of Benin, Southern Nigeria, in 1897. They are said to date from the seventeenth century. They are inlaid with copper discs, and have eye-rims of iron.——The Iguana which recently arrived at the "Zoo" recalls the remarkable double-page photographs given in our issue of April 19, showing a swarm of similar lizards on the shore of the Galapagos Islands.——Lieutenant Pelletier d'Oisy, of whom we gave a portrait in our last issue, left Paris on April 24 to fly to Japan, and on May 5 reached Calcutta.

On the way he passed the British world-fliers under Squadron-Leader MacLaren, who on April 26 had to make a forced landing at Parlu.——Brig.-General C. S. Bruce, Chief of the Mount Everest Expedition, was recently obliged to return to Darjeeling to recuperate from an attack of malaria, but hopes to rejoin the party before the end of the climbing season.——M. Theunis, the Belgian Premier, and M. Hymans, Foreign Minister, went to Chequers on May 2 as guests of the Prime Minister, to discuss the European situation, and left on May 4. Sir Eyre Crowe, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, was also present. Before returning to Brussels, the Belgian Ministers visited the Exhibition at Wembley.

The World of Women

THE King and Queen are back in town, with an unusually strenuous season before them. Their engagements already announced are far more numerous than usual, and others will be made as time goes on. The Queen looks well, and their Majesties are both in good spirits and look forward to their lead in an exceptional year almost as brightly as do those who will be led. The Prince of Wales is free to fulfil many engagements. Although we all hope that his Royal Highness will get a great deal of pleasure out of the coming gaieties, we who know him are certain that he will not spare himself in duty. It is fairly certain that he will entertain many of those whom he met during his Empire tours and who are visitors for the great Exhibition, and he has proved himself a delightful host. The Duke and Duchess of York will doubtless also entertain, but announcements that they will have garden parties at White Lodge are, to say the least of it, premature. Their Royal Highnesses are certain not to announce any such intention in advance of hospitalities by their Majesties and the Prince of Wales. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught are also with us—royal, rich, and popular. Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie, as bride and bridegroom, are more to be entertained than to entertain. Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles will not be very much in town.

There is an idea that the most celebrated Parisian milliners have determined to revive bonnets as fashionable head-gear. They will not be the mid-Victorian little atrocities that sat on the top of sleek heads as if they had descended upon them as a kind of punishment in the shape of an utterly undesirable excrescence. They are to be becoming face-frames. As such they will be a welcome change from the helmet and bell variety of hat pulled down over brows, the real indicators of intelligence, and so disguising that in a crowd mothers cannot distinguish their own daughters nor husbands their wives, unless they know their clothes. It has actually come to such a pass that all women look alike, and individuality in dress is lost in uniformity. One or two bonnets have made their appearance here, and are very smart. They are, of course, first cousins to toques, which were largely instrumental in ousting pretty hats, and may now take their turn in reinstating them.

Black satin and plissé georgette, relieved with touches of green-and-gold embroidery, has been chosen by Marshall and Snelgrove to express this slender frock for the races. (*See page* 858.)

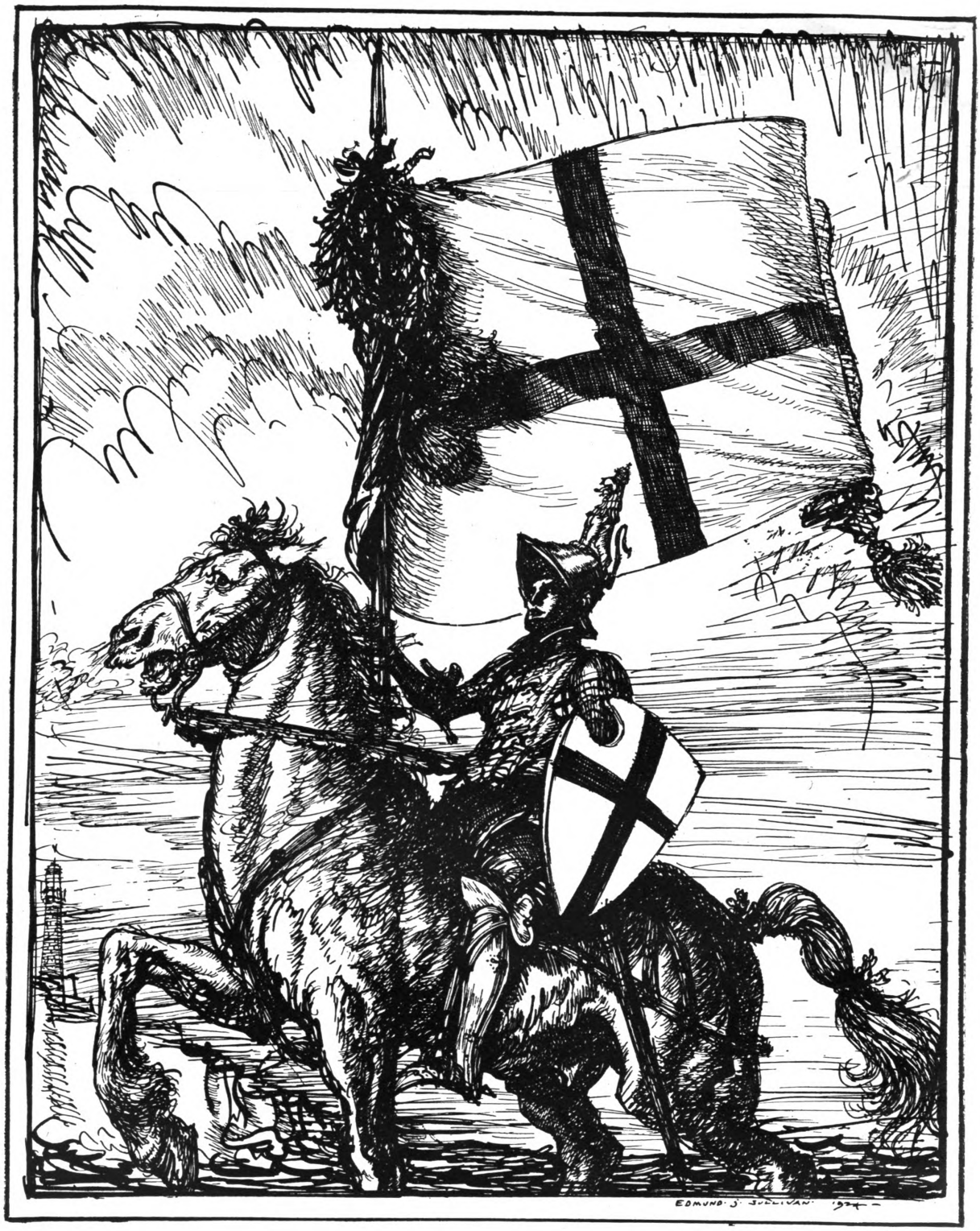
Figured marocain in gay colourings makes this attractive coat, with its novel cuffs and collar of ruching. Sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. (*See page* 858.)

Superstition dies hard; there was a rush of weddings in the last week of last month, because May is considered unblessed of Hymen. A very pretty one was that of Major and Mrs. Philip Fleming. The bride looked so young and girlishly shy that she was quite a novelty, and a charming one, in up-to-date brides. Her dress of white and silver, with a dainty old-lace train, was lovely, and her old-fashioned simple wreath of orange-blossoms and tulle veil suited her well. Her father, Major Philip Hunloke, in immaculate town get-up, looked a little unfamiliar to those who know him best in blue serge and flannels as a yachtsman, in which capacity he has made himself famous as Master of the King's racing beauty, *Britannia*. The wee girls and boys in yellow suits of thick silk and little full-skirted frocks of hydrangea-blue taffeta, with pearl crossed Juliet caps to match, made an altogether delightful picture as they passed up the church after the bride and her father, led by the surpliced choristers and the clergy, whose red-and-white robes and hoods made a touch of strong colour. Major Fleming was long in the Oxfordshire Hussars, whose colours are yellow and blue; the bridal attendants' dresses were in compliment to them. The reception was held at 27, Grosvenor Square, lent by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fleming. This is one of the most charming houses and homes in London. It was added to and reconstructed by the Marquess and Marchioness of Aberdeen when, as Earl and Countess, they resided there. As a music-room, or ball-room, they built out what is called the Eastern Room, at the back. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fleming are of the very English order of wealthy people who are most unostentatious, and who are greatly liked.

In these days, débutantes have a very fair taste of the pleasures of social life before they are presented at Court. All the same, presentation to their Majesties is the sign and seal of their emergence in the social swim, and eagerly awaited. The young Countess of Seafield is to go to Court. She is a charming-looking girl, dainty, and wears her fair hair in early Victorian style which suits her splendidly. She is unaffected and full of the joy of life, and will be a very great land-owner, albeit her many thousand acres are chiefly valuable for sport and sheep grazing, being in Moray and Inverness shires. Caroline Countess of Seafield inherited these estates from her son, the eighth Earl, who died unmarried. There are evidences of her love for him in the church and town of Grantown, near Castle Grant, where, by the way, the late Miss Marie Corelli stayed several times in the summer. This Lady Seafield was only remotely connected with the present Countess, as her son was succeeded by his uncle, who was the young Countess's great-great-grandfather, ninth Earl of Seafield. Caroline Lady Seafield always had King Edward and the present King, as Prince of Wales, for a day's shooting over the best beats of the Grantown moors, and to luncheon at Castle Grant, when they were staying at Tulchan Lodge, beautifully situated on the Spey on the Grantown property, and leased by the late Mr. Arthur Sassoon, who made of it one of the most comfortable lodges in Scotland.

A. E. L.

A useful jumper suit of scarlet crêpe marocain, embroidered with beige. It must be placed to the credit of Marshall and Snelgrove. (*See page* 858.)



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Fashions and Fancies.

Ascot Wraps at Pleasant Prices. Toilettes for the races are the all-absorbing problems of the moment, and it must not be forgotten that a long list of previous Ascots has shown that a light wrap of some description is indispensable. The attractive three-quarter-length coat of gaily figured marocain pictured on page 856 is an ideal wrap for these occasions. The long sleeves and neck are completed by bold ruchings, and it may be secured for 10½ guineas from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W. An attractive alternative is a loose wrap-coat of black marocain edged with deep borders of marabout. It has just arrived from Paris, and will change ownership for 12½ guineas. Again, a short Toreador cloak is equally effective, and a delightful affair of marocain bordered with a deep silken fringe and lined with bright colours is only 6½ guineas. It can be made in any desired shade.

A handkerchief bathed in "4711" Eau de Cologne is all that is necessary to refresh instantly the most weary traveller.

Inexpensive Frocks and Suits. There are delightfully inexpensive frocks at Marshall and Snelgrove's. The one pictured on the left of page 856 is only 6 guineas, expressed in black satin and plissé georgette. Beaded frocks are always fashionable, and there are many carried out in wonderful colourings available for the same price—some sleeveless, others of the chemise persuasion. The neat little jumper suit pictured on the same page is a really wonderful investment for 6½ guineas. It is of heavy crêpe marocain, embroidered in a contrasting shade, and has the novel skirt pleated in front only. It may be secured in several artistic colour schemes. Tailored suits are, of course, always indispensable, and an attractive double-breasted affair built of grey repp, bound with braid, is priced at 9½ guineas. A simple, perfectly cut tailleur with the fashionable white lingerie vest and wrap-over skirt can be secured for 6½ guineas; and 98s. 6d. is the cost of a workmanlike sports suit in woollen ratine carried out in soft shaded stripes.

"4711" Eau-de-Cologne. There is nothing more refreshing after a strenuous day than to sprinkle a few drops of pure "4711" Eau-de-Cologne in the bath. It acts as a tonic to the whole system, and helps to keep the complexion clear and delicate despite long days in the keen wind and brilliant sun. A few drops in a basin or on a handkerchief suffice to banish all traces of fatigue from the face, and every traveller will find it an invaluable friend on all journeys. Needless to say, anything that comes in contact with the skin must be absolutely pure, and one may use "4711" Eau-de-Cologne secure in the knowledge that it possesses this important quality. It is obtainable from all chemists and stores of prestige.

The Revelation Expanding Suit-Case. The season for delightful week-ends in the country and by the sea is really beginning, and it is a distinctly opportune moment to remember the merits of the ingenious Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit-case. Briefly, it is a compact affair which adapts itself to fourteen different capacities, and can be made just the proper size to carry equipment for one month or a short week-end. It is always perfectly rigid, and locks at any position. This remarkable invention is made in many styles and sizes at prices to suit every pocket, and it is well worth while paying a visit of inspection to the showrooms at 169, Piccadilly, W.

For the Housewife. To everyone who appreciates the attractive flavour of Tangerine oranges—and who can deny a liking for this delicious fruit?—the new jelly made by Green's, of Brighton, will make a particularly pleasing appeal, as it is absolutely true in flavour. Prepared by H. J. Green and Co., Brighton, it is sold by high-class grocers and stores everywhere in crystals and squares, each packet sufficient to make one pint.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MUNICIPAL MUSIC.

MUNICIPAL music has never become fashionable in this country, but at least one English town has had a municipal orchestra for over thirty years which has given concerts every year all through the winter—concerts of classical music, specialising even in so esoteric a composer as Brahms, and also doing what is infinitely more daring, constantly performing new works by British composers. I refer to Bournemouth, whose conductor, Sir Dan Godfrey, knighted for his services to music in 1922, has just published a book, "Memories and Music," * in which he records the activity of the municipal orchestra which he has directed since its foundation in 1893.

The only parallel to Sir Dan Godfrey's career that I can think of is that of Sir Henry Wood, who for more than a quarter of a century has conducted the London Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall, raising them to a level of excellence which is astonishing when one considers the strain involved in a ten weeks' continuous season. Sir Dan Godfrey, in his book, refers to Sir Henry Wood with admiration and declares that he would call him "Wood the Worker." I doubt if Londoners sufficiently appreciate what a rare man they have got in Sir Henry Wood. I doubt if anywhere in the world there is a conductor with Sir Henry Wood's record for persistent thoroughness and indefatigable energy. I have often marvelled that he could stand the strain of the terrific programmes night after night during the Promenade season, throwing every ounce of himself, as he does, into every item.

You may set your clock by Sir Henry Wood. On the stroke of eight he appears. It is just the same at the Symphony Concerts. You can always calculate, with the average conductor, on at least a five or seven minutes' wait if you are punctual. Mr. Albert Coates is good for seven minutes. M. Serge Koussevitsky generally appears — always smiling—after about ten minutes. With Sir Thomas Beecham you are in a state of uncertainty as to whether he will appear at all, although, personally, I have never known this happen; but he is constantly late. But always, sharp as the clock strikes, Sir Henry Wood appears. If he didn't, you would know that something unheard of, something terrible, had happened. This is not the greatest of the virtues, but it is a great virtue. I should imagine it was a quality shared by Sir Dan Godfrey, otherwise he would not have guided the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra for thirty years through all its vicissitudes.

The beginning of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra was a modest one, and probably its future development was the last thing that most of the municipal councillors would have expected or, perhaps, desired. A private company built the Winter Garden Pavilion in 1876 at a cost of £12,000. The company was formed to meet the demand of residents for a little more "life" in what was then—though undoubtedly beautiful and healthy—a very quiet spot, as may be gathered from the complaint of a writer of the time, who says: "At Bournemouth a man has no amusement of any kind; what is stranger still, when men and women meet at this watering place, there is no association, no promenade. . . . Nature has been very prodigal in her gifts to this secluded spot, but its inhabitants are too decorous and unsocial." It seems incredible that, as Sir Dan Godfrey tells us, as recently as in 1862 the site of the Winter Garden was used by the public for an archery meeting, and that at the time when the building of the Winter Garden Pavilion was suggested, the nearest railway station was five miles away, at Christchurch.

But when completed the Winter Garden Pavilion, which was used for stalls for selling fancy wares, etc., was a failure, and was closed in 1877. In 1884 an attempt was made to run a circus there, but this also failed, and the building remained closed until 1893, when "the Corporation of Bournemouth leased and opened it as a 'temple of music.' And music triumphed, for a 'temple of music' it has remained ever since." Curiously enough, the first band to cater for the Bournemouth public was an Italian one of sixteen performers, who

[Continued overleaf.

* "Memories and Music." By Sir Dan Godfrey. (Hutchinson; 18s.)

STATESMANSHIP IN ROYAL ACADEMY PORTRAITURE: "THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY, K.G., CHANCELLOR OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, BELFAST," BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

Lord Londonderry, seventh Marquess, succeeded to the title in 1915. He became first Minister of Education in the Ulster Parliament, and a Senator of Northern Ireland, in 1921. He sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for Maidstone from 1906 to 1915, and in 1920-1 was Under-Secretary of State for Air and Vice-President of the Air Council.

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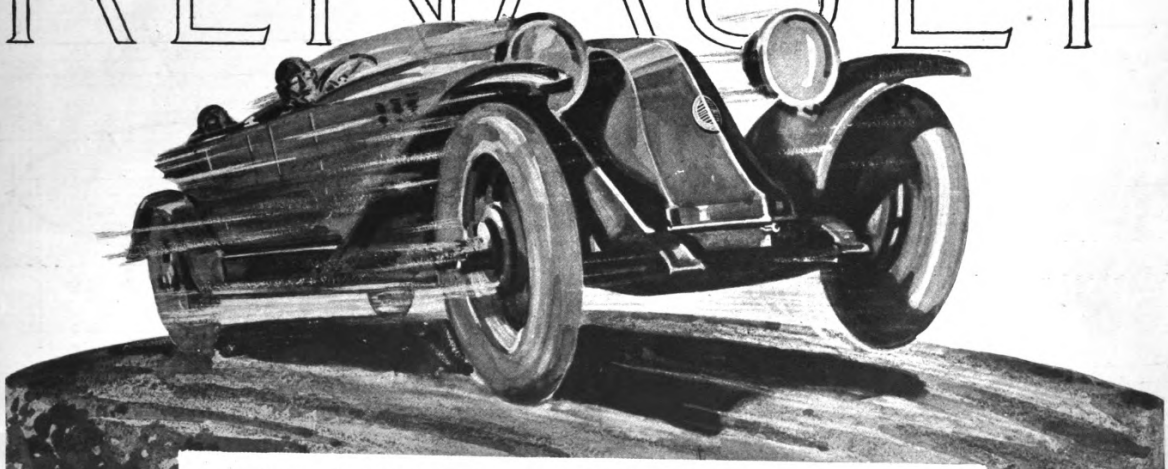

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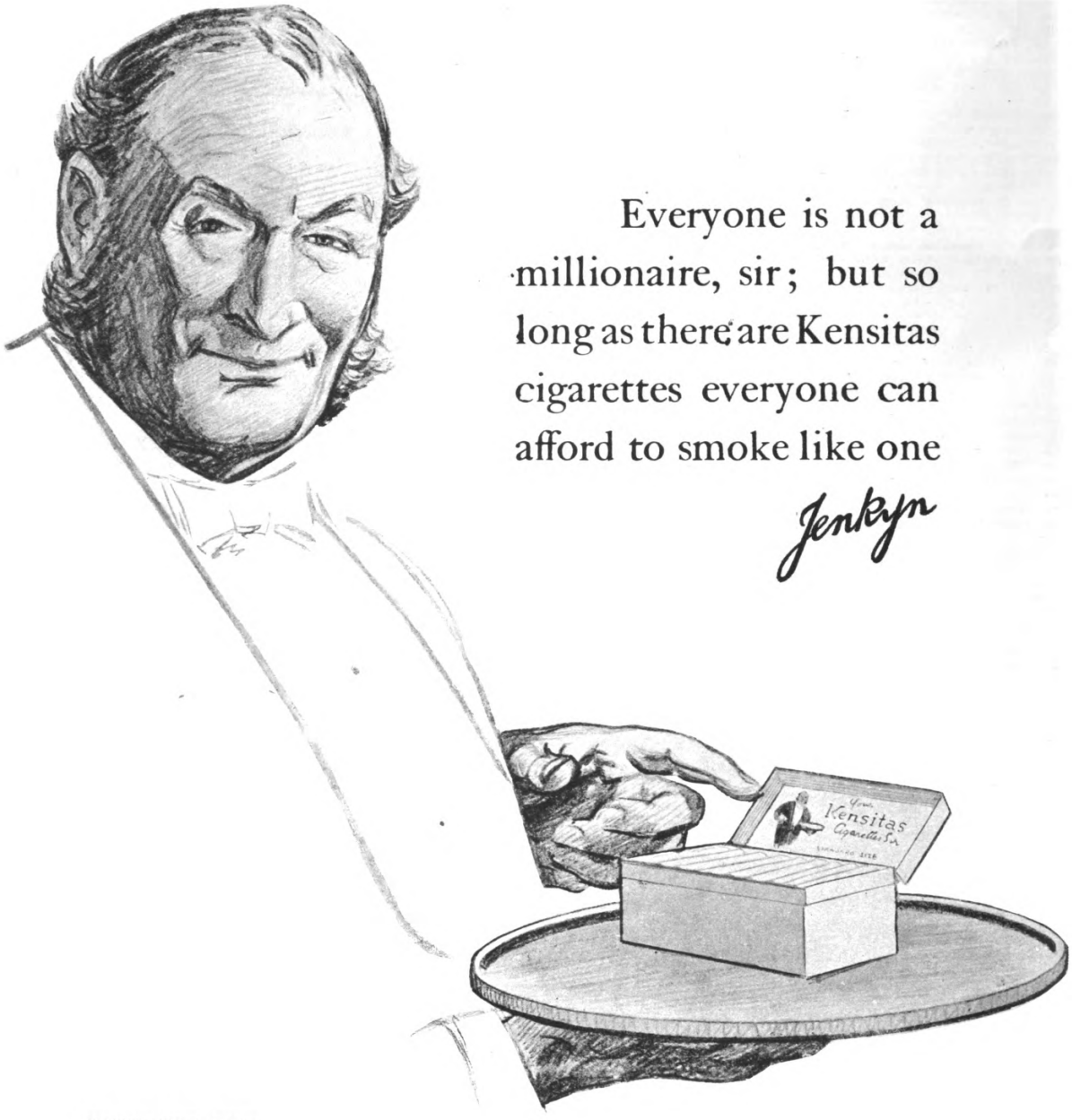

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Continued.]

had all been in the Italian Army, and wore its uniform. When Sir Dan Godfrey was engaged, in 1893, his band consisted of thirty performers, and included "enough 'double-handed' players to furnish a small string section to play in the Winter Garden Pavilion while the remainder was employed on the pier as a military (wind) band." The band made its début on the afternoon of May 22, 1893, and five thousand people paid for admission. The following was the programme—

March	"The Standard Bearer"	Fahrbach
Overture	"Raymond"	Thomas
Valse	"Je t'aime"	Waldteufel
Ballet Music	"Rosamunde"	Schubert
Russian Mazurka	"La Czarine"	Ganne
Entr'acte	"La Colombe"	Gounod
Selection	"The Gondoliers"	Sullivan

It may be interesting to compare with this programme the sort of programme given at "Popular" concerts in 1922. Two "Popular" concerts at Easter 1922 contained the following items—

Stanford's "Sea-Songs"; Overture "1812"; Percy Grainger's "Shepherd's Hey"; Eric Coates's Suite, "Joyous Youth"; and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol."

The "coming of age" festival in 1914 opened with a luncheon at which were present the most eminent British musicians, including Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the late Sir Hubert Parry, Dr. Vaughan Williams, and Mr. Edward German, and in a speech Sir Hubert Parry said that "Bournemouth had done more for music, particularly British music, than any other place in the country." The programme of the concert on that afternoon of May 21, 1914, presents so striking a contrast to the opening programme of the same day twenty-one years earlier, that I must give it in full—

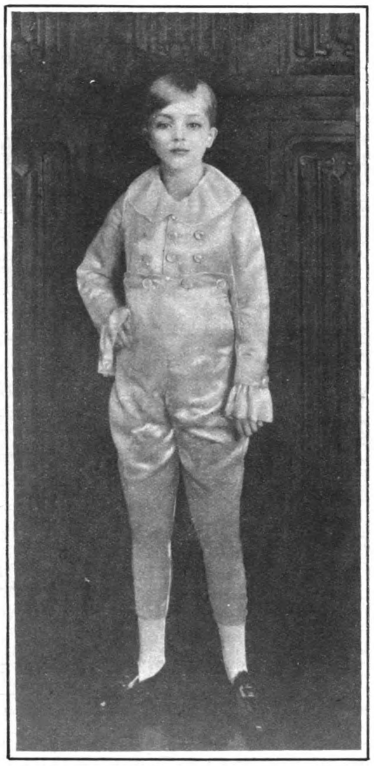
"Song of Thanksgiving" - - - Mackenzie
Overture and Minuet from the Acharnians of Aristophanes - - Parry
"Valse Gracieuse" from Symphonic Suite - - - - - - - German
"Norfolk Rhapsody" (1st performance of Revised Version) - - Vaughan Williams
(Conducted by the respective composers.)
"Academic Festival Overture" - - Brahms
Prelude "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" Debussy
Fantasia "Fireworks" - - - Stravinsky
(Conducted by Sir Dan Godfrey.)

But Bournemouth, I am delighted to see, is not going to rest content with what has been accomplished. It possesses to-day a Municipal Orchestra which has given 1635 Symphony Concerts (as distinguished from "Popular" Concerts) performing regularly all the great musical classics as well as 642 British works, of which 153 were *first performances*, and a Municipal Choir of 250 voices, whose programme for 1923-24 was as follows:

November 6th - "Faust" - (Berlioz)
January 9th - "The Messiah" (Handel)
March 5th - - Various Smaller Choral Works
April 30th - - "Judith" - (Hubert Parry)

Now it is going to build a new concert-hall theatre. I congratulate the Bournemouth Corporation. That is the right spirit. As Sir Dan Godfrey so admirably put it in an address at Cambridge at the annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, everyone must get rid of the idea that it is not the business of the municipality to interfere in artistic matters. "The municipality, be it Corporation, District Council, Borough Council, Local Board, or the like, should be the civic parent to watch over the welfare of those in its charge. There can be no doubt, in the minds of those who think, that there is too great a tendency on the part of the people to seek unintellectual amusements that leave them with no mental satisfaction, no mental stimulus, much less any increase of knowledge. . . . Now, more than ever in these days, when the path of private enterprise is beset with so many difficulties, it is essential that the art of music should be fostered by the municipality, and for the due fostering of an art there is nothing but a course of education. . . . The future is in the hands of the young. . . . It is they who must be led on to the right path. . . ."

Sir Dan Godfrey might have added that private enterprise in art is generally purely commercial, and that while it is commercial it can never be satisfactory, for its purpose is not to give the public good art, but whatever will pay best at the moment. I can only hope that the splendid example of Bournemouth will stimulate other towns to awake from their musical slumber and do something. They might, for example, begin by inviting Sir Dan Godfrey and his Bournemouth Muaicipal Orchestra to pay them a visit. Then I hope that in the new Municipal "concert-hall theatre," Sir Dan Godfrey may induce the Bournemouth Corporation to try a season of good light opera, beginning with such classics as Mozart's "Figaro," "Seraglio," and "Don Giovanni." The English Municipal Theatre must start somewhere. Let Bournemouth be the pioneer, and I will wager that in twenty-five years' time we shall have municipal opera and drama all over England. W. J. TURNER.



BOYHOOD PORTRAITURE IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "MASTER ANTHONY GORDON-COLES," BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.

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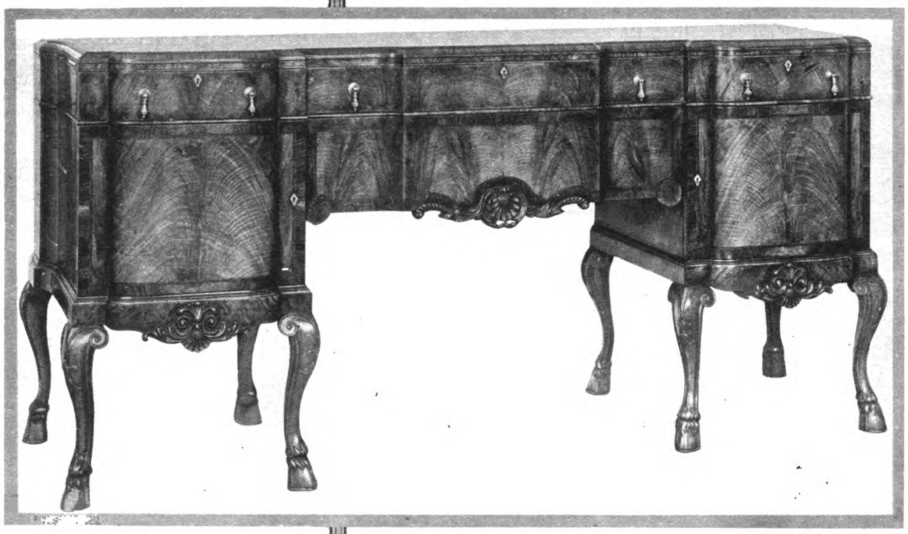

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RADIO NOTES.

SERVING as a great broadcasting studio, Central Hall, Westminster, was the centre from which the sixth Symphony Concert was transmitted last week-end. A large audience seated in the Hall saw and heard the announcer, Mr. Rex Palmer, speaking to "the British Isles," *via* the microphone. The army of radio listeners within range of the B.B.C. stations heard the applause that greeted the arrival of the announcer. At 8 p.m., listeners in all districts heard the great bells of "Big Ben" boom forth the hour; but the audience in Central Hall missed this novelty—unless the sounds were heard through open windows—"Big Ben" being only two or three hundred yards away. Sir Edward Elgar conducted the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra's performance of a number of excellent works, most of which were composed by the conductor. Those listeners who had attended any of the previous Symphony Concerts, and who heard the sixth by radio, could visualise what was taking place in the hall. The B.B.C. has done well by including these high-class performances in their programmes, and the public is eager for more.

Realistic "effects" are all-important when plays are broadcast, and much ingenuity is introduced by those responsible at the broadcasting studios for conveying an idea of reality to those who are listening to the performers, but who cannot see the action. The success of a dramatic play by radio-telephony depends a great deal upon sound-properties. "Atmosphere" is created, and action is simulated, by sound, and each production must have its appropriate sound-effects. The American broadcasting station, "WGY," well known to many British listeners, transmits a radio-drama every week, and after considerable experiment the producers have succeeded in obtaining a number of telling effects by simple means. "The Fortune Hunter," transmitted recently, lent itself admirably to some novel effects, rendered necessary for the proper appreciation of the play. The thrills of a forest fire were suggested to the imagination of listeners by the use of a plumber's blow-lamp, which, roaring away, was moved about near the microphone. The rustling of paper and breaking of match-sticks created an effect representing the burning of tree branches.

Other properties which are used frequently for broadcast plays are a set of electric bells fixed on a board, and a door in its frame. There are several bells, each with a different tone, and a buzzer; each may be sounded as required, by pressing the proper button. Included on the board are clock chimes, telephone bell, door bell, and a large bell for representing a fire alarm, motor ambulance, or a burglar alarm.

The portable door is an important property, for it is only by the sound of closing the door that entrance or exit of a character may be conveyed to radio listeners. This door is one of the peculiar conventions of the broadcast drama, for whereas in the home a door that closes quietly is most desirable, it is important in the broadcast drama that the sounds of jingling jeys, the door opening or shutting, and the clicking of the latch should be loud enough to affect the microphone. The special door in "WGY's" studio is made of thin oak, and has a peculiar resonant quality which enables the sound of its movements to be recognised as those of a door by radio listeners.

VALVES WHICH AMPLIFIED THE KING'S WEMBLEY SPEECH.

When the King opened the British Empire Exhibition, his Majesty's speech was picked up by microphones and conveyed through no fewer than twenty-nine thermionic valves for simultaneous transmission by radio-telephony from all British broadcasting stations. Our illustration shows nineteen of the valves installed at Wembley.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

The King's speech broadcast on the occasion of the opening of the British Empire Exhibition created tremendous interest everywhere, many thousands of the public hearing his Majesty's voice for the first time. Listeners who heard the speech as delivered in the morning heard it again in the evening—broadcast by the B.B.C. from a gramophone disc, recorded by radio reception by the Gramophone Company, Ltd.

The King is greatly interested in broadcasting, and accepted recently a magnificent receiving-set as a gift from the B.B.C. Designed by Captain P. P. Eckersley, the receiving apparatus is contained in a mahogany cabinet with ebony panels and inlaid ivory lines, mounted on an ebony stand. The set is entirely self-contained, "aerial" and "earth" being provided for by two copper plates—one at the top of the cabinet, and the other in the base. Four pairs of head-telephones are contained in a compartment above the loud-speaker.

We are informed that Burndept, Ltd., have had the honour of supplying models of their famous "Ethophone V." broadcast receiver to many notabilities, among whom are the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Earl Haig, and the Bishop of Southwark. The "Ethophone V." is fitted with four valves, the last valve being of a special type for powerful, but pure, loud-speaker use. Ordinary valves, or "dull emitters," are supplied, as may be desired, with the set, which is capable of receiving all British broadcasting stations, and many Continental stations.

The instrument is supplied also in portable form—similar to a suit-case—and may be used either in the home or taken into the country or up-river for holiday use.

W. H. S.

The above illustration, which appeared recently in "The Illustrated London News," forecast the possibilities of the reception of broadcast on the river. The instrument shown in use is a Portable Ethophone V., a 4-valve Tuner, Receiver and Power Amplifier combined, working an "Ethovox" Loud Speaker.

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The Portable Ethophone V. will bring you the world's music and news of its activities wherever you are. To the joys of the open air, it adds an ever-changing, never-ending pleasure.

THE Portable Ethophone V. is guaranteed to receive broadcast *anywhere*. It makes possible, as the sketch shows, dancing by the river or on the lawn to the lilting melodies of famous dance bands; or you may sit resting in the cool shadows, listening to the immortal creations of the great composers. Whichever you do, the Ethophone V. will bring you music . . . and there is no more fitting finale to a day spent in glorious sunshine and fresh air than that. The Portable Ethophone V. is built in a solid black morocco leather case, not unlike a suit-case, and is easy to use *wherever* fancy directs. Equipped to receive all B.B.C. Stations, its price is **£44**, including B.B.C. tariff. Complete set of extras, £10 15s. 0d. The Ethophone V. can be adapted for use with the economical "dull-emitter" valves.

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THE Portable Ethophone V. can be purchased out of income. The first payment is £13 10s. 0d., followed by twelve monthly instalments of £2 15s. 0d., each. These prices include B.B.C. tariff, valves, high-tension battery and coils. A complete set of extras, including accumulator, head-telephones, "Ethovox" Loud Speaker and aerial equipment, price £10 15s. 0d., can be purchased on the same basis.

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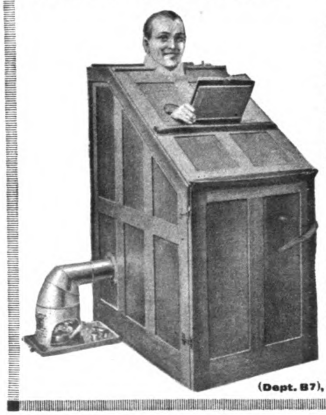

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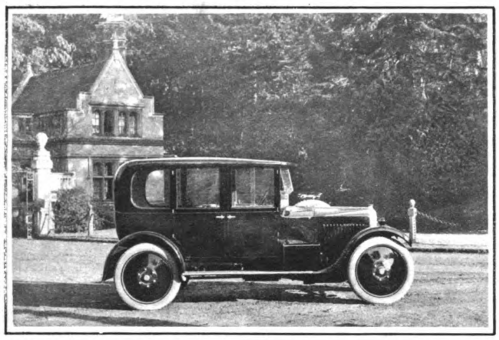
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Motorists and the Budget.

Quite unexpectedly, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has extended some slight relief to the motorist under his Budget proposals. He has acquiesced in the principle of a surrender value of the car license, which is just and acceptable. Formerly, if a license was taken out on Jan. 1, and the car was sold for export or passed out of use in any other way and its former owner gave up motoring, the Treasury stuck to his money—there was not a penny to come back by way of rebate or allowance of any sort. Under the new proposals the owner can claim a proportionate refund on the unexpired portion of the license. It is possibly true that this will affect a very small proportion of motorists, but the relief is nevertheless welcome. Apart from the actual benefit to motorists, it shows that there is at last beginning to dawn in Government circles a glimmering of the idea that the motorist is just as much a member of the community, and therefore entitled to some measure of equitable treatment. It is as refreshing as it has been rare.



THE 14-40-H.P. VAUXHALL "WYNDHAM" NEW FOUR-DOOR SALOON: A HANDSOME CAR IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING.

Then the surcharge on quarterly licenses has been, or will be, reduced from 20 per cent. to 10 per cent. This partially redresses one of the most glaring anomalies of the present system of motor taxation. It is perfectly understandable that the extra administrative expenses attendant upon the issue of four licenses a year instead of one should fall upon those who prefer, for reasons of their own, to take their licenses quarterly instead of annually; but this cost does not represent anything like 20 per cent. of the whole annual duty, and the surcharge has been regarded by those it affects as legalised highway robbery, made all the worse by being perpetrated by a Government department. There is another aspect, too; which is that the powers given to the Minister of Transport to levy such a surcharge have enabled the department practically to override the decision of Parliament. The Roads Act fixed the duty payable on private motor-cars at £1 per horse-power per annum. What the Ministry has collected where quarterly licenses have been taken out is actually £1 4s. per horse-power. Even at 10 per cent. the extra charge is too high—a flat rate of 2s. 6d. per license issued would be ample.

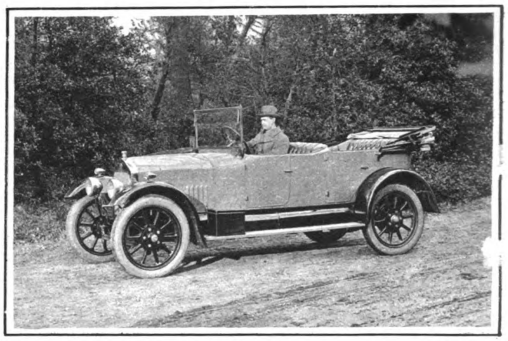
Fifteen Millions to Pay!

During the ensuing financial year the Chancellor expects to gather in more than fifteen millions sterling from the motor taxes. When the Roads Act was introduced, the then Minister of Transport told the House of Commons that he wanted to raise eight millions for the Road Fund, and, when confronted with the argument that this was an enormous sum to ask from a single class of road-users, he agreed, and said that in the event of the amount asked being exceeded the motorist would clearly be entitled to some relief. Now we are paying nearly double this original sum. We have asked for the tacitly promised relief, but this seems to be as far off as ever. Under the current Budget proposals everybody seems to be getting relief of some kind, with the two solitary exceptions of the income taxpayer and the motorist. As the latter is always the former as well, he is mulcted both ways. Unorganised and unrepresented as motoring is, there seems not the slightest hope of anything happening to ease the burden. The Report of the Committee on Taxation will not be rendered for a month or more—too late for any of its recommendations to be incorporated in the Finance Bill—so it looks as though we shall still be paying our £1 per horse-power at least until the end of 1925. If only the R.A.C. and the A.A. had been welded into a single powerful and really representative body, capable of exerting effective pressure, we might have got something off. Who knows?

British Cars and Duties.

Although the matter of the McKenna duties is a highly controversial one, and one on which I cannot here express an opinion, it would be wrong to ignore it altogether. I think I may be allowed to go so far as to say that it is more than a pity that such questions should ever have been allowed to become political in their aspects. They are eminently questions for close examination by economic experts rather

[Continued overleaf.



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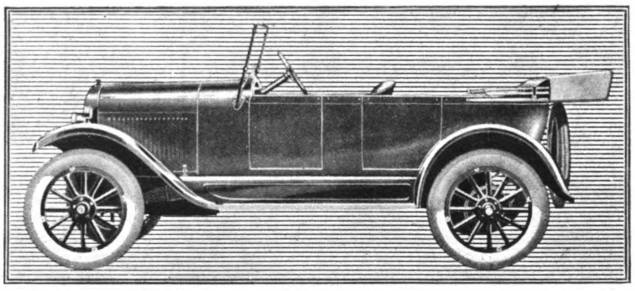

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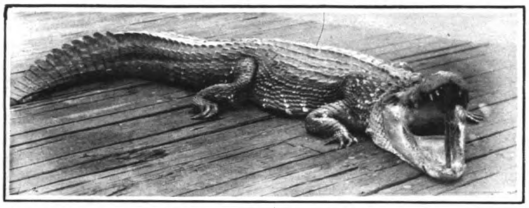
(*continued*)

than shuttlecocks for politicians, or shibboleths for political partisans. Faced by the abolition of the import duty of 33 1-3 per cent. on imported chassis and cars, the British motor trade simply does not know where it stands. Unquestionably, the duties have enabled the British car-manufacturer to tide over the post-war period of depression and to rebuild his business on something like a solid foundation. Now, just as he is beginning to feel his feet again, the duties are to come off. It may be sound economic policy or it may not. As to that, it seems to be a question of the greatest good for the greatest number, and I am not economist enough to say one way or the other. But the immediate effects are obvious enough. The biggest manufacturing concern in the country, Morris Motors, has already announced a drop in production of 25 per cent., which will entail the throwing out of employment of some 10,000 workers. I suppose a mere 10,000 added to the already numerous ranks of the unemployed is neither here nor there in comparison with the good the abolition of the duties will effect in other directions. That I know nothing about; but it does seem to me that the good is far to seek. Another concern—a small one, it is true—has given all its employees a week's notice to terminate their engagements and is closing down altogether, unable to face overseas competition without the duties. All round the trade I hear of reductions and rumours of lessened outputs, so that, political questions apart, it would really seem that the matter is one for much more detailed inquiry than it seems to have had.

Temporary Road Signs.

To assist motorists when using roads undergoing heavy repairs, the Automobile Association is erecting temporary traffic-diversion signs, indicating alternative routes or by-pass roads. At the present time these traffic-diversion signs are being employed in connection with the repairs proceeding in High Street, Watford; and at Tilbury—where the best alternative road from the Ferry towards London is indicated. The information conveyed by these signs is varied according to special requirements.

The Automobile Association has received complaints regarding the speed of cars through Romsey, Hants, and, having regard to the conditions existing on this road, the Association would urge upon motorists the necessity for exercising special care when passing through Romsey.—W. W.



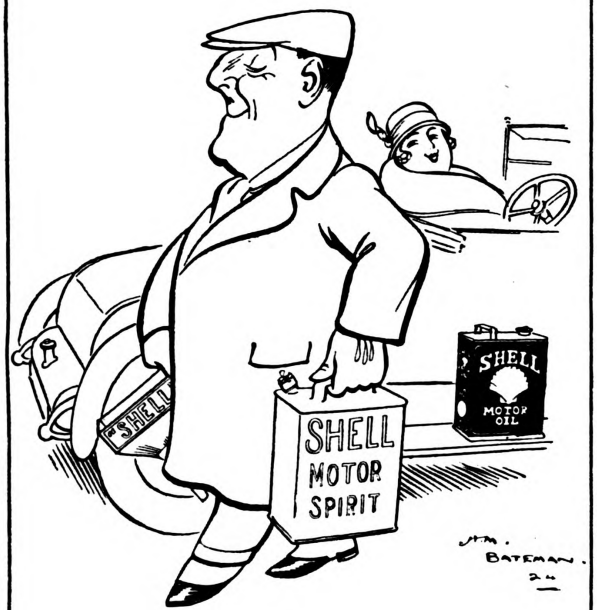
TYPICAL OF SPORT TO BE FOUND DURING A 1000-MILE CRUISE UP THE AMAZON IN A BOOTH LINER: AN ALLIGATOR SHOT BY A PASSENGER NEAR MANAOS

SPECIMENS OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST FRESH-WATER FISH HARPOONED IN A TRIBUTARY OF THE AMAZON: CUTTING AND CLEANING PIRARACU OVER 6 FT. LONG AND 400 LB. IN WEIGHT.

It is now possible for a traveller, embarking at Liverpool, to travel a thousand miles up the Amazon to Manaos in a luxurious Booth liner. The trip affords every variety of scenery and sport. In a descriptive booklet we read of the excitement of a day spent fishing for the Piraracu, the largest fresh-water fish in the world. No instance of its having been caught by a hook and line is known. Natives stand waiting on rafts, and, as the huge fish passes beneath, drive home a long harpoon, the wooden hilt of which is detachable and floats free as soon as the fish makes his dash for life and liberty. He tows behind him the frail raft, which is attached by a thin but very strong line to the steel head of the harpoon. After a few exciting minutes the fish is gradually hauled nearer and nearer to the raft and is finally despatched with spears.

Under an illustration of a diamond-washing plant at Wembley, in our issue of May 3, we described it as representing the exhibit in the South African section, as the title of the photograph gave no indication to the contrary. We have since learned that the photograph actually represents another diamond-washing plant from British Guiana, shown in the West Indies building. We much regret the error, and gladly give publicity to this correction. In the exhibit of British Guiana diamond diggings, the whole process of washing, with real diamonds, is seen in operation.

"To-Night's the Night" was always so good a mixture of farce and musical play that it is a pleasure to see it again; bright enough years ago, it seems brighter still on revival, and the only criticism any expert would dare to make on the Winter Garden production is that the feminine side of the cast is not over-strong. On the other hand, a comedian of Mr. Leslie Henson's resourcefulness and magnetism is a host in himself; rarely has he had a better part than that of the youth he here represents plunged into situations altogether beyond his experience. There is a chance for acting on this occasion as well as for fooling, and Mr. Henson gives us both in refreshing abundance. Once more he has Mr. George Grossmith for partner and foil, and the old Gaiety favourite is at his best as Duddles; he has rarely done anything droller than his search for his pumps. For the rest, Miss Heather Thatcher makes a vivacious soubrette; Mr. Basil Foster and Mr. Brouett help to keep the pace of the show at fever heat; and Miss Adrienne Brune is a pleasing ingénue.



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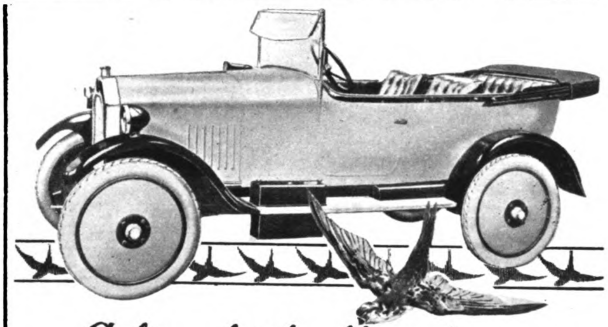

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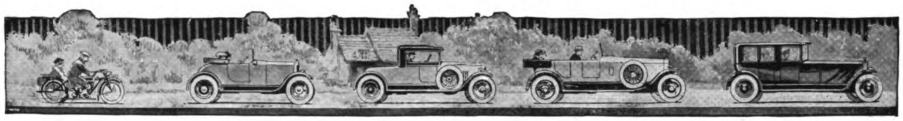

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15 Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

MISS DORIS GALE (Thornton Heath).—You have probably seen before this that your inquiry is already answered.

CATERHAM CHESS CLUB.—But why omit the principal variation of No. 3929? Was it not worth noticing?

HORACE E MCFARLAND (St. Louis, Illinois, U.S.A.).—We fear we are sadly in your black books, but hope to set matters right shortly. As regards publication of solutions, you know we are always indulgent to our distant foreign correspondents.

E BOSWELL (Lancaster).—Slightness is a virtue that can be carried to excess. Your problem wants a large tincture of guile to make it acceptable.

BARON DE REUTER (Hotel Europe, Turin).—Your proposed solution of No. 3925 fails on the variation in Black's defence of 1. —— K to Q B 6th; for if then, 2. Kt to Q B 6th (dis ch), K to Kt 6th, and there is no mate.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—Further contribution received with many thanks.

H HESHMAT (Cairo).—It is a rule of this column that letters cannot be answered by post. As regards the information wanted, surely, the first move being given, an expert solver like yourself can find no further difficulties?

MRS. FRANK H KOOS (Winston-Salem, N.C., U.S.A.).—(1) See answer above. (2) The letters "sq" stand for "square," and mean the starting square from which the file is numbered. Thus, the King standing on his square can be said to be either at K sq or K 1st—it is merely a matter of custom which method is employed. (3) Write to Hollings' Book Shop, 7, Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2., stating what you want, and ask for list.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF NO. 3923 received from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3925 from Horace E McFarland (St. Louis); of No. 3926 from Horace E McFarland (St. Louis), and G Parbury (Singapore); of No. 3927 from H.H. the Maharana Sahib of Porbander, D F Giannion (Athens), H T Marker (Porbander), and J E Houseman (Chicoutimi, Canada); of No. 3928 from H Heshmat (Cairo), D F Giannion (Athens), E S Gibbs (East Ham), R B N (Tewkesbury), Franz Nidntzky (Austria), and R S Houston (Montreal); and of No. 3929 from Miss D Gale (Thornton Heath), E Pinkney (Driffield), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), Caterham Chess Club, C B S (Canterbury), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), J Hunter (Leicester), F G B Barlow (Bournemouth), S Caldwell (Hove), E J Gibbs (East Ham), R B N (Tewkesbury), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), W N Powell (Ledbury), R W Seaton (Broadstairs), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J Pritchard (New Southgate), D Murray (Glasgow), and J M K Lupton (Richmond).

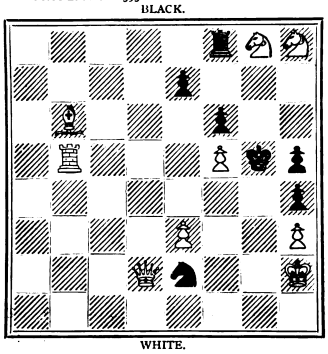
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3930 received from L W Cafferata (Newark), H W Satow (Bangor), C H Watson (Masham), G Sky (Wellington College), S Caldwell (Hove), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), J P Smith (Cricklewood), J McRobert (Crossgar), W N Powell (Ledbury), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), Charles Le Harivel (Edinburgh), E J Gibbs (East Ham), M S Maughan (Barton-on-Sea) H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), M Beach (Milton Bridge), R P Nicholson (Crayke), J Kruse (Edgware Road), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), J M K Lupton (Richmond), R B N (Tewkesbury), J C Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), W Graham (St. Heliers), J Hunter (Leicester), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), C B S (Canterbury), and E G B Barlow (Bournemouth).

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 3929.—BY A. NEWMAN.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Kt to K 5th	K takes R
2. Q to Q 2nd	Anything
3. Q or Kt mates accordingly.	

If: 1.—— K to Q 8th, or P Queens; 2. Kt to Q 4th, Anything; 3. Q or R mates accordingly. A happily constructed miniature whose open face almost compels a search for its solution. It has secured a warm approval from many of our correspondents.

PROBLEM No. 3931.—BY L. W. CAFFERATA.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

As was generally expected, the two first places in the New York Tournament were taken by Lasker and Capablanca, the latter of whom, however, never quite recovered from the handicap of a bad start. Their play was of the usual inerrant type, with nothing overlooked and nothing unprovided for. Alekhine was third; but his performance suggested a mind blunted with too much exhibition play, so unable was he to achieve more than a draw in so many of his games. F. J. Marshall as fourth proved the surprise of the meeting, such recrudescence of the veteran's powers being wholly unlooked for. R. Reti, with two sensational victories, made a brilliant start, but could finish no nearer than fifth place in the end.

As a concluding feature of the meeting, Alekhine gave an exhibition display of twenty-six simultaneous blindfold games against that number of strong players. He won sixteen, drew five, and lost five—a wonderful and, we believe, a record performance.

The Weston-super-Mare and West of England Chess Festival brought its proceedings to a successful conclusion with the following results. Major Open Tournament: M. Euwe, 7½ points, first; Sir G. A. Thomas, 7 points, second, and E. A. Znosko Borowski, 6½ points, third. The Open Tournament was divided between Messrs. Lean and Wright, with 7 points apiece.

The Boys' Chess Championship of Great Britain, played for at Hastings from April 20 to April 26, was won by W. H. Pratten, of Southsea, with an unbeaten record for the week.

The leadership of the London Chess League "A" Table has been won, after keen competition, by Brixton, with a score of 11½, displacing Hampstead, which comes second with 11 to its credit.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in the Major Tournament of the West of England Chess Festival at Weston-super-Mare between Mr. J. A. DREWITT and Sir George THOMAS.

(Four Knights Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Sir G. T.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Sir G. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt to Kt 2nd	B to R 6th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. R takes P	
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
4. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th	How irresistible is the lure of the defenceless far-afield Pawn! As invariably happens, White pays for its capture with the loss of the game. R to B 2nd and R to K sq were imperative.	
5. Castles	Castles		
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
7. B to Kt 5th	B takes Kt		
8. P takes B	P to K R 3rd		
9. B to R 4th	Q to K 2nd		
		18.	Kt to R 5th
This opening has been receiving fresh attention lately, and is considered fairly safe for both sides. Here, however, Black makes an innovation on book play, and we think he may fairly claim with justifiable results.		The initial sacrifice of a brilliant winning combination, carried through with masterly precision.	
		19. P takes Kt.	P takes P
		20. R to B 2nd	Q R to K Kt sq
		21. K to R sq	B takes Kt (ch)
10. R to Q Kt sq	K to R sq	22. R takes B	P to R 6th
11. Q to Q 2nd	R to K Kt sq	23. R to Q Kt sq	
12. Q B takes Kt	Q takes B		
13. B to R 4th	Kt to K 2nd	If R takes R, Q takes P wins at once.	
14. Kt to K sq	P to K Kt 4th		
15. P to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	23.	R takes R
16. P to Kt 3rd	R to Kt 2nd	24. Q to K 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
Massing his forces for a grand assault.		25. B to Q 7th	R takes R P (ch)
		White resigns.	

An interesting one-man show of pictures and pastels opens on May 16 in Paris at the Georges Petit Gallery, 8, Rue de Sèze, and remains open until the 31st. The exhibition is entirely devoted to the scenes of Japanese life which M. Dantu has painted. The exquisite spring blossoming, and other moods of nature, including snow scenes, are shown in M. Dantu's beautiful work. It is likely to arouse much interest, and the subtle and delicate manner in which he presents the scenes and landscapes of Japan, to which he has been consecrating his art, is likely to appeal to all lovers of pictorial beauty.

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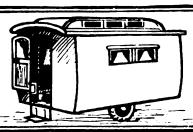

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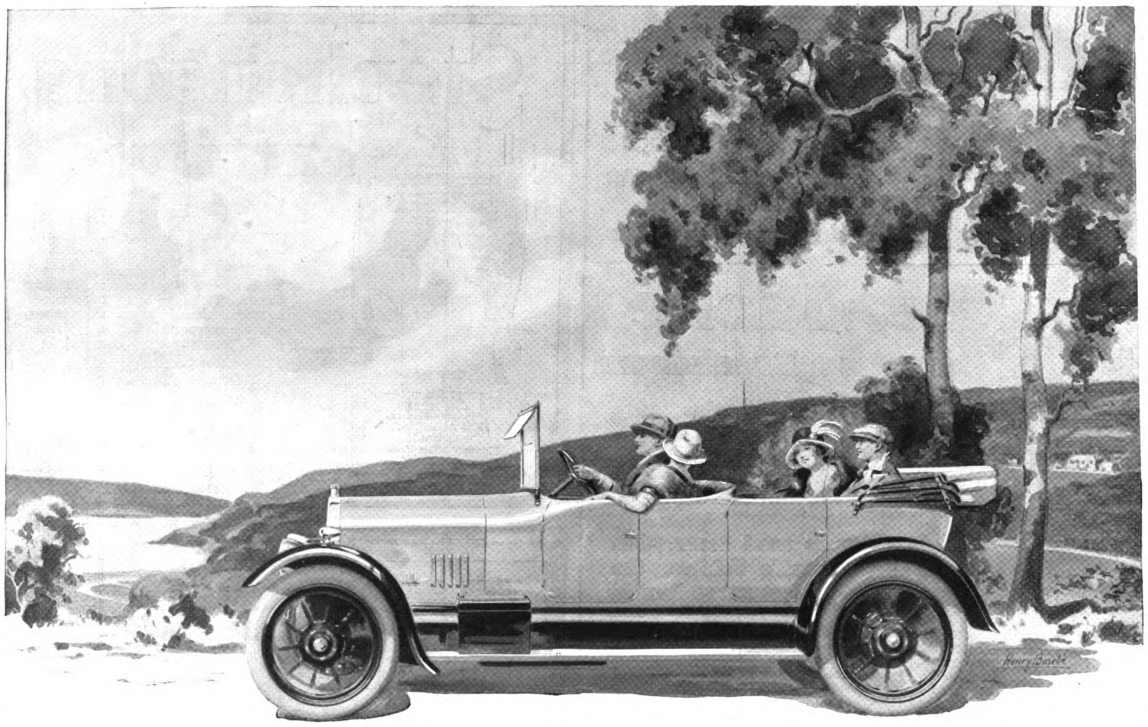

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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1924.

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THEIR MAJESTIES OF ROUMANIA, WHO HAVE BEEN ON A VISIT TO LONDON:

Queen Marie of Roumania, who, with her husband, King Ferdinand, has been on a state visit to England this week, is a first cousin of our King, as she is the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria. On her arrival in this country, she was hailed as a Fair Maid of Kent, as she was born at Eastwell Park, and spent her childhood there. She is a very beautiful and accomplished woman,

KING FERDINAND IN UNIFORM; AND QUEEN MARIE IN NATIONAL DRESS.

and is the author of "Ildérim," "The Lily of Life," "My Country," etc., and has just published a new book, "The Voice on the Mountain." Our photograph shows her in national dress, which she often wears, as she desires to encourage the picturesque costume which is so seldom seen now in her country; indeed, she has started a movement to encourage Society women to appear in this beautiful dress at fancy-dress balls.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN the last issue of *The Illustrated London News* there was a reproduction of Mr. Otway McCannell's picture of "The Devil's Chessboard," along with a quotation of his own explanation of it, as published in the *Daily News*. It would not be easy to criticise his picture; but it is easier to criticise his explanation. We cannot contradict what a picture says, because it says nothing. It is not talkative, and certainly not explanatory. It is a matter of symbols, and symbols are not statements. The symbols in this case are a number of repulsive people playing chess with human pawns, while behind them is a horrible vision of slaughter. In so far as this vision can be said to state anything, it most certainly states the truth. If there are luxurious and cynical people who launch wars wantonly for their own amusement, like chess-players, it is very right that they should be represented as repulsive; and they cannot be represented as more repulsive than they are. If there be any clergyman, of any Christian body, who looks at a battlefield with gloating satisfaction, let us hope that he looks as ugly as the clergyman in the picture. If young ladies really did regard young men going to die as curiously carved chessmen, then I heartily agree that any such young lady deserves to be painted with her eyes screwed up in the curious Chinese fashion depicted here. But in strict logic, any statements that can be said to be involved in the picture cannot conclusively apply to anybody or anything outside the picture. The painter may obviously intend more by his picture, but we cannot pin him to anything except his picture. He would be logically justified in disclaiming responsibility for anything like an application of his idea. Suppose I were to find, in some corner of our society, a girl who did actually discover for herself that there was a certain tragedy in parting with a soldier. The artist would be justified in saying: "I did not paint her portrait in my picture." Suppose, for the sake of argument, that it were actually possible to find a priest here and there who happened to have some pity for men dying in agonies. The artist could confront even that marvel with equanimity and say: "I did not put all priests in my picture." It is even just conceivable that there were in all Europe one or two elderly men who were sorry when their sons or younger brothers were killed. But even this incredible revelation need not shake Mr. McCannell in his merely artistic capacity, since he did not paint portraits of those particular old men. You cannot bring an action for libel against an allegorical picture. You cannot conduct an argument with a mass of oil and paint, or a combination of lines and colours. All that a picture, considered as a picture, can be said to maintain, is that people so detestable might well be detested, or that when things are as bad as that they are very bad indeed.

But when the artist himself offers an explanation, it is possible to offer a criticism. When his meaning is expressed, not merely in a painting, but in a paragraph in the newspapers, we are justified in criticising not merely what we think his picture means, but what he thinks it means. And if he does not know what it means, who does? Apparently he begins by saying that it is "meant to be a perfectly fearless satire upon modern war." I will not digress on the side-issue of whether we shall admire the fearlessness of people who paint pictures, when we no longer admire the fearlessness of those who fight battles. I will assume that the artist is not satirising fearlessness in any form, but only a wrinkled cynicism which uses the fearlessness of others, and which nobody can detest more than I do. In that case I eagerly ask his sympathy for the delighttul little boy sitting in the front of the picture, who is certainly neither wrinkled nor cynical, but is engaged in the most gracious and glorious and beatific occupation of playing with a pistol. He is apparently pointing it straight at his wicked grandfather's syphon of soda-water; probably an allegory of the revolt of holy innocence against Prohibition. Anyhow, the little boy with the pistol is obviously the Hope of the World. Probably the artist put him into the picture lest it should be too pessimistic. When the faces of the old gentleman and the young lady depress us too much, we shall remember with a leap of joy that the little boy has got the pistol, and may start using it soon.

TO OUR READERS.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to the forthcoming publication of a DOUBLE NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, which will form the issue of May 24 and will deal exclusively, and, as far as possible, comprehensively, with

THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION,

an Exhibition which gives to the millions in the British Isles, as well as to visitors from the Dominions Overseas and from Foreign Countries, some idea of the vastness and the significance of that prolific, wealthy, and industrious portion of the civilised world over which the Union Jack flies, and has an importance which is, perhaps, even yet scarcely realised by the majority.

This magnificent Double Number will give an excellent impression of the Great Exhibition, and serve as a unique souvenir of the most remarkable collection ever made of exhibits from those parts of the globe that acknowledge the sway of King George V.

With the Number will be presented

A FINE ART PLATE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXHIBITION, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

a splendid reproduction of the famous portrait by J. St. Helier Lander, which was painted for this paper and has been presented by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS to Manchester.

We give this short notice of a Number which will certainly prove a magnificent souvenir so that our readers may be able to order early and thus not be disappointed. The issue will be on sale on May 23, and copies may be ordered now from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, W.C.2., or from any bookstall or newsagent.

But when we come to the more general idea of a satire on war, we come to the real question of morality; appropriately represented by the amiable clergyman in the picture. And the moment the phrase is used, we find ourselves face to face with a colossal confusion of thought that seems as vast and interminable as the chaos of the Great War. When will people leave off talking about satirising War, or denouncing War, or defending War, or being for or against War? War is not a proposal; it is the refusal of all proposals. War is not an institution; it is the breakdown of all institutions. It is not something that we all agree to have; it is something that we do have when we do not agree. It is idle to talk of it at all in terms of the collective and co-operative action of two parties; it is by definition the condition in which they have to consider themselves separately. It is not the problem of two men and how they shall act together; it is the problem of one man when the other man will not act with him. They do not agree to have war; if they could agree to have war, they would probably agree to have peace.

This muddle about the very meaning of a fight would probably be cleared up if we simply substituted the idea of a quarrel. Suppose we asked all these questions that are asked about war with the alternative word "quarrelling." Is a quarrel a good thing? No; of course not. Is it ever right to pick a quarrel? Practically never. Will you or I, therefore, hereby promise and vow never to quarrel with anybody on any provocation for the rest of our lives? No; it depends on the quarrel. Will we predict that as a fact we shall have no quarrel with another person? No; it depends on the other person. Ought we to avoid quarrels, and so behave that there shall be hardly any quarrels, or ideally no quarrels? Yes; certainly. Ought we to assist to establish any reasonable arrangement for the avoidance of quarrels? Yes; certainly. Is it probable that any arrangement will actually prevent all quarrels from now till the crack of doom? Not very probable. Must both parties in the quarrel be wrong? No; probably one party is only wrong because the other party is right. Can one party be right to continue the quarrel? Yes; but he can only be right because the other party is wrong. Can the quarrel itself be said to be wrong? Not in the sense of uniting both parties; it is nonsense. Is there any such thing as the right or wrong of the quarrel, apart from the rights or wrongs of the parties? No; of course not. Did any two human beings out of a lunatic asylum ever say to each other, in a spirit of comradeship and constructive statesmanship: "The time has now come for us to have a quarrel"? No.

In a word, a war is not one thing. It is two things which contradict each other. It cannot be judged as we judge a social creation or construction. It is not a corporate act of will, but a conflict of two wills. If one will is trying to do something wicked, the will resisting it is thereby inevitably doing something just. All this is perfectly obvious when it is stated; but if people could see anything so obvious, they would not go on denouncing War as they would denounce Welsh Disestablishment or the House of Lords. And, in the light of these very simple truths, it may dawn on the artist that a priest might possibly "preach the beauty of sacrifice" and "the symbolism of the Cross" without rejoicing in the peculiar cast of countenance or contortion of feature which he has given to the cleric who is looking at the chessboard. If a priest was ever present when two old gentlemen said: "Let us have a war," instead of: "Let us have a game of chess," the priest would be a very servile rascal if he did not protest. But if a priest was present when one old gentleman went mad and tried to shoot the little boy with the pistol and brain the young lady with the soda-water syphon, the priest would surely be justified in admiring the unexpected activity and valour of the other old gentleman in his attempts to rescue them. If the other old gentleman had his eye put out, or broke an arm or a leg, and suffered the pain with great fortitude for the justice of his cause, I venture to maintain that the priest would be perfectly justified in consoling him with the beauty of sacrifice and the symbolism of the Cross. Now a large number of priests did hold, rightly or wrongly but perfectly sincerely, that the side for which they stood was defending the weak against injustice at terrible sacrifice. And to say that because the sacrifice is terrible, therefore the justice is horrible, is a piece of benighted unreason which the priest may well leave to enlightened agnostics and liberated laymen. The priest might just as well say that St. Laurence on the gridiron must not be regarded as heroic because his experience was horrible.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

We would remind those of our readers who are interested in the "Anaglyphs" which we are publishing from time to time that anyone who may have mislaid the red and green films given away with the first Anaglyphs (published in our issue of March 8) may obtain (if they have not already done so) one Anaglyph viewing-mask, complete with red and green films, by filling up the coupon printed on page 920 of this issue, and forwarding it, accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

THE ROYAL VISITORS FROM ROUMANIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., PHOTOPRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, I.B., AITKEN, L.N.A., G.P.U., AND ALFIERI.

THE SMILING QUEEN MARIE: LONDON SNAPSHOTS.

ROYAL CORDIALITIES: (L. TO R.) KING FERDINAND AND KING GEORGE CHATTING DURING THE DRIVE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE SMILING QUEEN MARIE: LONDON SNAPSHOTS.

LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WHERE THEY VISITED THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE: THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA WITH THE REV. W. H. CARNEGIE.

INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT VICTORIA: (L. TO R.) KING FERDINAND AND KING GEORGE PASSING ALONG THE LINE.

GREETED AT DOVER BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: (L. TO R.) QUEEN MARIE, THE PRINCE, AND KING FERDINAND ON DECK.

MASTER ALEXANDER RAMSAY (SON OF COMMANDER AND LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY) ASSISTING POLICEMEN TO OPEN THE GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: A TASK WHICH HE ENJOYS ON ALL IMPORTANT OCCASIONS.

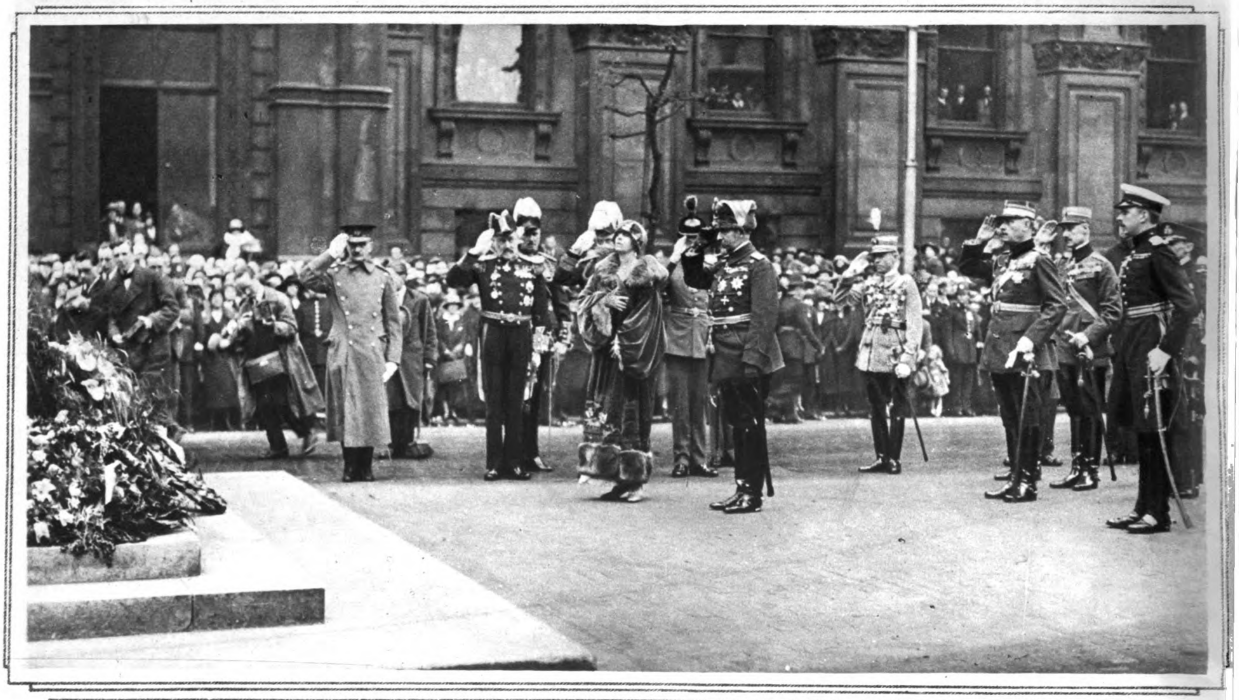
GREETING THE ROYAL GUESTS FROM ROUMANIA: MASTER ALEXANDER RAMSAY WITH HIS FLAG AT THE SALUTE.

The King and Queen of Roumania crossed from Calais to Dover, on May 12, in the S.S. "Maid of Orleans," which had been sent over from Dover to fetch them. On their arrival at Dover the Prince of Wales went on board the boat to welcome them on behalf of the King, and accompanied them on the railway journey to London. The scenes at Victoria, where they were greeted by the King and Queen in person, are illustrated on a double-page in this number, as well as the ceremony at the Cenotaph. After that King Ferdinand and Queen Marie visited Westminster Abbey, where they were received by the Sub-Dean, the Rev. W. H. Carnegie, and other clergy. The King deposited a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Warrior, and beside it was placed a Roumanian war decoration, inscribed "Virtute Militara." Queen Marie also laid on the grave a spray of white carnations. She was delighted to be again in London, which, as a British Princess, she knows well, and her charming smile won all hearts in the crowds that gathered to welcome the royal visitors. Master Alexander Ramsay, who was four last December, is a grandson of the Duke of Connaught. Before her marriage his mother was known as Princess Patricia of Connaught.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA IN LONDON:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON

ROYAL GREETINGS AT VICTORIA: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE KING, THE QUEEN, THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA, THE DUCHESS OF YORK, THE DUKE OF YORK (HALF-HIDDEN), AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT—(IN LEFT BACKGROUND) THE PREMIER AND THE HOME SECRETARY.



THE ROYAL VISITORS OFFER THEIR TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN'S "GLORIOUS DEAD": THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA AT THE CENOTAPH, WHERE KING FERDINAND LAID A WREATH OF LAUREL AND LILIES, AND QUEEN MARIE A BOUQUET OF WHITE ROSES.

King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Roumania landed on May 12 at Dover, and were welcomed there by the Prince of Wales, who travelled with them to London. On arrival at Victoria they were met on the platform by the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Henry, the Duke of Connaught, and other members of the Royal Family, as shown in our first photograph above. In the left background (in the space between the Queen and King Ferdinand), are the Prime Minister (Mr. Ramsay Macdonald) and the Home Secretary (Mr. Arthur Henderson), both in Court dress. Next to Mr. Henderson is Lord Cheylesmore, and further to the right is the Lord Mayor (behind and slightly to the right of the Queen of Roumania). In the afternoon the

A ROYAL WELCOME; TRIBUTES AT THE CENOTAPH.

PHOTO CO., I.B., C.N., AND ALFIERI.

LONDON GIVES AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME TO THE BRITISH-BORN QUEEN OF ROUMANIA: THE CARRIAGE CONTAINING (RIGHT TO LEFT) THE QUEEN, QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA, PRINCE HENRY, AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK, ON THE WAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE FROM VICTORIA.

A CLOSE VIEW OF THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA (SECOND FROM RIGHT), WHO "HAS NEVER FORGOTTEN THAT SHE IS A BRITISH PRINCESS BY BIRTH": DRIVING WITH THE QUEEN, PRINCE HENRY, AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK FROM VICTORIA TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

royal visitors laid wreaths at the Cenotaph; and on the Unknown Warrior's grave in Westminster Abbey. In the evening they were entertained at a State Banquet at Buckingham Palace, and King George said in his speech (referring to the Queen of Roumania): "Her Majesty the Queen, my dear cousin, is British-born, and in these islands is regarded with esteem and affection." King Ferdinand, in his reply, said that she "has never forgotten she is a British princess by birth." Queen Marie is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, and a first cousin of King George. Her mother was a daughter of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia.

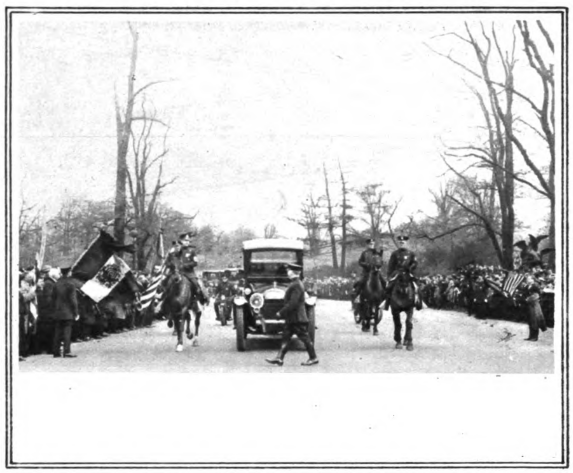
AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH, TOPICAL, P. AND A. C.N., L.N.A. AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS: THE AGA KHAN'S DIOPHON (G. HULME UP).

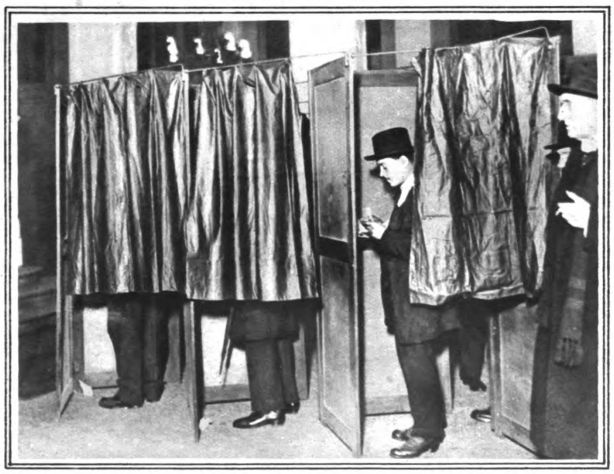
THE MISSING U.S. WORLD-FLIER SAFE: MAJOR MARTIN.

WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS: LORD ROSEBERY'S PLACK (C. ELLIOTT UP).



AMERICA PAYS A LAST TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT ITALIAN ACTRESS WHO DIED ON HER SOIL: THE BODY OF ELEONORA DUSE BORNE THROUGH NEW YORK.

WATERLOO BRIDGE CLOSED TO TRAFFIC OWING TO THE SUBSIDENCE: A VIEW FROM THE STRAND APPROACH, SHOWING THE NOTICE-BOARD.



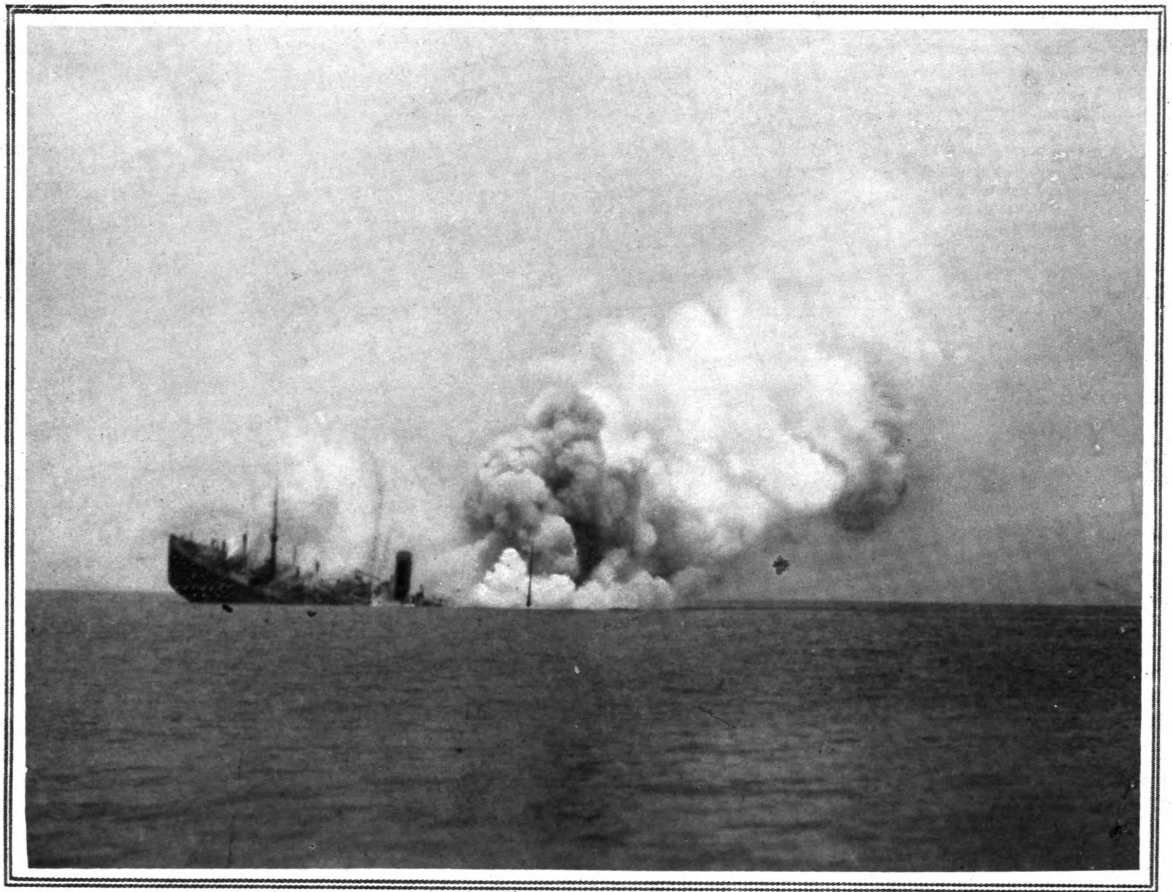
THE FRENCH GENERAL ELECTION WHICH RESULTED IN THE UNEXPECTED DEFEAT OF M. POINCARÉ: THE METHOD OF SECRET VOTING, IN CURTAINED ALCOVES, USED IN FRANCE.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC RECORDS HIS VOTE IN THE GENERAL ELECTION: M. MILLERAND, WITH HIS TWO SONS, LEAVING A POLLING STATION.

The Aga Khan's colt, Diophon (G. Hulme up), won the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket on May 7. Lord Astor's Bright Knight was second, and Mr. J. B. Joel's Green Fire, third. The One Thousand Guineas, on May 9, was won by Lord Rosebery's filly Plack, ridden by C. Elliott, with the Aga Khan's Mumtaz Mahal second, and Sir E. Hulton's Straitlace third.——Major Martin, the leader of the United States Army World Flight, and his mechanic, Sergeant Harvey, arrived safely on foot at Port Moller, on the Behring Sea, on May 7, after being missing since April 30. Their aeroplane collided with a mountain in a fog shortly after they left Chignik on that date, and after much wandering they at last reached a trapper's cabin. They have since returned to Washington.——The body of Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, who died at Pittsburgh, passed through New York on the way to Italy. It arrived at Asolo, near Monte Grappa, on May 12, and on the next day was buried in the cemetery there.——Waterloo Bridge was closed to traffic, owing to the subsidence, at midnight on May 11, "both as a measure of precaution and to expedite the works now being executed."——The French General Election had resulted, by May 12 (when 14 more returns had still to be made), in the Left Bloc of Radical Socialists and Radicals, led by M. Briand and M. Herriott, obtaining some forty more votes than that headed by M. Poincaré. It was announced later that he would resign on June 1, and would cancel his proposed visit to Chequers.

THE BURNING OF THE "FRANGESTAN": A CONRAD STORY IN REAL LIFE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

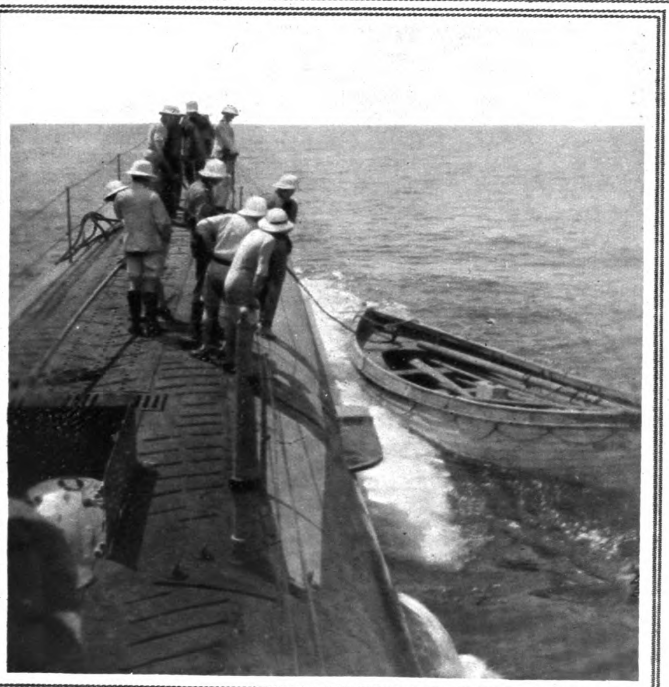


AFTER TAKING FIRE IN THE RED SEA WITH 1200 PILGRIMS FOR JEDDAH ON BOARD, WHO WERE SAFELY TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER SHIP: THE BRITISH STEAMER "FRANGESTAN," BURNING AND ABANDONED, SUNK BY GUNFIRE FROM A SUBMARINE, AS A DANGER TO NAVIGATION, AND GOING DOWN BY THE STERN.

1

NEWS reached Lloyd's on April 3 that the British steamer "Frangestan," bound from Bombay to Genoa and Barcelona, and having on board at the time 1200 pilgrims for Jeddah, was on fire in the Red Sea. She had a cargo of cotton said to be worth at least £250,000. Later messages stated that the pilgrims had been transferred to another British ship, the s.s. "Clan MacIver," that all the passengers were safe, and that the "Frangestan," still burning fiercely, had been sunk by gunfire, as a danger to navigation, by the big British submarine "K 26," which was on a cruise from Portsmouth to Singapore. A vivid picture of a fire at sea, and of all that

(Continued in Box 2.)



WITH THE LAST OF THE "FRANGESTAN'S" BOATS ALONGSIDE: THE BRITISH 2300-TON SUBMARINE "K 26," (THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD) THAT SANK THE BURNING DERELICT.

2

it means to those on board a ship so doomed, is to be found in Joseph Conrad's story, "Youth." He describes the first discovery, through a smell of burning, the gradual smouldering of the cargo, a sudden explosion, the arrival of another vessel, the obstinate refusal of the captain to leave his ship, and the final taking to the boats. "The masts fell just before daybreak, and for a moment there was a burst and turmoil of sparks that seemed to fill with flying fire the night. . . . At daylight she was only a charred shell, floating still under a cloud of smoke and bearing a glowing mass of coal within. . . . Suddenly she went down, head first, in a great hiss of steam."

THE FIRST POLICE USE OF SPANIELS AND TERRIERS: DOG DETECTIVES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS.

THE FIRST USE OF DOGS OTHER THAN BLOODHOUNDS IN CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION: MAJOR CHIPP AND CAPTAIN FORDHAM WITH THEIR DOGS SCOURING THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE BUNGALOW NEAR EASTBOURNE, WHERE THE REMAINS OF MISS KAYE WERE FOUND.

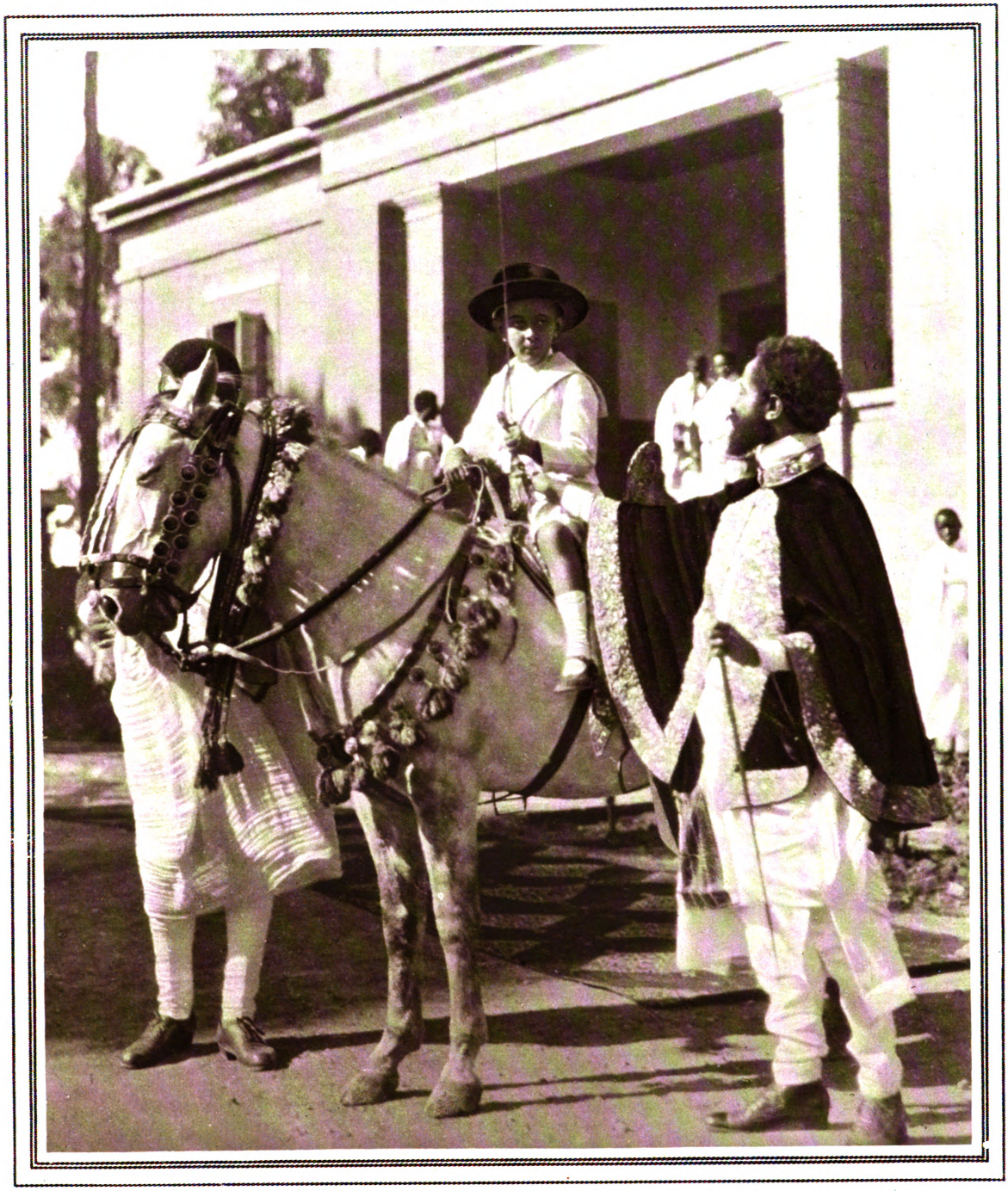
WITH THEIR DOGS SEEKING THE MISSING HEAD OF MISS KAYE, WHOSE REMAINS WERE FOUND IN A BUNGALOW AT WESTHAM, PEVENSEY BAY: MAJOR CHIPP AND CAPTAIN FORDHAM DURING THEIR FOUR HOURS' SEARCH OF THE GROUND ADJOINING THE HOUSE.

INCLUDING FIVE COCKER SPANIELS, TWO AIREDALE TERRIERS, AND THREE WIRE-HAIRED TERRIERS: THE TEN DOGS SELECTED, WITH THEIR OWNERS, MAJOR CHIPP AND CAPTAIN FORDHAM, AND A POLICE INSPECTOR, OUTSIDE THE BUNGALOW.

We have no desire to dwell on the gruesome details of what is known as "the bungalow crime," but these photographs are particularly interesting as showing the first use of dogs, other than bloodhounds, in criminal investigation. The object of the experiment was to find out, if possible, whether the severed head, which was missing, had been thrown away or hidden in the ground. The number of dogs was restricted to ten. Five of these—cocker spaniels with black silky coats—were lent by Major Chipp, formerly of the Indian Army; and the other five—two Airedale terriers and three wire-haired terriers—by Captain Fordham. Both of them live at Pevensey Bay. The dogs were worked in two parties, each party in charge of the owner. Chief Detective-Inspector Savage pointed out the various areas he wanted searched. With him was Detective-Inspector Hall and other police officers. All the dogs showed almost human understanding in their work, but the zeal and intelligence of the spaniels was especially noticeable. The wire-haired terriers were also extremely keen and effective, and well proved their fitness for the task, but one of the Airedales held her head too high. The search, which began at dawn, lasted for four hours, during which the party covered over three miles in a straight line. The experiment proved, beyond question, that dogs can be usefully employed in the tracing of crime.

THE EMERGENCE OF ABYSSINIA: THE REGENT'S VISIT TO EUROPE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY, NEW YORK.

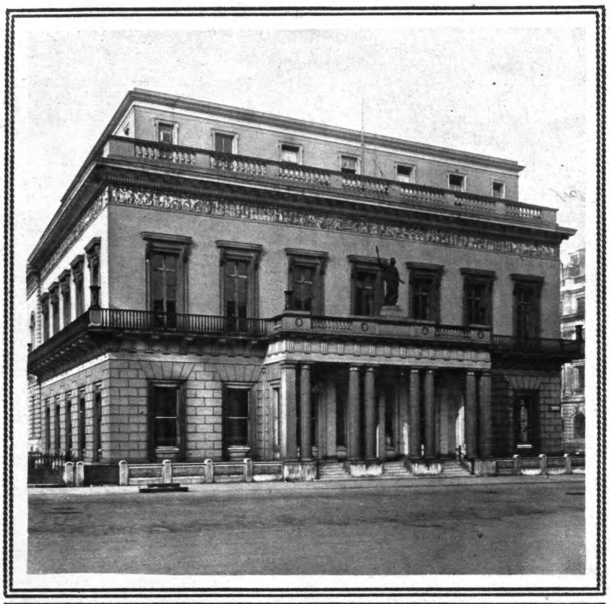


NOW ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE AND EXPECTED IN LONDON NEXT JULY: RAS TAFARI, G.C.M.G., THE FAMOUS REGENT AND HEIR APPARENT OF ABYSSINIA, SEEING HIS LITTLE SON OFF FOR A RIDE AT ADDIS ABABA.

Ras Tafari, the Heir-Apparent and Regent of Abyssinia, left Addis Ababa, on April 16, with a considerable retinue, for a tour in Europe. He spent Easter (Orthodox style) in Jerusalem, and after a short stay in Cairo arranged to visit successively Paris, Brussels, Rome, and London, as the guest of the respective Governments, at whose invitation he comes. On May 8 he left Cairo, after dining with King Fuad at the Abdin Palace, and the next day embarked at Alexandria for Marseilles. He is due in London about July 7. Except for a short visit to Jibuti and Aden last year, he has never before travelled abroad. The chief object of his journey is to establish friendly relations with foreign countries, and it marks the fact that Abyssinia, which last year was admitted to the League of Nations, is entering on a new period of development. Under Ras Tafari's rule, new anti-slavery laws have been framed, and reforms made in education and the administration of justice. The composition of the Regent's retinue indicates the growth in strength of the central Government, for it includes princes of the Northern kingdom and the ruler of the Western kingdom, both of which have hitherto been at variance with the royal house of Shoa in the South, to which Ras Tafari himself belongs. He is described as a man of wide culture and sound views, and in appearance he is "every inch a king." He rules in place of the Empress Zauditu, who was crowned in 1917. She is a daughter of the Emperor Menelik, who died in 1913.

THE CENTENARY OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB: THE RESORT

By Courtesy of the Athenæum Club. Photograph



1. SHOWING THE MOUNTING BLOCK (ON THE KERB IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND) PLACED THERE AT THE SUGGESTION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—THE EXTERIOR OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.

2. WHERE BALLOTS FOR NEW MEMBERS ARE HELD EVERY SPRING, WHEN 200 TO 300 MEMBERS ASSEMBLE: THE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.

5. WHERE DICKENS AND THACKERAY WERE RECONCILED, AFTER A LONG ESTRANGEMENT, ON THE TWO BOTTOM STEPS OF THE STAIRCASE: THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE ATHENÆUM.

6. SHOWING A CHAIR (AT THE FOOT OF THE SPIRAL STAIR THE SOUTH LIBRARY, WHICH ALSO CONTAINS MACAULAY'

Although the actual foundation of the Athenæum Club—the famous resort of Britain's *élite* in literature, art, and science—took place on February 16, 1824, it was not until the following May that the club entered its first home at 12, Waterloo Place (since rebuilt). The Centenary is accordingly to be celebrated by a dinner of the members on May 28 and a conversazione for guests on June 3, followed by a ball for the staff on June 7. Previous illustrations, in connection with the hundredth anniversary of the historic meeting in the Royal Society's rooms at Somerset House, where the club came into being, appeared in our issue of February 23 last. They included a portrait of the chairman on that occasion, Sir Humphry Davy, and Chantrey's bust of the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty, regarded as "the real founder" since the original suggestion came from him. In February 1830 the present handsome building, illustrated above, was erected from the designs of Decimus Burton. A history of the club is now in course of preparation by Mr. Henry R. Tedder, and will probably be privately printed for members in the course of the centenary year. The historical notes furnished with the above photographs are

OF THE ELECT IN LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

3. DECORATED IN POMPEIAN STYLE FROM DESIGNS BY THE LATE SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.: THE COFFEE-ROOM IN THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.

4. WHERE ABRAHAM HAYWARD'S FAMOUS WHIST PARTY (INCLUDING ANTHONY TROLLOPE, SIR CHARLES JESSEL, AND MR. W. E. FORSTER) USED TO PLAY: A CORNER IN THE NORTH LIBRARY.

ASE) USED BY DICKENS WHEN WRITING "EDWIN DROOD": AVOURITE CHAIR, USED LATER BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

7. WITH THE FIRST SECRETARY'S ESCRITOIRE (ON THE RIGHT) CONTAINING SPECIMENS OF THE CLUB'S ORIGINAL CHINA, GLASS, AND PLATE SERVICES: THE TOP GALLERY TO THE SMOKING-ROOM.

in full, as follows: 1. The exterior, Athenæum Club. The mounting-block (on the kerb in the left foreground) was placed there at the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington about 1830. The figure of Minerva is by Baily, the sculptor of Nelson in Trafalgar Square. 2. The Drawing-Room. In this room are held the Ballots for new members every spring. Sometimes 200 to 300 members are assembled on these occasions. 3. The Coffee-Room, decorated in Pompeian style from designs by Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A. 4. The North Library, showing the corner where Abraham Hayward's famous whist party met. The other players were Anthony Trollope, Sir Charles Jessel, Master of the Rolls, and the Right Hon. W. E. Forster. 5. The Entrance Hall. On the two bottom stairs (right-hand side) Dickens and Thackeray were reconciled after a long estrangement. 6. The South Library. The chair seen at the foot of the spiral staircase was that used by Dickens when writing "Edwin Drood." 7. The Top Gallery to the Smoking-Room. The collection of prints and drawings numbers nearly 300, all relating to the Athenæum. The escritoire is that of the first Secretary, and contains specimens of the club's original china, glass, and plate services.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES FROHMAN.—"THE THREE HUNDRED."

For it is not right that in a house the Muses haunt
Mourning should dwell; such things befit us not.

THESE words of the dying Sappho are fittingly entwined on the fountain to Charles Frohman's memory at Marlow, where, at the river-bank, he loved to dwell and in repose planned his mighty campaigns in England and America. It is right that Charles Frohman should have his memorial, thanks to the initiative of his great friends, Sir James Barrie, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Miss Pauline Chase, and the late Haddon Chambers. For Charles Frohman has deserved well of the drama of this country. At first many did not see eye-to-eye with him. He had to acclimatise. His American methods, in the days when the actor-manager reigned supreme, bewildered us. They uprooted our conservatism. They sometimes shocked our innate sense of decorum. The trumpet blew all too hard. The *réclame* was "kolossal" and—the importations which enchanted New York were not always to our taste, while some of the actors whom he sponsored, *quand-même*, sometimes did not quite fit into our frame. But he had an excellent henchman, the late William Lestocq, and I think in the background he had a great mentor in Sir James Barrie, the man who understands the English people better than any other living, the man whose work Frohman adored and upon which he lavished all the bounties of his liberal hand. Who could forget the perfect ensemble of "Peter Pan"?

Between these twain Frohman rapidly learned to understand the national character and our ideals, and to find the right road to universal appreciation. He still imported from America: where spectacular effects were required he followed the precepts of Belasco, not always to his advantage; but in his later years he firmly made up his mind that, if he would serve America as the Americans desired, he would establish in England his reputation as an English manager. And thus he turned his chief attention in London to plays of our own soil, and nearly every contemporary British author found a hearing on the boards, which, at one time, he absorbed with such rapidity that he became the master of the situation. In 1910 he laid the stone which became the pedestal of his fame in the annals of our dramatic history. The great success of Galsworthy's "Strife" (1909) awakened in him the thought that London was ripe for a Repertory Theatre. And never was there a more auspicious beginning than when Galsworthy's "Justice," at the Duke of York's Theatre, sent a thrill through the artistic world. The impression was so deep, the acting so wonderful (I still see Dennis Eadie in the cell as I write) that we dreamed of the millennium.

The Repertory Theatre, we felt convinced, had come to stay. But it was not to be. Other plays followed, among them George Meredith's one and only play, but somehow the progress was not in the ascendant. A play by Granville Barker, "The Madras House," failed to attract or to be understood. Was the repertory not well chosen? Was the Metropolis not ripe for the enterprise? However that may be—and there is something to be said for both causes—the audiences fell off; the experiment cost a great deal of money; and, with great chagrin, Frohman closed the door to Repertory and returned to the old policy of long runs. From that moment his activities in England began to lessen; America was a surer field, and his policy of expansion ceased. As Lestocq once put it, he was "disheartened, but not despairing." Up to the last he carried within the cherished scheme of endowing London with an "Art for Art's sake" theatre. He had been too previous, he said. Rome was not built in a day, nor could be a Repertory Theatre. "Some day the Guv'nor will carry it out," said Lestocq; "he is always talking about it; it is his pet idea. He is not out for money—never was. He would tell you that much of what he made in the States went by the board in London." Lestocq, a very discreet man, would never say more, yet it was an open secret that in the end Frohman's great London "push" left him on the wrong side. But that meant nothing to him: he began to concentrate, to invest in fewer theatres—a reactionary *modus operandi* to prepare for a greater and lasting advance. Then came the war and the ill-fated journey in the *Lusitania*, and with him foundered the secret of future enterprise. A little monument at Marlow-on-Thames, with the symbols of his ideals, Youth, Spring, and the Joy of Life, perpetuates his memory for coming generations. For us who knew him the unveiling is a welcome opportunity to pay tribute to his master-mind, his amazing activity, and his real devotion to the Theatre of England.

TO SING AT COVENT GARDEN AND THE QUEEN'S HALL: MME. D'ALVAREZ, THE FAMOUS PERUVIAN CONTRALTO.

Mme. Marguerite d'Alvarez, the famous contralto, who has been touring in Canada and the United States, recently sailed for England, and is to give her first recital at the Queen's Hall on June 2. She is also to appear in Italian opera at Covent Garden. In Washington she sang by special request for President and Mrs. Coolidge at the White House. Mme. d'Alvarez is by birth a Peruvian.—[*Photograph by Lassalle.*]

The more the merrier. Here is another play-producing society, "The Three Hundred," and its originator is Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth, closely allied to the Drama League; its venue—at present—the Theatre of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (a concise and practical little name) in Malet Street—if you know where that is. On behalf of Mrs. Whitworth (for wisely there is a committee of one only) young Mr. J. C. Squire delivered to us before the first performance what the programme called an "exordium"—an exhortation to come forward and sign in, as at present the ranks are serried but thin. He also outlined the policy of the new enterprise; and here, I think, he was a little unjust to the older sister institutions. He said that "The Three Hundred" would espouse the cause of the young authors who had not been encouraged by the other Sunday Societies.

Now this is neither correct nor just. Of the existing bodies, at least two have rendered yeoman service to the young generation—namely, the Play Actors and the Repertory Players. Both have a long list of juvenile productions to their credit, and "At Mrs. Beam's," "Within Four Walls," "Havoc," are salient examples of the regular stage's gain by experimental performances.

In connection with this prognostication of policy it was rather quaint to find the opening programme occupied by a very old play—Mrs. Sheridan's "Discovery." True, it had been fashioned and amended in form and plot by Mr. Aldous Huxley, formerly the critic of the *Westminster Gazette*, now a novelist of promising originality. But where is the benefit to young authors in this début? The play is of the well-worn pattern of the period—eminently inferior to the work of Mrs. Sheridan's famous son. It is amusing in patches and wearisome in plot and dialogue. It afforded some opportunities to the actors, notably to Miss Isobel Jeans, ever delightful in these biscuit figures of eighteenth-century delicacy; to Mr. Herbert Waring, the young veteran, who gave a perfect picture of *grande seigneurie*; to Mr. Randall Ayrton, who humanised and harmonised the somewhat crookish chief character of Lord Medway—bent on breaking his children's hearts to fill his coffers; to Miss Margaret Yarde, inimitable in her merry impersonation of amorous ladies of ripe vintage. But, frankly, deft as was the work of Mr. Huxley in his remodelling of the plot, the evening was not wholly exhilarating; and I feel sure that our young playwrights could easily go one better than Mrs. Sheridan *mère*, rediscovered in a valiant effort to raise her to posthumous glory.

TWO "ANGLES" OF A NEW "ETERNAL TRIANGLE" PLAY, "THIS MARRIAGE," AT THE COMEDY: VERA (MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT) FINDS A LETTER FROM THE SIREN TO HER HUSBAND, CHRIS (MR. HERBERT MARSHALL).

"This Marriage," the new comedy by Mr. E. Crawshay-Williams, turns on a situation of the "eternal triangle" type. The husband, after collaborating with his wife in drawing up "the ten commandments of marriage"

[*Continued opposite.*

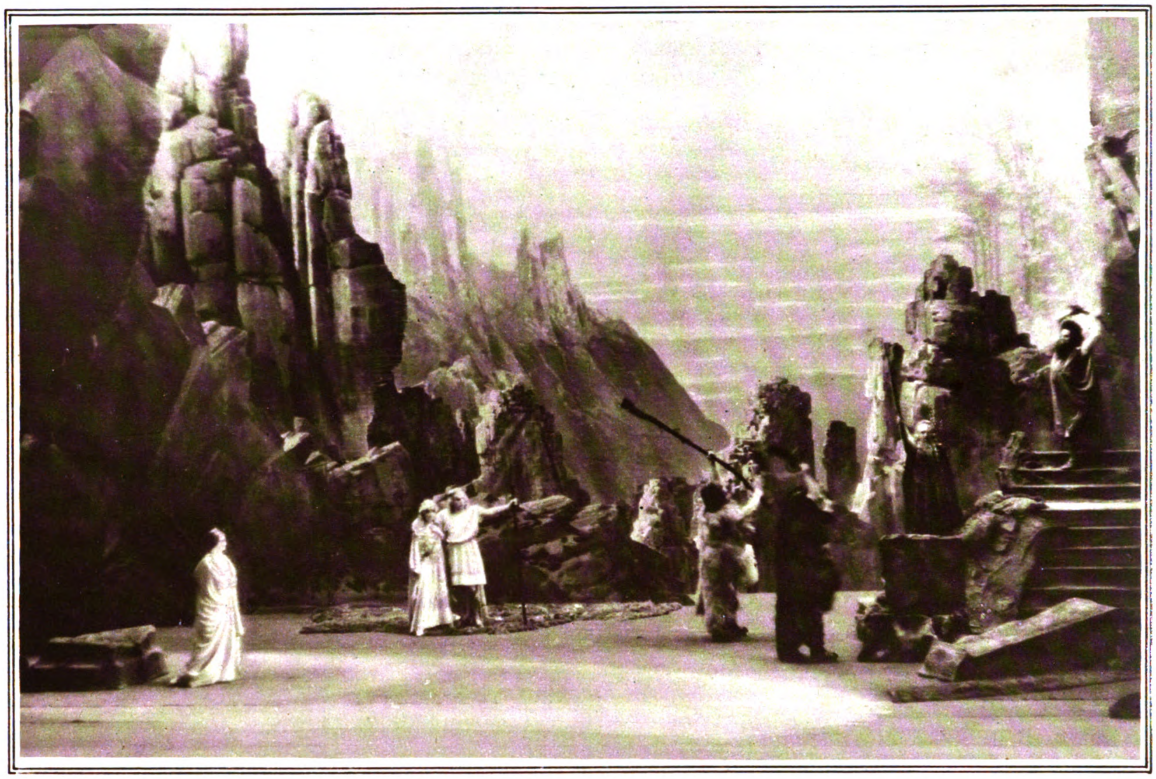
THE THIRD ANGLE OF AN "ETERNAL TRIANGLE" PLAY: MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD (LEFT) AS YVONNE TAYLOR, THE SIREN; WITH MISS AURIOL LEE AS NAN COURTFIELD, IN "THIS MARRIAGE," AT THE COMEDY.

Continued.]

for their mutual happiness, is lured away from her by a siren. The wife thereupon has a woman-to-woman talk with the siren, with results that must be left to the playgoer to discover.—[*Photographs by L.N.A.*]

WAGNER AND STRAUSS AT COVENT GARDEN: "RHEINGOLD"; "SALOME."

THE "TIMES" INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN WITH A TAYLOR-HOBSON-COOKE LENS DURING THE PERFORMANCE.

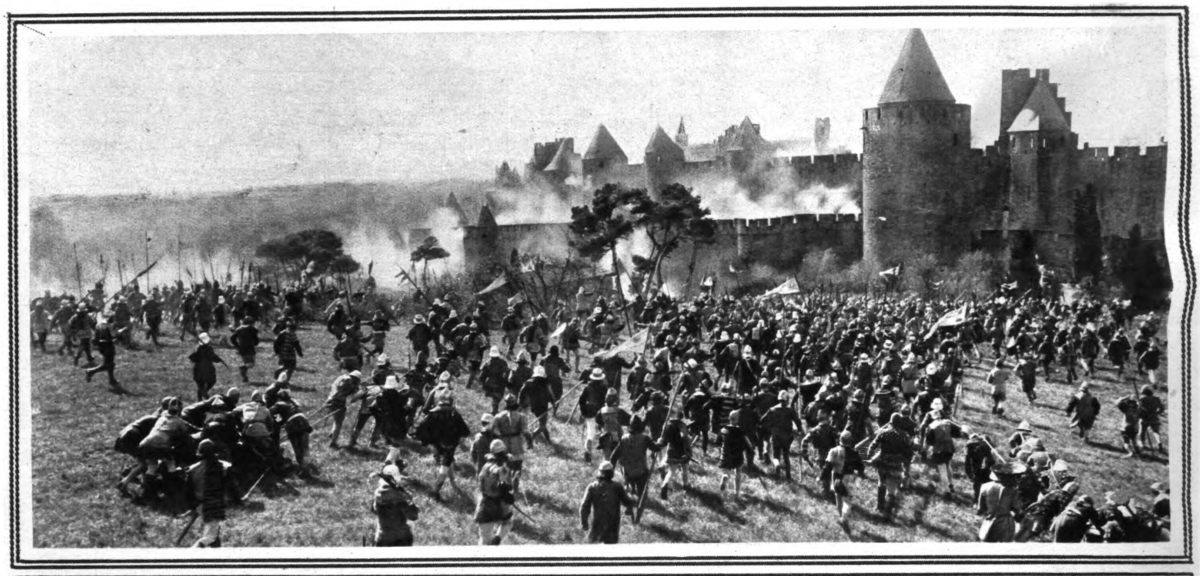


IN THE GARDENS OF WALHALLA: ACT II. OF WAGNER'S "DAS RHEINGOLD"—(L. TO R.) FRICKA (MME. FÄRBER-STRASSER), FREIA (MME. NELLIE JAFFARY) WITH HER BROTHER, THE TWO GIANTS, WOTAN (HERR FRIEDRICH SCHORR) AND ALBERICH (HERR EDUARD HABICH).

NOT GIVEN IN LONDON SINCE 1913: STRAUSS'S ONE-ACT OPERA, "SALOME"—THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS PERFORMED BY SALOME (MME. GÖTA LJUNGBERG, CENTRE) BEFORE HEROD (HERR WALTER KIRCHHOFF, LEFT) AND HERODIAS (MME. MARIA OLCZEWSKA).

The grand opera season at Covent Garden, as noted in our issue of May 3, began with two weeks devoted almost entirely to Wagner, except for two performances of "Salome," the one-act opera composed by Strauss to the play by Oscar Wilde. Our photograph of "Das Rheingold," given on the opening night, shows the scene of Act II. in the gardens of Walhalla, the abode of the gods built by the giants Fasolt and Fafner. Having completed their task, they demand Freia, the goddess of love, as their reward, and carry her off despite the entreaties of the other immortals. Without her the flowers fade and die, the trees bear no fruit, and the gods themselves begin to grow old. Wherefore Wotan and Loki, in order to bribe the giants to restore Freia, go in search of the treasure guarded in a cavern by Alberich and the dwarfs. "Salome" was first produced in England by Sir Thomas Beecham in 1910, and revived by him in 1913, since which date it had not been performed here until the production on May 11. Mme. Göta Ljungberg, the Swedish soprano, was excellent in the title-part both as singer, dancer, and actress, and Herr Kirchhoff made a fine Herod. In the Dance of the Seven Veils, Salome did not carry the "head" of John the Baptist, but only a platter covered with a blood-stained napkin, under which the head was imagined to be.

A REAL MEDIÆVAL FORTRESS AS A FILM SETTING: THE

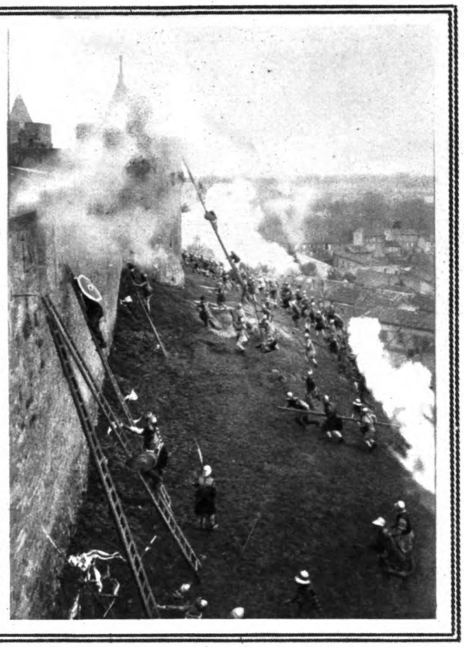


THE OLD FRENCH CITY OF CARCASSONNE USED AS THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF BEAUVAIS, WHOSE OWN FORTIFICATIONS HAVE NOT SURVIVED: A FILM VERSION OF THE ASSAULT ON BEAUVAIS IN 1472 BY THE TROOPS OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

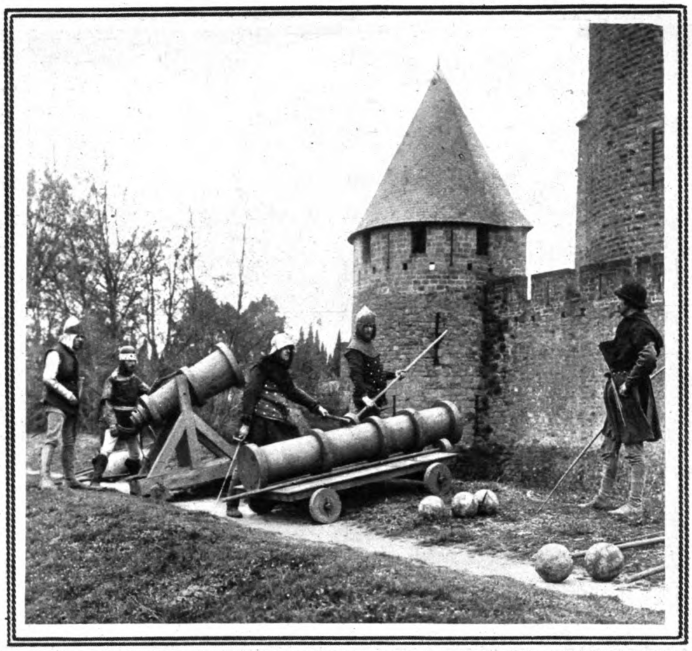
WHERE CHARLES THE BOLD (IMPERSONATED BY M. VANNI MARCOUX, OF THE PARIS OPERA) RIDES AT THE HEAD OF HIS KNIGHTS IN THE ATTACK ON BEAUVAIS: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FIGHT REALISTICALLY ENACTED FOR THE SCREEN AT CARCASSONNE.

The ancient fortified city of Carcassonne, in the South of France, the finest surviving example of a French mediæval fortress, was recently the scene of a unique event, a dramatic representation of the siege of Beauvais in 1472, for the first of a series of films dealing with famous incidents in the history of France. Carcassonne was chosen for the purpose, as Beauvais itself no longer possesses its old fortifications. Many picturesque settings have been built artificially for film spectacles, but none of them could compare in realism with the great walls and towers of Carcassonne. "The idea," says a French writer, "originated with the French Society for the Filming of Historical Romances, composed of various people famous in literature and the arts, with the object of showing on the screen, in a series of eighteen films, the history of France from Louis XI. to our own day. The first one, covering the reign of Louis XI., was adapted from an unpublished romance by M. Henry Dupuy-Mazuel, entitled 'The Miracle of the Wolves.' The period was one when France, ravaged by the Hundred Years War, was a prey to wolves and to great feudal lords. The most redoubtable of these, Charles the Bold,

SIEGE OF BEAUVAIS "TRANSPLANTED" TO CARCASSONNE.



WHERE JEANNE HACHETTE (THE WOMAN DEFENDER OF BEAUVAIS) FELLS A BURGUNDIAN AS HE SCALES THE WALL, AND OTHERS ARE HURLED DOWN: THE ASSAULT FILMED AT CARCASSONNE.



MEDIÆVAL ARTILLERY IN THE FILM REPRESENTATION OF THE SIEGE OF BEAUVAIS: A BATTERY OF *BOUCHES-À-FEU* IN POSITION BEFORE THE WALLS OF CARCASSONNE.

WHERE EX-KING MANUEL OF PORTUGAL AND HIS CONSORT TOOK PART IN RESCUING SOME OF THE FILM PERFORMERS INJURED IN THE BURNING OF A TOWER ROOF CAUSED BY A BONFIRE: A SCENE INSIDE THE RAMPARTS OF CARCASSONNE—DEFENDERS OF BEAUVAIS AWAITING THE ATTACK OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

Duke of Burgundy, was impersonated by that fine actor, M. Vanni Marcoux, who rode in silver armour at the head of his men-at-arms, as they rushed to the assault of the walls, carrying long scaling ladders, and brandishing swords, spears, and bucklers. Charles was defeated, and was obliged to retreat from the city." The heroine of the defence was Jeanne Hachette, who was impersonated by Mme. Yvonne Sergyl. In addition to 500 film actors, the French Army provided some 1500 men, who exchanged "horizon blue" for mediæval costume, and took part in the battle. "The Miracle of the Wolves" will shortly be shown throughout the world, and will be followed by other historical films enacted either on the original scene of the events they recall, or at such places as best represent their character. "Thus the cinematograph (to quote the same writer) will be called on to assume the rôle of education and propaganda that is too often neglected for mere amusement." During the "siege" at Carcassonne a bonfire used for the film set fire to the roof of an old tower, the roof collapsed, and some of the performers were severely burned. Ex-King Manuel of Portugal and his consort helped in the work of rescue.

THE SLUGGARD'S WARNING: THE ANT—COW-KEEPER AND AGRICULTURIST.

"GO TO THE ANT." By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.*

COULD they live again and know, those ants of the Tertiary Period who are captives in the amber from the resentful pines that trapped their hooked and piercing feet and buried them in the beauties of resin, would hasten with pride in their port, conscious that they were ancestors worthy of worship by the five thousand or so of those descendant species whose social habits and ingenious works have been exalted as examples to Man, have tempted and tried observers of all times, have yielded up amazing secrets of organisation and efficiency, and have excited in greater degree, perhaps, than any others the rivalry of Instinct and Intelligence. More: have they not given being to "quotations" uncountable as those of "Hamlet"; especially that from Proverbs: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest"?

For the purposes of this page, let us ignore many phases. Let us leave to the book the mysteries of the egg, the grub, the chrysalis, and the adult; the protection of the young and its nourishment; the classes of the females and the males, and the pairing in the air. Let us pass the hidden, galleried nests below and above ground; the homes in decaying trees, in oak galls, in hollow stems and branches, in leaves "sewn" together with "silk" from the glands of the larva of the "Spinner," and on other attractive sites; recalling but the most curious, the temporary "house" that was of living Hook-jawed ants.

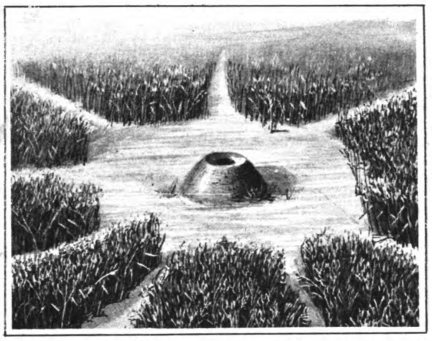
Let us but note the lengthy tunnels and walled roads of the Drivers and the Legionaries, the well-trodden, clean highways of the Leaf-cutters and of the Harvesting Ant of Texas, the clearings of the Agricultural Ant, who cuts down the grass about its nest and radiates paths from it; but wonder at the precision of migrating hordes; at Plantation Drivers which march twelve or fourteen abreast in Southern Rhodesia, margined on each side by a line of "grenadier-sized guards, each facing outwards with great uplifted mandibles, or patrolling about on the flanks"; at ants clinging to one another to make a palpitating bridge for their fellows; at Chasseur Ants killing rats and mice; at the American *Colobopsis*, which have "soldiers" with peculiarly formed heads "used for stopping entrance holes in hollow stems inhabited by the ant," officials who "appear to be always on duty guarding the doorways, and only remove their stopper heads to admit a worker on receiving the proper pass-sign given by means of appropriate strokes from the worker's antennæ"; and marvel at the biting power of the Brazilian Leaf-cutter: "When a patient is brought . . . suffering from wounds, the native surgeons catch a few of the huge soldiers, and, holding the edges of the wound close together, induce a soldier ant to close its jaws in them; it is then decapitated. A number of these "stitches" are put in, according to the length of the wound, and they remain firmly locked until the wound is healed fully."

Let us leave these things and turn to the ever-popular "cows" and "slaves" kept by ants; and to that capacity for providing meat and for storing which gave Solomon his text.

First the cow; the aphis, the greenfly of our gardens. Various species of ants shepherd them, that they may draw for their nourishment the honeydew "milk" whose flow they start by titillation with the antennæ. *Acanthomyops* is typical. "They feed the larvæ mainly with fluid food from their own crops, but this is varied with insect meat and eggs of their own kind. They make a leading feature of aphis farming, building earthen byres for their protection, and collect their eggs before winter that there may be no dearth of greenfly next year. In spring the young aphids from these eggs are carefully set out on the plants appropriate for their food that are in proximity to the nest. The gardener, puzzled by the sudden appearance of thick clusters of greenfly on plants that were clean yesterday, ascribes the visitation to a peculiar meteorological condition which he calls a blight, and never suspects the agency of ants."

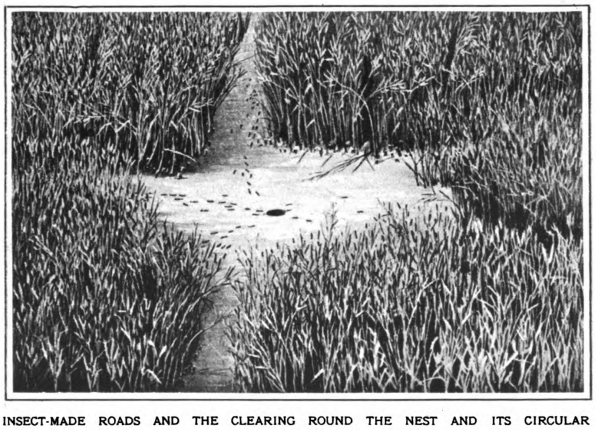
In like manner, though not so thoroughly, ants befriend Scale Insects, Psyllids, Snowy Fly, Tree-hoppers, and Frog-hoppers, all of whom suck the juices of plants and give off the surplus of sweet secretion. In many parts, too, the caterpillars of the Blue butterflies—the family *Lycænidæ*—are found attractive. "When such Blue caterpillars are feeding, the ants watch over them and guard them from molestation, in some cases taking them into their nests," in order to "milk" the gland on the upper side of the eleventh of the body rings.

Next, the "slaves" and the camp-followers; the former far less bondswomen and bondsmen than adopted children or respected family servants; the latter tolerated for purely business reasons or in sheer desperation at parasitism. The Amazon Ant is a kidnapper of the first order, representative of those species which raid nests systematically and carry off larvæ and pupæ, principally to be matured and employed—for none but workers are selected. Take the Negro Ants as the victims. "Do they afterwards become house-stewards and auxiliaries to the warlike tribe with whom they are associated?" asks Huber. "Every circumstance seems to prove that here rests the great mystery of their association with the Amazons: brought up in a strange nation, not only do they live amicably with their captors, but bestow the greatest care upon their larvæ and pupæ, their males and females, and even evince the same regard for them, transporting them from one part of the ant-hill to another, going in search of provisions for them, building their habitation; forming, as occasion requires, new galleries, and fulfilling the duties of sentinels, by guarding the exterior of their common abode, not once suspecting that they live with those very insects who have expatriated them." In fact, "the Amazons are a lazy race; they act as guests in a hotel where everything is done for them."



WITH CONE-SHAPED ENTRANCE TO THE NEST: THE HOME OF AGRICULTURAL ANTS AND ITS ROADWAYS.

The cone-shaped entrance is dictated by local conditions. "On the usual black soil the disc is flat with an opening to the nest in the centre; on sandy soil the disc becomes a rounded mound or a steep-sided cone"—a dump of sand or gravelly pebbles not readily scattered, as is the black earth.



INSECT-MADE ROADS AND THE CLEARING ROUND THE NEST AND ITS CIRCULAR ENTRANCE: THE GRASS-CUTTING OF THE AGRICULTURAL ANT.

The ants make the clearing by cutting down the grass-plants. "This is chiefly effected by the workers-major, who with their mandibles cut the plant above the root-stalk and drag off the weakened blades and stalks by twisting and pulling. In this way they clear a space that may be from seven to twelve feet in diameter; and from it radiate three or four (sometimes as many as seven) hard level roads running into the dense grass whence the Harvesters derive their stores of grain. Over the cleared discs are circular openings to the underground galleries of the ants: openings one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter."

Reproductions from "Go to the Ant," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

So to food-supply and storage. Ants, according to their species, are carnivorous, graminivorous, or both. The Turf Ant stores the seeds of grasses and several other plants; so do others—to justify King Solomon, after many years!—and these embrace those who not only keep in granaries and husk, but bring their grain to the surface when the weather is propitious, there to dry it and prevent the possibility of the germination that others encourage as converting into sugar the indigestible starch of the seeds. Animal food is also in the larders—and "mushrooms" and honey.

The "mushroom"-growers yield a traveller's tale—that is true. It began with curiosity as to the purpose of the Leaf-cutter's booty. Some asserted that the leaves were for thatching; others that they were for eating. Then Belt wrote: "I believe the real use [the ants] make of them is a manure, on which grows a minute species of fungus, on which they feed; that they are, in reality, mushroom-growers and eaters." His theory was substantiated by others. "Belt found that the ants do not confine their gatherings to leaves for the composition of their mushroom beds: anything of a vegetable nature seemed to serve their purpose. . . . Moeller studied several of the Brazilian species, and added considerably to our knowledge. . . . He found that the growth of the fungus was entirely under control; that it was, in fact, real cultivation, not a mere matter of taking advantage of an adventitious growth. . . . In all cases, the culture was a pure one, only one species of fungus being permitted to grow. . . . The Leaf-cutting ants prepare their fungus beds by finely dividing the leaves and spreading the pulp out in the prepared chamber. . . . The question will arise, probably, in the mind of the reader—whence do the ants obtain their 'mushroom spawn' for the inoculation of the beds of a newly established community? It has been found that the young mother of the new colony of *Atta sendens*, when she leaves the old home, takes with her a portion of her last meal tucked away in a little open pocket that ants have under the mouth (the infra-buccal cavity). This is added to the new fungus bed, which some observers have stated she makes by crushing some of her own eggs. Later, she manures the bed with her excrement. Her first batch of larvæ are fed with eggs. Another of these fungus-farmers (*Cyphomyrmex rimosus*) was found by Wheeler to make its culture beds of caterpillar excrement, which was collected by the workers. The fungus produced is different from that which grows on the leaf material."

Equally strange are the tactics of the Honey Ants, the bodies of some of whose workers serve as receptacles for a sweet fluid upon which the community is fed, in part at least. In the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado, Dr. H. C. M. Cook came across a honey-chamber in an ants' nest. "To the roof . . . cling a number of ants with hind bodies so greatly distended that they look like currants of a pellucid amber tint. These honey-bearers, or repletes, are considered to be workers-major who have been set apart on their emergence from the pupa to receive the honey-dew collected by workers-minor and regurgitated into the mouths of the repletes, who retain it in their distended crops until it is needed by the community. . . . These repletes appear to be consecrated, as it were, to this function before their integuments have hardened, after which such excessive dilatation would be impossible." The replete is a living "honey-tub," holding the sweet fluid gathered by those who work by night, sucking the exudations from the small brownish-red galls of the dwarf oak, and from aphids and coccids.

What more need be quoted to prove that the ants, in "different conditions of life, curiously answering to the earlier stages of human progress"—the predatory and hunting, the pastoral and the agricultural—have been responsible for a new book of intense interest, an entertaining record of compilation and observation?

E. H. G.

* "Go to the Ant." By Edward Step, F.L.S., Author of "Insect Artisans," "Messmates," "British Insect Life," etc. With Illustrations. (Hutchinson and Co.; 18s. net.)

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES: INTERESTING PORTRAITS AT THE ACADEMY.

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2. "JEUNESSE." BY JOHN A M. HAY.

3. "JANE XXIV." BY GERALD KELLY, A.R.A.

4. "SIR VINCENT CAILLARD." BY MRS. LOUIE BURRELL.

Sir Miles Mattinson, whose portrait at the Academy is a fine example of the work of Sir Luke Fildes, is a well-known lawyer, magistrate, and politician. He is a son of Mr. Thomas Mattinson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and received his legal training at Gray's Inn. After winning the Bacon Scholarship, a first-class studentship, and certificate of honour, he was called to the Bar in 1877, and has since practised on the Northern Circuit. From 1886 to 1922, when he was knighted, he was Recorder of Blackburn. In 1880 he contested Carlisle, as a Conservative, and the Dumfries Burghs in 1885-6. From 1888 to 1892 he was M.P. for the Walton Division of Liverpool, and in 1910 he contested Bolton. He is the author of "The Law of Corrupt Practices at Elections," and "Selection of Precedents in Pleading."——Sir Vincent Caillard is a Director of Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., and of the Southern Railway, and in 1919 was President of the Federation of British Industries. His maternal grandmother was a first cousin of Lord Beaconsfield. As a young man he took a commission in the Royal Engineers, and did valuable political work in Montenegro and Epirus. In the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 he served on the headquarters staff. Later he was President of the Ottoman Public Debt Council and Financial Representative in Constantinople. He has written much and has set to music Blake's "Songs of Innocence."——The title of Mr. Gerald Kelly's picture recalls that last year he exhibited "Jane XXIII," a portrait of his wife.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

AMONG the new biographies, one, in rather unusual form, has given me extraordinary enjoyment. For that there are several reasons, some of which will appeal to all readers who care for sporting books; while others are purely personal and private. The general appeal is to those who wish to learn all that is to be known about a writer who is, in his own vein, undeniably a classic. The personal appeal in my case lies in the revival of old memories and literary friendships. Apart from anything in the text, the name of the biographer or editor (he is both) carries with it pleasant associations of too personal a kind to be entered into here. Let these pass with a friendly wave of the hand to former times and dispensations. But, on the other points here hinted at, no such reticence need be practised. These questions are common property.

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The book takes me back, in particular, to another book, an odd volume enough, that used to entertain my boyhood; although, truth to tell, when I read it first, the full flavour of its humour was a little beyond me. Much was lost, but the hero did not miss the mark. With a carelessness not uncommon to schoolboys, however. I believe I paid no attention to the author's name, which did not attach itself to my memories of the story until long after. But the rollicking adventure of the tale, its queer people and queerer hero, not to mention Leech's illustrations in colour (some of them printed, by the way, sadly out of register, of which more later), made an indelible impression on a youngster who failed to realise that he owed his entertainment to Robert Smith Surtees.

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Surtees, creator of the immortal Jorrocks, needs no introduction, but fuller information about his life and works will be welcomed wherever his name is known, and the circle of his acquaintance is now likely to be widely extended. For here we have "ROBERT SMITH SURTEES," by Himself and E. D. Cuming (Blackwood; 15s.), a work as genial as its subject, containing all that is to be known about the writer of those picaresque sporting stories which offer such an inimitable picture of certain phases of English life during the first half of last century.

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Surtees, of Hamsterley Hall, in Durham, came of an old county family, but particulars of his early years are "wropt in mistry." Mr. Cuming does not give the precise date of his birth; but the year at least is known—1803. Luckily, he was a man of leisure, otherwise we might never have had so long a Surtees bookshelf as he has left for the solace and diversion of mankind, for his earlier works had at first but little success. The "Jaunts and Jollities," Mr. Cuming tells us, never had a fair chance, owing to a dispute between the printer and the publisher. "Hillingdon Hall" did not win favour; the first three-volume edition of "Handley Cross" sold off only by degrees; and "Hawbuck Grange" was a failure. It was not until "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour" made its appearance that Surtees captured the public, and secured recognition for Sponge's predecessors.

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This information is particularly pleasing to the present writer, for it was not immortal Jorrocks that first won his young fancy, but the not altogether admirable yet still delightful Soapey Sponge, so clever at getting into country houses, and so hard to eject from these hospitable halls, where he had a genius for outstaying his welcome. But chiefly do I rejoice in this biography, because Mr. Cuming has enlightened me on an oddly amusing point of information. Mr. Sponge was not what his contemporaries would have called "a literary character," but you remember what an assiduous reader he was. He was a man of one book, which, on days when the weather made hunting impossible, he read diligently at the fireside. And that book was "Mogg's Cab-fares." I think that no book in the world has given me such visions of the ludicrous-romantic as that precious work. I never went in search of it, fearing, perhaps, a descent to the chillingly material. In fact, I had half a hope (I am no bibliographer) that it might be merely an ingenious invention of the author's, for it seemed hardly possible that the eternal fitness of things should have ordained that a work on Cab-fares should be written or compiled by one Mogg, name of such singular appropriateness. In itself it would fit the old-fashioned Cabby, now, alas! extinct.

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Now all is known, and the subsidence into cold fact has not brought serious disillusion. On the contrary, it is rather pleasing to learn that Mogg's Christian name was Edward. He was the successor to Paterson, the Bradshaw of the coaching age. Other useful handbooks bear his name, but "the publication which afforded such abiding solace to Soapey Sponge was Mogg's 'Omnibus and Metropolitan Carriage Time-Table, Hackney Coach and Cabriolet Fares.' . . . A glance at its useful but uninspiring pages betrays the estimate Surtees would have his readers form of Soapey's mental equipment."

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The first part of the book contains Surtees' own biographical notes, which have hitherto lain in MSS. These the editor has amplified in the remaining and rather larger portion of the volume. As a picture of a period, both parts are invaluable. Surtees takes us back to his early schooldays [illegible] an establishment in the North of England [illegible] ugh evidently humane, is not altogether [illegible] Hall in the primitiveness of some of its arrangements. He lets us see the London of 1825, and the Brighton of 1829, as Brighton and its exclusive Society appeared to a hunting man. "If you didn't belong to the 'Set' you couldn't get in."

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Surtees was a citizen of the world. He went about seeing what he could. Curiosity took him to Newgate on a fine bright morning in June 1825, to see Probert, the accomplice of Thurtell and Hunt, turned off. Probert was not hanged for the Gill's Hill murder, for he had become King's evidence at the trial, but next year a feat of horse-stealing brought him to the gallows. Surtees' account of the execution is a vivid but unsensational piece of writing. The whole thing seems plain matter of fact. The crowd was small and unmoved; Calcraft did his work in a businesslike way, but more deliberately than would be approved of nowadays. He had, however, to wait on four unfortunate gentlemen at once. Surtees' story makes an interesting pendant to George Borrow's account, in "The Romany Rye," of Thurtell's exit at Hertford.

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To turn from the gruesome, which is really foreign to Surtees' healthy and breezy pages. The book is full of interesting anecdotes of sportsmen and writers. Although Surtees is careful not to identify the originals of his characters, he gives pleasant glimpses of his correspondence with his friends. Of these Thackeray was among the intimate.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"DUST TO DUST." By Isobel Ostrander.
(Hurst and Blackett; 7/6.)

"BLINDNESS OF HEART." By Violet C. Bell.
(Jonathan Cape; 7/6.)

"EXPECTANCY." By John Eyton.
(Arrowsmith: 7/6.)

"THE HOUSE MADE WITH HANDS." By Anonymous.
(Arrowsmith; 7/6.)

"THE PASSIONATE ADVENTURE." By Frank Stayton.
(Nash and Grayson; 7/6.)

"PEOPLE OF THE DARKNESS." By E. C. Vivian.
(Hutchinson; 7/6.)

"PERIL ISLAND." By Percy J. Brebner.
(Hutchinson; 7/6.)

"WANDERING STARS." By Clemence Dane.
(Heinemann; 6/-.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

"MEMORIES AND MUSIC." By Sir Dan Godfrey.
(Hutchinson; 21/-.)

"CONQUEST OF RIVER PLATE." By W. B. Cunninghame Graham.
(Heinemann; 15/-.)

"IN QUEST OF EL DORADO." By Stephen Graham.
(Macmillan; 12/-.)

"THE ADVENTURES OF A NAVAL PAY-MASTER." By Rear-Admiral W. E. R. Martin, C.M.G.
(Herbert Jenkins; 16/-.)

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

A charming letter, reproduced in facsimile, conveys W. M. T.'s grateful appreciation of "the last two numbers of Soapey Sponge." Mr. Cuming has given us a work that is like a new volume of Surtees—a book that will delight old devotees of that author and win him new admirers.

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By the way, I promised to say something about the printing of the illustrations in the Surtees novels, and their occasionally faulty register; but Mr. Cuming will tell you all that when you read his excellent book. He will also explain the accident, and show how sorely it worried John Leech's artistic soul.

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There is among the new books another biography that is sure of wide appreciation—far wider, in fact, than it would have commanded some fifteen years ago in this country, for the subject is the most distinguished of living French authors, and British interest in foreign literature has insular limits. But Mr. John Lane's excellent series of translations of the works of M. Anatole France has given M. France a British public; it might almost be said that he has become an English author. That great wit and sly humourist might see a chance here for one of his delightful strokes of sub-acid comment, without prejudice either to his British admirers or to his own friendship for this country. The quip, if made at all, certainly would not be misunderstood, for the quality of his jests is now appreciated in its essence by English readers, thanks again, in large measure, to the manner in which he has been interpreted to a nation not strong in other tongues than its own.

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As an admirable companion to the translations, the Bodley Head has just issued "ANATOLE FRANCE," the Man and his Work (15s.), by J. Lewis May, a study of M. France in all his aspects and attributes. There is a brilliant short sketch of his life, followed by an account of his work as a novelist, short-story teller, historian, philosopher, critic and stylist. There is no heading "the poet," but that is implicit in the whole range of the writings. Mr. May hits the mark exactly when he says, with unnecessary diffidence, that—

> The Anatole France who will outlive the rest, who will, indeed, endure as long as literature continues to interest mankind, is Anatole France the poet. In saying this I am not, of course, referring only, or even principally, to his metrical compositions, but to that large body of his work, which, though prose in form, is poetic in inspiration, and seems to recall by its subtle cadences that haunting Virgilian music which has ever affected him so profoundly and which he has praised so often and so well.

This is very well said, for the undertone of M. France's work is quintessentially Virgilian. No other epithet can suggest its rare and elusive flavour so accurately. To convey this in translation may be a hard task, but there are passages in the Bodley Head English versions where even an alien tongue cannot altogether disguise the music of the original. No one who has followed the English series can afford to neglect this able biographical sketch, which will be welcomed also by readers to whom the French is not a sealed book.

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From the biographies and works of two writers so different, yet so representative of their respective times and countries in certain phases, the transition to current English fiction has some piquancy of contrast. For the most part our novels of to-day have neither the unsophisticated robustness of Surtees, nor the delicate scholarly sophistication and literary antiquarianism of Anatole France. They have, however, robustness of the sort known as "punch." The cry is for more and more "punch" and "pep," of which the end will be chaos. The fine old ambling tale, or the beautifully wrought reflective piece of work, may not have given the reader the shocks or the momentary sharp stimulus that is now considered indispensable, but it had a plaguey way of lasting. Too many current novels are nothing more than cocaine in print.

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But there are exceptions. A first novel, not at all dull, but intensely engrossing, describes the spiritual experience of an average man, and has made an impression likely to endure. This is "HARBOTTLE," by John Hargrave (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), an author who seems to promise future good things. It is entirely a story of the present day, and reflects much of the prevailing mental unrest and the strange nostrums to which disquieted humanity resorts in hope of cure. Harbottle was formerly a journalist, a good, easy man who took life very much as it came, and had no great concern for an explanation of the universe.

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But the war, and the loss of his sons, shook Harbottle out of himself, and he went on a Pilgrim's Progress seeking certainty. This led him to try many faiths and experimental beliefs by way of finding a solution. He had on his journey a further trial in a matrimonial complication, and on his own account he came up against what seemed to be a real passion. It may not have led anywhere, but Harbottle's pilgrimage, as far as it goes, is a very moving and human story, excellently written. If we are to have problems, this is as good a problem as any. And it is original in treatment.

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A very old problem in a new presentation occurs in Miss E. M. Delafield's "A MESSALINA OF THE SUBURBS" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), the principal story of a small series illustrating various phases of feminine temperament. Perhaps Messalina is too grandiose a name for poor little Elsie Palmer, whose transgressions, if the same in kind as the notorious Empress's, would hardly have inspired a Juvenal. In former books, Miss Delafield has pleaded with greater persuasion for the enlightenment of young people upon the central facts of life. Here she shows a terrible end to ignorance—an end which, happily, must be exceptional. And just because it is exceptional it makes a less sure appeal.

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The story is an excellent example of the limits of fact in fiction. A notorious case of the criminal courts has been used as plot with little alteration and certainly no disguise. Consequently, the reader's attention is divided between fact and fiction, and he is never able to come under the spell of that perfect illusion which is the life of the novel. This is unfortunate, for Miss Delafield has an uncommon gift of creating characters that live. Here her great talent, though still apparent, is unfairly handicapped by the obtrusive memory of two ill-fated creatures about whom too much has been said already. The sensationalists seem determined to parody the sentence of the Law and doom the pair to a shameful immortality.

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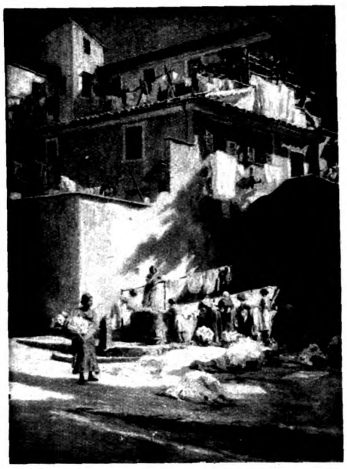
When and how shall we escape from this prevailing unpleasantness that hangs like a miasma over the fiction of to-day? It is very difficult to find novels that do not either depress one hopelessly or leave a nasty taste in the mouth. Perhaps some antidote will be found in "THE HOUSE OF BROKEN DREAMS," by Christine Jope-Slade (Nisbet; 7s. 6d.), a story (witty, pleasing, and with a touch of satire, but satire that is never cruel) about a house of refuge for tired hearts and broken dreams.

FROM THE SPRING SALON: MODERN FRENCH ART.

"PORTRAIT OF MADELEINE" ("PORTRAIT DE MADELEINE"); BY P. ALBERT LAURENS.

"THE DIP" ("LA BAIGNADE"); BY EMILIEN VICTOR BARTHÉLEMY.

"THE TUNISIAN BARQUE" ("LA BARCASSE—TUNISIE"); BY ANDRÉ HUMBERT.



"NICE—LA PLACE SAINTE-CLAIRE"; BY CHARLES MARTIN-SAUVAIGO.

"THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THE DOLL" ("LA FILLETTE À LA POUPÉE"); BY RENÉ MARIE LÉON DEVILLARIO.

"THE PAINTING" ("LA PEINTURE"); BY MAURICE DE LAMBERT.

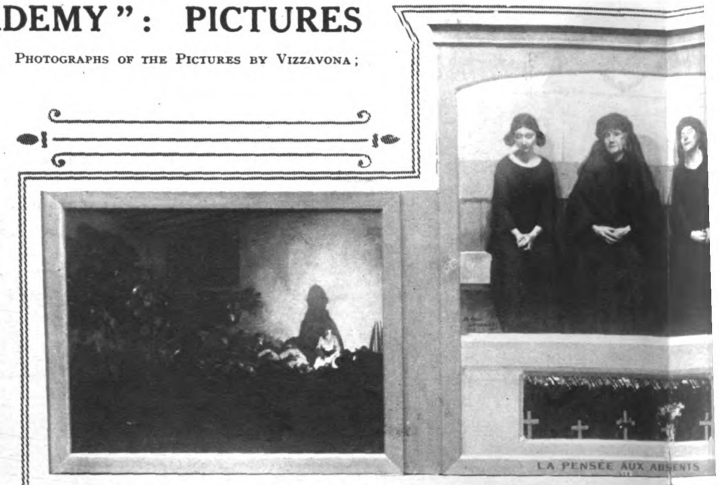
The Spring Salon—that is to say, the combined Exhibition of the Société des Artistes Français and the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts—is now in progress in Paris, and may be regarded as the French equivalent of our Royal Academy, although there is yet another "Salon" (that of the Tuileries), which opens in June and has nothing to do with the Salon proper. The reproductions on our page show some charming portraits and subject-pictures exhibited at the Grand Palais this year. They are all selected from the works of art shown by the Société des Artistes Français, with the exception of the portrait by Maurice de Lambert, entitled, "La Peinture," which is one of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts group.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PICTURES BY VIZZAVONA; COPYRIGHTS RESERVED BY THE ARTISTS OR OWNERS.

THE FRENCH "ROYAL ACADEMY": PICTURES

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PICTURES BY VIZZAVONA;

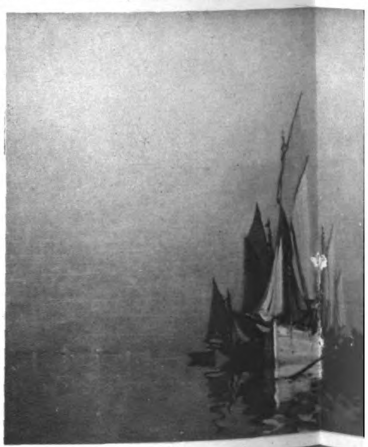
"THE PERFUME-BURNER" ("LE BRULE-PARFUMS"); BY ELIZABETH SONREL.



THE TRIPTYCH, "THOUGHTS OF THE ABSENT" ("LA PENSÉE AUX AB

"CORSICAN WOMEN AT A SPRING" ("FEMMES CORSES À LA FONTAINE"); BY LÉON CHARLES CANNICCIONI.

"SUNDAY" ("DIMANCHE"); BY HENRI DABADIE.



"TUNNY-FISHING BOATS OFF LA ROCHELLE" ("THONNI ROCHELLE"); BY PAUL C. F. JOBER

Our pages show a selection of pictures exhibited at the second combined Exhibition of the Société des Artistes Français and the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, which is now being held at the Grand Palais, and is the French parallel to our Royal Academy. The Société des Artistes Français is the slightly more Academi[illegible]mbined pair, and seven out of the eight pictures reproduced on our pages are selected from this group, the study of Alsatian peasant women

being the "The Sh organised

FROM THE TWO-SALONS-IN-ONE IN PARIS.

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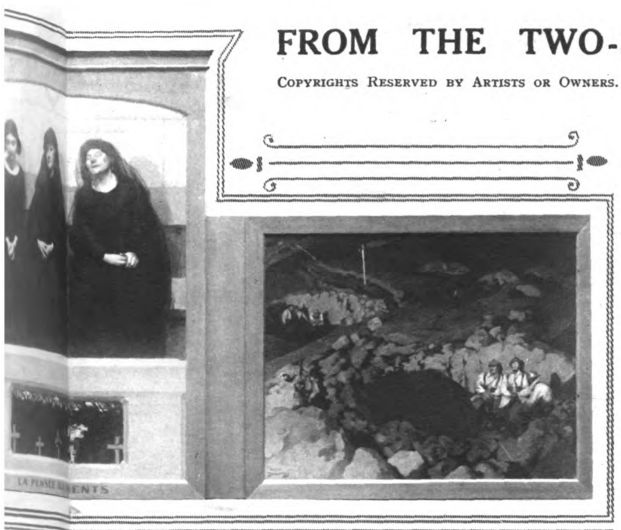
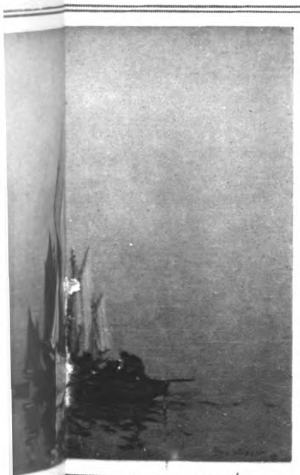


AUX ABSENTS "); BY ANDRÉ DEVAMBEZ.

" THE STORY-TELLER—MARRAKESH " (" LE CONTEUR—MARRAKECH "); BY JOSEPH FÉLIX BOUCHOR.

"BLACK BUTTERFLIES" ("PAPILLONS NOIRS"); BY ANNE FAURE.



(" THONNIERS RALLIANT LA F. JOBERT.

" ALSATIAN PEASANTS AT A CHURCH FESTIVAL " (" PAYSANNES ALSACIENNES—SCÈNE DE PROCESSION "); BY FERNAND SCHULTZ-WETTEL.

being the exception. The left-hand picture of the triptych, " La Pensée aux Absents," is called " The Letter "; the centre one, " Remembrance "; the right-hand one, " The Shell-Holes." The Exhibition is enormous, showing over 7000 works; while, in addition to productions by modern artists, the Société des Artistes Français has organised a retrospective collection of Bonnat's work, and the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts has " countered " by a Puvis-de-Chavannes Centenary Exhibition.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE VANISHING LAPWING.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtships of Animals," etc., etc.

CONSIDERABLE controversy has been going on of late in the Press as to the status of the lapwing, which, it is urged, is in danger of extermination; at least, so far as our native, home-bred birds are concerned. For we must distinguish between these and the very considerable flocks which come to us for the winter. This is an extremely important point to remember when estimates as to the numbers of this species are being made. When this census is taken during the winter months, it may, indeed, seem that all is well. But it cannot be said that the prospect is as reassuring if the survey is delayed until these visitants have departed, leaving fields and fallows to the rightful owners of the land—the birds bred and born here. These form our only breeding stock. If they are wiped out there will be no more to fill their place. And this because the winter visitants return to the land of their birth for the purposes of procreation.

Those of us who are taking alarm hold that there *is* a diminution in the numbers of our home-bred birds. Every year I drive many thousands of miles along our highways and byways, and it has been a source of grief to me to note the decline of this most fascinating and most useful bird. Not even during the winter months do I seem to see so many as I did a few years ago. This shortage, we claim, is largely due to the strenuously active efforts to collect every "plover's egg" (Fig. 1) that can be found, to furnish a quite unnecessary dinner-table luxury. I saw a big basketful so late as May 5 which could be bought for sixpence apiece; but for the earliest on the market as many and more shillings will be cheerfully paid. Their very costliness, indeed, to many, makes them the more delectable. The demand for these eggs is so imperious that it would be impossible to meet it, but for the fact that an appreciable number of the "plover's eggs" sold in the shops are really those of the black-headed gull. But the source of supply of genuine lapwing's eggs is further augmented by supplies from Holland. What is happening there I do not know, but I am going to take the trouble to find out, from ornithological friends there, whether they have like cause for anxiety.

Those who defend the practice of taking these eggs not only deny any diminution in the numbers of our breeding birds, but they even contend that the practice of taking the eggs is really beneficial to the species. They claim that the earliest eggs have no chance of hatching (Fig. 2), since, owing to the lack of cover, they are unduly exposed to the inclemency of the weather and the attacks of crows, who are great egg-stealers. That there is truth in this will be readily admitted. Laying begins at the end of March; these eggs might perhaps be set aside for the *gourmet*. But no eggs

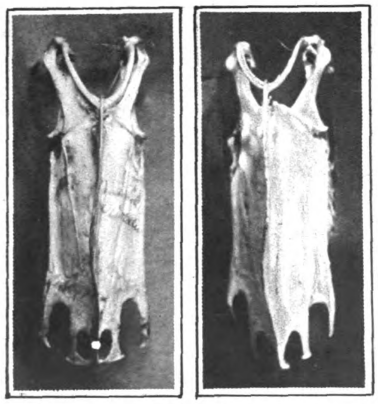


FIG. 3.—HOW THE *GOURMET* CAN DISTINGUISH A DECEPTION: BREASTBONES OF A LAPWING (LEFT) AND GOLDEN PLOVER (RIGHT) WITH DIFFERENT ENDS.

The breastbone of the Lapwing (often offered to the *gourmet* as Golden Plover) has a pair of holes and a pair of notches at its hinder end. That of the Golden Plover (right) has two pairs of deep notches. [*Photographs by E. J. Manly.*]

ought to be [illegible]ale after the end of the first week in [illegible]ulk are laid during the first half of [illegible]at the end of the first week in May they are still openly exposed for sale. This is folly!

It is idle to say, "People *will* have them—what are we to do?" When, as a breeding bird, the

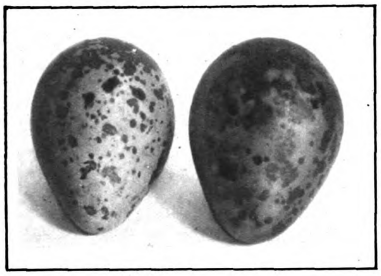


FIG. 1.—"A QUITE UNNECESSARY DINNER-TABLE LUXURY," THE DEMAND FOR WHICH TENDS TO EXTERMINATE A USEFUL BIRD: LAPWING'S EGGS.

The eggs of the Lapwing, as with all the Plover tribe, have a quite characteristic pear shape. They also vary much in their coloration.—[*Photograph by E. J. Manly.*]

FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE LONGER PRIMARIES THAT DISTINGUISH THE WINGS OF THE MALE BIRD: TWO LAPWINGS IN FLIGHT.

The male Lapwing may be distinguished during flight by the greater length of its primaries—the outermost quill feathers, giving to that part of the wing a rounded outline wanting in the female.

From Pycraft's "Birds in Flight."

lapwing has ceased to exist, they will wail for a season at the feasts of other days, and turn to the exploitation of some other bird. This is no mere fanciful picture, as a little retrospection will show. Time was when the ruffs and reeves of our fen-lands were snared in hundreds, kept in pens, and fattened for the tables of the luxurious. And the same is true of Sussex wheatears. Where are they now? "At harvest time," Gilbert White remarks, of the wheatear, "they appeared on the tables of all the gentry that entertained with any degree of elegance"! One thousand eight hundred dozens annually were caught in snares by the Sussex shepherds, to furnish this "elegance." I drove for miles along the Sussex downs last week, and saw—one! I am quite aware that the wheatear is still to be seen in fair numbers in suitable localities, and I am also aware that other factors have had a share in the reduction of its numbers; nevertheless, we are suffering from the orgies of a past generation. But the breeding of the ruff in the British Islands is now a thing of the past.

The Labrador duck was once plentiful enough, and was eaten largely with other wild-fowl in North America. But suddenly the supply failed. Then ornithologists sought an explanation of this failure, and found, to their dismay, that the bird had been absolutely wiped out! About thirty-eight specimens are all that now remain—in our museums. Is the lapwing to share this fate? Since it is harassed quite as much on the Continent as with us, unless something be done it certainly will. But to secure adequate protection for this bird will be no easy task, for a surprising number of people, who should know better, seem to share the view of one writer to the Press who described efforts to protect this bird as "tom-foolery"! And this on the ground that from time immemorial "plover's eggs" had found their way into the market in abundance, and *still* supplies were forthcoming. Fatuous arguments of this kind are deplorable.

Let us look at a few facts. The normal clutch, in the case of the lapwing, is four, and occasionally five, eggs. But on second or third layings this number is commonly less than four (Fig. 2). Why? Because the bird is feeling the strain of enforced reproduction. And this strain affects not only the number of eggs, but their fertility, and the stamina of the young produced therefrom. This is a matter of eugenics. Such persistent nest-robbing, then, can have but one inevitable end, aggravating, as it does, an inevitable loss of eggs through changed methods of agriculture.

No bird serves the farmer so well as the lapwing; and if only on this account it should be adequately protected. In the spring we exhaust its vitality; in the autumn we slay the survivors—again to supply the tables of the luxurious. Plovers are a delicacy. Those who eat them imagine they are eating the more succulent and smaller golden plover. To conceal the deception, before these birds appear on the tables of our restaurants the feet are cut off, lest the better-informed diners should note the fact that, since their golden plover has a hind-toe, it is really a lapwing. But the substitution can still be detected, for the end of the breast-bone in the two species is distinctive, since in the lapwing it terminates in a pair of holes flanked on each side by a deep notch. In the smaller golden plover there are two pairs of deep notches (Fig. 3.)

There is another peculiar feature of the lapwing that is worth mention. The wings of the male, when extended, differ conspicuously from those of the female in having longer primaries (Fig. 4), so that they give to this area of the wing a markedly rounded outline, which is wanting in the female. In the matter of their coloration there is practically no differences between the sexes; but the male has a longer crest,

FIG. 2.—A VICTIM OF "PERSISTENT NEST-ROBBING": A FEMALE LAPWING ABOUT TO SETTLE DOWN ON HER EGGS.

The bird is seen opening out her breast feathers for the purpose of covering the eggs.

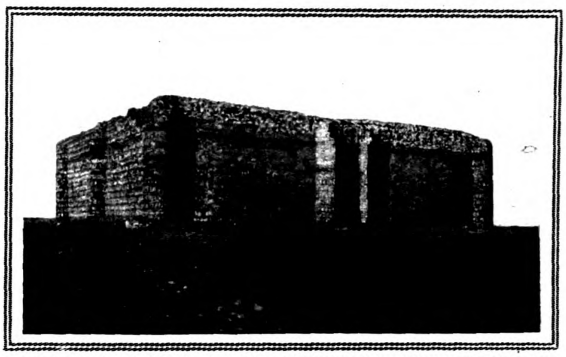
From Pycraft's "History of Birds."

at least during the breeding season, when both sexes have a black throat, which after the autumn moult is white.

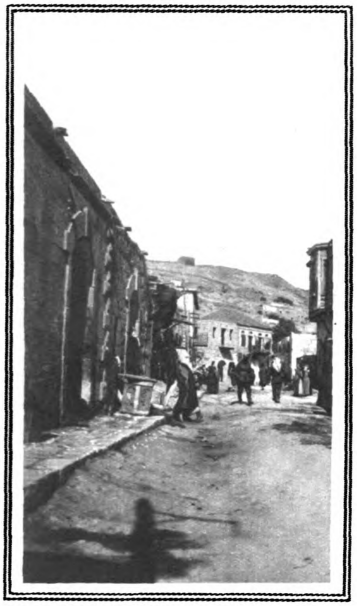
AN ARAB STATE CRITICISED IN THE LORDS: TRANSJORDANIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. H. ST. J. B. PHILBY.

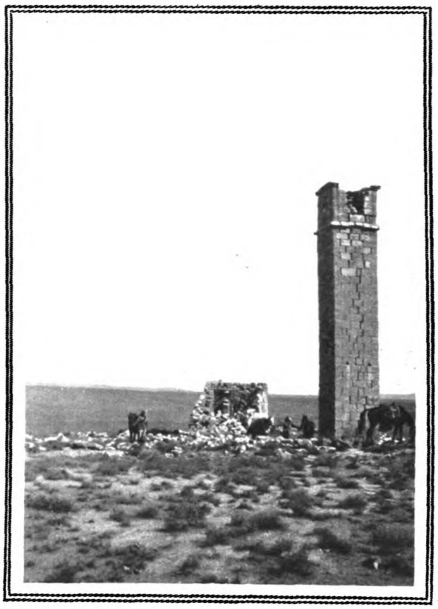
A MEDIÆVAL EUROPEAN STRONGHOLD IN ASIA MINOR: THE CRUSADERS' CASTLE AT KERAK, IN TRANSJORDANIA.



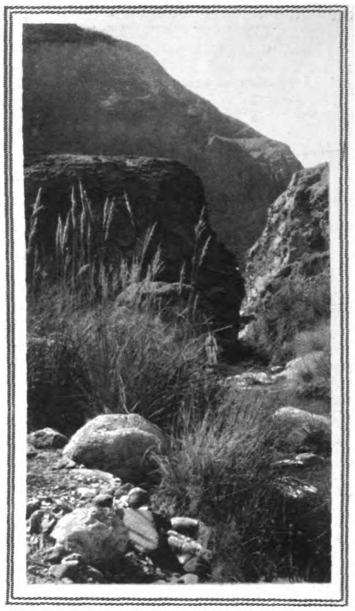
IN THE DESERT EAST OF AMMAN, THE CAPITAL OF TRANSJORDANIA: A MEDIÆVAL HUNTING-BOX OF THE GHASSANID PERIOD.



THE EMIR ABDULLAH'S CAPITAL CITY: AMMAN—THE MAIN STREET, WITH THE CITADEL HILL BEYOND.

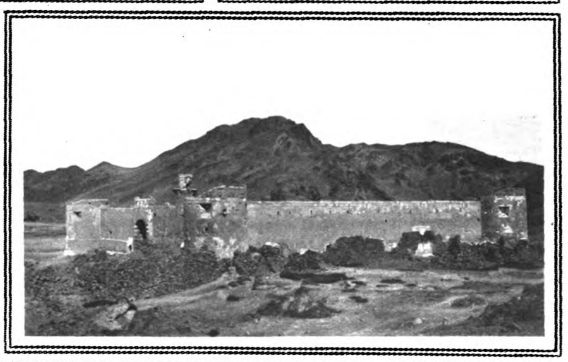


A BYZANTINE BELFRY TOWER: AN INTERESTING RUIN IN THE WILDS OF TRANSJORDANIA.



HEROD'S BATHS: A NATURAL HOT-WATER FALL IN THE VALLEY OF BETH MEON, NEAR THE DEAD SEA.

MODERN MEANS OF COMMUNICATION IN A COUNTRY WHERE THE DESERT MOTOR ROUTE BRINGS BAGHDAD WITHIN TEN DAYS OF LONDON: THE RAILWAY STATION AT AMMAN.

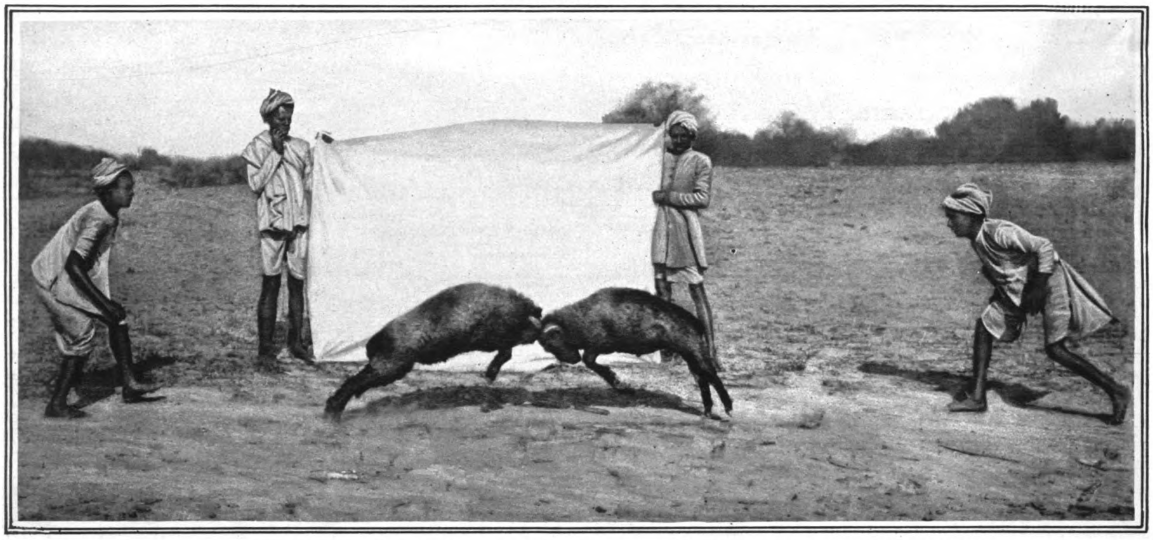


SOUTH OF THE LAND WHERE BEDOUIN RAIDS INTO PALESTINE HAVE CEASED UNDER THE EMIR ABDULLAH: AN ARAB (SARACEN) FORT FIVE MILES INLAND FROM THE RED SEA PORT OF WEJH.

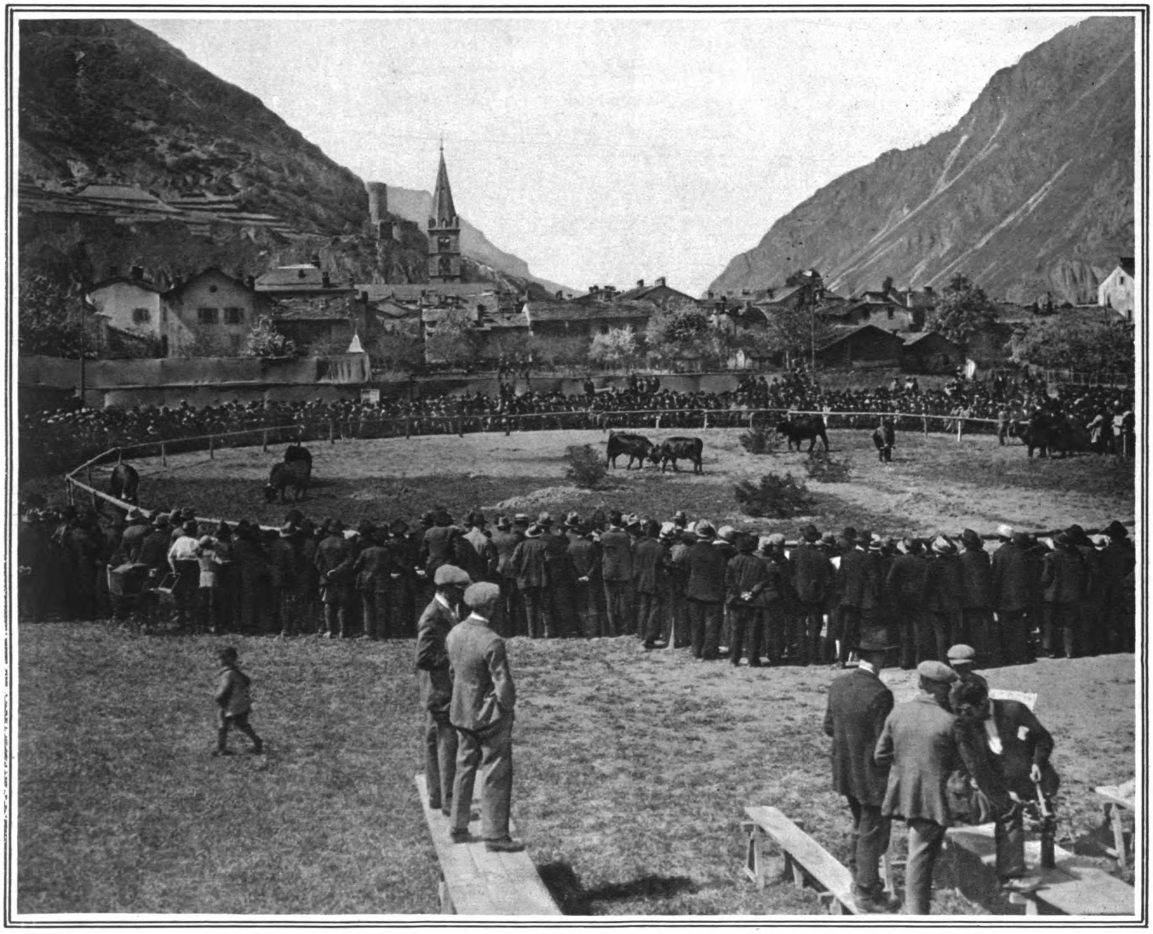
The Arab administration of Transjordania, set up in 1921 under the Emir Abdullah, a son of King Hussein of the Hedjaz, was strongly criticised recently by Lord Raglan in the House of Lords. He described the Emir's government as "tyrannical, extravagant, inefficient, and generally unpopular." In reply, Lord Arnold, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, contended that there was no warrant for such language, although he could not say that there was no room for improvement or no discontent. He pointed out two very distinct advantages resulting from the Emir's rule. One was that the Bedouin raids from Transjordania into Palestine, formerly frequent, had practically ceased. The other was that the safety of the trans-desert route starting from Amman had been maintained, and that the fortnightly mail service by this route, which had been carried on without a hitch for over 2½ years, had brought London within ten days of Baghdad. Lord Arnold added that the present régime was necessarily experimental, and that the British Government hoped shortly to enter into friendly discussion with the Emir with a view to effecting reforms. It may be recalled that King Hussein visited his son at Amman during his tour last January, an occasion that stirred enthusiasm for the movement towards Arabian unity, of which King Hussein himself is acknowledged to be the leader.

ANIMAL "DEMPSEYS" AND "CARPENTIERS": FOUR-FOOTED COMBATANTS.

UPPER PHOTOGRAPH BY I.P.M.



INDICATING WHY THE "BATTERING-RAM" IS SO CALLED: A HEAD-ON COLLISION BETWEEN TWO RAMS—AN ORIENTAL COUNTERPART OF COCK-FIGHTING THAT IS VERY POPULAR IN INDIA.



WHO SHALL BE "QUEEN OF QUEENS"? NOT A BULL-FIGHT BUT A COW-FIGHT—AN ANNUAL CONTEST AT MARTIGNY, SWITZERLAND, NEAR THE ST. BERNARD PASS, WHERE COWS DO BATTLE FOR SUPREMACY OF THE HERD.

We illustrate here two curious forms of animal pugilism. If anyone was ever in doubt as to the derivation of the verb "to ram," its significance will be clear from the upper photograph, which illustrates a form of contest popular in India. The lower illustration shows an annual event at the Swiss town of Martigny, close to the spot where Napoleon halted before his historic march through the St. Bernard Pass. Every year at this place some eighty fighting cows, which belie that animal's reputation for placidity, do battle for the title, "Queen of Queens." The arena, which rather resembles that of a Spanish bull-fight, has a double row of rails to protect the public, and in the centre are some young fir trees, which the first batch of cows, on entering the ring, proceed to demolish. Then they charge each other and fight, until one of the combatants trots away, a sign of submission. Other cows are then introduced, and seek opponents. Those "quitters" who refuse to fight are turned out unceremoniously. This year's contest, which took place recently, was again won by last year's Queen, a handsome twelve-year-old cow with long horns. Getting under her opponent's head, she would push her round the ring with fore-feet off the ground. At her home on the slopes of the St. Bernard she reigns over a herd of 200 cows, enjoys the best pasture, and chases away any animals not from her own stable.

A TINTORETTO FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY: THE £14,000 APPEAL.

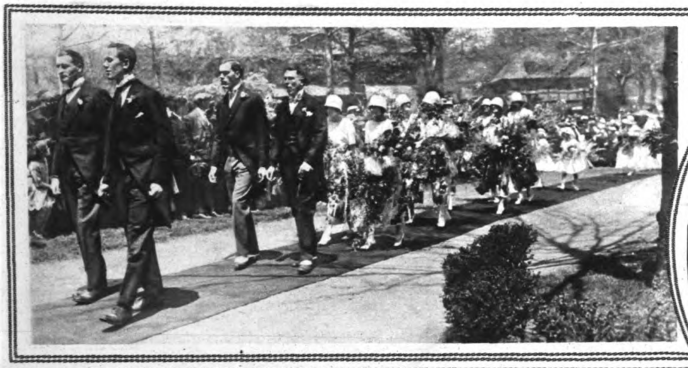
BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. THOMAS AGNEW AND SONS.

A GREAT MASTERPIECE TO THE ACQUISITION OF WHICH PATRIOTIC ART-LOVERS ARE INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE: TINTORETTO'S SPLENDID PORTRAIT OF VINCENZO MOROSINI.

In celebration of the centenary of the National Gallery and of its own "coming-of-age," the National Art-Collections Fund (founded twenty-one years ago) appeals to all art-loving patriots to contribute towards the purchase of this magnificent portrait by Tintoretto, to fill a gap in the national collection, which at present has no example of that master at the height of his genius. Messrs. Agnew, the owners of the picture, are prepared to sell it to the nation for £14,000, although they had fixed the price, for private buyers, at £16,000. It was recently placed on view in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, Manchester Square, W.1, the headquarters of the Fund, and the address to which contributions may be sent to the secretary. Vincenzo Morosini was a great Venetian statesman and soldier of the sixteenth century, the most eminent member of a family notable in Venice for six hundred years. He was Prefect of Bergamo and directed the foreign policy of the Venetian Republic. In 1571 he was in command of the forces at Venice, and fortified the Lido against the Turks. His figure appears in a picture of the Resurrection in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore. Tintoretto's portrait of him is unanimously recognised as a great masterpiece.

REGAL WEDDING POMP IN REPUBLICAN AMERICA: A £10,000,000 BRIDE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, P. AND A., AND C.N.



WITH THE BRIDE (EXTREME RIGHT) AT THE END, PRECEDED BY BRIDESMAIDS, FLOWER GIRLS, AND USHERS (LEFT FOREGROUND) WHO SUPPORTED THE BRIDEGROOM: THE PROCESSION AT THE CECIL-VANDERBILT WEDDING AT BILTMORE, N.C.

LEAVING FOR THE CHURCH: THE BRIDE, WITH HER MOTHER, MRS. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S FATHER; LORD WILLIAM CECIL (LEFT) WITH THE HON. FLORENCE AMHERST AND SIR ESME HOWARD, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S.A.

THE BRIDE'S PROCESSION: (L. TO R.) MISS MARGARET CECIL AND MISS AUGUSTA McCAGG, MISS PEGGY MORAN AND MISS HELEN RAOUL (FLOWER GIRLS), MISS RACHEL STRONG (MAID OF HONOUR), MISS CORNELIA VANDERBILT (THE BRIDE), AND MRS. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT.

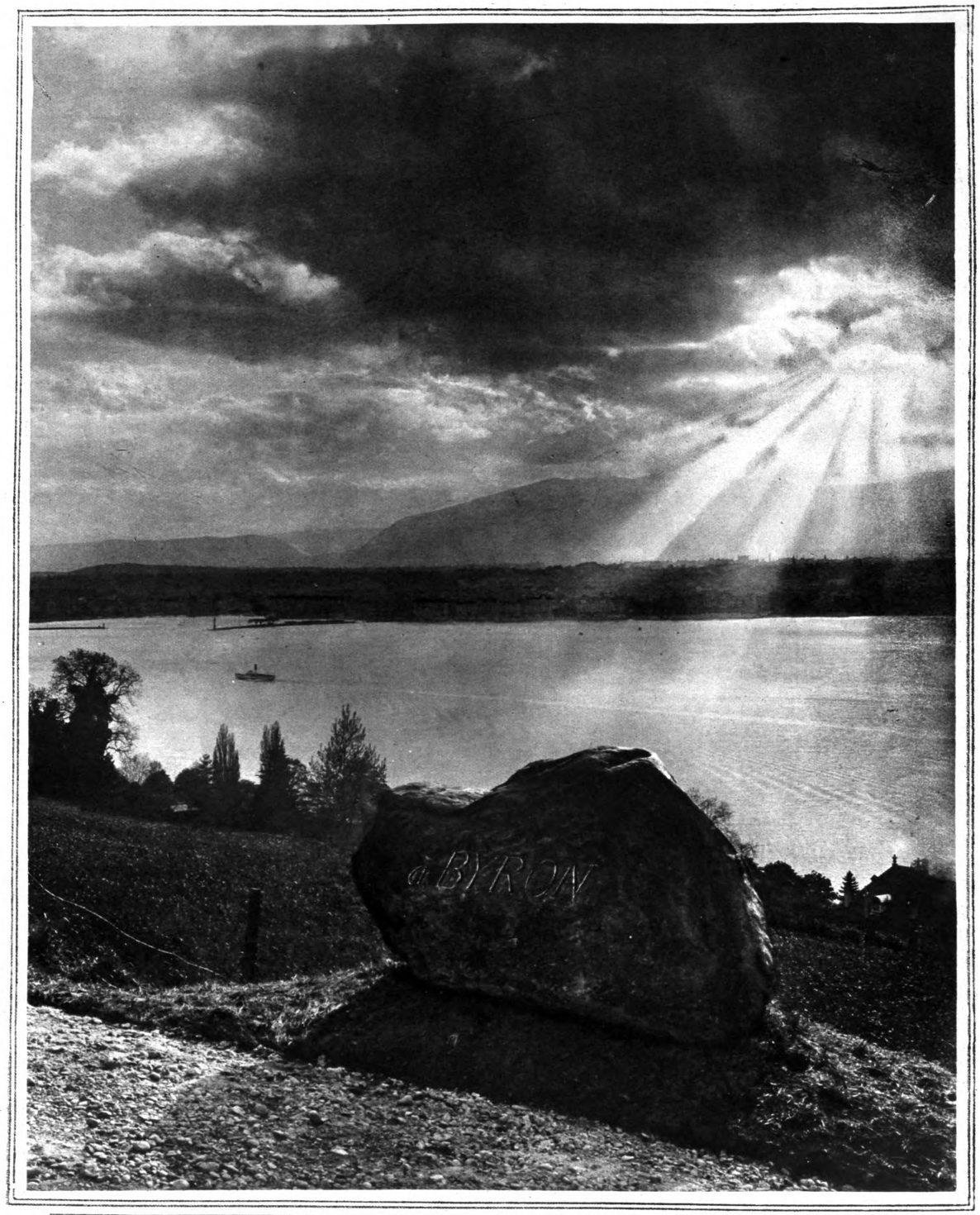
TO BE THE HOME OF THE BRIDAL PAIR ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE HONEYMOON: THE LATE MR. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT'S MANSION AT BILTMORE, N.C.

CUPID (LITTLE POLYANN FOSTER, AGED THREE) GREETS THE HON. JOHN CECIL AND HIS BRIDE AS THEY LEAVE THE CHURCH.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt, daughter of the late Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, the multi-millionaire, to the Hon. John Francis Amherst Cecil, son of Lord William Cecil and the late Baroness Amherst of Hackney, was celebrated with great magnificence on April 29, at All Souls Church, Biltmore, North Carolina, near the bride's home. Mr. John Cecil was until recently Secretary to the British Embassy at Washington. On the evening before the wedding several hundred tenants and servants of the estate serenaded the bride with whistles, and some of them held branches laden with spring blossoms, forming an arch under which the bridal pair passed as they left the church. One of the first to greet them was a little three-year-old child, Polyann Foster, of Asheville, representing Cupid with his bow and arrow. The British Ambassador in Washington, Sir Esmé Howard, was among the guests. Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt was the chief beneficiary under the will of her father, who died in 1914, worth, it was estimated, some £10,000,000. She received a quarter of the principal on coming of age in 1921, and she will have the remainder on her twenty-fifth birthday in August 1925, besides £1,000,000 left in trust by her grandfather.

ABOVE "CLEAR, PLACID LEMAN": GENEVA'S MEMORIAL TO BYRON.

Copyright Photograph by F. H. Jullien, Geneva.



RECENTLY UNVEILED AS A CENTENARY MONUMENT TO BYRON: A GLACIER-BORNE BOULDER BY WHICH HE USED TO SIT, NEAR THE VILLA WHERE HE WROTE THE THIRD CANTO OF "CHILDE HAROLD" IN 1816.

Geneva paid a centenary tribute to Byron on May 3, when a memorial was unveiled at the top of the hill of Cologny, near the Villa Diodati, where he lived in 1816. The third Canto of "Childe Harold," which he wrote there, contains many stanzas describing Lake Leman (the Lake of Geneva) and the surrounding mountains and lakeside towns. The house still contains much of the furniture which he used, and there is an apple-tree beneath which Byron and Shelley used to talk. The memorial consists of a large glacier-borne boulder against which Byron used to sit and gaze down on the lake below. It bears the inscription. "A Byron." There doubtless he composed such lines as—"Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face"; and the beautiful apostrophe to "Clear, placid Leman!" in stanzas No. LXXXV. and those that follow. Further along the shore of the lake is the old castle that inspired the famous sonnet on "The Prisoner of Chillon." At the unveiling ceremony some episodes of Byron's life at Geneva were related by Professor Borgeaud, of Geneva University, M. Gignoux, President of the Canton of Geneva, and the British Consul, Mr. M. H. S. London. The monument was handed over by Captain Fox, chairman of the centenary committee, to the Mayor of Cologny, M. Bordier, who told a story about a lady's shoe said to have been lost by some feminine admirer of Byron in a neighbouring vineyard.

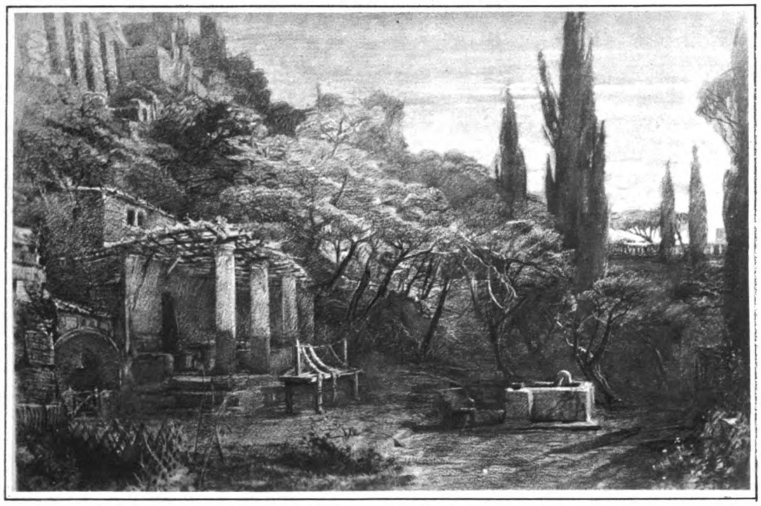
THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE AND THEIR WILL.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

UNIVERSAL Suffrage has not stood still of late. General elections in England, general elections in Italy, general elections in Germany, general elections in France, general elections in Belgium constituted the programme for the last six or nine months. The second half of the year will see the Presidential election in America. Everywhere the Governments are addressing themselves to the people in order that they may find a way out of the perplexities of an obscure situation which is full of dangers. They ask them what they wish and what they think; but the people see no more clearly in the present twilight than their Governments. They wish for peace, tranquillity, the sweet prosperity of former days; but they do not know what else they should demand as a necessary means of obtaining that aim. In those cases where they do not succeed by a stroke of force in momentarily terrorising universal suffrage, Governments become the unconvinced and sometimes restive and clumsy executors of an obscure popular will, not sure of itself, slow in evolution, and yet sovereign. . . .



A GREAT MUSICAL EVENT—THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF BOÏTO'S POSTHUMOUS OPERA, "NERONE," (NERO) KEPT SECRET FOR FIFTY YEARS: THE SCENE OF ACT III.—THE CHRISTIANS' PLACE OF WORSHIP, AN OLIVE ORCHARD OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF ROME.

It is easier to denounce the inconveniences of the system than to find remedies. The régime of the people's sovereignty under which we live is only the outcome of that political rationalism which, during the nineteenth century, continued to grow to the detriment of all the mystical doctrines of the State. Europe has never conceived the idea of power as being anything but a mandate from God or from the people. These two mandates are the antagonistic principles of which the mystical and rationalistic doctrines of the State are the final outcome; there are no other principles; and the mixed systems by which it has been tried to reconcile them have, in fact, only sometimes modified, but never suspended, the struggle between them. That struggle, which was inherent in the actual essence of the two principles, did not cease for an instant in the nineteenth century. As the belief in the Divine Right of Kings gradually weakened, the sovereignty of the people became a reality acting with ever-increasing force.

This political rationalism is in no way bound up, as might have been supposed, with religious scepticism. The directing classes of Europe, alike in Catholic and Protestant countries, were more incredulous in the eighteenth century than in the nineteenth. But the Divine Right of Kings had nowhere been seriously shaken by that incredulity until the French Revolution. The philosophical movement which prepared the great upheaval of the end of the century had never made a frontal attack upon it, although it demanded certain reforms.

In the first part of the nineteenth century a portion of the higher classes alike in Catholic and Protestant Europe reconciled themselves with God. But the Divine Right of Kings hardly profited at all by this renaissance of the religious spirit. The fervour with which many Catholics and Protestants, after 1815, once more believed in the dogmas of the Church or the doctrines of Luther and Calvin, did not cause them to believe that any one family had a supernatural right to conduct, without control, all the affairs of their country. A sense of reality, a knowledge of history, the critical and analytical spirit, were too much awakened in the higher classes, whether they were religious or not, for politics to be anything for them but a human system of interests and passions, having nothing in common with their faith. The attempts made by the Catholic Church to support the absolutism of the old dynasties in the first part of the nineteenth century failed. The realistic current carried the spirit of the age in a contrary direction. Lamennais has expounded for us that drama of the modern conscience, obliged to secularise politics, even, and perhaps especially, when it is most inflamed by religious zeal. Two pages written by him at an interval of ten years explain in a powerful epitome the greatest political crisis of our civilisation.

In an article written in 1823 to commemorate the death of Louis XVI., Lamennais expresses himself thus—

"Let the kings learn what they really are: *Ministers of God for good*, depositaries of His power. They have received it from Him, they cannot alienate it. . . . Royalty is a true political priesthood which can no more be put off than a religious priesthood. Both are equally divine in their origin and their aim; both, though different, are derived from the same source; a man is a king as another is a priest, not for himself but for the people whom he is called upon to lead and *save*. Power never ceases to belong to God; it never becomes the property of him who exercises it. A king is not a powerful man; what is a man's power? He is, we repeat, the *Minister of God*; and, shall I say it to-day—Louis XVI. only perished because he wanted to be a mere man when he was commanded to be a king.

"And this is what made his death a calamity such as no nation has ever before experienced. With him royalty perished, and since then we have had anarchy and despotism, everything except that . . ."

It is difficult to express the pure doctrine of Divine Right with greater force and fervour. But this is what Lamennais wrote ten years later in the "Book of the People"—

"People, listen to what they have told you, and to what they have compared you.

"They have said you were a flock and they were the pastors; you the brutes, they the men. To them, therefore, your wool, your milk, and your flesh belonged. Feed therefore under the shelter of their crook. . . .

"They said also that the Royal Power was that of a father over his children, who were always minors. Thenceforth, without liberty or property, the people, eternally incapable of reasoning, lived in absolute dependence on the prince, who disposed of them and of all things as it pleased him. Continual servitude and misery!

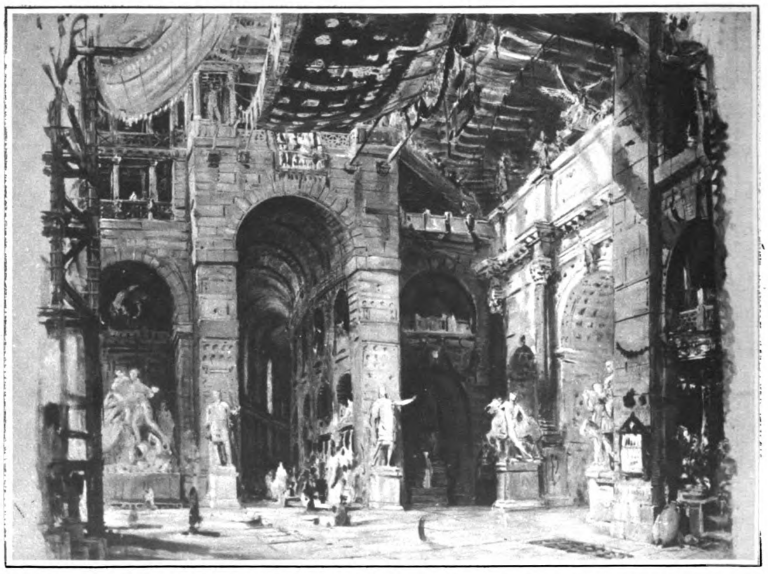
"Some only acknowledge force as the arbiter of society. . . . Poor populace, you are robbed and oppressed; of what do you complain? In your simple candour you ask by what title your tyrants rule. Do you not see it everywhere? Do you not see those bayonets which shine in the sun, and those cannons trained on the public squares?

"Others have imagined that power belonged by right to a few races whose natures were more perfect; or that God conferred it directly, either upon certain individuals chosen for certain particular ends, or upon families destined to possess it perpetually. . . . They called that the Divine Right.

"People, shut your ears to these lies. Leave the ungodly to blaspheme the Father of the human race; learn to know His true laws, to know your own rights and to attain them.

"All men are born equal, and consequently independent of one another. No man is born into the world with the right to command. If it were incumbent on everyone, from the moment of his birth, to obey the will of another, moral liberty would cease to exist. . . .

"Again, personal liberty and sovereignty are one and the same thing. . . . That sublime attribute of intelligence, sovereignty over oneself, or liberty, is the essential characteristic which distinguishes man from the brutes, who are subject to fate and carried by it into the sphere of their blind existence, even as the celestial bodies move in their inexorable orbits.



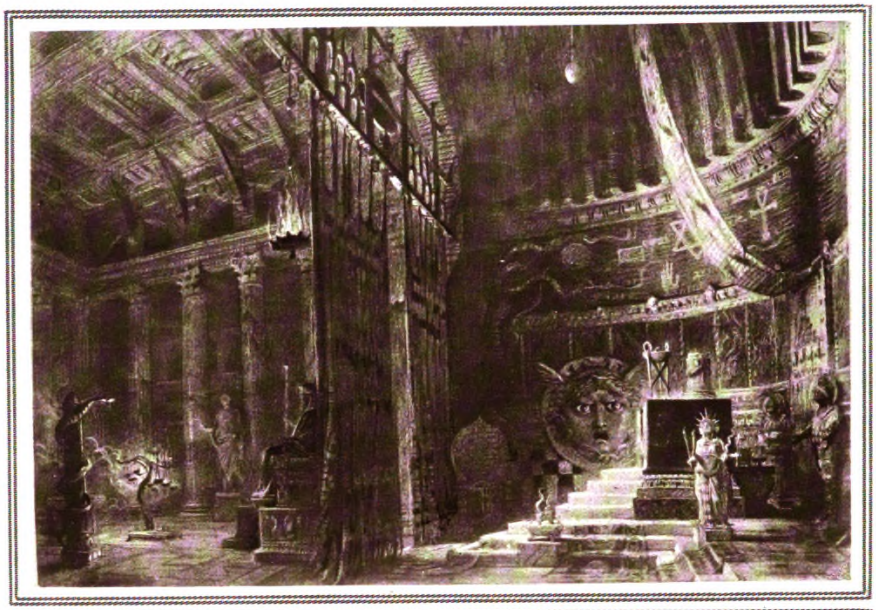
WHERE THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS ARE LED TO THEIR DOOM IN THE ARENA: THE *OPPIDUM* (OR VESTIBULE) AT THE BACK OF THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS—SCENE I. OF ACT IV. IN BOÏTO'S OPERA, "NERONE," (NERO) RECENTLY PRODUCED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, AT MILAN.—[*Drawings by Prof. Ludovico Pogliaghi.*]

"No man can alienate his sovereignty, because he cannot abdicate his nature or cease to be a man; and from the sovereignty of the individual there is born socially

[*Continued on Page 910.*

A MUSICAL SENSATION: THE SECRET OPERA, "NERO," PRODUCED.

DRAWINGS BY PROFESSOR LUDOVICO POGLIAGHI, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHÆOLOGIST, WHO SUPERVISED THE STAGE SETTINGS AND COSTUMES.

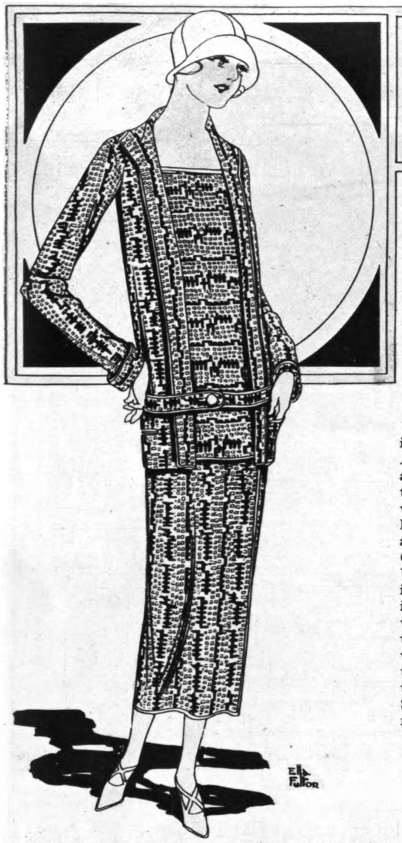


WHERE NERO SMASHES THE IDOLS AND WRECKS THE SHRINE ON DISCOVERING THAT A SUPPOSED GODDESS IS A MORTAL: THE TEMPLE OF SIMON MAGUS IN ACT II. OF BOÏTO'S LONG-SUPPRESSED OPERA, "NERONE" (NERO), LATELY PRODUCED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, BY SIGNOR TOSCANINI, IN THE SCALA THEATRE AT MILAN.

AN IMMENSE SENSATION IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC: THE FIRST PRODUCTION, AT MILAN, OF THE LATE ARRIGO BOÏTO'S POSTHUMOUS OPERA, "NERONE," WHICH HE WITHHELD FOR FIFTY YEARS UNTIL HIS DEATH—ACT I., NERO ON THE APPIAN WAY.

Enormous interest was aroused in the musical world by the triumphant first production (in the Scala Theatre at Milan on May 1) of the opera, "Nerone" (Nero) by the Italian poet-composer, Arrigo Boïto, who died in 1918. He began the work some fifty years before his death, but, although he published the libretto as a five-act drama, he kept the score a secret even from his most intimate friends throughout his life, apparently feeling that he had failed to realise his ideal. The magnificent production under Signor Toscanini, who conducted, was the result of long and careful preparation, and the setting cost nearly two million lire (£200,000). Professor Ludovico Pogliaghi, the eminent Italian archæologist and architect, spent some two years in special researches in order to reproduce faithfully the Rome of Nero's day. The opera was given in four acts, as the original fifth act, which represented the Burning of Rome, had been abandoned by Boïto himself. Act I. opens at night on the Appian Way, with Nero in terror-stricken remorse for the murder of his mother, Agrippina, but recovering himself when morning comes and the populace acclaims him. Act II. shows the subterranean shrine, where Simon Magus, the Gnostic sorcerer, practices vile rites. His rivalry with Fanuel, a leader of the Christians, is one of the main themes of the plot, and the scene of Act III. is laid at the Christian place of worship, an olive orchard outside the city walls. Act IV. begins in a hall of the Circus Maximus, where the Christian martyrs, betrayed by Simon, are led to their tortures in the arena. The last scene is a vault where the bodies of victims have been thrown.

The World of Women



Fine wool in soft Egyptian colourings makes this attractive two-piece sports suit, sponsored by Jay's, Regent Street, W. (*See page* 908.)

A jumper, skirt, and scarf of green bouclette, embroidered in tapestry cross-stitch and colourings. Sketched at Jay's. (*See page* 908.)

THE King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of York have given the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley the best of all send-offs. They have appeared unannounced, and practically unattended, among the thousands enjoying the vast show. Everyone now feels that any day at Wembley, in addition to education about our own Empire in the most interesting way, the Heads of that Empire, the Heir-Apparent to its Throne, or other members of the Royal Family may be encountered enjoying it all with the people. It is an unadvertised attraction, and has in it the element of chance, and it is one which appeals enormously to our loyal people at home and from across the seas.

Private balls at Grosvenor House in the reign of the late Duke and of Katherine Duchess of Westminster were great events of a London season. There was always a supper-room built out in the garden and entered by steps and a covered way from the fine ball-room, made by opening the Rubens Room to the ball-room. There was a procession to supper, in which the host escorted the Queen, and the King the hostess. Many members of the Royal Family followed, and if there were more Princesses than Princes, which happens even in such exalted circles, Ambassadors were chosen as their escorts. In the sacred cause of blinded Service men, the ball given there, organised by the Duchess of Westminster (who lent the house) and by Lady (Arthur) Pearson, recalled something of the old glories of one of the finest London ducal mansions. The Prince of Wales was there, having dined previously with the Duchess of Westminster, who looked very well in gold tissue brocade and gold lace with emeralds and diamonds. Princess Beatrice was another of the Royal Family present, and Ambassadors and their wives were there in goodly number. These balls for good causes have largely ousted the private entertainments. The new way is good for charitable undertakings; the old way was good for trade. In these hard times we are quite conscious that it cannot be had both ways.

One reads many remarks on the manners of the young people of the present day. One's grandmother would have been deeply grieved had a girl fellow passenger in a first-class carriage taken the entire time of a journey from Purley to Charing Cross in decorating her countenance with the aid of a vanity-case. The lips were a long job, and had to be done and re-done; the cheek-tinting was also difficult, owing to a jolty train. One feared that the eyebrows, for this reason, might not exactly have matched. A man in the carriage was an interested observer. His sole remark later was: "Had the effect justified the means, it would have been all right." This is the male way, which makes not for suppression, but for higher effort. An elderly lady, quiet and dignified, having let the years have their own way with her, observed, as she passed down the platform: "The turning of a railway-carriage into a dressing-room would not have been tolerated in my young days!"

Sir Philip Sassoon, whose portrait by Sargent is one of the outstanding pictures in this year's Academy, is said to possess, in addition to millions, a ghost of Sir Geoffrey de Mandeville, which is said to guard a great treasure in Trent Park. Sir Philip, who stands in no need of the treasure, is said to have announced his intention to rout out the ghost, and has started excavations near the old moat of the Castle. As he is a soldier who did well in the World War, rich beyond any personal uses, and clever, it is in his character as amateur archæologist that he is making excavations, not in search of the ghost, which is an impalpable and mist-like wraith, said to look like a man in mediæval armour. In this work, many interesting finds have been made, and the ghost is still being braved. Sir Philip is said to be a lineal descendant of King David's fifth son, Shephatiah, and must look on most of us as mere mushrooms. His sister, whose portraits have also had Academy successes, is the Marchioness of Cholmondeley.

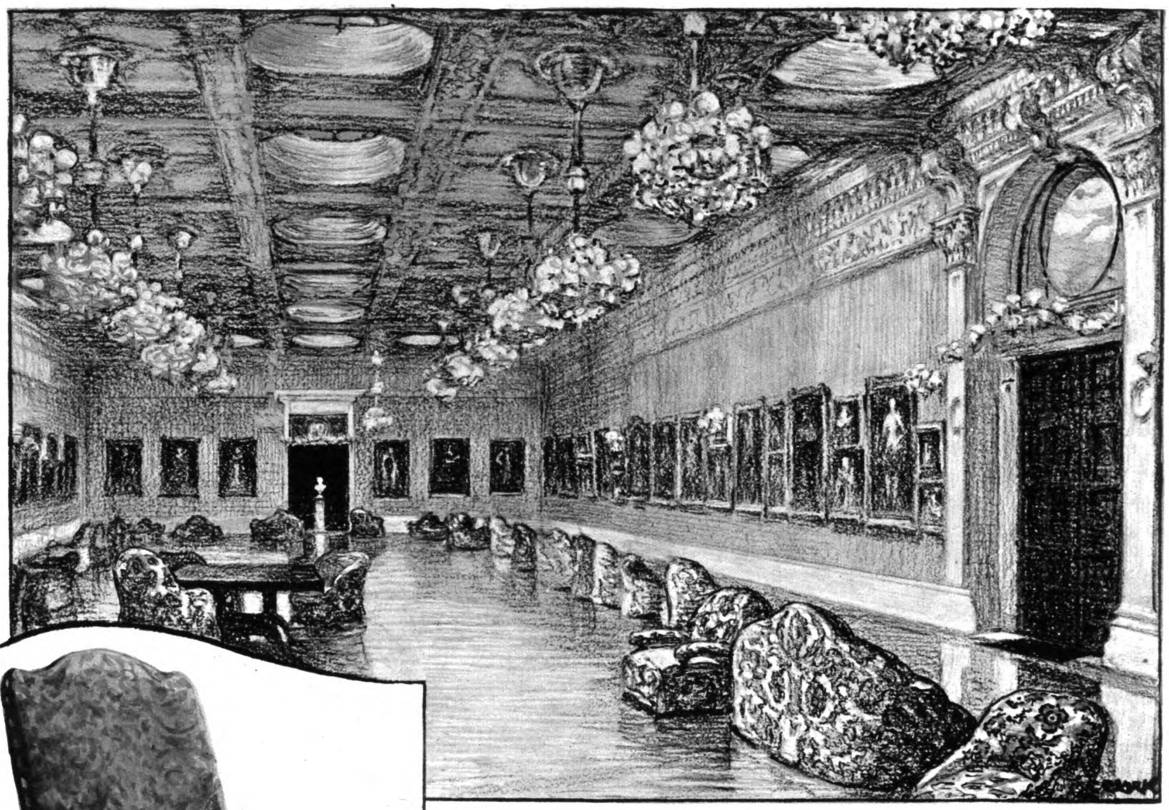
A novel three-piece-suit which may be studied at Jay's. The jumper-coat and skirt is of lacquer-red wool, bordered with striped artificial silk, while the inner jumper is of white artificial silk. (*See page* 908.)

The Duchess of Atholl, M.P., is a lucid and quiet speaker. She does not seek to play upon emotions, but to state facts. She spoke for the Invalid Children's Aid Association at Dorchester House, and followed Sybil Thorndike. The latter was eloquent, and, of course, what she said was perfectly delivered in a wonderfully sympathetic voice. The Duchess has a very nice voice, low and of fine timbre, but monotonous as she then spoke. She has a keen sense of humour, which she seldom exercises when speaking in public. The above occasion did not, of course, lend itself to humour. In the House, I believe, the Duchess M.P. is considered to be just right as a speaker. Out of it she is so good that it can only be wished that she was better.

The Marchioness of Salisbury is very keen upon the Hatfield Elizabethan Fête in aid of the Hertfordshire Nursing Association, which will be held in that place so closely associated with the girlhood of Queen Bess, Hatfield Park, on Friday and Saturday, the 30th and 31st inst., between 2 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. There will be a Campions Masque, a Historical Procession (in which Lord and Lady Howard de Walden will take part; also the Earl of Galloway and Lady Mary Ashley), a Market Place on the South Front (where thirteen Elizabethan stalls will be erected, and the contents sold by Elizabethan ladies), a village green with Maypole dances and a whipping-post (*no* whipping), Hatfield House open, the maze to be viewed, a Japanese play, an Old English Fair, a gypsy encampment, country dancing, Grecian dancing, boating on the lake, and catering. If these are not enough attractions for five shillings, I wonder what that modest sum could be expected to command.

Hatfield House is quite near Hatfield Station, to which there are frequent trains, and there are buses and charabancs, so it is very easily get-at-able. The Duchess of York will be there on the 31st, to receive purses in aid of the Association. The Elizabethan Fête promises two delightful afternoons in beautiful and historically appropriate surroundings.

A. E. L.



The Underground Ballroom —Welbeck Abbey

A stately arm-chair of the high-backed type favoured during the late 17th and early 18th centuries.

The Most Magnificent Room in England.

HOME of many wonders, in some features Welbeck Abbey is unique—and likely so to remain. Here are splendid apartments sumptuously furnished and most beautifully decorated, connected by miles of corridors with kitchens and pantries complete, and all below the ground level.

One of these apartments, the Underground Picture Gallery, or Ballroom, with walls covered by works of the most celebrated old masters, has been described as "the largest and most magnificent room in England." The subterranean chambers form only a portion of this vast edifice. Once it was a monastery, but little of which remains, the main building being principally the work of that wonderful woman and celebrated builder of Elizabethan mansions, Bess of Hardwick, though there are many additions by later owners.

As a family seat of the Dukes of Portland, Welbeck has become a perfect palace of the arts and well renowned for the princely entertainments held during centuries past. Ben Jonson wrote a masque for the entertainment here of King Charles the First in 1633. Talk of entertainments recalls that John Haig Scots Whisky **was produced six years before this, and for nigh three hundred years has given true pleasure to all who have enjoyed its maturity and mellow perfection.**

By Appointment.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

St. James's 29

Fashions and Fancies.

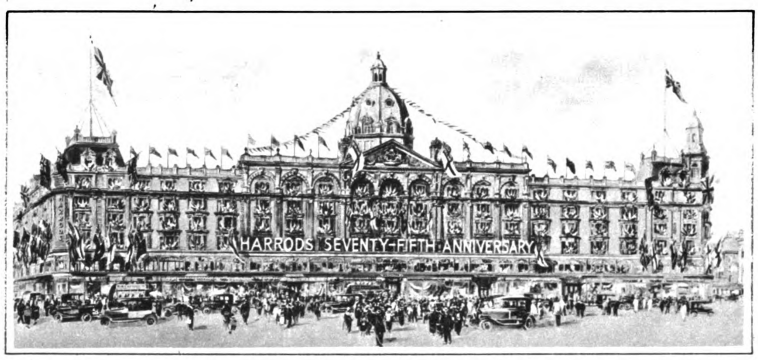
Knitted Suits and Scarves. The scarf has developed from a detached square of brightly coloured silk into an important part of the frock or suit, and sketched on page 906 is a delightful three-piece affair of green bouclette embroidered in tapestry cross-stitch which is completed with a wide scarf to match. The whole outfit may be obtained for 12½ guineas from Jay's, Regent Street, W., where there are also distinctive golf suits knitted in a small black-and-white check design available for the same amount, comprising jumper, skirt, and scarf. The sports suit pictured on the same page is of very fine wool knitted in soft Egyptian colourings. The skirt and gilet are mounted on silk, and it is completed by a short coat. The price is 18½ guineas. In the centre is another novel variation of the three-piece theme. The coat is cut on cross-over lines ending in a deep belt bordered with striped artificial silk, and is slipped on over the head. It is of red wool, with the skirt to match, and underneath is a jumper of white artificial silk introducing the same striped border. The cost is 12 guineas, and 12½ guineas that of an attractive suit of white wool and artificial silk richly embroidered with a quaint design in which appear effective touches of black, yellow, and red. Then there are jumper suits of artificial silk with the front worked in fine cotton thread of contrasting shades, available for 10½ guineas. The introduction of cotton thread makes them delightfully cool for summer wear.

HARRODS' STORES OF LONG AGO: A SMALL SHOP IN THE BROMPTON ROAD.

The Romance of a Great Business. Even the most unimaginative person cannot compare the two photographs on this page without feeling what an immense amount of adventure and enterprise they represent. The original Charles Digby Harrod who, seventy-five years ago, hazarded the opening of a tiny grocer's shop in the Brompton Road could hardly, in his wildest dreams, have visualised the magnificent building and organisation which the whole world knows as "Harrods" to-day. Yet he laid the foundation-stone of this vast business by possessing the secret of its success—imagination, enterprise, and courage. From that date Harrods has advanced triumphantly, and is now celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary. Some idea of this firm's romantic history and of its splendid war record can be gleaned from the most interesting book it has just published entitled "The Secret of Harrods," which is also filled with beautiful illustrations.

A New Hobby. It is delightful to know that in these hard times one can collect gifts for the asking. Surely no one would refuse an exquisite burnished aluminium casket, like beaten silver, or a handsome red and gold casket, reproducing beautiful Japanese lacquer—each filled with a delicious variety of best quality chocolates. These caskets and chocolates are extraordinarily good. To obtain one, all that is necessary is to collect Fry's Breakfast Cocoa labels, and write to them at Bristol for particulars. Incidentally, they make delightful presents for giving away to friends.

Novelty of the Week. The vogue for ostrich feathers has introduced a fascinating collarette of clipped ostrich, which can also be worn as a fichu. It can be secured for 23s. 6d. in several soft shades, and on application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address whence it may be obtained.



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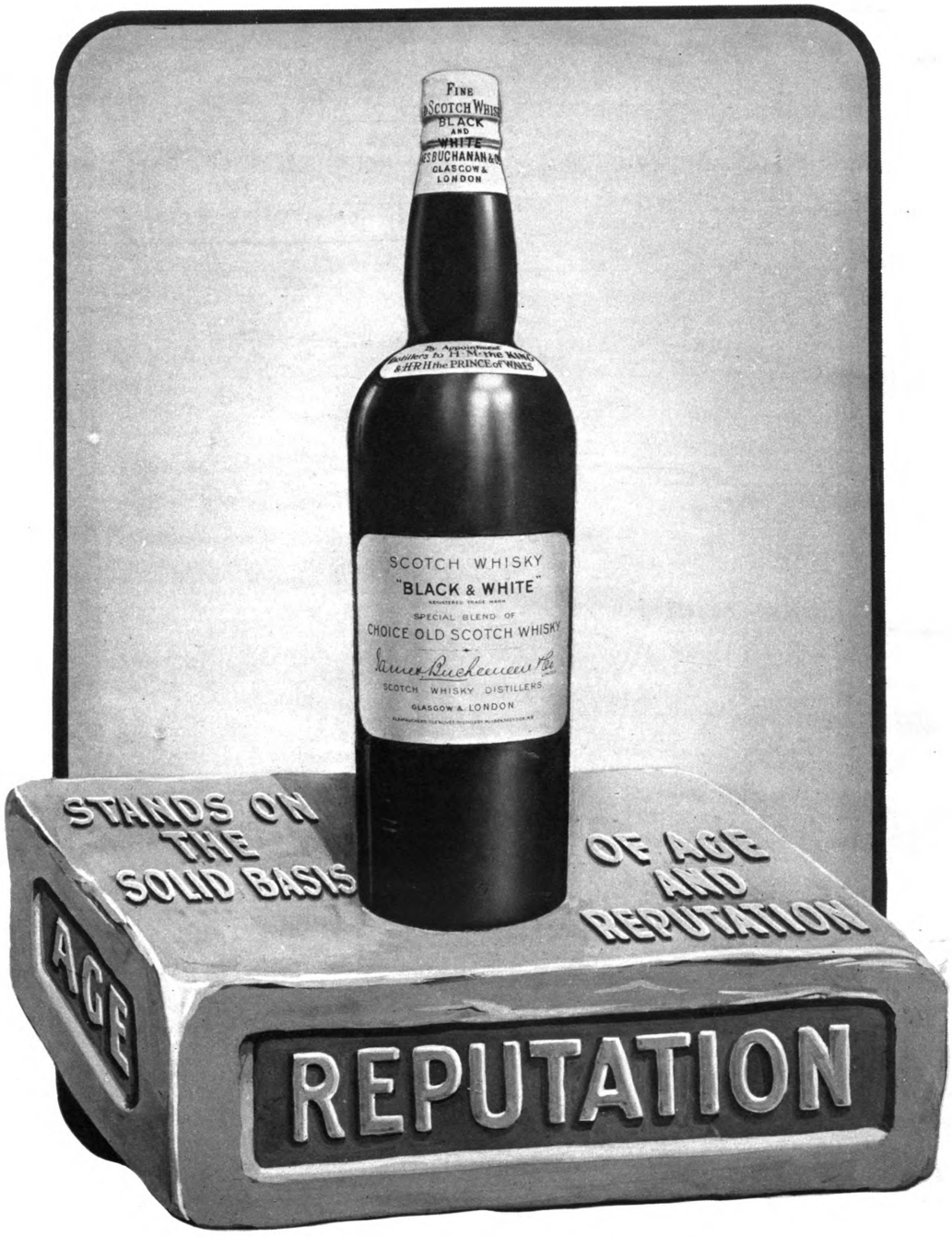

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THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE AND THEIR WILL.

(*Continued from Page 904.*)

that collective sovereignty of all, or the sovereignty of the people; equally inalienable."

The change of face is complete. Why at a distance of ten years did the eloquent writer transfer that inalienable power which is the source of all authority from God to the people, urging it with passionate and intrepid logic to the limits of absurdity? Because during those ten years the Revolution of 1830 had overthrown the elder branch of the Bourbons. An ardent Catholic, profoundly imbued with all the 'invisible realities—truth—justice—order—authority—could still recognise in Louis XVIII. and Charles X. "Ministers of God." A long past could still testify to, and the bloody Revolution confirm, their supernatural mission for the government of France in the eyes of all the believers in legitimate monarchy. But could they see a "Minister of God" or a "Lord's Anointed" in Louis Philippe? The profane manipulation which had consecrated him on the barricades was too apparent. Paris, France, Europe had seen M. Laffitte—a banker—and a small coterie of parliamentarians and financiers crown a new king, no longer of France, but of the French. After the days of July the monarchy was no longer a supernatural institution based on a mystic principle; it had become a political expedient, conscious of its contradictions and of its logical weakness; a game of balancing between the discordant forces of a distracted age. To involve the Holy Spirit in such a game was henceforward sacrilegious. And the ardent soul of the great writer, who was seeking a coherent principle as a source of authority and not a contradictory expedient, grasped at the opposite doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People, which alone could still satisfy his need of logic, coherence, and grandeur.

The *volte-face* of the spirit of the world was much slower than that of Lamennais; but it obeyed the same law. Gradually as monarchy after 1848 became a political expedient, appreciated according to its results, the doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People gained ground, and developed in the direction of its latest consequences, which were at the same time logical and absurd: universal suffrage for all men and all women as the unique source of authority. If power is a mandate from the people, where can one to-day logically recognise the people, if not in the sum total of men and women? That compelling logic of principle has democratised, more or less, during the half-century which preceded the World War, all the European States, leading even the most conservative—the Empire of Austria, for example—to adopt universal suffrage. Now that war and revolution have brushed aside the most powerful dynasties of Central Europe, universal suffrage has conquered, almost without being aware of it, the sovereign position which Lamennais had conceded to it in his fiery addresses after the days of July. The Kings having disappeared, the People, sovereign and impersonal, were to command as the sacred sources of legitimacy.

But the world found itself suddenly confronted by a difficulty of which it had heretofore no idea.

The principle of the Sovereignty of the People is ancient, for it goes back to the old Greek and Roman antiquity. But the Sovereign Peoples in ancient times were restricted *élites* of free citizens. In Rome this limited *élite* was dominated by a veritable aristocracy, the *élite* of an *élite*. Traditions, laws, religious beliefs, ignorance, poverty, the consciousness of human weakness surrounded the power and the will of that collective sovereignty with limits and barriers.

To-day, both in Europe and America, universal suffrage is the triumph of mass, number, and quantity. This new collective sovereign is a kind of monster, with an enormous body, a very small head, claws which are sometimes trenchant, which usually couches in a heavy slumber, and often allows itself to be led as docilely as a lamb is led by a child, but which from time to time is taken by accesses of fury. At such times it roars, it bites, it spits fire; the most intrepid tamers do not succeed in calming it. Its intelligence is limited like that of a child; whatever it is desirable that it should understand must be made as simple as possible, even the most complicated questions. It allows itself to be easily dazzled, deceived, and even terrified. But it has caught a vague conviction from the spirit of the age that it is all-powerful, a conviction which is fed by its ignorance. It has no idea of the connection between cause and effect; it imagines, in its simplicity, that error, folly, and ignorance produce none of the consequences which naturally belong to them, according to the law of life; it allows itself to be transported unresistingly into the world of dreams, where it is only necessary to desire a thing to make sure of its being realised . . . and there are no limits to its erratic will, neither traditions nor indisputable religious beliefs, nor solid institutions; nor does it recognise any necessities superior to its powers.

It is only natural in these conditions that many minds should ask themselves anxiously whether and how the world will continue to be governed. It is obvious that universal suffrage given over to its own devices, in the disorder of the unhinged world of to-day, means a perpetual menace for a country, and especially for a great country, not only of chaos, but of the possibility of the most alarming surprises. Must recourse, then, be had to coercion? That is the counsel of the partisans of dictatorship, who are numerous in all countries. But it is not easy to terrorise millions of men for a long period, and the effort made to exercise such violent pressure can only enfeeble the State.

Others place their hope in an intellectual and moral revolution, which would overthrow the doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People. If such a revolution were possible in the near future, we should find ourselves at one of those turning points in history which baffle all human prevision. The political rationalism which is dominant to-day would have to be replaced by some new form of mysticism: who can say by what an upheaval such a change would be accompanied?

Instead of embarking upon such hazardous hypotheses, it would be better to ask oneself whether one of the greatest problems left to the People by the Great War is not the organisation of universal suffrage. In England, France, Switzerland, and Germany the political parties had already before the war organised the great national consultations of universal suffrage, in the measure and with the means which at that time seemed adequate. The problem therefore is to perfect that organisation where it already exists, and to create it where it does not; to give to universal suffrage foresight and balance and coherence less disproportionate to the task which it has to fulfil.

But it is not sufficient to enlighten universal suffrage as much as possible and to direct its attention towards the essential points. The future organisation of universal suffrage ought also to endeavour to defend the people from the errors and infatuations of their own will; to ensure that their *deep and permanent will* should always triumph over their *passing and capricious will*.

These two wills exist in individuals as they do in peoples. The permanent will pushes us towards the essential aims of our existence, those for which we really live and work—our family, our place in society, great or small. But the permanent will is often disturbed by transitory passions, loves, hates, ambitions, rivalries, enthusiasms, which pass through the life of a man like cyclones.

In the accesses of these ephemeral passions a man may commit follies which destroy the work of his permanent will, the real work of his existence. The strong, wise man is he who knows how to make his permanent will always triumph over the caprices of his passing will.

It is the same with the Peoples. A permanent will attaches them to their historic mission. But the Peoples are also susceptible to caprices and infatuations, to passing furies, accesses of love or hate, which may destroy the work of their permanent wills and compromise their future for a long time to come. In the present disorder in which the world is seething, these accesses will be more easily aroused and more dangerous, and, thanks to them, universal suffrage, which ought to be the organ of the permanent and sane will, may become the slave of one of those destructive caprices. . . .

To ward off this danger there appears to be but one means—to create by the side of universal suffrage a more restricted suffrage, more select, more thoughtful, less exposed to accesses of collective folly, which would be the more stable expression of the deep and permanent will of the country. The bodies created by these restricted suffrages—whether they be called Senates or otherwise—would correct in normal times the excesses, precipitations, and incoherences of universal suffrage and the organs which represent it. They ought to be able openly to resist universal suffrage when it allows itself to be blinded by a caprice or an infatuation of its passing will, and to give it time to calm itself, to reflect, to find itself again—that is to say, to regain its deep and permanent will. . .

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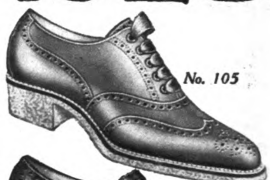

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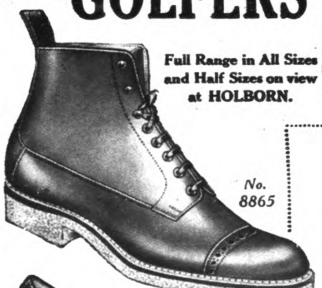

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Brown Willow Calf Uppers in a nice dark shade, stout plantation Crêpe Rubber Soles and Heels. Smart, up-to-date Model. Sizes and half sizes, 3 to 8 - - - **28/6**

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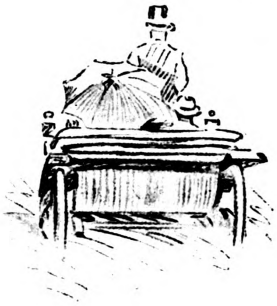

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The McKenna Duties.

The subject of the McKenna duties is so highly controversial that I cannot discuss the question on its merits in the pages of a journal which has no politics; but I do not think I am out of order in saying that I think a very grave error has been made in the manner in which they are to be taken off. The net result of the postponement has been that the British manufacturer has been rendered uncertain of the precise effect their removal will have on his business, and he is marking time accordingly—like a wise man. The foreign importer also is holding his hand, because even now he is uncertain whether the duties will come off altogether, be continued indefinitely in their present form, or be reduced by ten per cent. or whatever it may be. Worst of all, the car-purchasing public is holding off buying until some concrete decision shall have been reached, and so the whole of the motor trade is really in parlous case. People will not buy British cars because they are waiting to see how far foreign prices will be reduced, while they will not purchase the imported car because they think by waiting until after Aug. 1 they will be able to buy cheaper. So nobody is buying anything at all, and the trade is depressed to a degree which is worse than anything within my recollection.

A VEHICLE THAT WOULD HAVE ASTONISHED THE PILGRIMS OF CHAUCER'S TALES: A LINCOLN CAR OUTSIDE CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Possibly it may be well if I try to clear the air a little with regard to the precise effect the abolition of the duties will have on the price of foreign cars. A prevailing impression seems to be that immediately the duties come off we shall be able to buy high-class foreign cars at two-thirds of the price at which they now stand. Now I do not intend to enter upon a discussion of the precise effect their removal will have on the British industry, but I must point out that such an impression as I have noted is altogether inaccurate. The idea that if a French or Italian car is priced at, say, £600, this sum represents actually £400 cost, plus £200 duty, is completely wide of the mark. In all probability the car is imported in chassis form, and pays duty on the wholesale invoice price in the country of origin. After it has arrived here it provides quite a lot of work for the British worker in body-building and in the tyre and accessory trades. The actual additional cost due to the duty is relatively small, though, of course, it counts. I should say that, at a liberal estimate, the difference in actual selling price of the foreign product which will be made by the removal of the duties is in the region of 10 per cent., or at most 12½ per cent.

I do not want this to be taken as indicating that I am in favour of removing the duties or of retaining them. I express no opinion one way or the other. All I want to do is to endeavour to show that it is simply foolish for the potential buyer of a car, whether his ideals are British or foreign, to hold off his purchase until the beginning of August in the hope that he will get substantially better prices. He will certainly not do any better than I have indicated, and it is for him to say whether it is worth while being deprived of his new car for three months for the sake of an advantage which is not even certain, but will certainly be small.

The Small Car Trial.

The R.A.C. Thousand Miles Trial for small cars has been in progress during the past week, and by the time these lines are in print it will have nearly come to an end. I do not think enough attention has been focussed on this event—certainly not so much as its importance warrants. Unfortunately, the R.A.C. has never been well served on the publicity side, and its events have to make their own way, as it were. In the case of the present trial, enough has not been made of the fact that the club has used every endeavour to ensure that all the cars taking part are absolutely standard productions as sold to the public. Every entrant has been asked to make a statutory declaration that his car is exactly as described, under a recoverable penalty of £250. Therefore, we know that, whatever performance each car may make, it is exactly the car that is being offered to the public for purchase, and the results should be correspondingly valuable. The trial itself is of a very severe character, without any of the freak element in it, and we know that any car which comes through with a clean sheet

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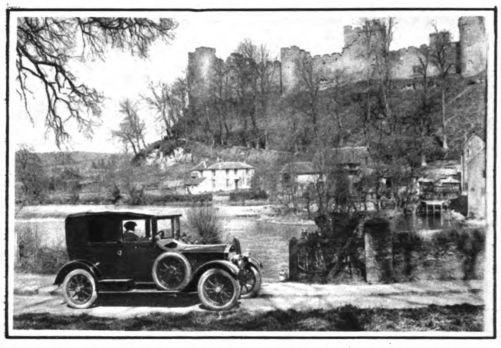

MODERN TRANSPORT AND ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE: A WOLSELEY 15-H.P. COUPÉ PASSING LUDLOW CASTLE, SHROPSHIRE.

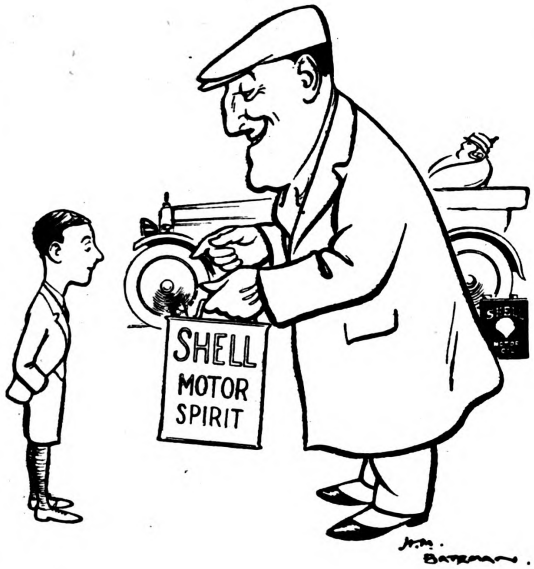

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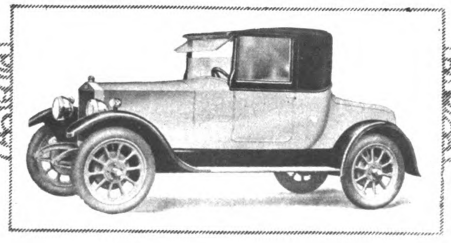
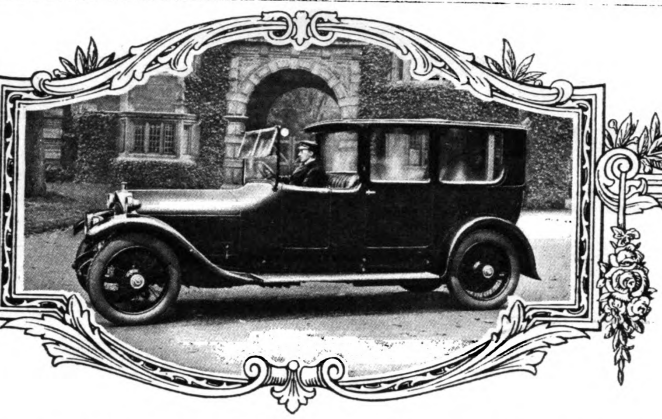
Exhibit Nos. 121 and 122.—MOTOR AND CYCLE SECTION, PALACE OF ENGINEERING, BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.





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A car with a high average speed, quickly responsive acceleration and phenomenal hill climbing capabilities—
A car distinctive in appearance—attractive without being ostentatious—and above all, comfortable and roomy—
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And the pleasures of cycling are many. Some cycle for health's sake, some for pleasure, to all it is a health giver, to all it can be a real help in everyday life.

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A Story of Satisfaction from **THE OWNER.**

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Here's a Singer to suit every taste.

10 h.p. Popular Two-Seater, £200. 10 h.p. Popular Four-Seater, £210. 10 h.p. De Luxe Two-Seater, £225. 10 h.p. De Luxe Four-Seater, £235. 10 h.p. Saloon Weymann Body, £275. 15 h.p. Six-Cylinder Four/Five Seater, £500; Two-Seater, £450. Weymann Saloon, £590, Rotax Lighting and Starting Equipment. All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments through any Singer Agent. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

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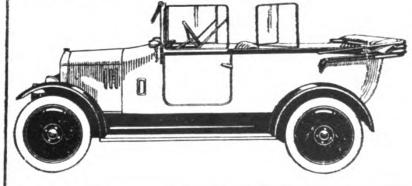

H.P.

DAZZLE *is purely a matter of circumstance which this switch enables you to completely* **CONTROL**

GRADUAL REGULATION LIGHTING SWITCH

This switch enables you to absolutely control the power of your Head Lights to any degree. It can be used with Electric Lighting systems of any make, and with lamps of any candle power. The cost of it is immaterial. Decide to-day to fit one to your car!

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Flex 3/9 per dozen feet.

Lighting Equipments Dept.
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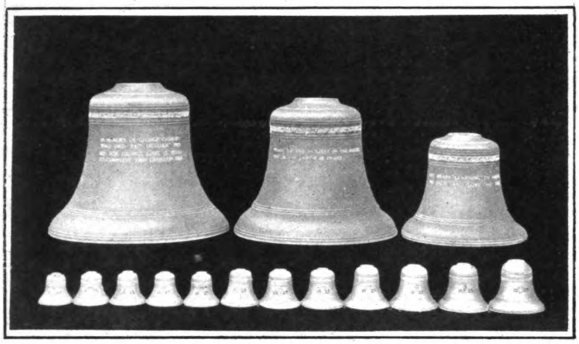
Continued.]

is one that is worthy of the public suffrages. Next week I hope to deal in something like detail with the performances of the cars engaged.

The Law of the Road.

I see in one of the motoring papers that somebody has prepared a suggested code of "Laws of the Road." I have read them, and, frankly, do not think very much of them. They make one fundamental mistake, which is to endeavour to adapt the rule of the road at sea to the highways. It cannot be done. Where one has plenty of sea-room and lots of time to act it is easy enough to apply the rules laid down in the rhymes I learnt when I was very young, and which taught that, when I saw a green light to port, "There 's naught for me to do but see, That green to port keeps clear of me"; but the road is different. What we want is clear marking of primary and secondary roads, and a clearly defined law that main-road traffic has the right of way. Also, we want a recasting of the code which defines the respective rights of the various classes of traffic, more especially with reference to the rights of the pedestrian using the carriage-way. I have more than once given chapter and verse for cases of what I have always described as walking to the common danger, so I do not propose to labour the point now. I agree that we want a new and simple codification of the law of the highway, but we certainly do not want to make the law more complicated than it already is.

W. W.



ALDERMAN GEORGE CADBURY'S GIFT IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER: FIFTEEN NEW BELLS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE BOURNVILLE CARILLON.

There are great efforts to be made to induce people to take their holidays in Northern Ireland, now as peaceful and once more nearly as prosperous as such parts of London as are not upheaved and like devastated areas. The Donegal Highlands, the Antrim coast, the fine golf-links at Portrush and Newcastle (the Ladies' Open Championship is being played on the former this month), are all very happy, unspoiled hunting-grounds for the tourist. The want in Irish beauty spots is usually of good hotels. There are hotels in Portrush, and good ones; a particularly fine one at Newcastle (Garron Tower, now the property of Mr. Winston Churchill) is beautifully situated on the Antrim coast; and there is one at the Giant's Causeway. There are two at least in the Donegal Highlands, but these are in the Free State, and will probably not be open, as that part of Donegal has fallen on particularly evil times. The Northern Irish people must look to their hotels, and then there will be plenty of visitors.

The important vitamine properties of lime juice cordial are well known, and as these are fully recognised by voyagers and residents in tropical countries, this beverage is likely to be much in favour with Dominion visitors to the Empire Exhibition, where the sole contract for the supply has been granted to Idris Lime Juice Cordial, which is made from the fruit grown in the West Indies.

SHOWING THE BELFRY IN WHICH THE CARILLON IS HUNG: THE VILLAGE SCHOOL AT BOURNVILLE, WHERE THE NEW BELLS WERE INAUGURATED BY A FAMOUS BELGIAN *CARILLONNEUR*.

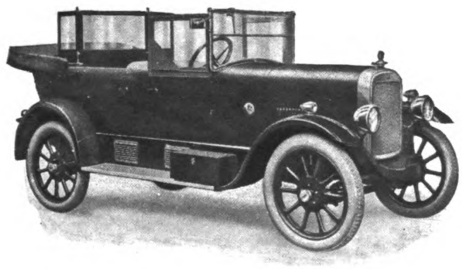
An interesting ceremony recently took place at Messrs. Cadbury's famous model village at Bournville. Since 1906 the village school has possessed a carillon of twenty-two bells; but fifteen new bells have recently been presented by Alderman George Cadbury junior, in memory of his father, the donor of the original bells. The completed carillon of thirty-seven bells—giving three complete chromatic octaves—was formally inaugurated on May 1 by M. Antoine Mauwelaerts, the official Carillonneur of Bruges, who gave two recitals. The carillon, which is now one of the six largest in Great Britain, is particularly interesting as being the first with a clavier to be made by an English bell-founder.

Do not delay buying your Car for this Season —and let your choice be

THE ENGLISH

BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION, 1924.
LONDON
Exhibit Nos. 47 & 48.
Motor & Cycle Section,
Palace of Engineering.

Overland



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70 per cent. of this Car is manufactured in Britain, 30 per cent. imported, therefore the slight revision in price in the event of the removal or alteration of the McKenna Duties would be negligible.

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Cavander's New Army Club Cigarettes are made from old matured golden Virginia packed in the finest *Ribbed Rice* paper, ***unaffected by Bronze Powder or Printers' Ink,*** and are the most hygienic Cigarettes in the world.

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Free from the contamination of Printers' Ink and Bronze Powder

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constructed of Burberry Gabardine on one side and Wool Coating on the other; either side may be worn outside. The Dual Burberry is literally

TWO OVERCOATS IN ONE

It may be instantly reversed from a smart Tweed Overcoat to a business-like Wind-and-Rain Weatherproof.

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for travel by road, rail or ocean—an Overcoat ubiquitous in its uses and the comfort and protection it affords.

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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

LIFTING MIST. By AUSTIN HARRISON. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

Criticism of the public-school system in the form of fiction has been very prevalent of late years, and Mr. Austin Harrison, whose name is a guarantee of literary distinction and a wide social outlook, has made a notable addition to the number of such novels. The "mist" of the title symbolises, presumably, the ignorance of self and of life's realities through which adolescent youth stumbles towards enlightenment. "Certain aspects of school life," as the publisher's summary puts it, "are dealt with fully and candidly, and the issue clearly raised is that, while a public school may benefit a large majority of boys, there is always a minority which is harmed." Though he analyses his boy-hero's thoughts, the author does not obtrude his own reflections on the tale, which is full of vivid incident. The identity of the school is veiled, but it appears to be one of the old and unprogressive type.

THE WORLD IS MY OYSTER. By EDWIN PUGH. (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Edwin Pugh's new novel takes modern youth at a later stage than school, and treats the subject in a more whimsical vein. It introduces a young man who has left the 'Varsity and drifted into a life of gilded leisure in London. He suffers from too much money, emanating from a rich uncle, who, however, grows tired of his nephew's futility and turns him out of doors to fend for himself. The story traces his subsequent career, first as a billiard-marker, and later as an itinerant musician seeking adventure on the road, and shows him "up against" realities and ultimately making good, with a touch of inevitable romance. In the early chapters the reiteration of his favourite slang expressions is irritating, and causes strong sympathy with the uncle.

HARBOTTLE: A MODERN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME. By JOHN HARGRAVE. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

Experiences very different from those of the last-named story are recounted, with contrastingly serious intent, in this unconventional "first novel." It reveals, in a style that is staccato, jumpy, and colloquial, a mind tormented about questions of religion, science, art, trade, and sex. It tells of "John Christian Harbottle, who (after the tragic break-up of all his domestic ties and affections) goes forth from his home, with the Burden of the new Sin of Sloth upon his back, upon a post-war pilgrimage to Nowhere in Particular in search of the Golden City; of his adventures upon the way; of his struggle to Get Things Sorted Out; of the people he meets, and how, at the last, he comes to the Gate and sees a Vision of World Unity and the New Patriotism." The Bunyan analogy, however, is not pursued to the point of allegory, for the characters and incidents are all realistic.

QUINNEY'S ADVENTURES. By HORACE A. VACHELL. (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)

Joe Quinney, the genial art dealer, is a character already familiar to the readers of Mr. Vachell's earlier novel, "Quinney's," and those who made his acquaintance there will be eager to renew it in this new tale of his adventures. There is much romance, not to mention occasional tragedy, latent in old furniture and other objects, such as Chinese idols, that find their way into a curio shop, and the author has made the most of their possibilities as the framework for a series of separate episodes. One of them concerns the eerie proceedings of a haunted chair. Another describes the capture of a girl burglar in masculine attire (as depicted on the jacket) who had taken refuge in an old chest somewhat after the manner of the story told in "The Mistletoe Bough."

THE PUPPET MASTER. By ROBERT NATHAN. With Illustrations by A. WYNDHAM PAYNE. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

A character in some ways akin to Joe Quinney is Papa Jonas, "The Puppet Master," who, however, carried on business not in London but New York. "Papa Jonas lived on the ground floor of No. 12, Barrow Street. It was there he had his workshop. . . . At noon a shaft of sunlight entered the shop, whose walls were hung with little dolls made of wood and dressed in silk and velvet. They were the actors and actresses of the puppet theatre, of which Papa Jonas was the owner and manager. Once a week you could have seen them presenting some play of Aristophanes, or Shakespeare, in a stable near Ninth Avenue." Clearly, no ordinary marionettes, as the reader will soon discover. It is a charming fantasy, in which deeper things than fantasy are mingled. The old-fashioned little wood-cuts, some in colour, are very appropriate.

THE PIPERS OF THE MARKET PLACE. By RICHARD DEHAN. (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

The heroine of "Richard Dehan's" new novel is a daughter of the soil (of England, not South Africa), a woman of great stature and of a beauty likened to Demeter. She is afflicted with a good-for-nothing husband, and the story of her tribulations unfolds the simple strength and courage of her character, until we leave her at last finding consolation in the loyal love of her son. The reader follows her fortunes with growing interest from the moment when she crosses the threshold of the "Pure Drop" tavern on Tolleymead Goose Green, "with her wonderful sheaf of red-wheat coloured curls topped by her coarse straw bonnet, and the fragrance of the woods and fields exhaling from her sweet and wholesome personality." A fine type finely drawn, in the George Eliot manner.

MARSH LIGHTS. By RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

"Many there be that follow marsh lights, though the stars are shining overhead." That is the text of this story, which tells how Jessamy, its heroine, at length found something that effaced certain "searing kisses and the flickering marsh light which had almost lured her into the quagmire." We meet her first as a runaway in Bloomsbury, finding shelter with a widower and his hunchback cousin. After the widower has married her, so that she may escape from her relatives, her former lover returns, and a struggle begins between the two men for the possession of her love. Which of them represented the marsh light, and which "the stars overhead," the reader must be left to discover.

GONE NATIVE. By "ASTERISK." (Constable; 7s. 6d. net.)

"Asterisk" is the pseudonym of a writer whose volume of letters called "Isles of Illusion" earned comparison with the diary of Barbellion. An American reviewer said of those letters: "One wonders . . . if in the three years since the last one was penned, his remaining supports have crumbled and he has 'gone native,' as he so evidently feared he might." The publishers of this new book, a tale of the South Seas, remark: "It is a striking coincidence that 'Asterisk's' second MS. (completed and despatched before the author could possibly have read the passage quoted) should actually bear the title, 'Gone Native' and should tell the story of a white man's 'going native.'" The course of conduct indicated by the phrase includes marriage with a native woman.

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SKEGNESS	8·75	BLUNDELLSANDS	13·63
SCARBOROUGH	10·49	SOUTHPORT	14·38
WHITBY	10·08	BLACKPOOL	15·96
ST ANDREWS	9·92	MORECAMBE	15·66
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4 ft. 6 in. wide.

with raised figured panels, and corners with carved frieze. The posts of the bed are reminiscent of the later 18th Century. Soundly constructed and well finished.

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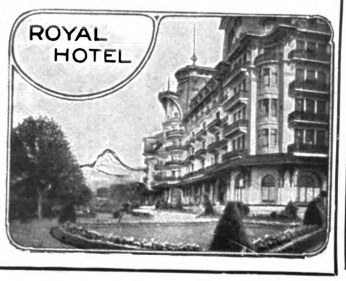

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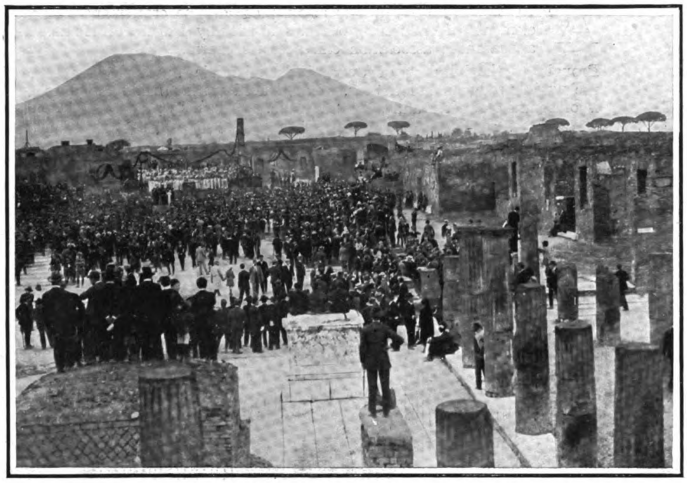
THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THIS MARRIAGE." AT THE COMEDY.

A NEW problem-play of Mr. Crawshay-Williams's devising, "This Marriage," begins very brightly and promisingly with a scene in which a very modern girl helps on the proposal of a modern young man suitor and dictates to him the twelve commandments that are to rule their married life. She is rather *blasée* and blunt in her talk, after the manner of the new generation; she speaks as if not expecting too much in the way of fidelity from masculine human nature; but we are accustomed to cynicism in the conversation of our juniors, while believing that in their hearts and under pressure of emotion the young folk of to-day do not differ materially from their seniors. Mr. Crawshay-Williams's heroine, however, puts her sentiments and precepts strictly into practice, when, after years of matrimony, she discovers that her husband has contracted an intrigue with another woman, and in a long, long talk with that rival tells her that she is likely to be but one in a series of inamoratas to whom the husband will attach himself. As, after delivering a protracted lecture to that sinner on men and their weaknesses, she proposes to forgive him, the rival effacing herself, we are to suppose that this young woman of the period contemplates sharing her man with other women all her life, and is content to accept the prospect so long as she can go on mothering him. Looked at from that standpoint, it is not a very cheerful play, and, frankly, one does not believe in her. Philosophy is not pushed to that extent by the modern woman, however realistic in her outlook; she is far too primitive in essence and too independent. It would be easier to forgive this complacent wife if she were not so didactic in her complacence. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt does her best to lend her charm and earnestness, just as Miss Tallulah Bankhead endeavours to suggest the vulgarity behind the rival woman's flamboyance. But the story is too obviously written for the sake of the thesis and the speeches which expound it, while the husband is too weak a creature, despite Mr. Herbert Marshall's handling of the part, to make a fight for him seem worth the trouble. Its sermons are the prevailing impression left by this play, and sermons in the theatre are wearisome.



THE "POMPEIAN DAY" IN THE CELEBRATIONS OF THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF NAPLES UNIVERSITY: A CHOIR IN ROMAN DRESS SINGING THE "CARMEN SÆCULARE" OF HORACE IN THE FORUM AT POMPEII, WITH VESUVIUS SMOULDERING IN THE BACKGROUND.

The University of Naples celebrated the 700th anniversary of its foundation on May 3, and the 6th was "the Pompeian day," on which interesting observances took place among the ruins of Pompeii, practically a suburb of Naples before being destroyed by Vesuvius in 79 A.D. Olympic Games were held by students of various Italian Universities in the ancient amphitheatre, and in the Forum, at sunset, a choir composed of hundreds of young men and women, in ancient Roman costume, sang the "Carmen Sæculare" of Horace.—[*Photograph by Porry-Pastorel, supplied by Professor Federico Halbherr.*]

"THE LURE." AT THE SAVOY.

We have had "crook" plays more provocative of terror, and more rich in the unexpected than Mr. James Sabben's sample of this genre now staged at the Savoy. But on the whole, "The Lure" is quite good stuff of its sort, for with all the machinery of the stage mystery tale—rooms in darkness, revolver shooting, and hands that seem independent of human frames—it possesses ingenuity of construction and it creates suspense. The "lure" in question is a diamond, which its owner, a villainous millionaire, invites the guests composing his house party to take from him if they can; but the diamond soon becomes a secondary consideration, the problem of the play really being, who was it killed this millionaire? With an adroitness that can be admired, the author supplies every one of the guests with some motive for committing the murder. For instance, one man recognises the diamond as having belonged to his brother; a widow in the party has repulsed the host when he tried to blackmail her into accepting dishonourable overtures; two young men in fancy dress are anxious to give the unpleasant millionaire a fright. The net of suspicion also stretches further, but it is only fair that respect should be paid to the management's request that the secret of the play should not be divulged. The management is new, consisting of those two clever young actors, Mr. Martin Lewis and Mr. Evan Thomas, who, with a cast including Miss Hilda Bayley, Mr. Cecil Humphreys, Mr. Garry Marsh, and Mr. John McNally, are responsible for a very effective presentation.

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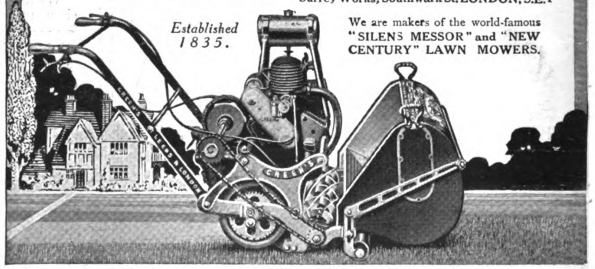

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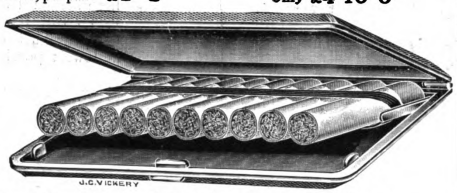

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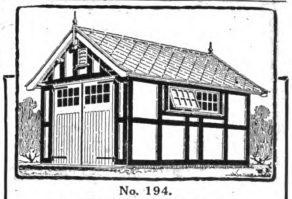

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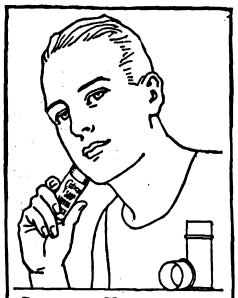

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No. 4440 – Volume 164

The Illustrated London News. May 24. 1924.

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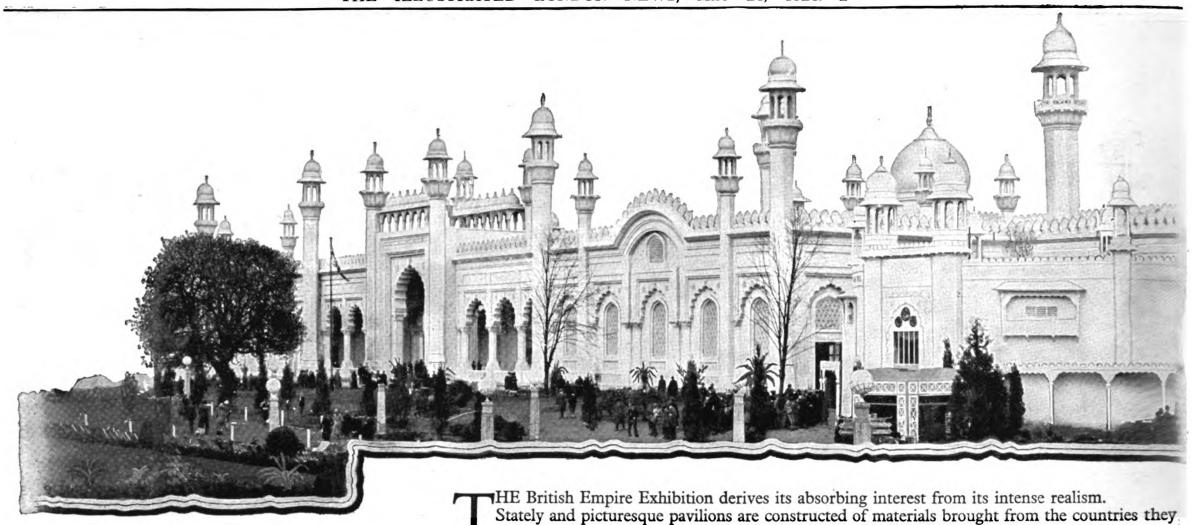

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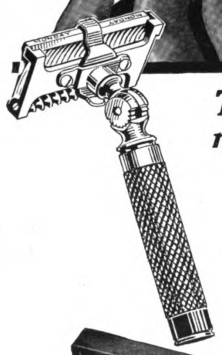

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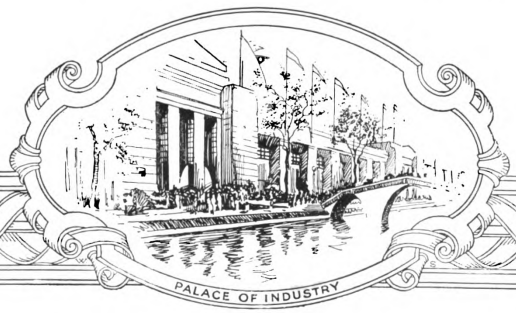

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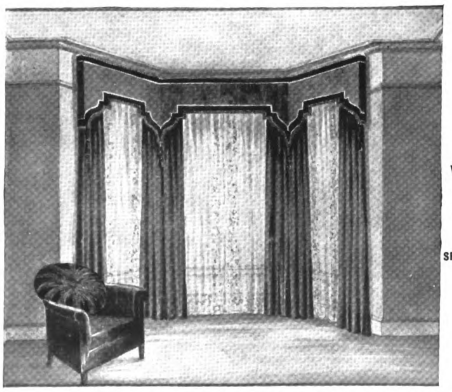

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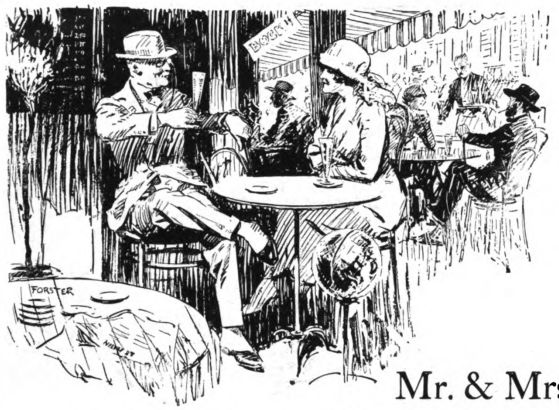

"It makes me quite thirsty to think of it."

Mr. & Mrs. Brown discuss a glass of Lager

II. "As they order it in France."

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"This is certainly good," said his wife, entering heartily into the spirit of the game. "But do you remember that Barclay's Lager we used to get in London? How cool, how refreshing, and of what a wonderful flavour! I declare it makes me quite thirsty to think of it."

For a few delicious moments, by mutual consent, they left off "supposing," while they concentrated once more on the glasses of Barclay's London Lager before them.

(To be continued)

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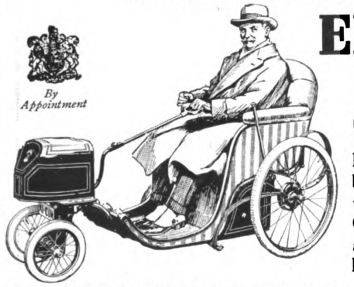

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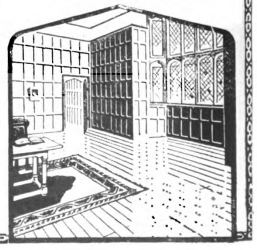

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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1924.

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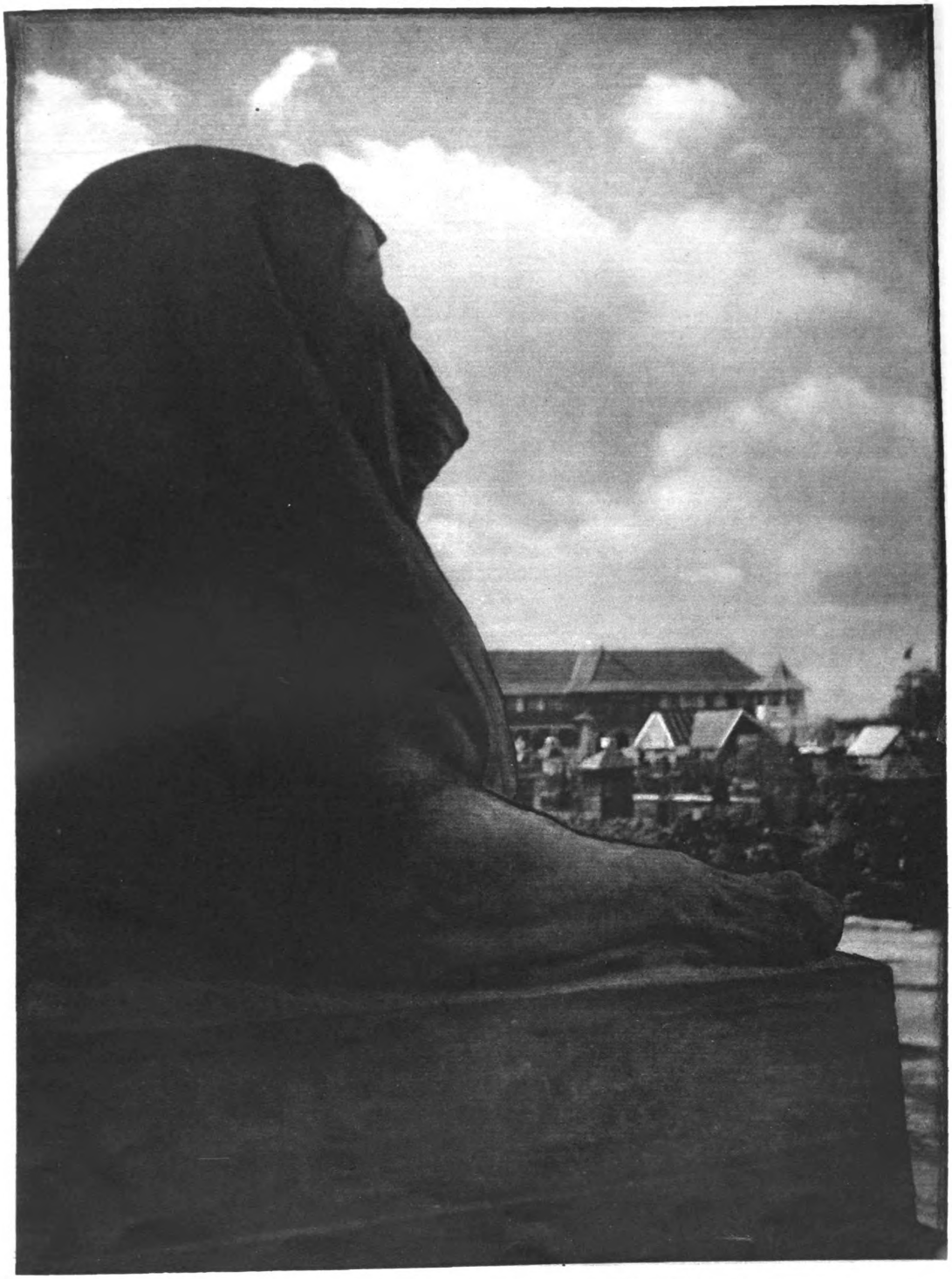


THE LION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE—AT WEMBLEY.

Six huge lions guard the Government Pavilion in the British Empire Exhibition, and "reduce those around Nelson's column to mere kittens."

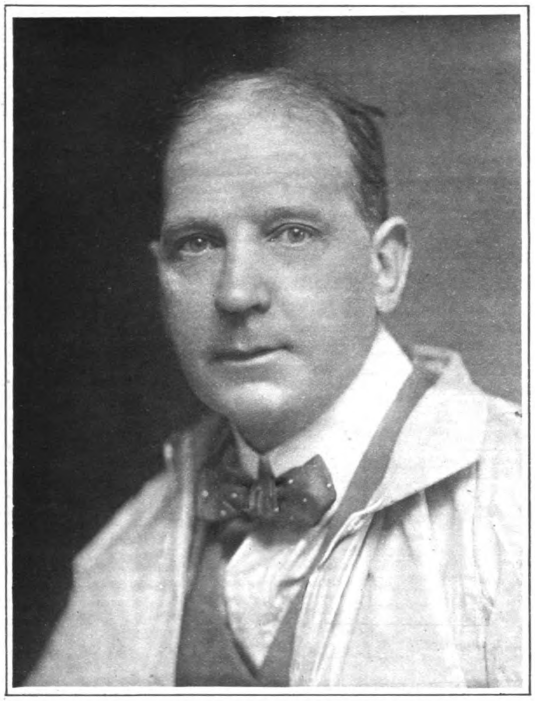
PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BERTRAM PARK.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE aspect of the Wembley Exhibition that for me makes it most attractive is that which for some has seemed to make it incongruous or almost impossible. It is the quality of patchwork; the juxtaposition of disjointed and diverse civilisations and arts and architectures. The students of that Oriental art that is well represented tell us that if a carpet contains enough colours there will be a combination. If it contains enough discords there will be a harmony. But the colours are very vivid and the lines very distinct. So if I am to consider the world I like to consider all sorts that make a world. If I am to survey the world from China to Peru, I like Peru to be very Peruvian and China to be unmistakably Chinese. By a paradox we find that proximity accentuates distance, because it accentuates difference. Men step over seas and horizons from one room to another. If we were merely making a model of our own civilisation, it might be amusing in its way, but in quite another way. We might have a section of a suburban home or an exhibit of the habits of the flapper. It would be quite realistic to show a cashier in a cage, as we show a catamount in a cage. I should like to see a politician in a glass-case; perhaps it would be going too far to say I should like to see him stuffed. But all this would be a British Exhibition in another sense, for reasons rooted in the story of Britain.

England is in one way an ideal place for an Exhibition. The English are an ideal people to manage such an Exhibition. The worst of it is that, when a man says of his own countrymen that they are ideal for this or that purpose, it is too often implied that they are ideal in the abstract. And that is the death of all natural things, and especially the death of a nation and a nationality. The peculiar advantages we have for this picturesque purpose have to do with certain peculiar lines of development, and even certain peculiar limitations. They arise from the fact that in the beginning, and especially at its best, what is called the British Empire should be more correctly called the English Adventure. It was not either for good or evil a thing like the Roman Empire. It was not a thing that applied to all people a rule that was received because it was more rational than anything that a barbaric world had yet produced. It was the very boast of the English that they had no such rule. It was their boast that English law was something local and not logical. It was their special claim that the British Constitution was full of legal fictions that might be called practical jokes. The case for them was that they were family jokes. They suited our own family; but nobody was such a fool as to suppose that they could be applied as they stood to the whole human family. Nobody supposed that it would ever come natural to a Chinaman to apply for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds in order to get out of politics. Nobody ever expected that a Zulu would be attracted by the idea of belonging to a Privy Council that never met or a Board of Trade that did not exist. But just as the English were eccentrics about their own laws, and eccentrics in their own life, so they largely tolerated the eccentric laws and eccentric lives in the other lands, even the lands they colonised or conquered. Since they began as travellers and traders, and did not begin as soldiers and statesmen, they retained a great deal of the travellers' acceptance and enjoyment of alien and fantastic things. It may be said that they valued the larger lands in which they travelled as a larger arena for travellers' tales. And travellers' tales are in their nature the very opposite of official reports.

It is essential in these matters of striking the note of nationality to get rid of the vapid and vulgar tone of rivalry, which is always representing one national function as better or worse than another. It takes all nations to make a world. The military and official type of rule has done great things for the world; it has done things which English colonisation has never done and could never do. But there are things that they could not do and we can do; and one of them is to insist on a certain pleasure in variety. Now the essence of an exhibition is variety. The Wembley Exhibition will at least exhibit a most picturesque patchwork of the customs and creations of very different peoples, because those customs and creations have been very largely left alone. They have been left alone because the spirit of the Englishman abroad has been the spirit of a stranger and a spectator.



PAINTER OF THE PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTED AS A COLOUR PLATE IN THIS NUMBER: MR. JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.

Mr. John St. Helier Lander's fine portrait of the Prince of Wales in polo kit, reproduced as a presentation colour plate in this number, was painted specially for "The Illustrated London News," which has presented it to the Manchester City Art Gallery.

Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

Because he was a stranger he was not surprised at finding things strange; and he left them strange. Because he was a spectator he was fascinated by foreign things merely as a spectacle; and is capable of reproducing them in an exhibition which is meant primarily to be a spectacle. This spectacular quality in the trophies of English travel seems always to have been a character of the English. Shakespeare makes one of his humourists remark that, while the English take no notice of any living Englishman, they will pay any money to see a dead Indian. In the present case, fortunately, the Indians are not dead; but they are still Indian. There has never been a serious attempt to make them English as Rome might have attempted to make them Roman. But an exhibition of the real successes of Rome, the successes that have made Rome valuable to the world, would, after all, have been an exhibition of things that had been made Roman. Rome made Roman roads in Africa, and could have pointed to Roman roads she had made in Africa. Rome made Roman camps in Scotland, and could have made models of Roman camps such as she had made in Scotland. She made great masses of mankind citizens of a great civilised republic; and she could have exhibited the citizens she had made. But to make anything so amusing as an Exhibition in the modern sense it is necessary to have another temperament more like the temperament of the English; a spirit that takes an almost irresponsible pleasure in the humours of humanity. That humorous spirit will instinctively try to exhibit the Zulu as a Zulu and keep the Chinaman as Chinese as possible. And, whatever other disadvantages or advantages it may have, it will make much more possible the idea, the very poetical idea, of a magic city full of many incompatible cities and the motley civilisations of mankind.

I think it well to insist on this element of liberty and variety, and note that it is a national and special element, because in this case the truth and falsehood lie very near together. There are two ways of looking at the Wembley Exhibition, because there are two ways of looking at the British Empire. The one may yet be our salvation; the other will certainly be our destruction. The perilous illusion which is sometimes called Imperialism consists in looking on the Empire as the world—a sort of imaginative world made in our own image. It is looking in so large a looking-glass that we forget that we are not looking out of a window. It has in its heart the vague idea that we can forget Europe and only remember Empire. It is as if we claimed to have a sun and a solar system all to ourselves. The other and right way of regarding so remarkable an achievement is to note the part of it that is really remarkable—that is, the part of it that is really rare. It is to realise that we have a particular faculty and function which really cannot be understood at all until it is compared with the faculties and functions of other great States. It is better even to regard the Englishman as the exception than to regard him as the rule, and therefore the ruler. There is a powerful curse in the Old Testament against the man who lays field to field that he may be alone in the midst of the earth. Perhaps the full burden of the curse is that he generally goes mad and imagines that he is alone in the midst of the earth. But as a matter of fact he is nothing of the sort; and his neighbours are only the more dangerous because they are out of sight; and in that sense only the nearer because they are far away. That was very largely the illusion of England before the war; and I confess that when I first heard of Wembley I feared it might be a pre-war Exhibition. I feared it might revert to that notion of our civilisation hiding itself in a circle of colonies like a city in a circle of suburbs, the one hiding the continent as the other hides the country. But I think it is already something much more valuable and valid. I think Wembley is a post-war product, after all. I fancy there is something intelligent and disinterested in the study of the strange peoples, something larger and more enlightened about the plan and the architecture; something that shows that the younger generation may not be merely looking into a large mirror, but are, like the first sailors and travellers, looking at a larger world.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained a mask for viewing in Stereoscopic Relief the Anaglyphs published from time to time in "The Illustrated London News," may do so by filling up the coupon on page 996, and forwarding it with postage stamps value 1½d. (Inland) or 2½d. (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex St., London, W.C.2. *Please see pages 952-3 also.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES: OUR PRESENTATION PLATE.

A limited edition of the Presentation Plate of Mr. John St. Helier Lander's portrait of the Prince of Wales, which is given with this number, is being printed on special plate-marked mounts, ready for framing. Copies are being issued at 10s. 6d. each. Orders may be given at once. Applications should be sent to the Publishing Department, "Illustrated London News," 172, Strand, London, W.C.2.

EQUAL TO SIX TRAFALGAR SQUARES: THE PALACE OF ENGINEERING.

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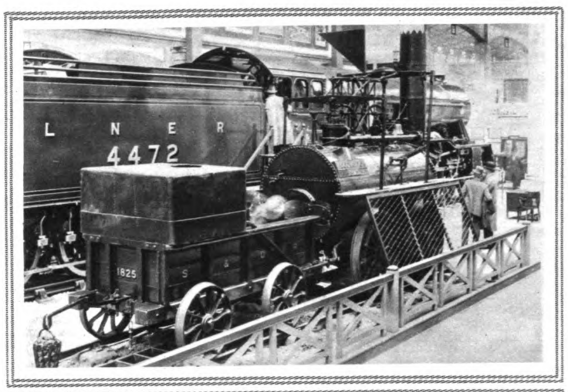
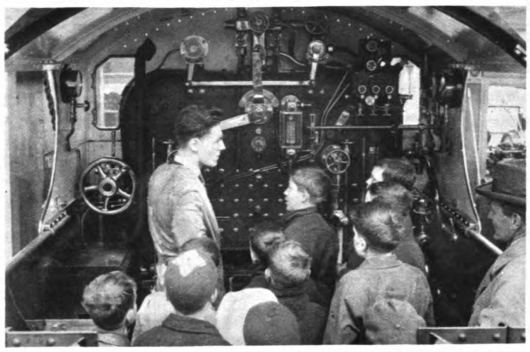


A CENTURY OF LOCOMOTIVE EVOLUTION AT WEMBLEY: AN 1825 RAILWAY ENGINE BESIDE THE LATEST TYPE OF L.N.E.R. GIANT.

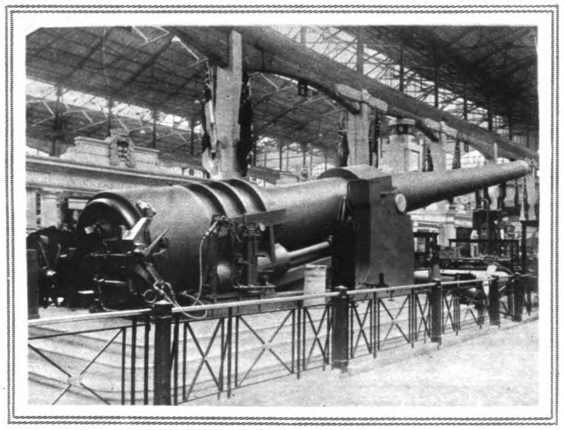


A PARADISE FOR THE "GADGET-LOVING" BOY: YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS SHOWN HOW TO DRIVE A NEW BEARDMORE EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE.

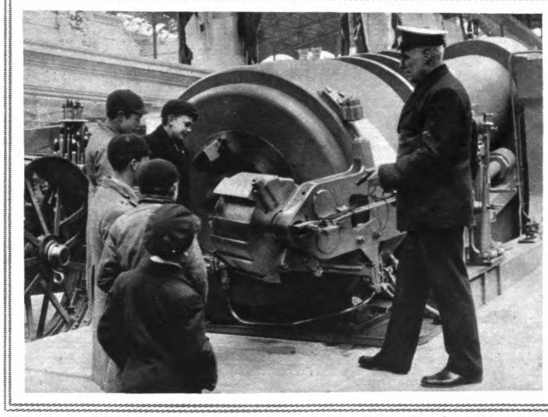
"THE Palace of Engineering," says the official "Guide" to the British Empire Exhibition, "is the largest concrete building in the world—six-and-a-half times as big as Trafalgar Square. The long, spacious, light avenues within the building, the pillars stretching far into the distance like forest trees, the flattened arches that support the glass roof, the magnitude and order of the whole, strike the mind with an impression of splendour. . . . [Continued opposite.

THE GREATEST ENGINEERING DISPLAY ON RECORD HOUSED IN THE LARGEST CONCRETE BUILDING IN THE WORLD: THE PALACE OF ENGINEERING AT WEMBLEY, WHERE OVER 300 LEADING BRITISH FIRMS ARE EXHIBITING—A SECTION SHOWING BUILDING MACHINERY AND A BIG GUN.

Continued.]
The building contains the largest display of general engineering that has ever been gathered together for one exhibition. . . . The General Engineering Section, organised by the British Engineers' Association, includes shipbuilding, marine and mechanical engineering. Over 300 of the leading engineering and ship-building firms of Great Britain are exhibiting, and the result is the most ambitious effort yet made to show the . . . great key industries."



WEIGHING 117 TONS AND THROWING A ONE-TON SHELL (SEEN BESIDE IT): THE ENORMOUS 16-INCH NAVAL GUN EXHIBITED BY MESSRS. VICKERS.



DELIGHTING HIS YOUTHFUL AUDIENCE: A GUNNER DEMONSTRATING THE BREECH MECHANISM OF THE MONSTER VICKERS GUN TO A GROUP OF BOYS.

Our photographs show part of "Avenue 8" in the great Palace of Engineering at Wembley, which, as mentioned above, is the largest show of its kind ever brought together. Describing this particular section of it recently, a "Times" writer said: "And what an astonishing display that of 'Avenue 8' is! You go past the rich cream-coloured royal saloon carriage (partly seen in our centre photograph) built for the King of Egypt; the model of the armoured cruiser 'Kongo,' built and armed for the Navy of Japan; the twin-screw steamship 'Orana'—a splendid model—and the enormous 16-inch gun: all details of the exhibit of Messrs. Vickers, Ltd. Then there is the great Beardmore display, with H.M.S. 'Benbow' (immensely popular with the crowd), and the powerful locomotive for the L.M. and S. Railway." The whole of this great "Palace" is naturally a paradise for boys, always enthusiastic on the subject of engines.

A WANDERER AT WEMBLEY.

"TO make room for wandering was it, that the world was made so wide?" Those lines of Goethe's recur not inappropriately to the Wanderer at Wembley, which is in itself a world—the world in microcosm; and to say that is to state another truth—that the Exhibition is the British Empire in microcosm. The Wanderer covers a good deal of ground in mere physical footsteps, if he is rightly to see this wonderful picture of the King's Dominions brought to the very doors of the Mother City; but the space he traverses goes far beyond any question of superficial acreage, for he is enabled actually to visit every quarter of the globe, to see the works and ways of even the remotest of the King's loyal subjects, and in some cases to meet these people and hear their speech.

The British Government Leads Off.

It is well to begin at the beginning and with a clear conception of what we are to see. For that there can be no better preparation than a look in at the British Government Building, which takes the spectator at once right to the root of the matter. There, from the balcony, you look down at the colossal illuminated map of the world, on which every few seconds the British Dominions flash out in red, proving at a glance how vast a proportion of the habitable globe owns allegiance to King George, Patron and most enthusiastic well-wisher of the British Empire Exhibition, this tremendous and unparalleled object-lesson in the brotherhood of mankind, this sure means of promoting the welfare of the whole world. Here in this building is the Preface to the great work, written in the boldest characters, which he who runs may read. Over this bird's-eye view of Empire one is tempted to linger, for it has many fascinations, not least the busy little models of the Empire's ships, actually afloat on the waters of the mimic Seven Seas, and following every important line of British ocean transport.

The Naval, Military, and Civil.

But it will not do to read the Preface all day, when the rest of the volume is so interesting. Still, before the visitor leaves the British Building he ought to see the Naval, Military, and Civil exhibits, which tell how the Empire was won and kept, and how it is defended. In the Admiralty Theatre he will see the attack on Zeebrugge realistically reproduced, or (alternatively) a historical pageant of the Empire's ships. The arts of peace are no less admirably represented—agriculture, medicine, and the working of the postal, telegraph, and telephone services, including the new wonders of wireless, in the Imperial Wireless Chain, and the almost human Automatic Telephone Exchange. There is enough here to hold one for a month, but that would put an end to wandering of the kind this article is intended to describe. The idea is to give a brief but comprehensive guide to the Wembley Imperial Tour, which may be useful to those whose time for sight-seeing is limited.

Old London Bridge and India.

"Westwards the tide of Empire takes its way": the line will do well as a watchword for a Wembley wanderer. It will lead him across "Old London Bridge," and will bring him to India, housed in a representation of the Taj Mahal—modified. Crossing the Court, with its pool and fountains, he will enter and find himself watching carpet-weavers of Baluchistan, and will traverse rows of stalls where every form of Indian industry and art is displayed. Perhaps the exhibit that brings him into closest touch with the teeming millions of Hindustan is the marvellously ingenious model of Hardwar railway station—a point about one hundred miles north-east of Delhi. This has been designed to show how the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway Company handles the tremendous multitude of pilgrims it has to carry at the Sacred Festivals or "Melas" for which Hardwar is famous. Every twelfth year the Mela is of special significance, and the railway has to accommodate seventy-five thousand pilgrims a day. Special trains, extra booking-offices, and special sanitary and commissariat arrangements are provided, and a huge additional staff is drafted to Hardwar. The busy scene is vividly set before the spectator. On the platforms of the model appear no less than twenty-five thousand miniature figures—men, women, and children—arranged in picturesque groups. It is interesting to note that these pilgrimages are held at the beginning of April, when the sun has entered the first point of Aries—just the very time, it will be remembered, when Chaucer's pilgrims set out for Canterbury. The work of this beautiful model was executed by native artisans at the Lucknow works of the company. In the Indian section are many other most interesting models, such as those showing the shellac and indigo industries, the great land reclamation scheme at Bombay Back Bay, and, in particular, the splendid historical illustration of the development of Indian transport.

Touches of nature are not awanting as one moves about among our Indian visitors. The Wanderer, invited to buy, and fearing that the price asked was beyond his purse, moved the Indian merchant to this fervid philosophical homily: "All is cheap; nothing is dear except the human soul, and that cannot be purchased." But these interesting arcades, decorated, many of them, in the style of Mogul art, cannot detain us further at present, although one longs for untold wealth in order to possess the marvellous carpets of Samarcand, the silks of Kashmir, the brasswork of Benares, the exquisite enamels, the carvings in ivory and jade, the wonderful representations in silver of the whole Hindu theocracy—Vishnu, Siva, Krishna, down to the quaint figure of the Elephant-headed belly-god, Gunnipatty.

The "Leap" to Canada.

The next stage of our pilgrimage takes us at one leap thousands of miles, although here only a few hundred yards—still westwards—to the Fair Dominion. Canada is housed in a huge pavilion of the modified Renaissance style. Within this vast hall the light is subdued—because so many of the illustrations depend for their effect on the scenic art of the theatre. Down each side of the hall are wide prosceniums on which are staged typical representations of Canadian scenery or recreation combined. One of the most pleasing and magnificent of these is a prophetic view of Vancouver Harbour as it will appear in 1930, when the system of grain "elevators" is added to the port. Over the roofs of these tall buildings the spectator looks across the calm expanse of the harbour, represented in real water, upon which beautiful little models of steamers ply continually backwards and forwards by a hidden magnetic device. Across the harbour lies the growing city, and, above, the magnificent mountains—the Pacific Slope of the Rockies. In the next booth is a representation of Jasper Park, one of the great pleasure resorts. Actual waterfalls and tumbling cascades, wild game—including the grizzly bear, the black bear, and the silver fox—add realism to a picture of a sublime mountain fastness.

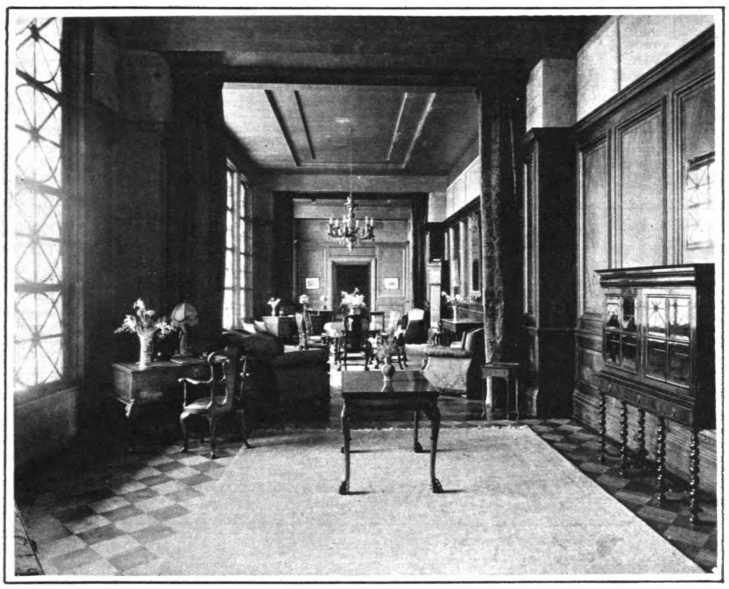
The Wheat Belt—and Niagara.

Next, to the Wheat Belt. Here the cultivated wheat land stretches back to the horizon. On the left is Fort William—a centre of grain shipment—and inland tower the huge "elevators," linked up to the lakeside town by the railway. Here you must imagine that you are looking along a line of eight hundred miles in length. Down it comes a train of wheat cars, which pulls up at the elevator in the centre of the picture, making three successive halts to bring the cars into line with the spouts from which the grain discharges. As soon as the freight is aboard, the train moves on and another takes its place; the full cars run down to Fort William, and return empty by another line to take up fresh supplies from the harvest fields. The booths on the opposite side are occupied with representations of Niagara Falls and a Canadian Government Experimental Farm. In an adjoining aisle a river scene gives us a group of seventeenth-century explorers, Cavalier-like figures, with their love-locks and their feathered hats, suggestive rather of a drawing-room in the Parish of St. James's than of a camp in the vast wilderness.

Orchard Land and Industry.

The eastern end of the pavilion is fragrant with apples, set in trophies and baskets in front of a realistic panorama of lovely orchard lands. It is no small compliment to the artist that the present wanderer, on catching sight of the picture, exclaimed, "Why, this must be round about St. Catherine's," and was told that he had struck the very spot. Other most interesting features of the pavilion are the smaller prosceniums above the main booths, each set with some typical Canadian scene, where day succeeds night as you watch. All these, as well as the prevailing decoration of the maple leaf and beaver, have been ingeniously carried out in Canadian seeds and cereals.

[Continued on page 936.



FOR THE USE OF THE KING AND QUEEN: ONE OF THE ROYAL APARTMENTS IN THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

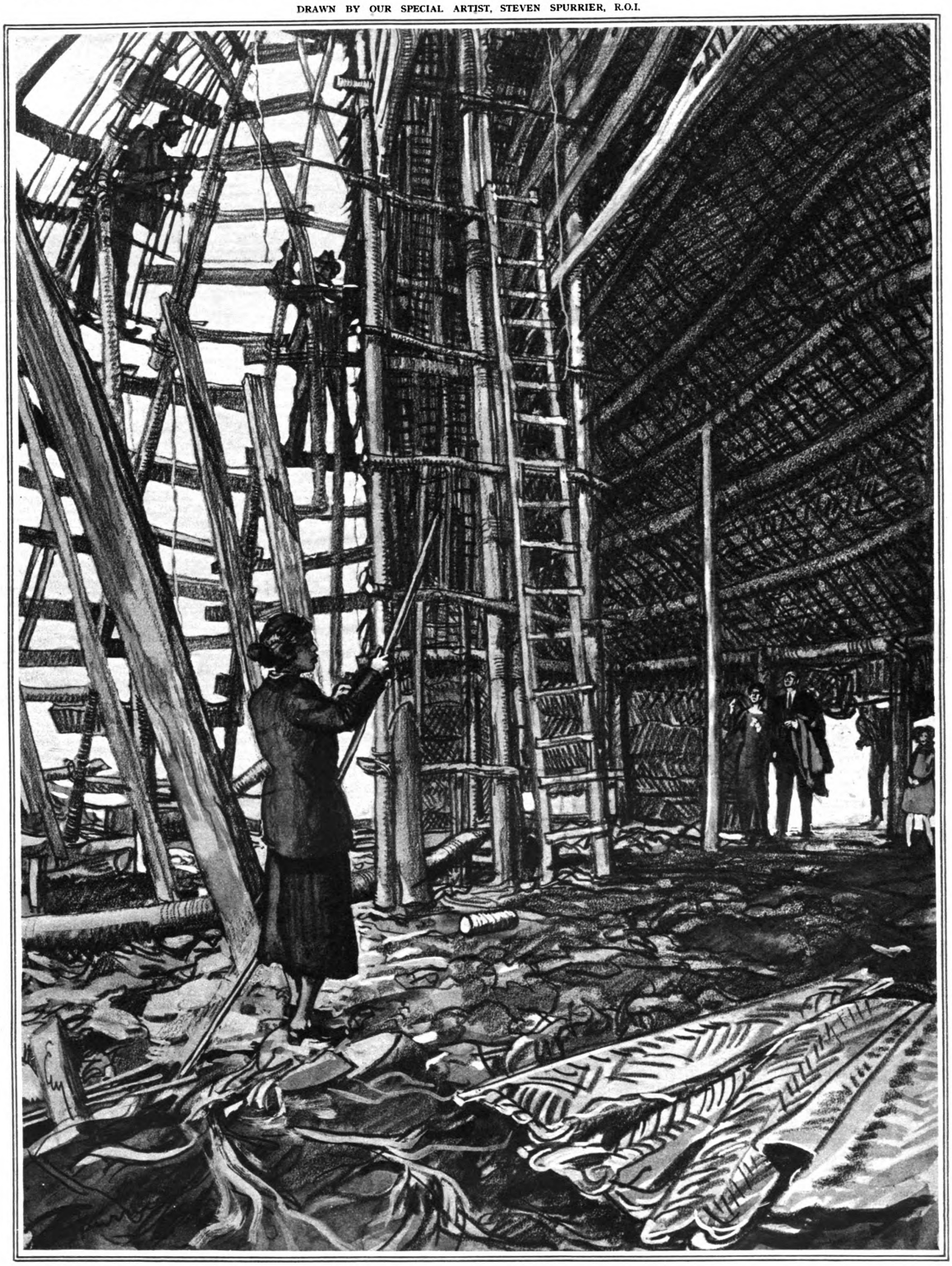
The royal private apartments for the use of their Majesties, and other members of the Royal Family visiting Wembley, are on the upper floor of the British Government Pavilion, just above the portico. The rooms are beautifully furnished and decorated. Leading off them is a balcony from which royal visitors may watch displays of naval and other war scenes in the theatre.—[*Photograph by Campbell-Gray.*]

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

In view of the magnitude of the great British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, "The Illustrated London News" will deal with it in future issues, section by section. This Double Number is designed as a general souvenir.

WITHOUT A SINGLE NAIL! BUILDING A SAMOAN "FALE" AT WEMBLEY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE FIRST TO BE ERECTED IN ENGLAND: A SAMOAN HOUSE, BUILT OF BREAD-FRUIT TREE AND COCONUT-PALM WOOD, BOUND WITH FIBRE, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AT WEMBLEY, BESIDE THE NEW ZEALAND PAVILION.

Near the New Zealand Pavilion at Wembley visitors have been able to watch a very interesting demonstration of the Samoan method of house-building, as shown in Mr. Spurrier's drawing. On the right is a section of the structure completed. The timber-work on the left and in the centre is not part of the house, but only the scaffolding required during the operations. The wood employed is that of the bread-fruit tree and the coconut-palm, and some 9000 pieces are necessary; the thatch is of sugar-cane leaves plaited together. No nails whatever are used in the construction, each section being bound with coconut-fibre (sennit). The number of tyes needed for building such a house is no less than 42,000. It is 27 ft. high and 130 ft. in circumference. A Samoan "fale tele" (*fale* = house; *tele* = large) is a wonderful example of skill and patience. In Samoa the time taken in building varies from three to four months. The wood will last for 100 years, but the thatch requires renewing every seven years. Western Samoa, it may be recalled, was formerly a German possession, but was occupied by New Zealand troops on August 29, 1914, and has since been mandated to New Zealand by the League of Nations. The island is famous in literature as the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, who lived there from 1889 until his death in 1894.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada. C.R.*]

SUBJECTS OF THE KING FROM MANY CLIMES AT WEMBLEY PIC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GEN... C.N., L.N.

FROM INDIA: A TURBANED GREYBEARD OF WARLIKE ASPECT.

FROM THE GOLD COAST: A DUSKY BEAUTY OF WEST AFRICA.

FROM NIGERIA: A MUCH-DECORATED SOLDIER, AND A NATIVE WOMAN WHO FAVOURS EUROPEAN FASHIONS.

FROM WEST AFRICA: PRINCESS BAA (STANDING) AND HER HUSBAND, KOFI KYEM, A GOLDSMITH, OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF THEIR HUT IN THE NATIVE VILLAGE.

FROM PALESTINE: A JEMENITE JEW, OF JERUSALEM, WEARING A JACKET OVER A LONG GOWN.

FROM INDIA: A YOUNGER TYPE THAN THE SUBJECT OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH, BUT WEARING A COAT OF SIMILAR PATTERN.

FROM INDIA: A HANDSOME TYPE OF EASTERN BEAUTY TO BE SEEN AT THE INDIAN PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

FROM NIGERIA: TH... PICTURESQUE FLOWI... GEOMETRIA...

In the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley there are represented no fewer than seventy-eight different nations, colonies, or dependencies, most of which, if not all, have sent over a number of natives, either to demonstrate local industries or to fulfil other duties in connection with their exhibits. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be seen at Wembley a great variety of human types and an equally great variety of national costumes. The Exhibition is th... unique object lesson in comparative anthropology. Probably the Tower of Babel itself could not have competed with Wembley in the matter

WEMBICTURESQUE TYPES AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

GRAPHS BY SPOR...N., L.N.A., PHOTOPRESS, AND ALFIERI.

FROM MALAYA: A NATIVE WOMAN ENGAGED IN BASKET-MAKING—ONE OF MANY INDUSTRIES EXHIBITED.

FROM THE GOLD COAST: A CURIOUS HEAD-DRESS, WITH HAIR PLAITED AND CORDED.

FROM BURMA: A NATIVE WOMAN WITH HAIR IN A RING-SHAPED TOPKNOT.

FROM CEYLON: SINHALESE WEAVERS ENGAGED IN MAKING COLOURED CLOTH FOR DECORATING THE CEYLON PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

...ATIVE MEN IN THEIR ...OBES DECORATED WITH ...ATTERNS.

FROM PALESTINE: A FEMININE COSTUME, WITH WIDE SLEEVES AND HEAVY EMBROIDERY, DESCRIBED AS BELONGING TO BETHLEHEM.

FROM MALAYA: THREE MEN IN NATIVE COSTUME, BESIDE A WORKING MODEL OF A TIN-MINE IN THE MALAY PAVILION.

FROM HONG-KONG: A TYPICAL YOUNG CHINAMAN IN NATIONAL DRESS AT WEMBLEY, CIGARETTE IN HAND.

of confusion of tongues, but the latter possesses the unifying factor of the English language, of which most of the King's subjects, however distant or dusky, possess more or less a working knowledge, especially, no doubt, those chosen to represent their nations at Wembley. We have selected for illustration here an interesting assortment of types from many widely separated countries, to be seen in their respective pavilions, but our selection is not exhaustive. Wembley has become a little world in itself, and probably never before has such a cosmopolitan assemblage been gathered within a single area of the same dimensio...

Continued from page 932.

In the adjoining courts are shown all-Canadian industries—timber, agricultural machinery, textiles, leather-work, fisheries, chemical by-products, motor-cars, cutlery, and, not least important, a great display of the woodman's necessary axe. In the timber section possibly the most remarkable exhibits are a colossal block of Douglas fir, 12 ft. by 5 ft. by 4 ft., and a section, 12-feet diameter, of one of the new wooden irrigation pipes, built barrel-wise in mitred staves, and hooped by some Gargantuan cooper.

As one surveys this object-lesson in the Dominion's progress and enterprise, one realises the truth of the Imperial poet's lines—

> I am the land that listens,
> I am the land that broods,
> River and Mountain and Forest,
> Crystalline water and woods.
> . . . . . .
> I will not be won by weaklings
> Subtle and suave and mild;
> But by men with the heart of Vikings
> And the simple faith of a child.

The Railways and the Scenic Element.

Another point that comes home most is that without her railways Canada could not have grown to her present stature. Flanking the main pavilion, like supporters to a coat of arms, are the pavilions of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National Railways. Merely because we are following the sun, we take the Canadian Pacific first. Here again the scenic element predominates, and once more there is a series of illuminated booths, illustrating the company's system of land and sea transport from Liverpool to Halifax, N.S., Halifax to Vancouver, and so across the Pacific to Yokohama. Equally striking is the scenic frieze of the Pavilion, the splendid work of the artists, Charles M. Sheldon, J. Crockhart, Scott and Staines. The frieze also shows the Canadian Pacific route from the United Kingdom to Japan. Possibly the most exquisite portion of the scene is the wonderful mountain landscape at Banff. Before this diorama in its sea portion Canadian Pacific liners pass and repass continually, and on the land sections scale-models of two Trans-Canada trains, a locomotive and eight coaches, run from coast to coast. In the Vitascope pictures on the ground floor, by far the most beautiful are those of the harbours of Liverpool and Vancouver. The lighting is a miracle of scenic art, and the effect is enhanced by the ingenious device which every few minutes changes day to night through an intermediate phase of rich sunset.

A "Working" Map.

The eastern end of the Pavilion, on the ground floor, is occupied by a remarkable map devised by the realistic cartographer and electrical engineer. It shows, at a glance, automatically or by levers controlled by an operator, not only the Pacific Railway system in all its branches, but all the natural resources of Canada, to which the lights, as they spring into prominence, give a local habitation and a name. With this exhibit the Prince of Wales was greatly delighted, and spent a considerable time working the switches. The map might be called a practical encyclopædia of Canada. A free cinema, lectures, and an exhibition of New Brunswick arts and crafts extend, but do not exhaust, the interest and instruction of this remarkable building, which cannot be mistaken, for its outward and visible signs are the huge sculptures of the buffalo, the moose, the bows of a C.P.R. liner, a grain elevator, and the front of a C.P.R. locomotive, introduced into the exterior decoration.

"Voyageur" Transport and the New.

Passing to the home of the Canadian National Railways, we find a complete representation of the history of Canadian transport, from the time of the earliest *voyageurs*. Again the frieze, as in the Parthenon, is the important thing. First there is marine transport, the quaint ships of 1534 lying off Gaspe; then we have Halifax in 1821, its harbour crowded with sailing vessels; and then, by striking contrast, Quebec of the present day, with the great liners *Regina* and *Andania* in port, the triumph of steam and modern science. Land transport is no less interesting. We see the almost untrodden wilds of 1603, when travellers depended upon the canoe and portage, helped by the pack-pony. Follows the Red River cart, and the so-called prairie schooner, the lumbering covered wagon of 1849, soon to be ousted in its turn by steam. It was in 1836 that the first steam train, an odd ramshackle concern with an engine that carried a tall thin funnel surmounted by a "spark-arrester" not unlike a chafing-dish, amazed the settlers. The train is shown at Champlain and St. Lawrence rail-head, and the township, top-hatted and wide-skirted, had turned out in force to see the new wonder. The picture is a pleasing glimpse of old Canada—a timely reminder that the Dominions have a history of their own.

The next vital link in the chain is the old Grand Trunk train of 1852. The locomotive has advanced. It carries a conviction of growing power, although the elegance of its line is somewhat imperilled by the heavy smoke-stack, like an inverted cone, so long associated with the design of American engines. The cars are more commodious, and, although still not luxurious, progress is undeniable. This vivid chapter of pictorial history concludes with a magnificent panorama of Montreal in this present year of grace. Here we see the Canadian National Railway's "6000-type" engine, the largest passenger locomotive in the world, weighing, in working order, 290 tons.

But the most memorable thing in the Pavilion is the revolving device showing the scenery at different points of the triangle tour through the Rockies in Prince Rupert, Victoria and Vancouver, up the canyons of the Fraser and North Thompson Rivers, back to Jasper and its splendid hotel. Another notable exhibit is that of the actual equipment of a Canadian National train; nor must the huge illuminated maps be passed over, for they demonstrate various routes across the continent, and the company's express parcel service. Most charming, too, are the illuminated models of the company's hotels, places to tempt the traveller to rest and be thankful.

Australia, the Great Island Continent.

Another two minutes, and the space of some fifty yards traversed, brings the Wanderer to the Antipodes. Australia, land of wide spaces and sunny atmosphere, is admirably symbolised by its Pavilion. The scheme of decoration is brilliant, characteristic of the people of the great Island Continent. The visitor's first impression is of recreation as he sees a charming "scenic" of young men and maidens enjoying surf-bathing. But this is a mere incidental: Australia is a land of Work. The first exhibit is a segmented circle, rising like a flat cone, and displaying every variety of Australian cereal. To the left, very germane to the occasion, are a wheat-field in harvest, a flour-mill, and a bakery.

But bread, although the staff of life, must be reinforced for the sustenance of a community not vegetarian. Just beyond the circle of the cereals, stands a pavilion within a pavilion, a hermetically-sealed series of chambers, with wide plate-glass windows, behind which are displayed goodly specimens of frozen meat—huge carcases of oxen that have been sawn asunder from chine to tail by a process illustrated in a fresco surmounting the exhibit. Further along appear frozen carcases of sheep enough to furnish forth a hundred Lord Mayors' banquets; and, beyond these, poultry and flowers preserved in ice. Close at hand hums the refrigerating plant.

The Rearing of Meat.

It may be that the best ox and sheep is a dead ox and sheep, but the meat has got to be reared before it can be killed, and Australian farming provides several fine exhibits. One really splendid scenic effort is the representation of cattle-droving. In front is the camp fire of the stock-riders, and further off are the larger fires used for the corralling of the cattle, a huge drove of which, possibly to the number of twenty-five thousand, is congregated in the middle distance. In a neighbouring alcove we are reminded, in a very practical fashion, that the Australian sheep is bred principally for its wool. Here, in a setting appropriately picturesque, is an actual installation of the sheep-shearing machine with which (when the Ministry of Agriculture's health regulations permit) sheep are shorn. Almost opposite is the most fascinating set-piece in the whole Australian section—a model of a sheep run, with the shearing-house in the centre. It is doubly interesting, in that it is a working model of a novel kind. Down a narrow track, from which there can be no deviation, an interminable line of sheep, each about an inch long, come creeping to the shearing-house, from which they emerge along another track to be plunged in the dipping-trough, and finally set free in one of the fields. The motion of the animals is extraordinarily realistic. Meanwhile, carts are busied taking away the fleeces, and in the background a stockman is breaking-in a bucking horse. Other tableaux are those of the apple orchard, with a machine for the automatic grading of fruit shown in the foreground; a vineyard illustrating the dried-fruit industry — still young, but full of promise; cotton-growing and cotton manufacture; a working representation of a gold-mine; a typical dairy-farming landscape; and a submarine scene of pearl-diving. At the western end of the hall is a gorgeous wooded landscape, introducing the fauna and flora of Australia. The opossum is a particularly pleasing member of the happy community; but the place of honour is occupied, as is fitting, by the emu and the kangaroo. That genial marsupial seemed to be singularly absent from the exhibition, the only other specimen noted being in terra-cotta.

A Manufacturing Country.

The woollen manufactures of Australia are particularly interesting. One of the points is to impress upon people in England the fact that not in its staple industry alone is Australia a manufacturing country. To take but one example, its specimens of shoemaking are of an excellence—and, where necessary, of a daintiness, elegance, and finish—equal to the best work of the Northern Hemisphere. The wood and timber industry is largely represented, and the tableau of the bush saw-mill, with its rather primitive locomotive and wagons, is among the most popular exhibits. The finished specimens of timber-work are shown in every conceivable form. In the centre of the hall is a splendid baldachino built up from polished examples of every Australian wood. Every State in the Commonwealth contributes a room to the cabinet-

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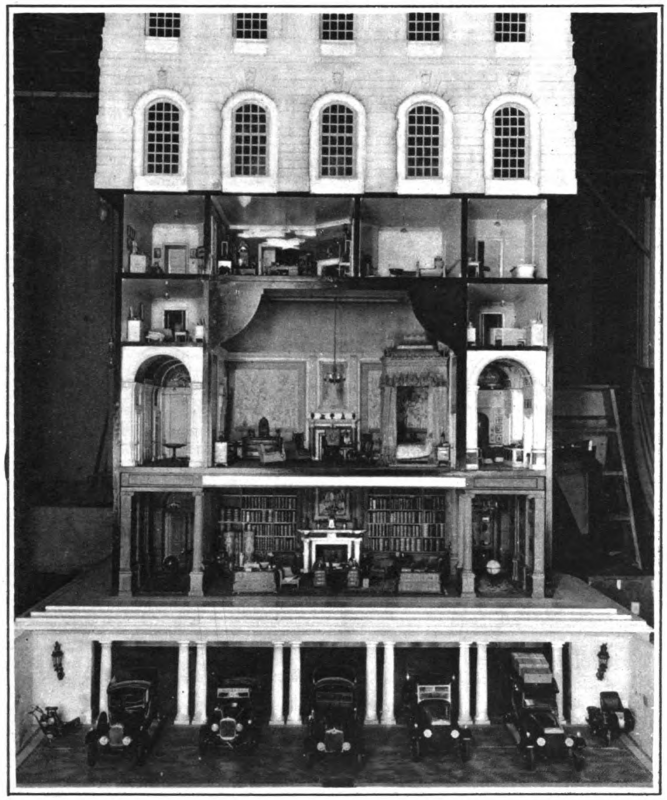
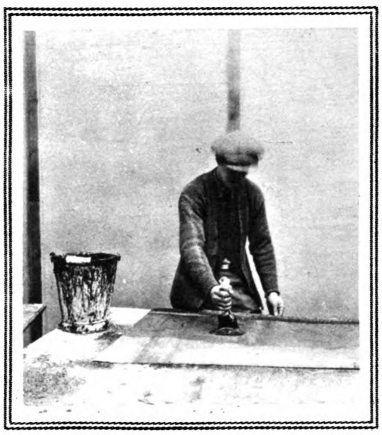


EXHIBITED AT WEMBLEY BY HER MAJESTY, TO RAISE FUNDS FOR CHARITABLE SCHEMES: THE QUEEN'S DOLL'S HOUSE—THE WEST END; WITH WALLS RAISED TO SHOW THE INTERIOR. The Queen's Doll's House, which was fully illustrated and described in our issue of February 9, is now in the Palace of Arts at Wembley. Her Majesty writes, in "Everybody's Book of the Queen's Doll's House" (recently published): "I hope through showing it at the British Empire Exhibition that it will be the means of raising funds for the many charitable schemes that I have at heart." It was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens as a miniature reproduction of a twentieth-century mansion, complete to every detail. Above are seen (top floor, l. to r.): The Princess Royal's room, the Queen's sitting-room, night nursery, and nursery bath-room; (upper mezzanine)—two servants' bed-rooms; (first floor, l. to r.)—the King's wardrobe, bed-room and bath-room; (ground floor)—the library; (basement)—the garage with model cars, motor-cycle and lawn-mower.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

GRAIN DESIGNS; A BUTTER PRINCE OF WALES: WEMBLEY CURIOSITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL GRAY AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



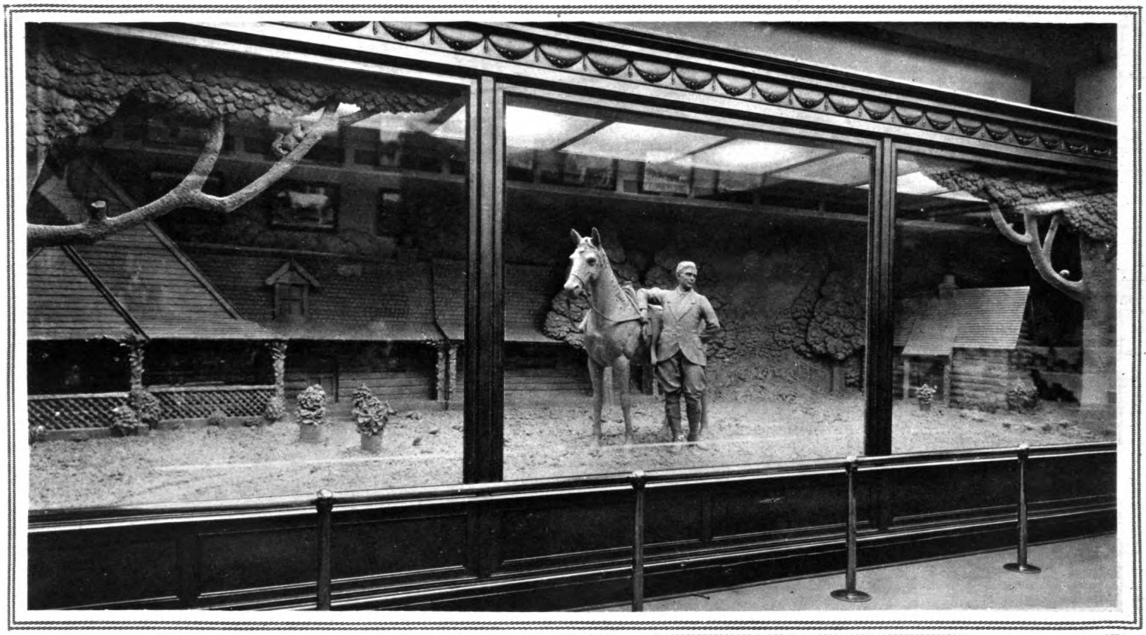
THE FIRST STAGE IN THE MAKING OF A GRAIN PICTURE: GLUEING THE BACKGROUND ON WHICH TO STICK THE SEEDS.

HERALDRY IN GRAIN: THE ARMS OF CANADA, EXHIBITED IN THE CANADIAN PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

CARRYING OUT AN ELABORATE DESIGN IN SEEDS AND GRAIN: TWO CRAFTSMEN AT WORK IN THE CANADIAN PAVILION.

ALL FASHIONED OF COLOURED GRAIN AND SEEDS: A PICTURESQUE MODEL OF A CANADIAN FOREST SCENE EXHIBITED AT WEMBLEY.

SIMILARLY COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF GRAIN AND SEEDS: A MODEL OF A TYPICAL CANADIAN WHEATFIELD, AT THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

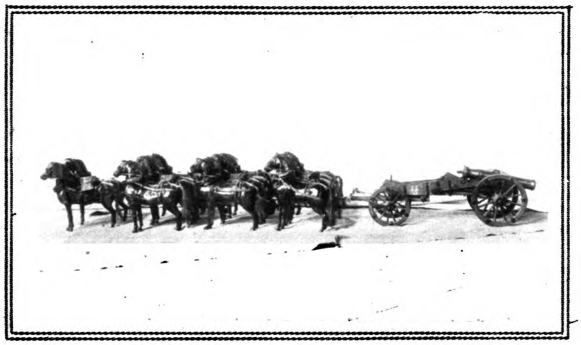


BUTTER AS A SCULPTOR'S MEDIUM FOR ROYAL PORTRAITURE: A UNIQUE MODEL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, WITH AN ACCURATE REPLICA OF HIS RANCH HOUSE IN ALBERTA, MADE ENTIRELY OF CANADIAN BUTTER, AND KEPT IN CONDITION BY A SPECIAL REFRIGERATING PLANT, AT WEMBLEY.

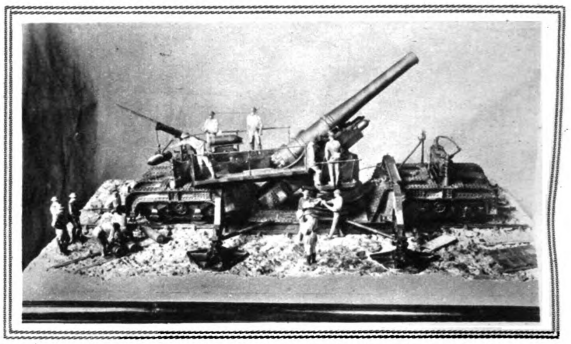
The ingenious method of making landscape models and other designs out of coloured grain and seeds is much in evidence at Wembley, especially in the Canadian Pavilion. Further examples to be seen there are illustrated on another page of this number. Still more curious and unusual is the above model of the Prince of Wales at his ranch in Alberta, made entirely of Canadian butter. The buildings are a replica of the actual ranch house. The model is the work of Mr. George D. Kent and Mr. Beauchamp Hawkins, sculptors to the Canadian Government Commission. Although a person is ordinarily supposed to remain only half an hour in a refrigerating chamber, they put in ten hours' work a day for several days in a temperature two degrees below zero. No less than 2½ tons of butter was used, and the model is kept in condition by a special refrigerating plant, worked by two mechanics, who have to study the pressure of the atmosphere continually. When the Prince of Wales paid an unofficial visit to this exhibit, he remarked jokingly that he thought his legs were too fat.

WAR AT WEMBLEY: GUNS ANCIENT AND MODERN; A MODEL SUBMARINE.

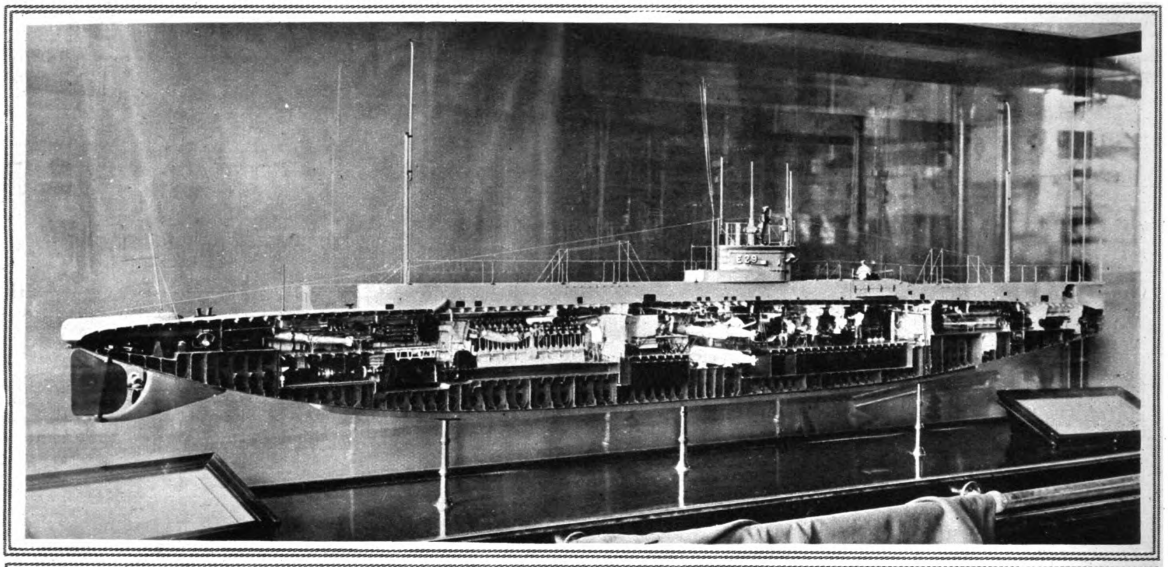
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



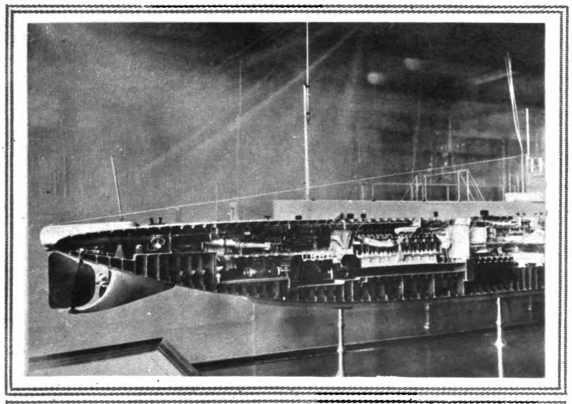
ARTILLERY OF 70 YEARS AGO: A MODEL OF AN ACTUAL RUSSIAN LIMBER-GUN USED IN THE CRIMEAN WAR (SHOWN IN THE GOVERNMENT PAVILION).



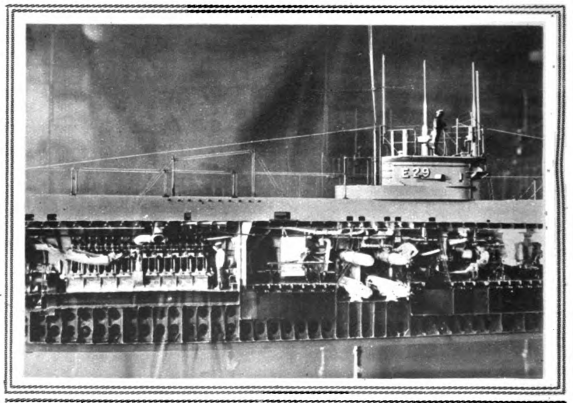
ARTILLERY OF TO-DAY: A MODEL OF A HUGE 12-INCH HOWITZER ON RAILS, WITH FIGURES OF THE KING AND THE PRINCE OF WALES (ON THE LEFT).



A TYPE OF MODERN WAR-SHIP TO WHICH THE GREAT WAR GAVE A SINISTER INTEREST: A MODEL OF A BRITISH SUBMARINE ("E 29") IN THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION AT WEMBLEY, WITH THE STARBOARD SIDE REMOVED TO SHOW THE INTRICATE ARRANGEMENT OF THE INTERIOR.



SHOWING A TORPEDO-TUBE, AND A MEMBER OF THE CREW ASLEEP IN A HAMMOCK: THE STERN END OF THE MODEL SUBMARINE.

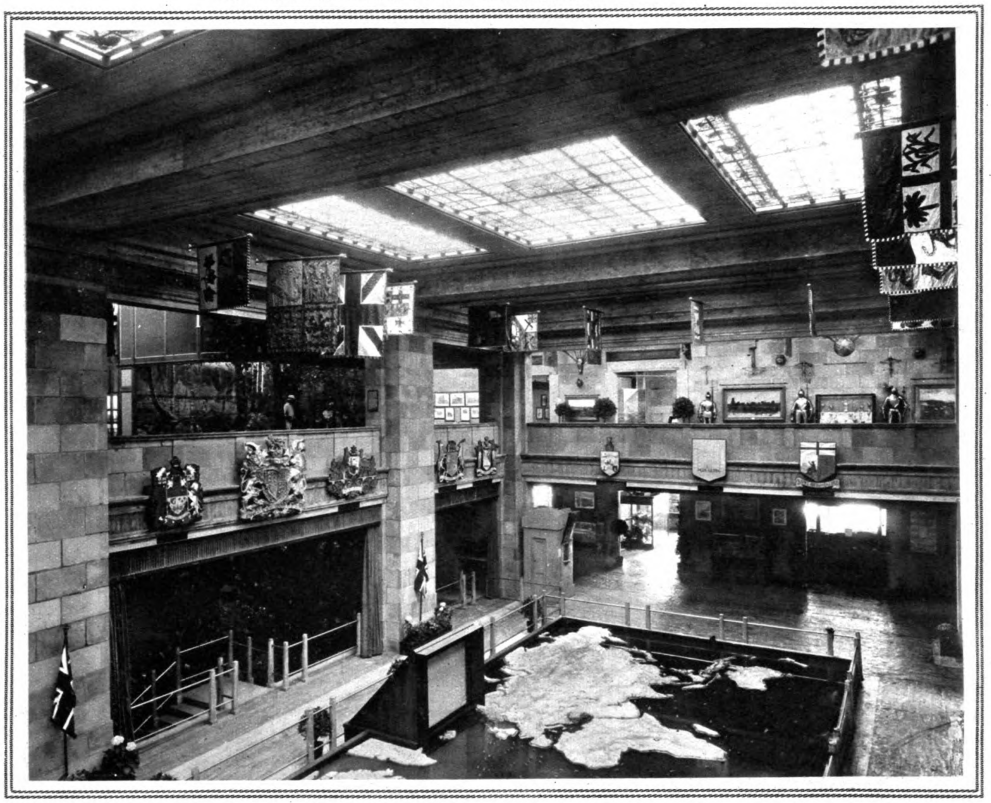


SHOWING THE HAMMOCK AGAIN, AN OFFICER AT HIS TABLE, TORPEDOES, AND LADDER TO CONNING-TOWER: AMIDSHIPS IN THE MODEL SUBMARINE.

The arts of war as well as those of peace are fully represented at Wembley. The above photographs show exhibits in the British Government Pavilion, which is designed to demonstrate the activities of the home administration and of the Services in the maintenance and defence of the Empire. The first two illustrations indicate the evolution of artillery during the past seventy years since the Crimean War of 1854. Actual big guns are to be seen in the Palace of Engineering, such as the 16-inch naval gun illustrated on another page. Of all the wonders of modern naval warfare, the submarine is perhaps the most fascinating to the general public, owing to memories of the havoc wrought by German U-boats in the Great War, and to the great subsequent development of these craft and their potential effect in the future. From the detailed model of "E 29" at Wembley, visitors can be initiated into many of their mysteries.

WITH SHIPS MOVING ALONG EMPIRE ROUTES: THE WORLD IN CONTOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL GRAY AND THE "TIMES" (COPYRIGHT).



SHOWING PART OF THE CONTOUR MAP OF THE WORLD, WITH MOVING SHIPS, AND COATS OF ARMS OF GREAT BRITAIN, THE DOMINIONS, AND COLONIES: THE COURT OF HONOUR IN THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

WITH LITTLE MODELS OF BRITISH SHIPS IN MOTION ALONG THE PRINCIPAL TRADE ROUTES: THE EASTERN HALF OF THE WORLD CONTOUR MAP, ON WHICH THE BRITISH EMPIRE AT DIFFERENT PERIODS IS ILLUMINATED FROM BELOW IN RED.

A dramatic lesson in Empire geography is afforded by the large-scale contour map of the world, in a well on the lower floor of the Court of Honour in the British Government Pavilion at Wembley. Little models of British ships are seen moving along the principal trade routes, and the development of the Empire is shown by a device which every few seconds throws up in red British possessions at different periods. The board in a square framework is used to announce what the next illumination will indicate. The dimensions of the map may be judged from the fact that Africa is over six feet long. Our photographs show only the eastern half of the map, including Europe, Africa, Asia and Australia; the western half, of course, contains the American continent and shows the trade routes of the Atlantic. The coats of arms seen on the wall in the upper photograph are, from left to right, those of Canada, Great Britain, Australia, South Africa, British Honduras, the Leeward Islands, Gibraltar, and Sierra Leone. On the upper floor may be seen the entrance to the Post Office exhibit.

WALKING ABOUT THE WORLD AT WEMBLEY: ON THE GRAND TOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL GRAY AND THE "TIMES" (COPYRIGHT).

THE SECOND LARGEST BUILDING IN THE EXHIBITION: THE GREAT PALACE OF INDUSTRY—PART OF THE EXTERIOR.

AT ONCE THE "NATIONAL GALLERY" AND THE "ROYAL ACADEMY" OF WEMBLEY: THE PALACE OF ARTS.

THE "MONSTER" BUILDING OF THE EXHIBITION: PART OF THE HUGE PALACE OF ENGINEERING, WHOSE GLASS ROOF IS 900 FT. LONG.

DESIGNED IN THE STYLE OF A GATEWAY TO A CHINESE CITY: THE PICTURESQUE ENTRANCE TO THE HONG-KONG PAVILION.

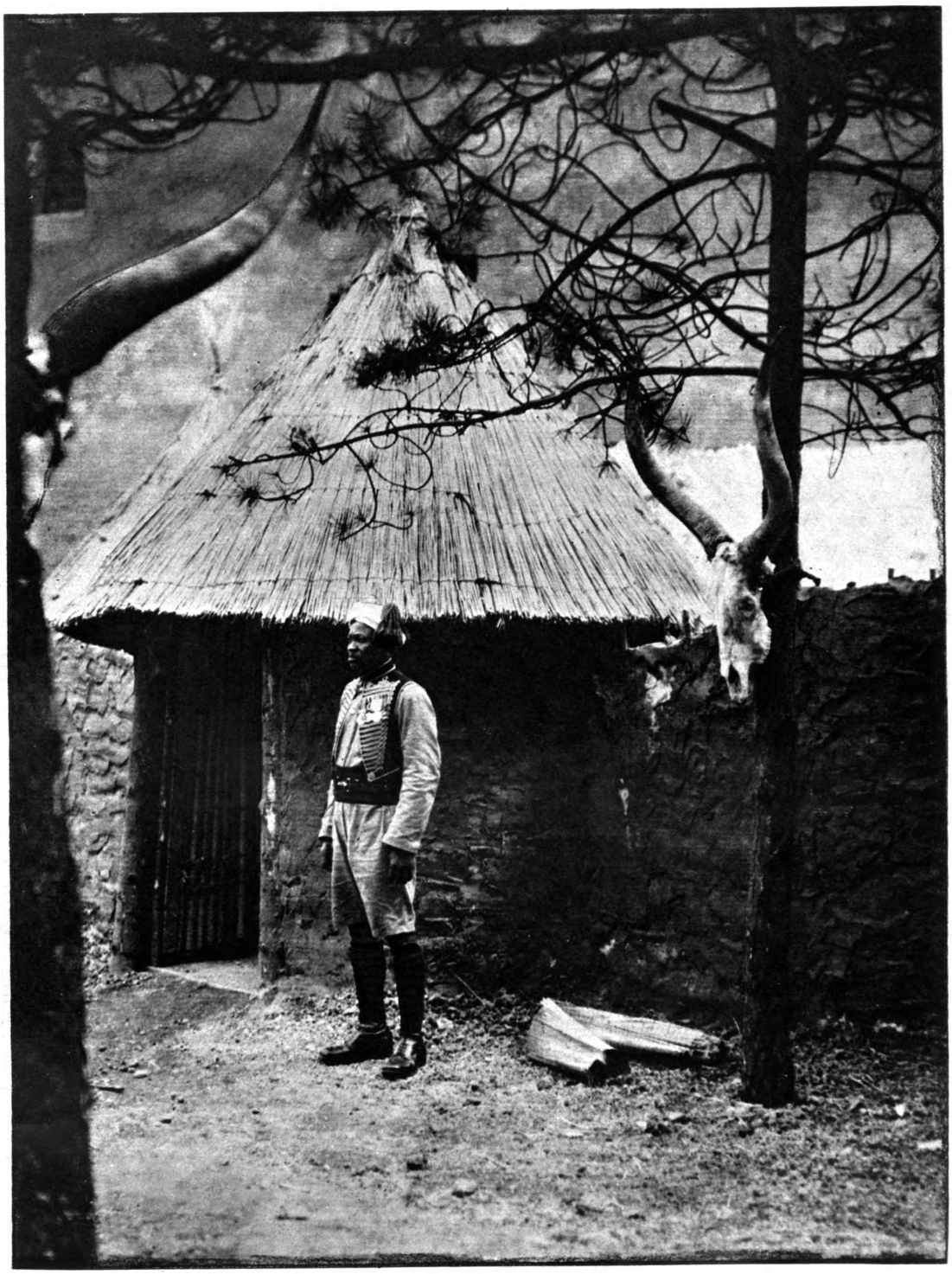
SHOWING THE SECTIONS (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) OF LABUAN, MALACCA, AND SINGAPORE: THE DOMED AND TOWERED PAVILION OF MALAYA.

WITH ITS GREAT TOWER MODELLED ON THE MUEZZIN TOWER OF THE MOSQUE AT KANO: THE BARBARIC SPLENDOUR OF THE NIGERIAN BUILDING.

At Wembley one may walk about the world and pass in a few minutes from continent to continent. In all these photographs may be seen typical crowds of Londoners and other visitors thus engaged in such a grand tour of the Empire as has never before been possible. The Palace of Engineering, as mentioned elsewhere, is the largest building in the Exhibition, and the largest concrete structure in the world. Next in size, at Wembley, is the Palace of Industry, which houses the chief industries of the United Kingdom that do not come under the head of engineering. These two represent the great commercial activities of the home land. The Palace of Arts contains a splendid loan collection of Old Masters, lent by the King and other owners of famous paintings, besides a Modern Loan Collection both of pictures and sculpture by artists of British birth, and specimens of many other arts, including furniture and decoration, pottery, theatrical and ecclesiastical art, and jewellery. There also is to be found the Queen's Dolls' House.

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF WEMBLEY: AN EXHIBITION STUDY.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY BERTRAM PARK. BY COURTESY OF CAPTAIN RATTRAY, IN CHARGE OF THE WEST AFRICAN NATIVE COMPOUNDS.



IN BRITISH UNIFORM AS WORN IN THE GOLD COAST: A PICTURESQUE SOLDIER OF THE KING FROM WEST AFRICA, OUTSIDE A HOUSE IN THE NATIVE VILLAGE AT WEMBLEY.

Within the slit-pierced red walls of West Africa, at Wembley—walls reproducing those of Zaria City, in Nigeria, which were designed to frustrate slave-raiders—are represented Nigeria, the Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone; with commercial buildings, and with an African Village occupied by various West African natives, including Fantis, Yorubas, Mendis, and Haussas. The Nigerian Building simulates one of the structures common to the compound of a notable Emir. The Gold Coast Pavilion is akin to the castles which the Dutch, Portuguese, and Danes built along the shores. Sierra Leone is housed in a "Barri," or place of "palavers," and Government business transacted by officials on tour. Probably some important palavers will take place at Wembley.

Continued from page 930.]

making exhibit, which proves that the inlayer's art has attained a high state of perfection. In these rooms panelling and floor parqueterie also hold an important place.

This description began with a huge circle illustrating the materials for bread. It may not be inappropriate to end with another huge circle, this time in three dimensions, formed of the natural complement to bread. It is the biggest of the dairy-farming products exhibited. One-and-a-half tons is the weight of the gigantic Australian cheese.

New Zealand, Guarded by the Moa.

The extreme western boundary of the Exhibition, so far as main pavilions go, is occupied by our other antipodeal Dominion, New Zealand. Bas-reliefs on the exterior frieze remind the visitor of the staple New Zealand industries, and the most striking object in the vestibule is a statue of a sheep-shearer. At the further end are two creatures so singular that they compel immediate attention. They are very rare birds indeed—birds that are no more, and, in fact, these particular examples never were birds, for they are necessarily artificial reproductions of the giant prehistoric Moa. In the alcove is a fine figure of a woodman, with many magnificent specimens of New Zealand timber. On the left is a wonderful and rather puzzling collection of jaws and ivory tusks. Thereby hangs a tale, for these are the jaws of the New Zealand pig, descendants of those introduced by Captain Cook. The pigs are known familiarly as "Captain Cookers," and are much prized for the sport, the good eating, and the fine ivory they provide. The landscapes on the frieze of the central hall are well worth detailed examination for the fine idea they give of New Zealand scenery—Alpine, volcanic, and sometimes strikingly suggestive of the Norwegian fjord. One snow-clad mountain resembles Fujiyama.

New Zealand Industries and Antiquities.

In the New Zealand Pavilion the "return to our muttons" is inevitable. Here again frozen carcases of sheep are shown in the refrigerating cases, and they revolve as if on a roasting-jack, although the meat is far enough from roasting! From flesh to fleece the transition is made when the spectator encounters the huge cataract of wool of every kind, and this striking exhibit leads by natural sequence to wool-manufacture in all its branches.

Other manufactures and industries of New Zealand here represented include leather, minerals and gums, soaps and candles, and musical instruments. The cinema is called in as an aid to the full illustration of New Zealand life in every phase.

Nor are the antiquities of the Dominion forgotten. Maori curios find a prominent place, but the most remarkable of these will not be found inside the pavilion. This is the ancient native house, the famous "Mata-atua," which stands to the left of the main building. The house, which had lain dismembered for fifty years in the crypts of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, has now been put together again for exhibition. Its beams and poles are marvellous examples of Maori wood-carving—devices of the human figure and curious scroll-work, all executed without metal tools. Some of the carvings go back as far as the fourteenth century. The mystery of this relic is heightened by the warning—"Please do not cross the threshold." But even from the outside this is an exhibit before which every Wanderer in Wembley will linger as long as he possibly can, for it is one of the most wonderful things in the whole Exhibition.

Although New Zealand at Wembley has its individual and its unfamiliar features, somehow it does not seem unhomelike, for its people are so close akin to ourselves, particularly to those in the northern part of these islands. But the house next door brings us at once into touch with a part of the Empire where everything is different. In no exhibit, perhaps, is the spirit of the Orient so insistent as in the Pavilion illustrating Malaya. It is a [illegible]esque, unusual, and pleasing as anything [illegible] has to offer.

Malaya: An Arabesque.

The Pavilion is a poem in arabesque, and reproduces the architecture used for the last thirty years or so for Malayan public buildings. There is a courtyard with palms and colonnades, where tired wanderers will be glad to sit down awhile, enjoying the shade, the coolness of the central pool, and the general restfulness of the place even amid the busy scene of the Exhibition ground.

Within doors one can study the rubber industry in every detail from tree to finished product. The clever models of tin-mining, past and present, are a rival attraction. The old Chinese mine is the most fascinating miniature piece of realism imaginable, especially the coolies working the treadmill pump. The modern mining methods, also shown in a working model, are equally interesting. But what brings the immemorial patience of the Eastern craftsman (or craftswoman) most forcibly before the Western spectator is the demonstration of native silk-weaving. It seems so slow to an age of mechanical power, but it is not the less impressive. In fact, it is entirely poetical. The dusky lady sits at her loom, like a Penelope of the Orient (only she does not seem to undo at night what she has woven during the day) and beneath her hands grows, thread by thread, a web of broad orange and blue stripes. The warp is controlled by two foot-bars, and the shuttle is thrown, of course, by hand, as the threads of the warp are opened to give the woof a passage.

It is not well to miss the scenic models, with their exquisite reproductions of Malayan landscape. This is the peep-show carried to its most artistic development, and the exhibit loses nothing that it is relatively on a miniature scale. Tropical sunset effects in the forest and mountain regions, morning mists and moonlit rivers in "the land of evergreen," are brought so vividly before the most stay-at-home Briton that even he will be tempted to bestir *himself* and resolve to visit this charming outpost of Empire.

The Arts and Crafts section is worth detailed consideration, although the experts warn us that the Malayan Art is not original, except in the more primitive industries such as mat-work. In weapons, textiles, and silver-work the influence of India and Java is everywhere apparent. Lace and embroidery are borrowed from the Portuguese. But the native industries are capable of revival; they are of sufficient intrinsic merit to be well worth saving, and to this end European enterprise is now directed.

Singapore: Its Docks and Harbour.

One exhibit is of special importance in the light of recent political events—this is the large model of Singapore docks and harbour. At this home-born Britons will look with curious interest; but the model will be even more vitally suggestive to our Australian visitors, for the future of Singapore has for them an overwhelming significance in the question of Imperial Defence. The point need not be laboured. It is well that Singapore should be brought thus vividly under the eyes of the whole Empire, to the safety of which it means so much, provided that its possibilites are recognised and the right action taken, even at the eleventh hour.

Sarawak; and Oil.

Sarawak, next door to Malaya, is relatively a small pavilion, but full of interest. Here the oil industry claims an important place, and in that section there is a striking model of the method of loading an oil-tanker by submarine pipe.

The "Landscape" Exhibition.

The East in the western end of Wembley has now given us its utmost. But the Empire has still a great deal to offer if we retrace our steps to the eastern end of the grounds, where the East and South (speaking of the actual and not the microcosmic Empire) have endless wonderful things to show. Wandering eastward, then, by way of the lake, we can note at leisure on our right the long façades of the Commonwealth and Dominion pavilions already explored. Their architectural effect is heightened in these late spring days by the light screen of leafage just breaking out upon the trees. As a landscape, the Exhibition will possibly know no more beautiful moment than that which just preceded the full burst of summer foliage.

Concerning Home Departments.

On the way the more strictly home departments claim a word, although our chief business is with Britain Overseas. Here on the left is the Palace of Art, next to it the Palace of Industry, and so on to the gorgeous Palace of Engineering. These noble houses, homes of applied art and science, remind one that they show in life-size detail something to which the Government Palace provided a comprehensive key. Just as its great world map prepares one for the more minutely intelligent survey of the life and work of the Empire Overseas, so another map showing the British Islands prepares one for the greater exhibits of Art and Science applied to Industry and Engineering. This illuminated map shows successively the localities of the different home industries. An ingenious electrical device lights up the windows of miniature factories north and south and east and west all over the United Kingdom, while the name of the industry concerned is shown at the same time on a screen. To watch the whole cycle of information is actually to see how the kingdom's work is distributed throughout the kingdom. To visit the great Palaces of Industry and Engineering is to see the actual products in being of our Industrial Areas.

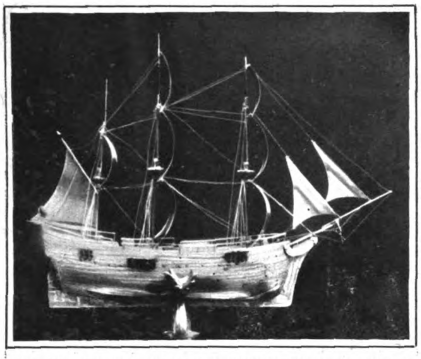
"Tinkly Temple Bells."

If you are not afraid of being detained all night by the multiplicity of wonders, and so missing the rest of our Overseas tour, you might go indoors and walk the spacious aisles of these amazing buildings. It will be difficult not to linger, and if you distrust your resolution, keep to the open, and with the dome of the India Pavilion for guide, bear down on that landmark and hold to the right. No doubt the weird drumming of the Tibetan Dancers will lure you into that side show, but, when you come out, something will certainly remind you of Kipling's "Mandalay," for your ears will be pleasantly saluted by "the tinkly temple bells" of the Burmese Pavilion. Look well at the exquisite wood-carving of this beautiful house before you tackle the Oriental wonders within. Adjoining is the Burmese Theatre, a place so attractive to Western curiosity that the constable on duty at the door has hard work to regulate the crowds flocking to this *free* show. The native music has greater chance of appreciation now than it had before the jazz era, but the musicians make occasional concessions to the Heart of the Empire. Towards the end they play, with great spirit, "The British Grenadiers," and the National Anthem.

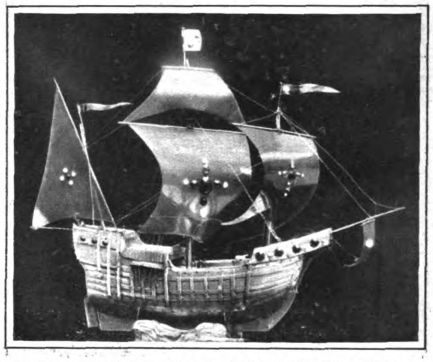
"Real Chinese."

The Exhibition is not so rich as some of its predecessors in transferences to Great Britain of actual examples of the life of sister countries; but this most interesting means of education has not been neglected in the case of Hong Kong. Here one may walk in a real Chinese street among real Chinamen carrying on their usual business in the usual way. There is no "fake" about Hong Kong at Wembley. Every detail was made in the Colony and shipped to England. The result is most picturesque and attractive—a real view of the real China that salutes the British flag. The street is a great show, but perhaps the most popular accessory is the real Chinese restaurant, presided over by a former *chef* of the Imperial Palace at Peking. This artist will provide you with dainties made according to secret recipes formerly used only in the Emperor's kitchen. His bill of fare includes bird's-nest soup,

[Continued on page 950.



THE TYPE OF SHIP IN WHICH EARLY NAVIGATORS VISITED AUSTRALIA: A MODEL IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

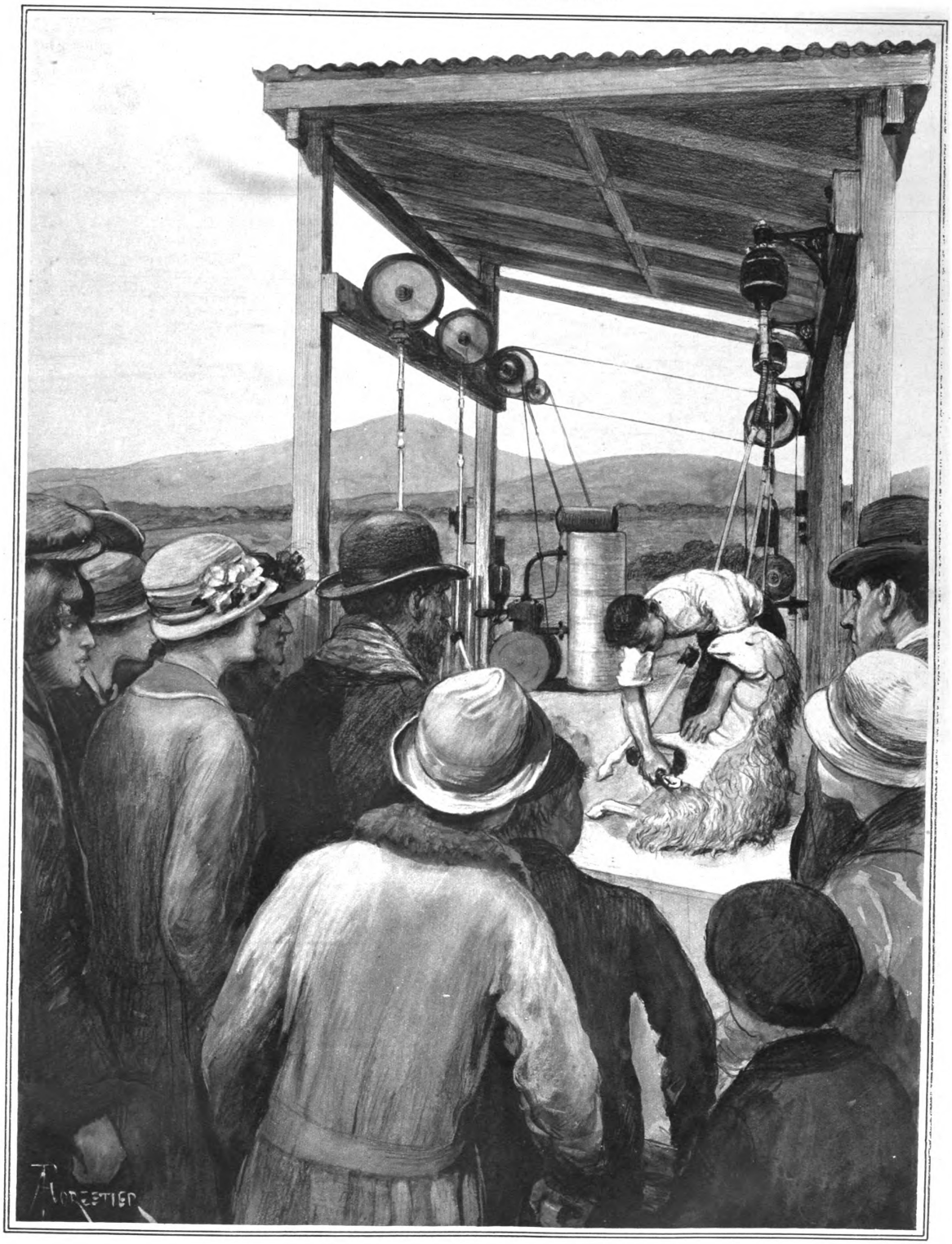


THE SHIP IN WHICH CAPTAIN COOK REACHED AUSTRALIA IN 1769: A SILVER MODEL OF THE "ENDEAVOUR" IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION.

These models were made by Captain John Robins, Naval Representative for Australia in London. Describing them, he writes: "The model of the 'Endeavour,' made to illustrate the rig of Captain Cook's ship, is absolutely accurate, and has been made from official documents. The design is original. I have depicted the ship on a globe illustrating land of Australia and the South Polar regions, which Captain Cook explored, and standing on a compass card. The globe and compass cards are part of Captain Cook's coat-of-arms. A map of the countries which he visited, dated 1505, is taken from a small silver globe found on top of an old clock at Cracow, in Poland, about 1890. The latitude and longitude are fairly correct, and it evidently depicts Australia as known somewhere about that period (1505). The other model illustrates a ship of Columbus' time—1490-1500—the type which must have made this original chart (globe). The model is intended to show the kind of ship in which early navigators evidently visited Australia."—[*Photographs by Sport and General.*]

BEFORE WEMBLEY VISITORS: SHEEP-SHEARING BY MACHINERY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



LOSING HIS WOOL FOR THE BENEFIT OF A GREAT AUSTRALIAN INDUSTRY WHICH PRODUCED 663,000,000 LB. IN ONE YEAR: A SHEEP BEING SHEARED BY MEANS OF THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS, IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

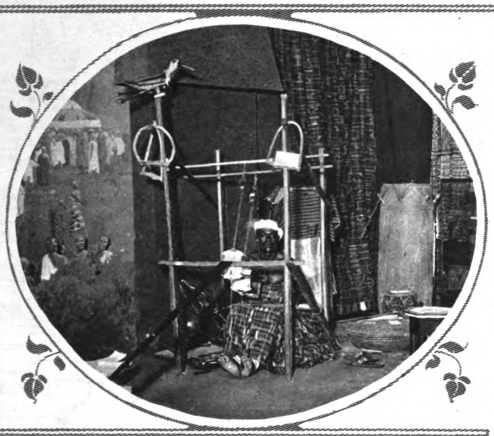
The Australian Pavilion in the British Empire Exhibition has many things to show which are of great interest to the farmer and stock-breeder, among them demonstrations of the latest type of implements and agricultural machinery. As the above drawing shows, a demonstration is given of an expeditious method of sheep-shearing by means of apparatus rather suggestive of a barber's shop. On another page we illustrate a working model of an Australian sheep station as a whole, showing the flock being shepherded from the pens to the dipping-trough and thence to the shearing-shed. Some idea of the magnitude of the Australian wool trade may be gathered from the fact that in a single year (1920) Australia possessed 77,800,000 sheep and produced 663,000,000 lb. of wool. For other parts of the Empire the figures were, in the same year: New Zealand, 23,920,000 sheep—174,000,000 lb. of wool; South Africa, 24,790,000 sheep—175,000,000 lb. of wool; the United Kingdom, 24,400,000 sheep—104,000,000 lb. of wool. The figures are eloquent.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada. C.R.]*

SEEKING REAL DIAMONDS; ASHANTI WEAVING; BURMESE MUSIC.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., SPORT AND GENERAL, I.B., G.P.U., AND L.N.A.

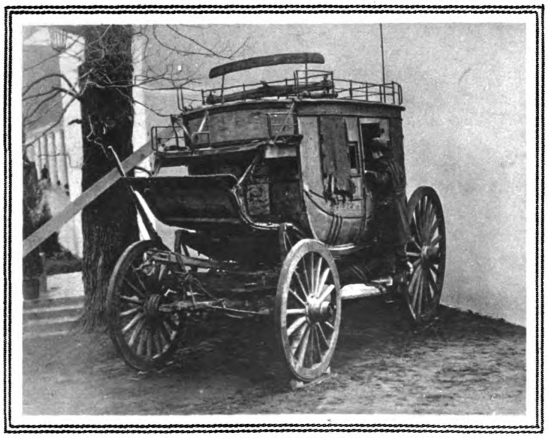
DIAMOND-MINERS AT WORK IN THE WEST AFRICAN SECTION AT WEMBLEY: WASHING AND SIFTING SOIL THAT CONTAINS REAL STONES.

DIAMOND-MINERS FROM BRITISH GUIANA AT WORK AT WEMBLEY: A SIMILAR PROCESS UNDER ACTUAL CONDITIONS.



AN ASHANTI WEAVER AT WORK: AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT OF NATIVE INDUSTRY FROM THE GOLD COAST.

SQUATTING INSIDE HIS INSTRUMENT: A BURMESE MUSICIAN PLAYING A KYIGWAING IN THE BURMESE THEATRE.



A RELIC OF BYGONE DAYS FROM SOUTH AFRICA: AN OLD MAIL COACH EXHIBITED AT WEMBLEY.

MADE BY A NATIVE OF NYASALAND WITHOUT EUROPEAN TOOLS OR INSTRUCTION: A CURIOSITY IN BICYCLES.

Many varieties of native arts and crafts, from different parts of the world, are to be seen in operation at Wembley. One of the most interesting is the process of diamond-mining, as carried on both in Africa and in British Guiana. It is shown, in each case, under actual conditions, with soil brought specially from the country [illegible]n, and is all the more interesting on that account from the fact that [illegible]erations, real diamonds may be discovered. Describing the South African Pavilion, the official "Guide" says: "The working model of a diamond-washing plant, and the expert demonstration of diamond-cutting and polishing, is an interesting feature." Of the British Guiana exhibit we read: "Inside the building (is) a full working model of an alluvial gold and diamond pit operated by native workmen." The Burmese Theatre, which is free to visitors and much patronised, is described in our article, "A Wanderer at Wembley."

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF WEMBLEY: AN EXHIBITION STUDY.

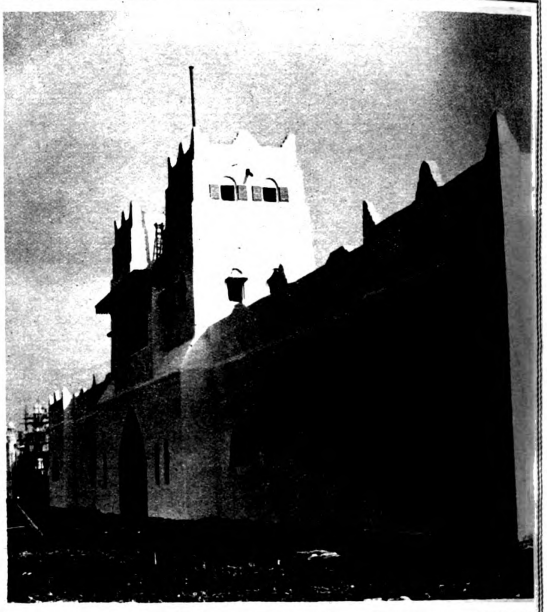
Photographic Study by Bertram Park, Taken Specially for "The Illustrated London News."

MAN-MADE BEAUTIES OF NATURE IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS: A DELIGHTFUL LAKE-SIDE ROCKERY, WITH THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION IN THE BACKGROUND.

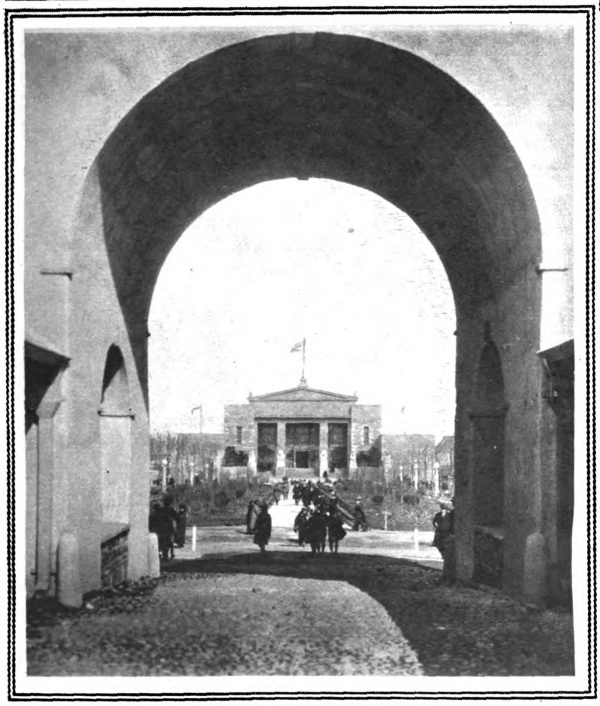
FROM LONDON TO HONG-KONG, *VIA* MALTA, EAST AND WEST

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL GRAY, I.B

ONE OF THE PAST GLORIES OF THE EMPIRE'S MOTHER CITY: A PICTURESQUE RECONSTRUCTION OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE



A REPLICA OF AN OLD ARAB BUILDING, WITH AN ENTRANCE COPIED FROM A DOORWAY IN ZANZIBAR · THE EAST AFRICA PAVILION.



SEEN THROUGH THE ARCH OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE: THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION, WITH ITS MASSIVE PORTICO AND GUARDIAN LIONS.

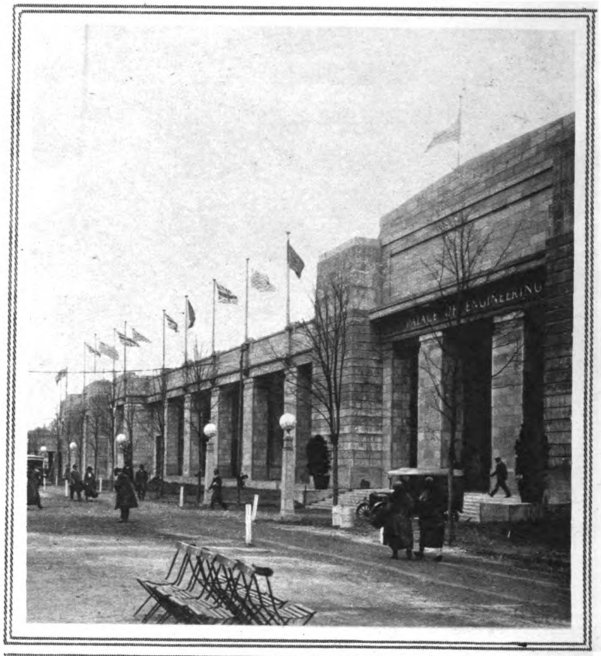
DESIGNED BY A MALTESE ARCHITECT: THE MALTA PAVILION, RECALLING CHARACTERISTIC BUILDINGS OF THE ISLAND.

Old London Bridge, which was replaced by the present one in 1831, had houses on each side and fortified gates at each end. During building operations at the north end in 1922 one of the old arches was found, and was re-erected at Wembley.——The East African building, an Arab replica, contains various halls devoted to the special exhibits of the Sudan, Zanzibar, Nyasaland, the Seychelles, Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda, and Mauritius.——The Hong-Kong section repro[illegible] a typical Chinese street, and in the main building is a restaurant where birds'-nest soup, shark's fins, and other Chinese fare is served.——The h[illegible] Engineering contains the largest display of general engineering ever assembled for any one exhibition.——The British Government Pavilion has

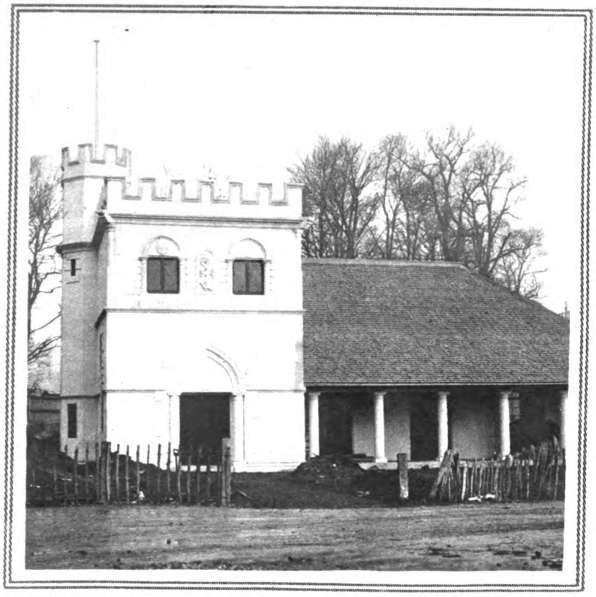
AFRICA, AND SARAWAK: DIVERSITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

PHOTOPRESS, C.N., AND G.P.U.

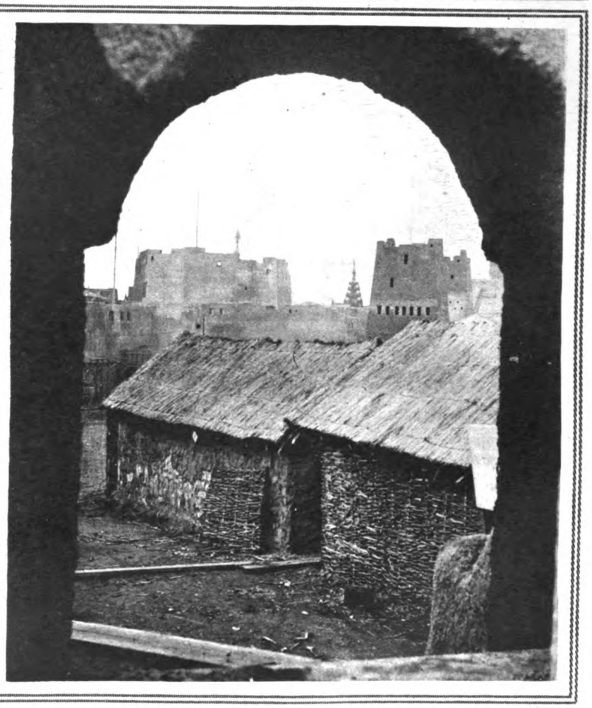
"A TYPICAL CHINESE STREET, WITH ODD GAY SHOPS AND STRANGE SIGNS": THE HONG KONG SECTION, SHORTLY BEFORE COMPLETION.



"THE LARGEST CONCRETE BUILDING IN THE WORLD, SIX-AND-A-HALF TIMES AS BIG AS TRAFALGAR SQUARE": THE PALACE OF ENGINEERING.



WITH AN ENTRANCE TOWER COPIED FROM THE RAJAH'S PALACE (THE ASTANA) AND ROOF OF BORNEO IRONWOOD: THE SARAWAK BUILDING.



SHOWING HUTS OF THE NATIVE VILLAGE: A VIEW FROM THE WALLED CITY OF WEST AFRICA TOWARDS THE GOLD COAST PAVILION (IN THE BACKGROUND).

portico columns 32 ft. high and six guardian lions much larger than those of the Nelson Monument. Inside are the Royal Apartments and exhibits of the various home departments and the Services, including the water stage for naval displays.——The Malta Pavilion has three sections, one representing the island in antiquity, the second as it was under the Knights of St. John, and the third, modern Malta.——Sarawak, associated with the fame of Rajah Brooke, has a Pavilion whose entrance tower is a copy, on a small scale, of the entrance to the Rajah's Palace, called the Astana.——The African Village, in the Walled City of West Africa, reproduces the exact conditions under which the natives live.

CONTRASTS IN ARCHITECTURE: SOUTH AFRICA AND THE GOLD COAST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL GRAY, AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

BUILT IN OLD DUTCH STYLE, WITH WHITE WALLS, RED ROOF, AND GABLES OVER THE ENTRANCES, STOEP, AND LOGGIA: THE PICTURESQUE PAVILION OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA AT WEMBLEY.

DESIGNED ON THE LINES OF ONE OF THE FAMOUS CASTLES BUILT BY THE DANES, DUTCH, AND PORTUGUESE ALONG THE SHORES OF WEST AFRICA: THE GOLD COAST PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

The South African Pavilion in the British Empire Exhibition is an example of the picturesque old Dutch style of architecture. The white walls, red roof, and distinctive gables over the entrances, the stoep, and the loggia are characteristic of t[he] It presents a striking contrast to the Gold Coast Pavilion, w[hich] al description states, "is designed on the lines of one of the famous castles built by the Danes, Dutch, and Portuguese, which are found all along the shores of the colony. The doors of the Pavilion (illustrated on another page) were carved by Africans at the Technical School at Accra (the capital). The great gate between the Pavilion and the Cinema was also constructed in Africa, of native wood, by Africans."

COAST.

ICH DIEN

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales has taken an active personal interest in the British Empire Exhibition ever since its inception. In 1919 he agreed to act as President of the General Committee, and after his return from his Eastern tours, during which he kept in touch with its

(given in black and white in our issue of Feb. 16) was painted for us by Mr. John St. Helier Lander, and was exhibited last year at the Paris Salon, where it aroused great interest. It has since been presented by "The Illustrated London News" to the Manchester City

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THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S SECTION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

H.R.H. the Duchess of York, daughter-in-law of the King and Queen, is playing a very important part in the ceremonial and social life of the country, and her grace and charm have won her the universal love and admiration of his Majesty's subjects. Her Royal Highness is the President of the Women's Section of the great Exhibition at Wembley; while her royal brother-in-law, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is the President of the whole organisation.

REPRODUCED FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.

Continued from page 942.

shark's fin, and eggs (imagine it) a thousand years old, and yet, wonder of wonders! not qualified for use at Parliamentary elections.

Models of Hong Kong, specimens of all the Colony's arts and industries, as well as the restaurant and realistic street with its gorgeous signs, put the commerce. Between one of these bags and the huge picture forming their background there is a useful connection, an important piece of commercial propaganda, a plea, in fact, for the improvement of Accra harbour. We see that the ocean steamers are forced at present to lie well out in the sunlit bay, waiting

WITH NIKAU PALMS IN FRONT, AND DECORATED WITH A FRIEZE REPRESENTING TYPICAL INDUSTRIES: THE NEW ZEALAND PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

The Pavilion is decorated outside in fibrous plaster, with a frieze of sculptured reliefs showing typical New Zealand scenes—sheep-shearing, milking, harvesting, fruit-picking, and timber-felling. Among the plants and trees in front is the characteristic nikau palm.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Western mind in actual touch with this important British possession.

Mysterious West Africa at Work.

The red mud walls and towers of an enclosure, barbarically gated, conceal one of the most fascinating sections of the Exhibition, West Africa. The touch of mystery and seclusion given by these walls is appropriate, for the Gold Coast provided Europe with an immemorial puzzle. Not that it was known, but because Europe could not understand whence came the rich stores of merchandise that came across the Sahara to Northern Africa. How came the Moors by such wealth as they traded with Spain and Italy? And so the Gold Coast became legendary, until the day when Henry the Navigator, dreaming over his maps in his sea-beat tower, fitted out an expedition to discover "What was hidden from the eye of man down in the Southern Sea."

That which was hidden has long been manifest to European eyes, but all its mystery is not yet explored, and still attracts alike the man of science and the adventurous trader. Civilisation has laid a strong hand on West Africa, and the results of wise British rule find memorable proof in this section of the great Exhibition. But before entering the pillared hall where the life and commerce, the art and the education of the Gold Coast are represented in detail, the visitor will be sure to halt outside the row of mud-built booths flanking the hall. To that he will be drawn by the crowd of sightseers always gathered there. These alcoves are native shops, in which craftsmen and craftswomen are following their vocation. A lady of royal descent, the Princess Ba, practises the gentle art of the potter, without the aid of a wheel. Metal-work is going on next door. Close by, the son of King Prempeh, the Ashanti monarch with whom Britannia took order in 1897, displays his skill as a wood-carver, and that skill is not small. He is an agreeable fellow, pleased to show his work, but naturally preferring that it should be seen in the finished state rather than in the rough.

Wonders of the Gold Coast.

Within the walls of the West African enclosure, the most elaborate exhibit is that of the Gold Coast, which will be found in a pillared hall with many bays. A week would not be sufficient to get a thorough knowledge of all the wonderful things here displayed. Here is shown the development of the Gold Coast cocoa industry, from the bean to the finest finished preparations for the table. The red and yellow pods are worked into a pleasing decorative scheme on the stall of a British manufacturer whose name is practically synonymous with this product. The finished article we know. To our home-keeping wits the exhibition of the raw material is infinitely more interesting and instructive. Step aside into a neighbouring alcove, which has for background a panorama of the port of Accra. Near at hand are piled open sacks filled with every delicious variety of the cocoa-bean known to Gold Coast for their cargo, which is being conveyed in open boats, the only means at present of lading, owing to the surf. Now, one bag of beans has a curious, uninviting look. The beans are coagulated in knots and discoloured. Why? Because in very rough weather the beans are often hopelessly damaged by sea-water, during the passage of the open boats to the ships. With good dock accommodation, this trouble would be entirely obviated. It is a vital necessity for a growing trade that exports 180,000 tons of cocoa per annum. The Exhibition is full of ingenious object-lessons of this kind.

Native life finds its illustration in life size models, pictures, and specimens of domestic utensils. Be sure you look at the equestrian figure of a very splendid person, whose barbaric magnificence suggests a great man, but really he is just an ordinary countryman. His black-and-white turban is a masterpiece of drapery. Every fold has a special significance, and the head-dress was adjusted by one of our Gold Coast visitors, a native soldier who is an expert in this art. There is no end to the details of special information the Wanderer in Wembley can find out, if he gets into conversation with those in charge. Take, for instance, the Gold Coast educational exhibit, showing the work of the Government Schools. The Director had the happy inspiration to send over bound volumes of elementary copy-books and exercise-books, in which the good writing and accurate spelling of even "Standard II." would put many British schoolboys to shame. There was something very delightful in a careful exercise in which a Gold Coast boy (under twelve) had written in English the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece. The writing was like copper-plate, and there was, at most, only one error in the work. Boy Scouts will be hugely interested in the Gold Coast signal-drums, the wireless telegraphy of the Dark Continent. For the Scouts' benefit, Sir Robert Baden Powell is to give a demonstration of the way in which news is transmitted by these drums for incredible distances at incredible speed.

Nigeria—and Native Compounds.

In another part of the enclosure is the Nigerian section, equally engrossing. But perhaps the most attractive feature of the West African enclosure is not an exhibit at all. It is the native village, the Sierra Leone and Ashanti compounds. This is closed to all but specially privileged visitors, as the natives naturally do not care to have their domestic life made a gazing-stock. The straw-thatched quarters are delightfully well-appointed and made most comfortable, with special heating arrangements. There is constant medical supervision. Military discipline prevails, and British officers are in command. The dusky warriors in presence of their superiors come up to the salute with a click and smartness that would do credit to the Guards. In the Ashanti compound one notes a happy piece of humour. The administrative office, a hut like the rest, has been marked "No. 10," in allusion to Downing Street. Here also occurs a curious piece of native ritual. In the centre of the compound stands a white-washed pole, and on the top of it, between forked branches lopped short, rests a vessel containing food—an offering to the Sky-God. On arrival, it was the natives' first care to set up this votive symbol. It is really a prayer for rain, not altogether necessary in England. But *cælum non animum mutant* holds good for the West Africans, as for the rest of mankind.

The Soudan—Its Market.

It is difficult to leave the red walls, but Africa is a wide world, and from the West of the Continent we cross the road and find ourselves in the East. Here the walls and towers of the enclosure are appropriately of that blazing whiteness one associates with the sunlit buildings in a Sudanese landscape. You are welcomed by a huge stuffed elephant and a noble lion, and every other accessory suggests the vast territory now under review. The "scenics" are particularly pleasing in their atmosphere—dazzling blue skies and the golden glow of sunshine. Here are the gum-market, the new barrage at Sennar, and a most exquisite distant view of Port Sudan, with a group of picturesque Fuzzy-Wuzzies in the rocky foreground. But the thing to look at and ponder is less spectacular—the typical Sudanese native shop. Here again there is an Imperial propagandist purpose, not to be neglected. On the stall, we are informed

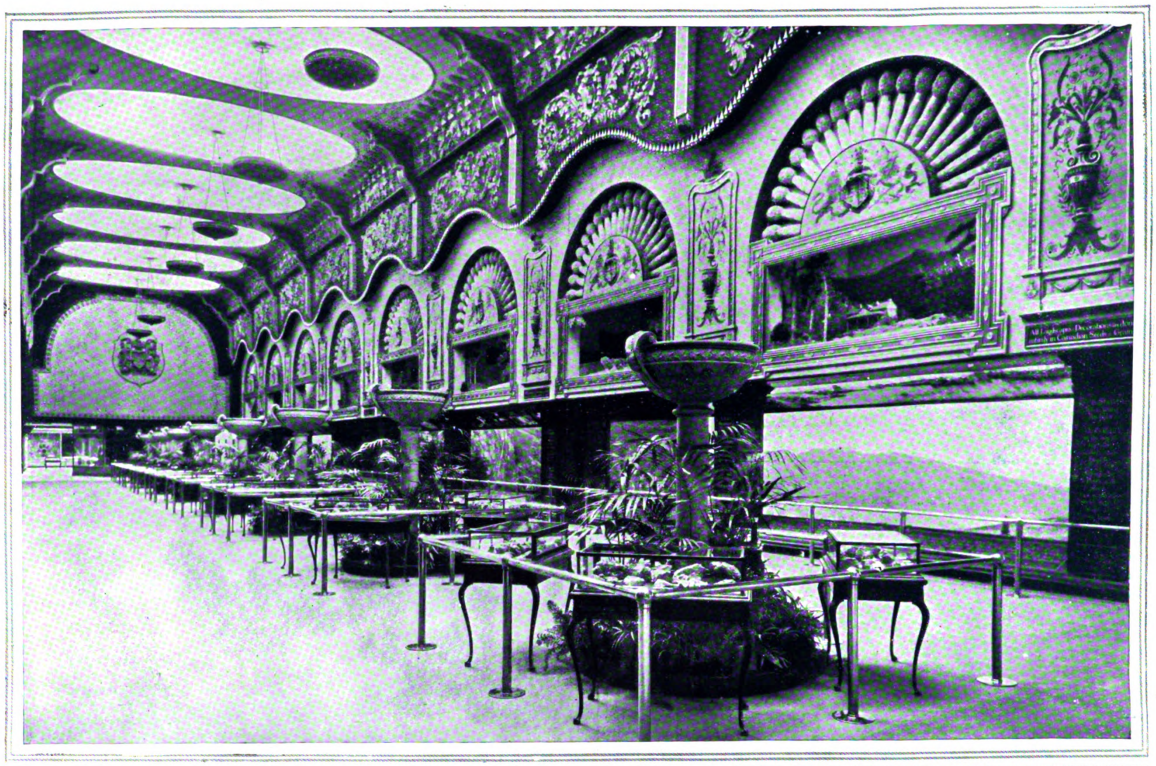
[*Continued on page 962.*

REPRESENTING BRITAIN'S OLDEST COLONY: THE NEWFOUNDLAND PAVILION AT WEMBLEY, BUILT AND DECORATED ENTIRELY WITH NATIVE WOODS.

Photograph by Campbell Gray.

SET PIECES AT WEMBLEY: CANADIAN LIFE IN TABLEAUX AND MODELS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL GRAY.



SHOWING LANDSCAPE TABLEAUX (INSET IN THE WALLS), SOME COMPOSED OF CANADIAN SEEDS AND GRAINS, PANORAMAS OF TYPICAL SCENERY, AND MINERAL EXHIBITS: PART OF THE MAIN COURT OF THE SPLENDID CANADA PAVILION.

A TYPICAL CANADIAN PULP AND PAPER MILL SHOWN IN A WORKING MODEL: A PANORAMIC EXHIBIT WITH RUNNING WATER, SHOWING LOGS FLOATED TO THE DAM ABOVE THE MILL, AND BUILDINGS WHERE THE PROCESSES OF CUTTING, CLEANING, AND PULPING ARE PERFORMED.

Several of the industries of Canada, such as pulp-milling, grain-transport, and mining, are exhibited in the dramatic form of working models. In the beautiful Main Court of the Canadian Pavilion (shown in our upper photograph), a number of the decorations, including the coats of arms, panels, friezes, and landscape tableaux inset in the walls, are made entirely of Canadian seeds and grains. There are also many panoramic landscapes of the prairies, the Rocky Mountains, Vancouver Harbour, Niagara, and other scenes. In our lower illustration is seen a panoramic exhibit, with running water, that shows paper-making by the grinding process. Prepared logs, 12 ft. long, are floated from the forest to the dam above the mill, where they are lifted into small buildings and cut into 2 ft. blocks. These blocks are placed in a revolving drum, where the bark is rubbed off. They are then conveyed to the mill, and after being cleaned are held by hydraulic pressure against grindstones revolved by water-power. The resulting pulp, after being washed and freed from blemishes, is finally made into sheets and baled for shipment.

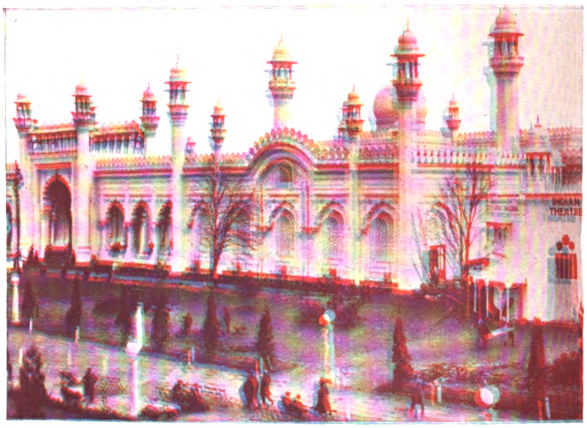
THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION IN RELIEF: WEMBLEY ANAGLYPHS.

These Reproductions will Appear in Stereoscopic Relief when Looked at through the Red and Green Films given away with our March 5 issue, or through the special Anaglyph Viewing-Mask which we supply gratis on conditions printed below.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE WITH THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT BUILDING SEEN THROUGH THE ARCH.

MINARETS AND A DOME OF THE INDIA PAVILION: A VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION BEYOND.

AS SEEN FROM ONE OF THE LAWNS: THE LAKE, WITH THE INDIA PAVILION IN THE DISTANCE.



CONTAINING MANY EASTERN TREASURES: THE INDIA PAVILION AT THE WEMBLEY EXHIBITION.

LEAVING "WEST AFRICA" FOR THE STADIUM VIA THE EAST GATE OF THE WEST AFRICA SECTION.

WITH THE UNION JACK FLYING: THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE MAGNIFICENT INDIA PAVILION.

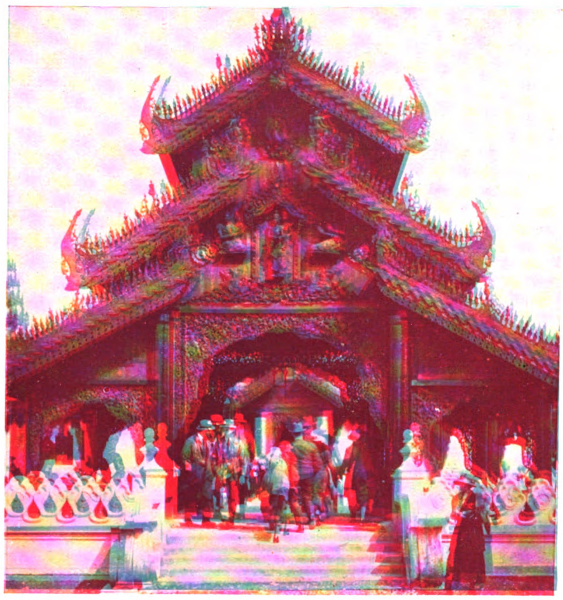
For the benefit of readers who may not have seen the Anaglyphs published in previous issues, we draw attention to the fact that the reproductions on this page and the next are printed in red and green, slightly out of register, in order that the subjects may be seen in stereoscopic relief when looked at through red and green films. Certain "Anaglyphs" were printed on March 8, and we have given away with ev... ...of issue the necessary red and green viewing-films. Readers who are without those films may apply, if they have not already done so, for one of our special Anaglyph Viewing-Masks, which will be forwarded if the coupon printed on another page of the present issue is filled in and forwarded with penny stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny Foreign, addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyphs), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

THE ABOVE ANAGLYPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN BY SPORT AND GENERAL, AND PREPARED FOR ANAGLYPH REPRODUCTION BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION IN RELIEF: WEMBLEY ANAGLYPHS.

These Reproductions will Appear in Stereoscopic Relief when Looked at through the Red and Green Films given away with our March 8 issue, or through the special Anaglyph Viewing-Mask which we supply gratis on conditions printed on the opposite page.

WITH A GOLD-FISH LAKE, AND A STATUE OF SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES IN THE FORECOURT: THE MALAYA PAVILION.



A REPLICA OF THE ARAKAN PAGODA AT MANDALAY: THE "BRIDGE-HOUSE" MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE BURMA PAVILION.

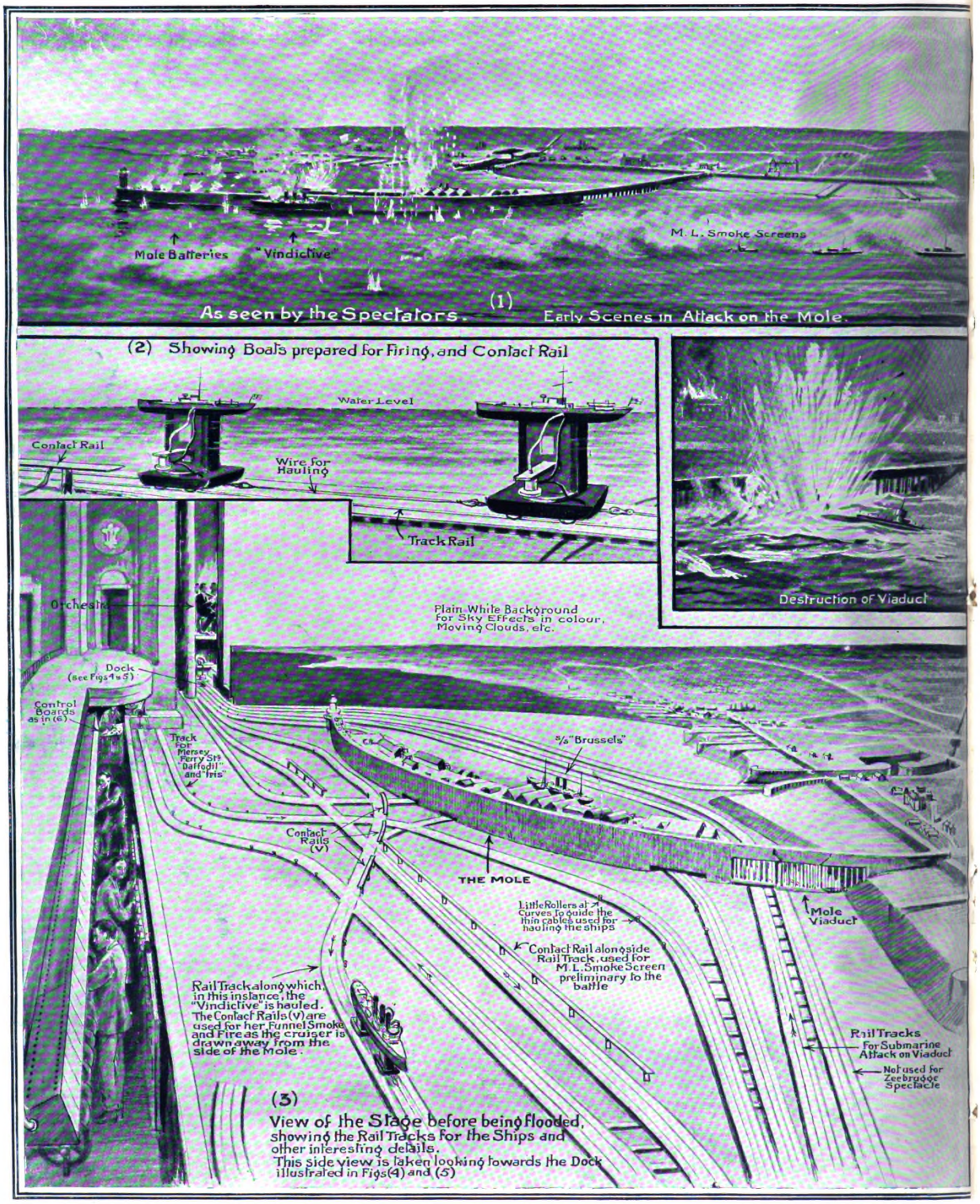
TYPICAL OF THE GRANDEUR OF INDIAN ARCHITECTURE: A COLONNADE IN THE INDIAN PAVILION.

The first Anaglyph on this page, when looked at through the red and green films, shows the Forecourt to the Malaya Pavilion in the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. The architecture of this Pavilion is Moorish-Arabesque. Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, who was born in 1781 and died in 1826, won fame as a British colonial governor. Amongst other offices he held those of Secretary at Penang, Lieutenant-Governor of Java, and Governor of Bencoolen, Sumatra. He advised the purchase and occupation of Singapore, and, in 1822, he went there to establish a settled government. "Burma" is represented by a wonderful Pagoda made of teak carved by the best craftsmen of Mandalay and Rangoon. The large Anaglyph gives a wonderfully realistic effect of one of the colonnades in the India Pavilion.—[With regard to these Anaglyphs, the attention of our readers is directed to the statement printed beneath the illustrations on the preceding page.]

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND PREPARED FOR ANAGLYPH REPRODUCTION BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

STORMING ZEEBRUGGE AT WEMBLEY: A FAMOUS NAVAL

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

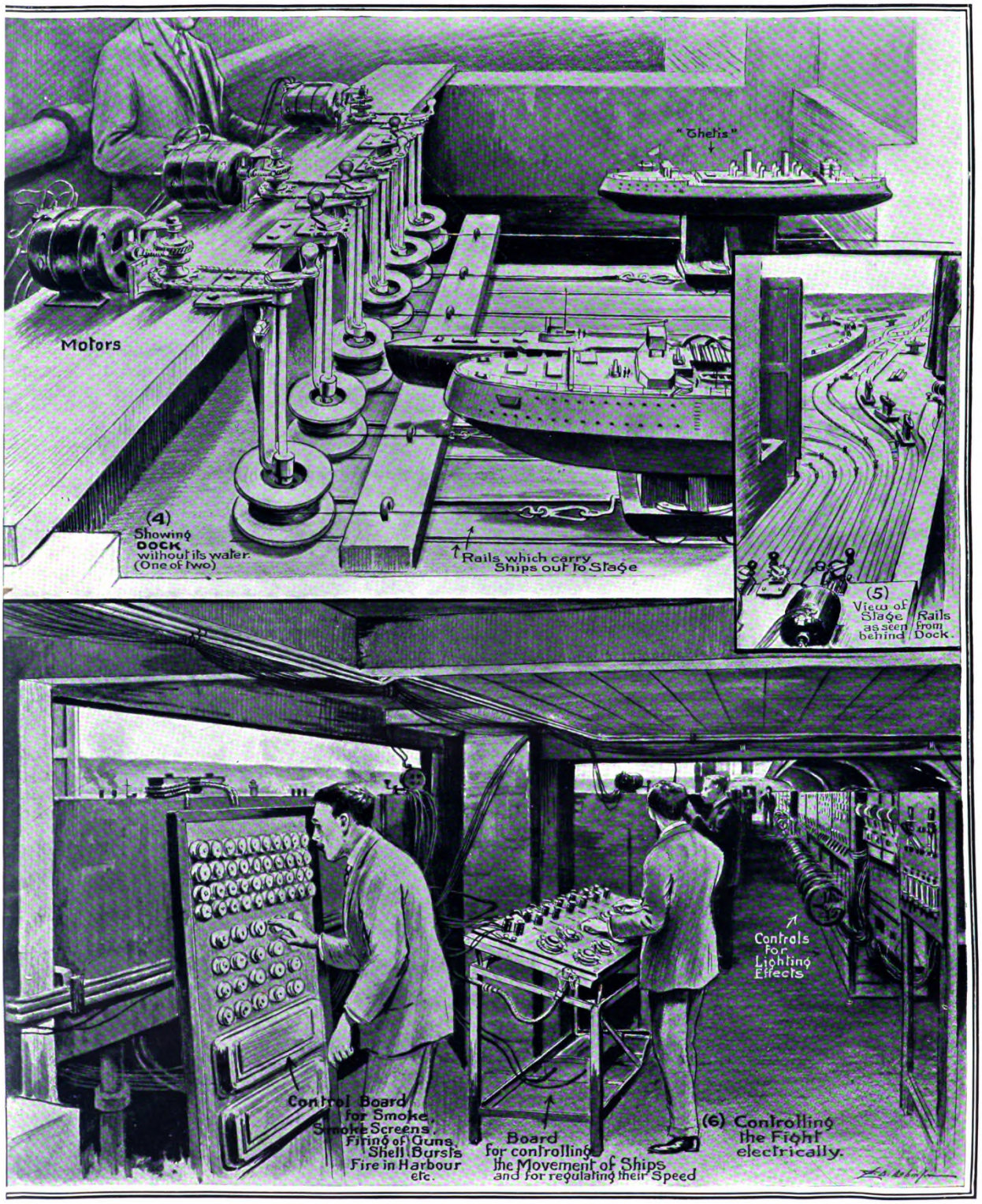


WITH MODEL WAR-SHIPS MOVED ON THE WATER ALONG RAILS BELOW, BY ELECTRICALLY IN THE SERVICES' THEATRE AT

In the British Government Pavilion at Wembley is a remarkable theatre for the reproduction of historic naval, military, and air actions of the Great War, performances of which have been prepared and rehearsed for many months in a room at the War Office. The proscenium of the theatre is claimed to be wider than that of Drury Lane or Covent Garden, and possibly the widest in Europe. There are special apartments, leading off a balcony, where the King and Queen may watch the displays. Normally the stage is a large semi-circular water-tank, 70 ft. by 40 ft., for mimic sea-fights, like an ancient Roman *naumachia*, but sometimes it will be boarded over for the use of the Army and the Air Force. The naval scenes will include, besides battles in the Great War, the Spanish Armada, Trafalgar, and the salvage of the "Laurentic." The Army will show incidents on the Ypres Salient, the Somme, the Ancre, and Messines Ridge; and the R.A.F. will represent an air-raid on London by night and anti-aircraft defences. The first action to be presented was the great naval raid on Zeebrugge on

EXPLOIT OF THE WAR ENACTED ON THE WATER STAGE.

ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



WORKED WIRES: MECHANISM FOR ENACTING THE ZEEBRUGGE RAID AND OTHER ACTIONS THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

St. George's Day, 1918, of which a private view was given on May 6. It was staged by Captain Wilton, R.N., and was highly realistic. The opening public performance of it was arranged for the following day. Our artist, Mr. W. B. Robinson, adds the following note on his drawings to supplement those lettered upon them: "Not all the rail-tracks seen in the diagram are required for the Zeebrugge show, as provision has been made for changes of scene. Some of the rails may be joined up or extended for future displays. The operations are all electrically controlled, including the movement and speed of ships; gun-fire, rockets, smoke-screens, and general smoke; the Mole batteries and explosions; fire and smoke from the 'Vindictive's' funnel; moving clouds and sky colour-effects; searchlight beams on the horizon, and a lighthouse lantern. The ships are hauled electrically by wires along the rail-tracks. The rails, contacts, and cables are camouflaged in various ways, so as not to be visible to the spectator through the shallow water."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.* C.R.]

BURMESE DANCERS: TIGHT SKIRTS; HIDDEN FEET; EXPRESSIVE HANDS.

FROM WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS BY T. MARTIN JONES.

"DANCING" ALMOST ENTIRELY WITH ARMS AND HANDS: STEPS BETWEEN THE VERSES OF A SONG.

IMITATING A MARIONETTE: THE YODAYA DANCE, WITH HEAD WAGGING, AND CHIN THRUST OUT.

BEATING HER WINE-GLASS SHAPED DRUM: A PERFORMER IN THE WILD O-HSEE DANCE.

VERY DIFFICULT IN A TIGHT SKIRT: SQUATTING AND THROWING THE LEGS FORWARD ALTERNATELY.

IN THE O-HSEE DANCE: CAPERING AND PLAYING CYMBALS ADORNED WITH TASSELLED STREAMERS.

WITH NO LEG ACTION, BUT ONLY SWAYING OF BODY AND ARMS: A "YEIN," PERFORMED KNEELING.

LIKE A SAILOR'S HORNPIPE: MOVING ROUND IN A CIRCLE AS SHE DANCES.

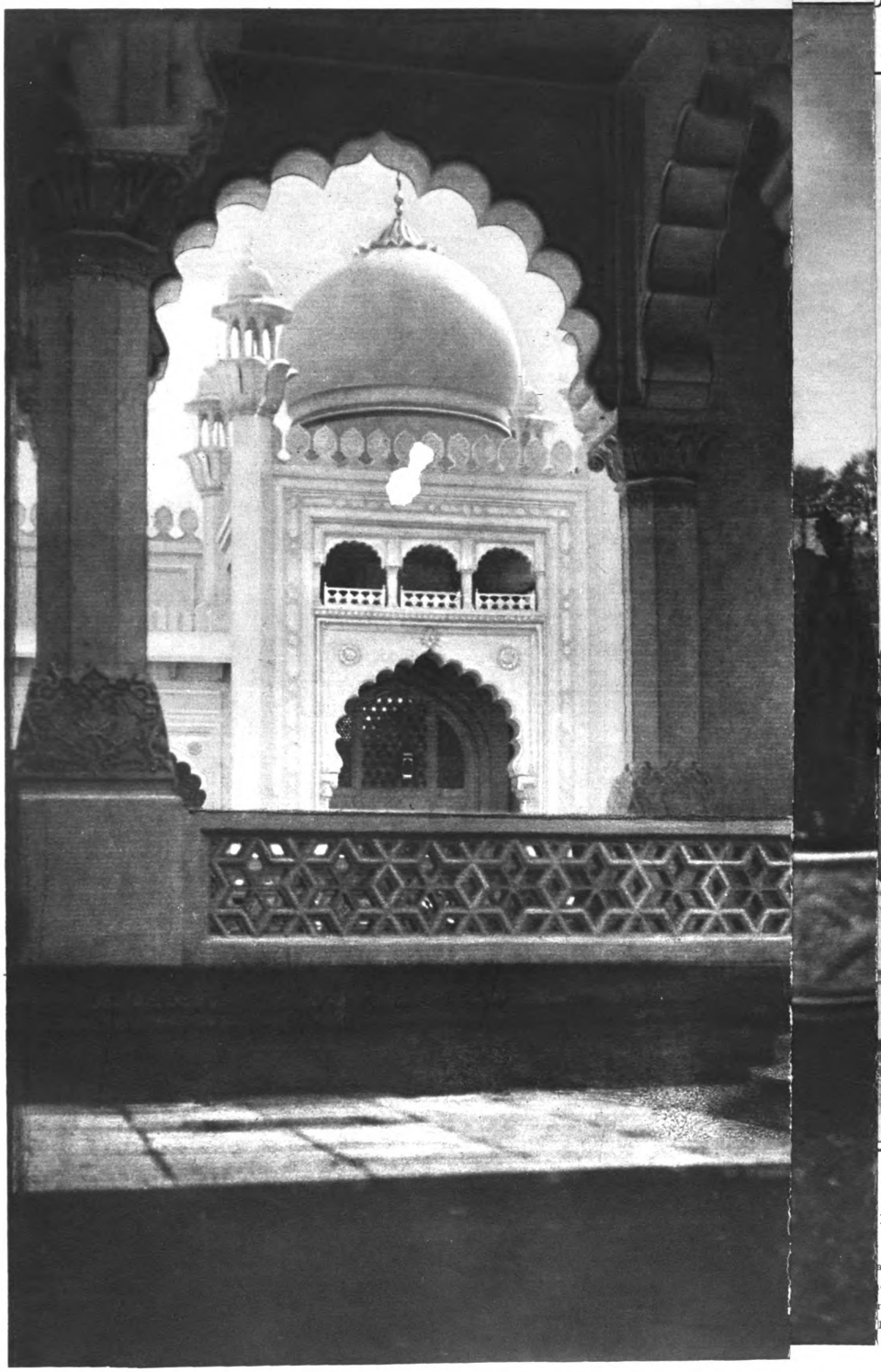
SONG AND DANCE IN THE BURMESE MANNER: THE SLIM EFFECT OF THE TIGHT SKIRT.

MOVING HER HEAD FROM SIDE TO SIDE AS THOUGH ON STRINGS: ANOTHER MARIONETTE MOVEMENT.

In the Burmese village at Wembley are various little decorative buildings in which native actors, dancers, acrobats, and jugglers give their performances. As our illustrations show, Burmese dancing consists largely of swaying and posturing, with head movements and expressive use of the arms and hands. It includes also the Yodaya [illegible] dances, in which the performers imitate marionettes. Burmese dancing girls wear a white jacket with wired ends sticking out, and a tight silk skirt, which gives an effect of extreme slimness and acts as a support when the knees are pressed against it. There is little movement of the legs and feet (which are concealed as far as possible), except in the wild O-hsee dance, in which one of the performers capers madly, beating a peculiar drum shaped like a wine-glass.

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF WEMBLEY: EXHIBITIO THE

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY BERTRAM PARK, TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



IN THE STYLE OF THE TAJ MAHAL AND THE JAMA MASJID: THE INDIA "A FINE
FROM ONE OF ITS COLONNADES.

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BURMESE DANC

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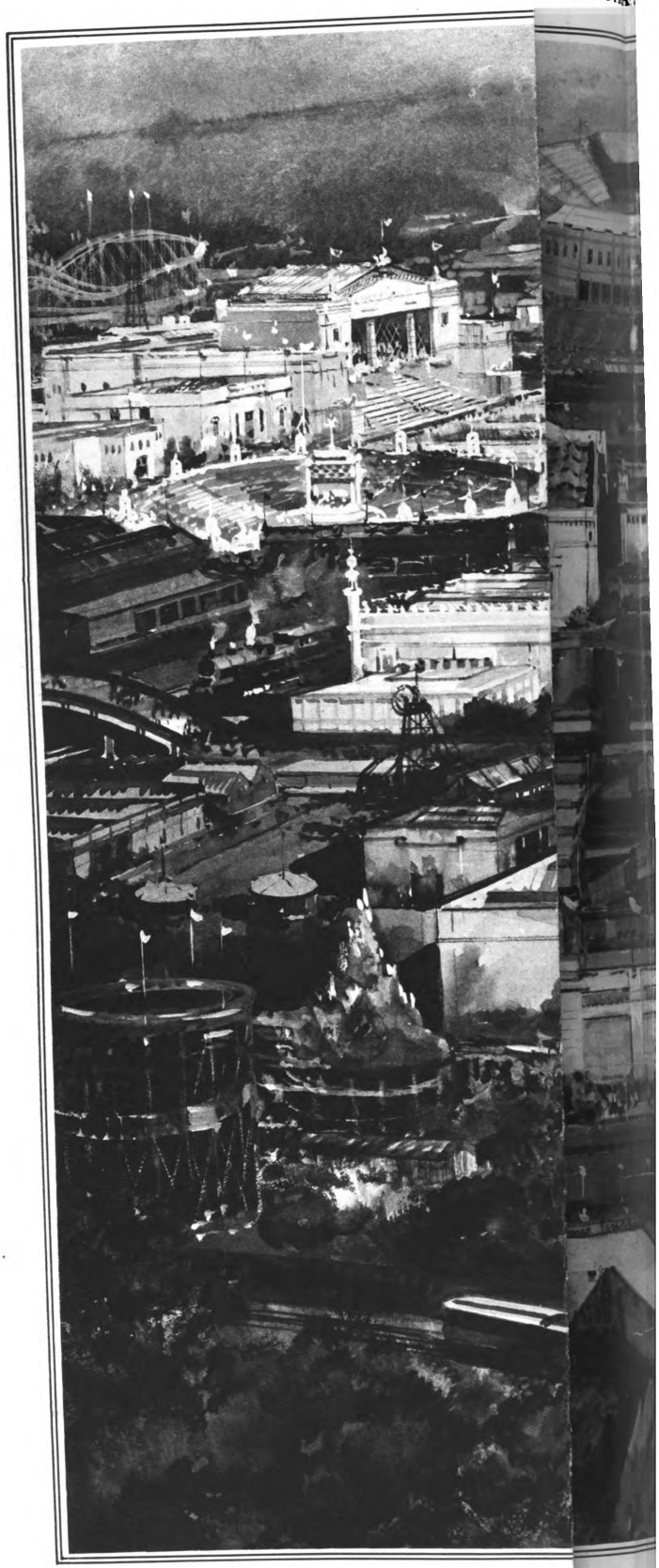

The great Exhibition at Wembley has been described by the Prince
history — the British Empire in miniature. From the above panoram
avenue of Kingsway, leading towards the Stadium at the far end in

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PICTURESQUE SIDE OF WEMBLEY: EXHIBITION STUDIES.

Photographic Study by Bertram Park, Taken Specially for "The Illustrated London News."

"DOMED BUILDING, WITH TWO TALL TOWERS," OF MOORISH ARABESQUE ARCHITECTURE: THE MALAYA PAVILION, SEEN ACROSS THE LAKE.

A BIT OF REAL BURMA AT WEMBLEY: A REPLICA IN CARVED TEAK.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

COPIED FROM A GATE OF THE ARAKAN PAGODA AT MANDALAY: A BRIDGE-HOUSE, CARVED BY NATIVE CRAFTSMEN, FORMING THE ENTRANCE TO THE BURMESE PAVILION (SHOWN IN ANAGLYPH FORM ON ANOTHER PAGE).

The Burmese exhibit at the British Empire Exhibition is beautifully housed. "The main entrance to the pavilion (we quote the Official Guide) shows a bridge-house copied from one of the gates of the famous Arakan Pagoda at Mandalay. Every detail of this decoration, as well as that of the main building, is made of teak carved by the best craftsmen of Mandalay and Rangoon and carefully brought here. The pavilion is guarded by a monster pair of leogriffs—or *chinthés*—showing all the friendliness of fairyland monsters and extremely ornamental and unusual. . . . Within the gates we find a typical Burmese village." One of the above-mentioned leogriffs, it may be noted, is illustrated on page 959 of this number, while the carved gateway shown above appears in the form of an Anaglyph on page 953.

Continued from page 950.

in plain figures, only 38 per cent. of the goods is of British manufacture. The remaining 62 per cent. is foreign, and was chiefly "made in ——" a country that need not be more particularly specified. The Sudanese market is one of the most promising in the Empire, and it is the aim of our commercial experts to hasten the day when the native shop will sell goods 100 per cent. British. Business men will please take note.

South Africa History and Industry.

Another crossing of the road, and, hey presto! you are in South Africa, for the Exhibition possesses the secret of the Magic Carpet. A few footsteps are equal to thousands of miles. That South Africa is before you is plain from the very exterior of the exquisite building—in the old gabled, red-tiled Cape Dutch style, very reminiscent of Cecil Rhodes' lovely home, Groot Schur. Over the main entrance stands the statue of Anthony Van Riebeek, under whom Cape Town was permanently settled in 1652. Within is a huge model of the Karoo landscape with all the appropriate animals—hartebeest, springbok, eland—set up by the taxidermist's art. On the left you may turn over the latest files of the South African newspapers, and as you pass up and down the avenues you may study at leisure every South African industry, gold and diamond mining, diamond-cutting, cotton and wool production, agriculture, wine-growing, ostrich-farming and the preparation of feathers, and much more besides. In the western quadrangle outside is a real ostrich-farm, with the birds moving about in a sort of dignified fox-trot walk. Close to the ostrich enclosure is an actual South African railway station, with a main-line train standing at the platform. The coaches are open for inspection, and visitors may lunch or dine, on real South African fare, in the restaurant-car. The advertisements on the walls of the station are the real thing—actual placards printed for use in the Union of South Africa.

We have only grazed the outside of a huge subject. But one more note on the treasures of the Pavilion must find a place. It is the exhibit illustrating the history of South Africa, beginning with the rock carvings and paintings of the prehistoric tribes. Later carvings are the romantic inscriptions set up by early Dutch navigators to record the touching of their ships at the Cape. Then, too, there are the relics of the Voortrekkers, their cap-tent wagon, their veld-shoen, their wooden plough, their weapons their candle-moulds, all their personal or domestic equipment for the needs of inspanning, trekking, and outspanning. It is like a practical re-reading of Captain Mayne Reid's "The Bush Boys," that wonderful old book which records the adventures of the proscribed Field-Cornet Mynheer Hendrik van Bloom and his family, and preserves in such intimate and accurate detail the life of the Cape Dutch early in the last century. There is at least one London pressman who, in his daily handling of reports during the South African War, would often have been sadly at sea and liable to error but for his memories of Mayne Reid's story, with its vivid pictures of South Africa, and its invaluable explanations of South African terms.

In the South African house, you can visit also the most secluded of British possessions, the Island of Tristan da Cunha, which has only one, or, at most, two, mails in the twelvemonth. Wembley is all-embracing. Nothing in the whole circuit of the Empire seems to have been forgotten.

Ceylon: Tea, Art, and Other Things.

Now go down the road a few yards eastward, and you have crossed the Indian Ocean. Here in this curiously painted palace is Ceylon. Very fittingly the verandah is devoted to the practical worship of Tea, the island's most flourishing industry, and about four o'clock the *al fresco* café is crowded. Within doors all Cingalese art and industry is spread out before the visitor. The pavilion itself is a wonderful example of the ancient art and architecture of Ceylon. It is in the old Kandyan style, based upon the Temple of the Tooth. There are reminiscences, too, of the excavated cities in the north of the island, and the decorations have all been carried out by Kandyan artists who came to England for the purpose. The ceiling of the main hall attracts immediate attention. It is filled with squares of brilliantly painted fabrics, giving a most rich and gorgeous effect. These designs are the work of the artist who made the paintings on the pillars and the façade. He is a specialist in this branch of house decoration. These ceiling hangings are used in Ceylon on special occasions of festivity. Here are marvellous exhibits of jewels and pearls. There is a collection of pearl necklaces insured for no less than £1,000,000. The getting of jewels is illustrated by a model of a gem-pit.

Ceylon's chief mineral is plumbago, the trade in which stands at present in some need of stimulus, which it is hoped the Exhibition will supply. The competition of Madagascar has been felt rather severely of recent years; but Ceylon plumbago is still as good in quality as ever, and there is no reason why the market should not regain its former leading place once more. Ceylon rubber, too, is not quite so prosperous as it was some years ago, but its excellence is unimpaired, and as the market is able to supply a very fine variety of the growingly popular sole crêpe rubber, there is every prospect of a revival in the industry.

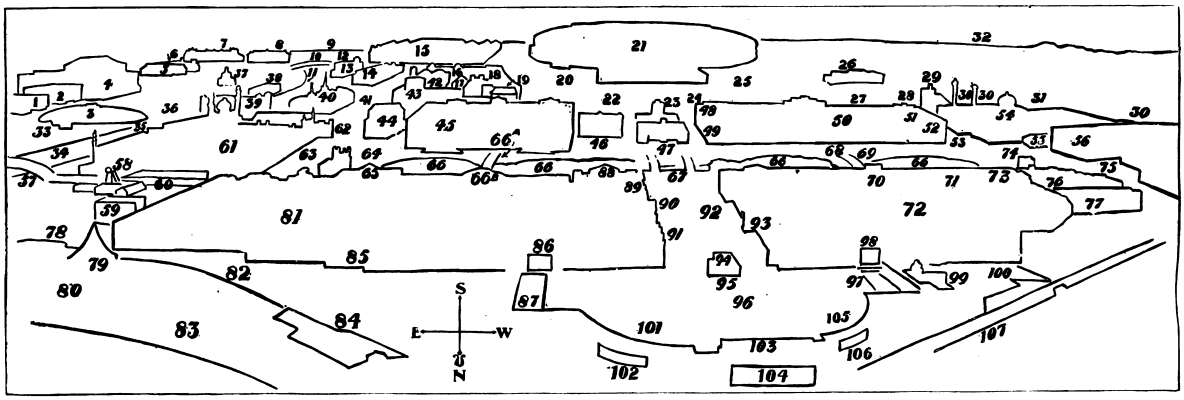
Women visitors may be trusted not to neglect the beautiful specimens of Ceylon lace, and they will be interested also in the cottage industries—the making of mats, hats, and other articles from fibres and reeds.

British Guiana and Diamond Digging.

Recross the road to a building where the high arched portico is filled with a picture of the Kaieteur Falls, and you have reached British Guiana. Within doors, you are greeted with the screech of parrots from an enclosure containing on the left a realistic representation of diamond-digging. It is a real diamond-pit, where stalwart negroes in waders stand in water, scooping up the gem-bearing soil, and crumbling it through a riddle with practised fingers, ready to detect the precious stones as they occur. The luxuriant tropical landscape is reproduced with perfect realism, and the red-scarfed British overseer adds a picturesque touch to the scene. On the right, beyond a brook stands a native house, in which a girl is producing a textile fabric on a huge frame. About the verandah curious birds strut and monkeys climb, and on the thatched roof a lively green parrot keeps up a continual chatter.

The West Indies.

In the courts adjoining, all the beautiful and useful features of the West Indies are spread out for the instruction and delight of the world that flocks to Wembley. Every island would require more than a day to itself, and even then not half would have been seen or appreciated. But the Wanderer in Wembley may, even in a short tour, obtain an excellent idea of the charm, beauty, and usefulness of our West Indian possessions. In the separate little pavilion of Bermuda you will be reminded of Thomas Moore's connection with that island. His residence, Walsingham House, has been reproduced as the home of the Bermudan exhibit, and one of the poet's rooms has been reconstructed with the original furniture. Tommy was appointed Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda in 1803. He made over his duties, however, to a deputy, a proceeding which got him into a sad scrape.



THE EMPIRE IN MINIATURE: A NUMBERED KEY-PLAN TO THE FOUR-PAGE PANORAMA OF THE WEMBLEY EXHIBITION.

1. Fiji.
2. Newfoundland.
3. Grand Bandstand; with Seats for 10,000 People.
4. H.M. Government Building.
5. West Indies.
6. British Guiana.
7. Hong Kong.
8. Ceylon.
9. Railway to Wembley Hill.
10. Bridge.
11. Railway from Marylebone.
12. Union Approach.
13. Malta.
14. E. Africa.
15. S. Africa.
16. Palestine and Cyprus.
17. Sierra Leone.
18. Walled City of W. Africa.
19. Bermuda.
20. Atlantic Slope.
21. Empire Stadium and Stadium Hall.
22. Palace of Youth.
23. Bandstand.
24. Hobart Gate.
25. Pacific Slope.
26. Civic Hall.
27. Southern Run.
28. Perth Gate.
29. Sarawak.
30. Motor Park.
31. Raglan Gardens.
32. Motor Park.
33. Cafes and Restaurants.
34 and 35. Exhibition Station, L.N.E.R., from Marylebone.
36. Golden Way.
37. Place of Horticulture.
38. R.N. Lifeboat Buildings.
39. King's Gate.
40. Burma.
41. Mandalay Gardens.
42. Nigeria.
43. Gold Coast.
44. Canadian Pacific Railway Buildings.
45. Canada.
46. Canadian National Railways.
47. Times Building.
48. Sydney Gate.
49. Brisbane Gate.
50. Australia.
51. Melbourne Gate.
52. Adelaide Gate.
53. Southern Run.
54. Malaya.
55. Maori House.
56. New Zealand.
57. N. Bridge.
58. Coal Mine.
59. Aquarium.
60. Circus Avenue.
61. India.
62. Indian Theatre.
63. Imperial Walk.
64. The Easting.
65. Bessemer Gate.
66. Lake.
66A. Maple Bridge.
66B. Arkwright Gate.
67. Unity Bridges East and West.
68. Commonwealth Way.
69. Diggers' Bridge.
70. Gate of Plenty.
71. The Press Club.
72. Palace of Industry.
73. The Westing.
74. Bandstand.
75. Arawa Place.
76. Palace of Arts.
77. Conference Halls.
78. "Safety Racer."
79. "Roundabout."
80. To Amusement Park.
81. Palace of Engineering.
82. The "Never Stop" Railway.
83. Metropolitan Railway from Baker Street to Wembley Park.
84. North End Station, "Never Stop" Railway.
85. Water-Cooling Tower.
86. Kelvin Gate.
87. Anson's Way.
88. Nasmyth Gate.
89. Stephenson Gate.
90. Watt Gate.
91. Faraday Gate.
92. King's Way.
93. Gate of Harmony.
94. Bank.
95. The Exchange.
96. The Pool.
97. Drake's Way.
98. West Gate.
99. Gardens.
100. North Nursery.
101. East Quadrant.
102 Exits.
103. Great Circle.
104. North Entrance.
105. West Quadrant.
106. Exits.
107. Main Road to North Entrance.

Our Oldest Possession: Newfoundland.

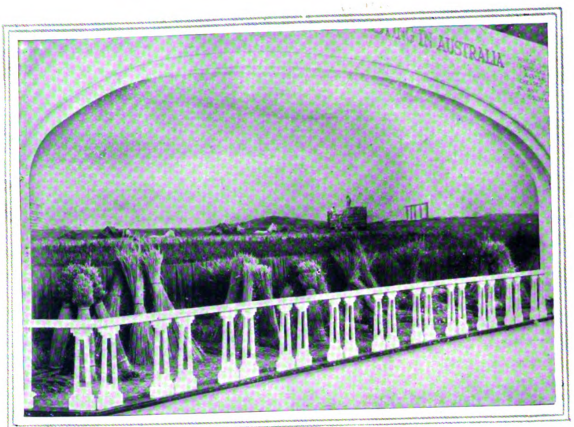
Our oldest possession, Newfoundland, is housed in an elegant little pavilion near the Government Building. Here one has, in small space, a most comprehensive view of all the Newfound'and industries—fishing, wood-pulp for paper, coal, iron and lead mining and also the manufacture of cordage. Specimens of the fish, birds and animals of the region are arrayed in picturesque groups.

—And Palestine.

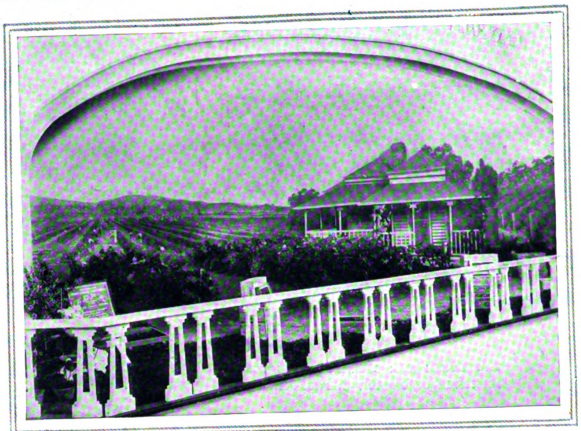
A visit to the mandated territory of Palestine, with a glimpse of Cyprus in the same building, takes one to quite another range of associations. In the Cyprus section you will hear the Cypriote dialect of modern Greek spoken by the fair lips of Grecian island women, and on bottles of gum-mastic—a favourite Cypriote drink—you will be amused to see that the purveyor's Christian name is Herodotus. And so, with the Father of History, this little chapter in the history of a wider world than Herodotus dreamed of may not unfittingly conclude. Old Herodotus, who delighted to visit foreign lands and to "speak of the things he had himself seen" (and some that he had not) would have been in his element as a Wanderer at Wembley. S.

SET PIECES AT WEMBLEY: AUSTRALIAN LIFE IN TABLEAUX AND MODELS.

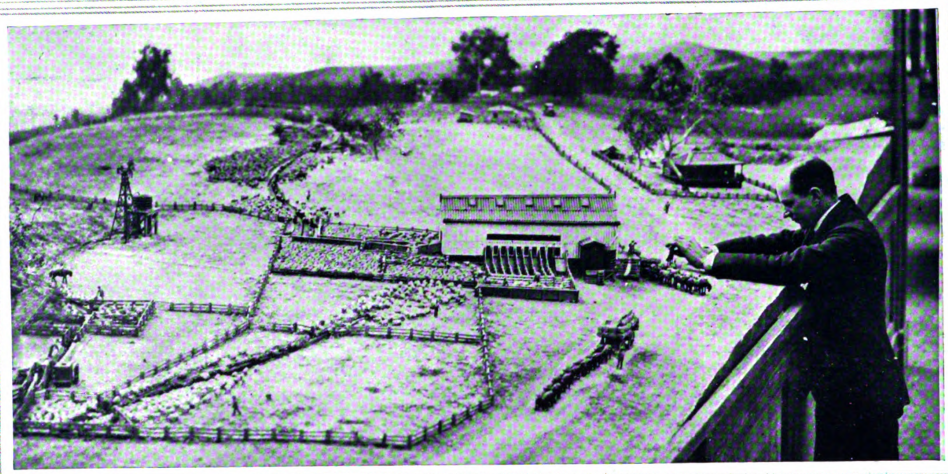
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND C.N.



HARVESTING IN AUSTRALIA, WHERE WHEAT CAN BE PRODUCED CHEAPER THAN IN ANY OTHER COUNTRY: A SCENIC MODEL IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION.



AN AUSTRALIAN VINEYARD IN TABLEAU FORM AT WEMBLEY: THE PICTURESQUE EXHIBIT OF THE AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION.



A WORKING MODEL OF AN AUSTRALIAN SHEEP-STATION, SHOWING SHEEP MOVING FROM PENS (CENTRE) TO DIPPING-TROUGH (EXTREME LEFT) AND ROUND TO THE SHEARING-SHED (RIGHT)—MR. NEIL McBEATH PUTTING FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE EXHIBIT.

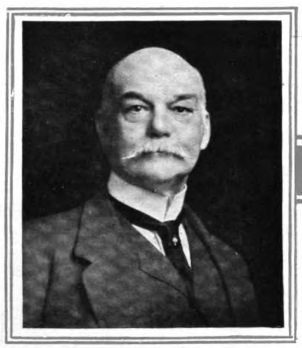
PEARL-DIVING IN THE PACIFIC: A REALISTIC MODEL OF A DIVER AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, SHOWN AMONG THE EXHIBITS OF AUSTRALIAN FISHERIES.

SHOWING DETAILS OF THE DIVING HELMET AND BREATHING APPARATUS: MODELS OF TWO AUSTRALIAN DIVERS.

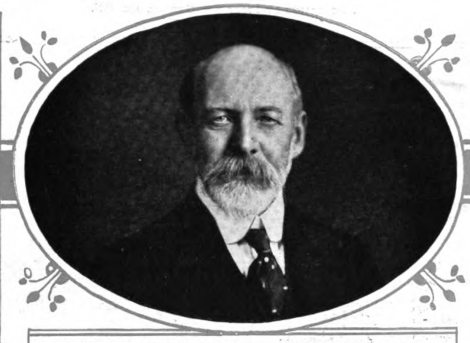
As in the Canadian Pavilion (illustrated on another page), so also in that of Australia, realistic tableaux and working models are used to demonstrate the principal industries of the island continent. In the words of the "Guide" to the Exhibition, "the visitor will be put in touch with the various stages of pastoral life and work among the sheep and cattle and horses, and of the labour which collects the marvellous 'golden fleece' of the Australian sheep, which is sought after by all the world. . . . The visitor will learn much, too, concerning the great agricultural industries of Australia . . . wheat in particular. . . . Agriculture covers dairy, orchard, and garden products, grapes, flax and other fibres; cereals, fodder plants, sugar, cotton, and so forth. . . . Fisheries cover all marine products." In connection with the pearl-diving models, it may be noted that native divers from Africa may possibly be seen, during the season, at the Aquarium in the Amusements Park.

PATRON; OFFICERS; REPRESENTATIVES: EXHIBITION PERSONALITIES.

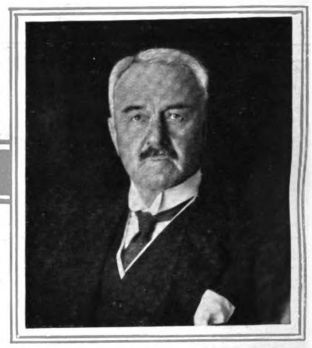
PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK, HUTCHINSON AND RUSSELL DOWNEY, CAMPBELL-GRAY AND RUSSELL



THE HON. PETER C. LARKIN, HIGH COMMISSIONER OF CANADA—REPRESENTATIVE.



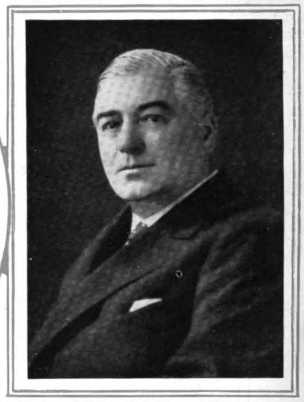
THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH COOK, G.C.M.G, HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA—A REPRESENTATIVE.



THE HON. SIR E. H. WALTON, HIGH COMMISSIONER SOUTH AFRICA—REPRESENTATIVE.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING, PATRON OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.



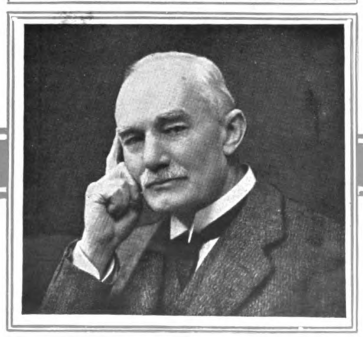
LORD STEVENSON OF HOLMBURY, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF THE EXHIBITION.

MR. DABIBA M. DALAL, C.I.E., HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE—A REPRESENTATIVE.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR TRAVERS E. CLARKE, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR OF THE EXHIBITION.

MR. VICTOR GORDON, HIGH COMMISSIONER OF NEWFOUNDLAND—A REPRESENTATIVE.

SIR CHARLES McLEOD, MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.



COLONEL THE HON. SIR JAMES ALLEN, K.C.B., MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. SIR A. HENRY McMAHON, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

The British Empire Exhibition has brought together many famous Empire personalities, headed by the King, as Patron: the Prince of Wales, as President: and the Duchess of York, as President of the Women's Section: and including distinguished representatives of India, the Dominions, and the Colonies. Its organisation comprises Patron, President, Vice-Presidents, Executive Council, Board, Administrative Staff, the Representatives mentioned, and the Women's Section.

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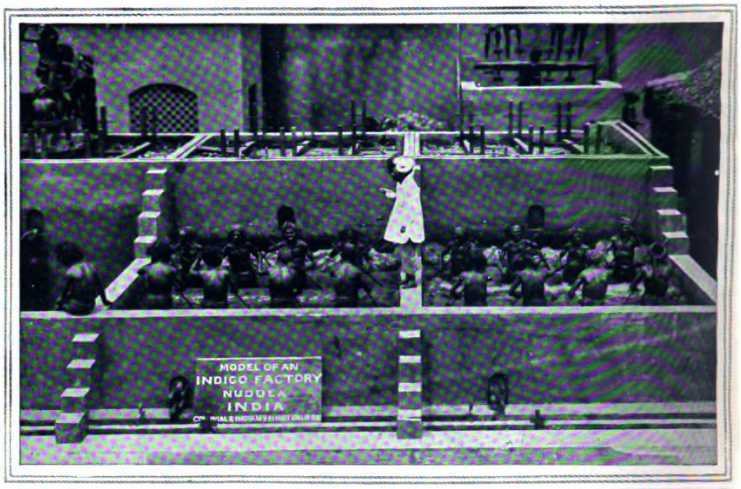
DUNLOP

C.F.H. 135

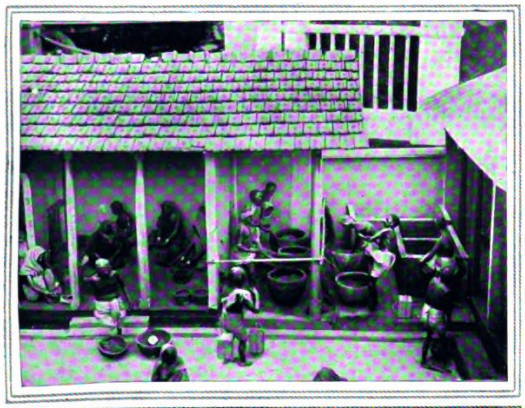
WEMBLEY MODELS OF LIFE AND LABOUR IN INDIA AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

A MODEL OF AN INDIGO FACTORY AT NUDDEA, BENGAL: WORKING A TREADMILL TO RAISE WATER FOR THE VAT.

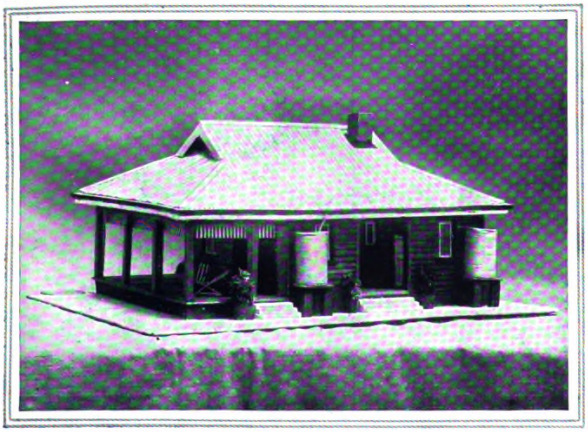


PREPARING INDIGO FROM THE LEAVES OF AN INDIAN PLANT: STIRRING THE EXTRACT IN THE VAT WITH LONG POLES, WITH A WHITE-COATED OVERSEER SUPERVISING—A MODEL AT WEMBLEY.

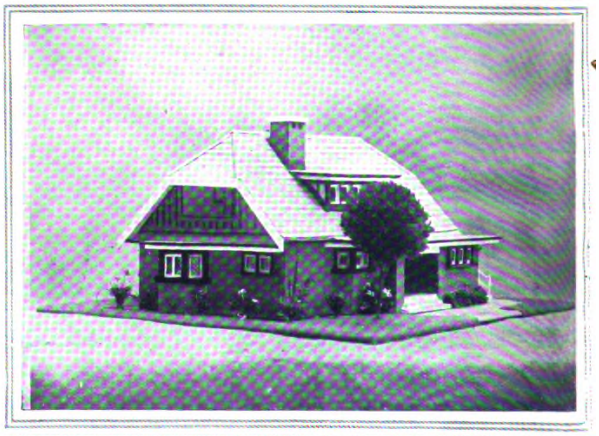


HOW SHELLAC IS MADE IN INDIA: A MODEL, AT WEMBLEY, OF A TYPICAL EAST INDIAN FACTORY—SIFTING THE RAW MATERIAL.

THE ARRIVAL OF RAW MATERIAL (EXUDATION FROM TREES PUNCTURED BY AN INSECT): THE INDIAN SHELLAC FACTORY MODEL, SHOWING SIFTERS IN THE BACKGROUND.



TYPICAL OF A SETTLER'S FIRST HOME IN AUSTRALIA: A MODEL OF A BUNGALOW OF THE KIND BUILT BY A NEWLY ARRIVED EMIGRANT.

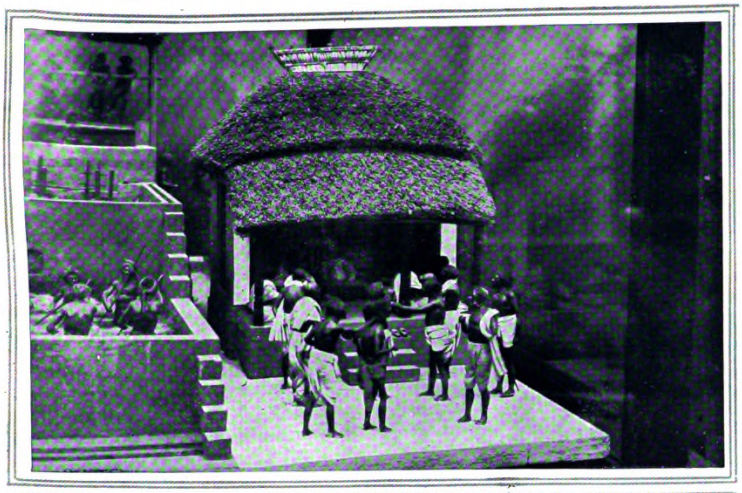


THE TYPE OF LARGER TWO-STOREY HOUSE BUILT BY THE SETTLER WHEN HIS FARM IS FLOURISHING AND HIS FAMILY GROWING UP: ANOTHER MODEL.

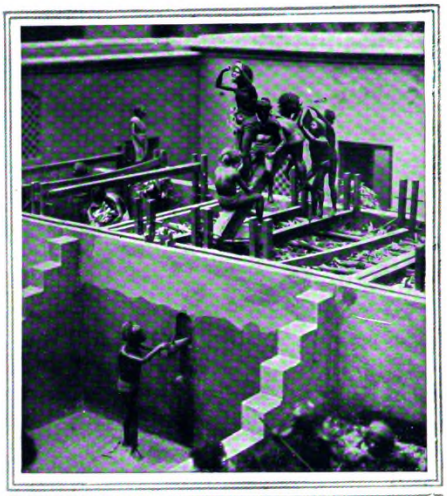
Remarkably interesting models of national life and industry in various countries of the Empire are to be seen in the Exhibition at Wembley, notably, as the above photographs show, in the Pavilions of India and Australia. The models of the Indian indigo and shellac factories recall, in the matter of costume and mechanical apparatus, those found in ancient Egyptian tombs representing life and labour in the days of the Pharaohs. Indigo is a natural dye-stuff obtained from various plants, including the *Isatis tinctoria*, or woad-plant, also cultivated to some extent in England. It contains a glucoside called indican, which by fermentation is converted into an insoluble blue, indigotine. Natural indigo is prepared as follows. The plant is steeped in vats for about twelve hours, when a greenish extract is separated and run into fresh vats, where it is stirred vigorously to bring the indican into contact with atmospheric oxygen. Insoluble indigo is thus

AUSTRALIA: INDIGO; SHELLAC; FARMSTEADS; AN OPAL MINE.

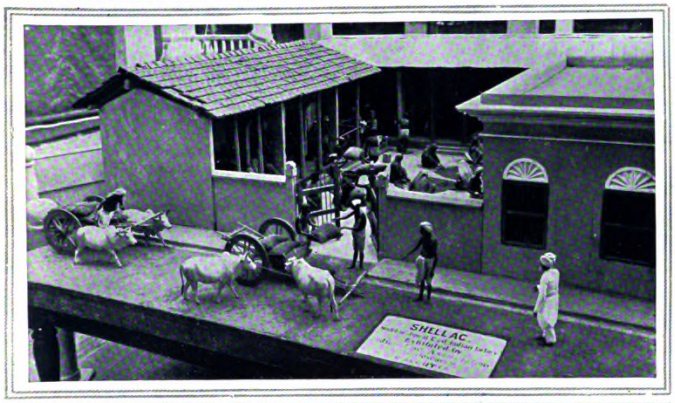
SPORT AND GENERAL.



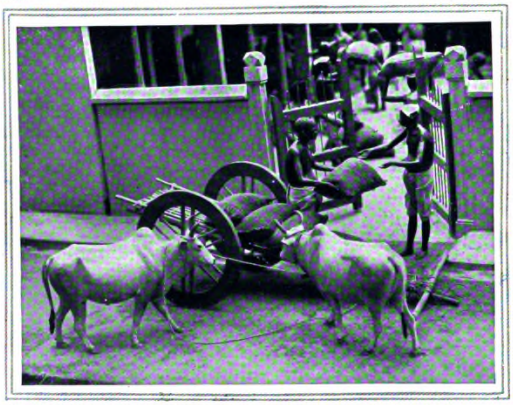
THE CLERICAL DEPARTMENT OF AN INDIAN INDIGO FACTORY: PART OF THE MODEL IN THE INDIAN PAVILION, SHOWING ON THE LEFT THE END OF THE VAT SEEN IN THE PREVIOUS PHOTOGRAPH.



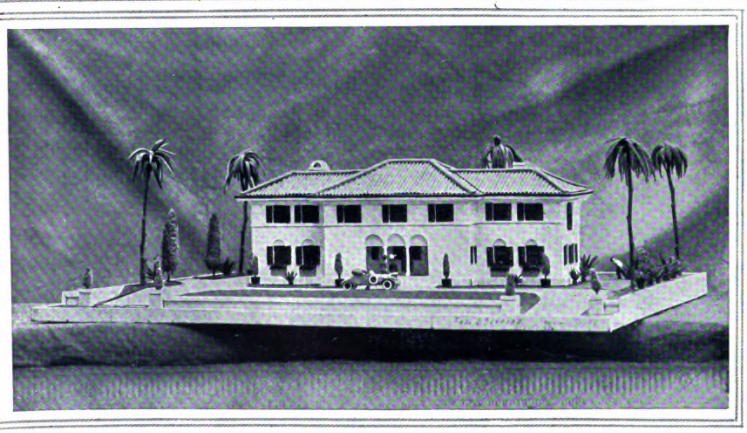
IN AN INDIGO FACTORY: MEN WORKING A LEVER TO SQUEEZE THE LEAVES IN THE WATER OF THE VAT.



HOW RAW MATERIAL FOR SHELLAC COMES TO THE FACTORY: MODELS OF BULLOCK-WAGONS IN THE WEMBLEY EXHIBIT OF THE INDIAN LAC ASSOCIATION FOR RESEARCH, CALCUTTA.



SHOWING THE WAGONER HANDING IN A SACK OF RAW MATERIAL AT THE FACTORY GATE: PART OF THE PREVIOUS ILLUSTRATION.



OF THE TYPE BUILT BY A SUCCESSFUL SETTLER IN AUSTRALIA AFTER HE HAS RETIRED TO TOWN OR SUBURB, LEAVING THE ENLARGED FARMSTEAD TO HIS SONS: A MODEL OF AN AUSTRALIAN HOUSE.

WITH ALL THE GROUNDWORK OF BRIGHT OPAL FLAKES: A MODEL OF AN AUSTRALIAN OPAL MINE AT WEMBLEY.

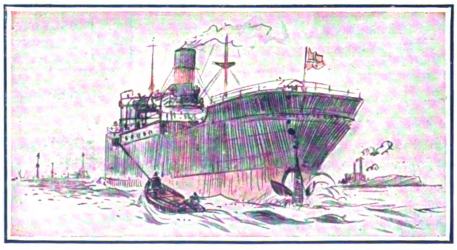
precipitated as a mud, which is pressed, dried, and cut into cubes. Artificial indigoes are made chemically, but many dyers are said to prefer the natural product. Shellac is made from a resinous exudation called "stick-lac," from East Indian trees such as *Ficus indica*, due to the punctures of an insect called *Coccus lacca*. The stick-lac is melted in boiling water and then poured on to a cold surface, where it forms brittle, orange-yellow flakes. This is known as shellac, and is largely used in making varnishes, polishes, lacquer, and sealing-wax. The models of Australian farmsteads, which are illustrated above, will doubtless be of great interest to intending settlers as they show the kind of home which a farming emigrant would have at first, and those to which he might aspire later if he prospered. In the model of the opal mine, the two little buildings, one on each side, bear the inscription, "Opal Buyer."

TRADE ON THE SEVEN SEAS: OCEAN LINKS OF EMPIRE.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.

BRINGING COLONIAL PRODUCE TO LONDON: THE "TRAMP."

This drawing, whose subject is typical of the overseas trade on which the Empire depends, shows a boatman going out to meet a tramp steamer coming into port. The boatman's risks are not light, for he will venture far seaward to capture his ship, and, heedless that it will not slow down for him, he pulls vigorously alongside, and with a long-poled hook, to which is attached a stout towing hawser, he hooks on to any projection that will give a hold. In a moment, amidst a swirl and rush, he is flying

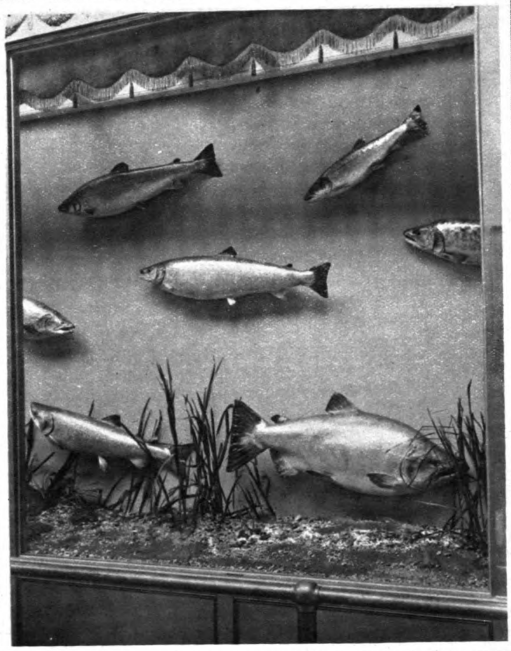


through the water in tow of the ship, his mate frantically seizing the tiller to keep the frail craft on a straight course, for a bad swerve may mean disaster. Once berthed in the river or dock (at which operation he assists with the ropes), his duty is to wait on the ship day and night. While all ships carry boats, there is either a curious disinclination to hoist one out, or, if this is done, the 'labour question' is often too intricate to admit of its being efficiently manned."

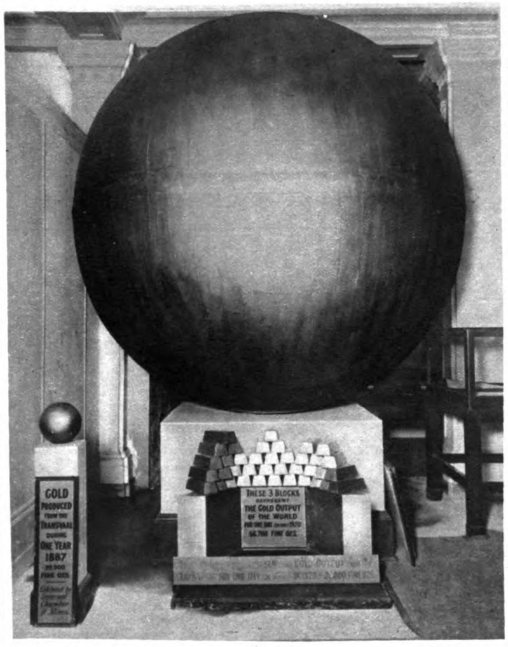
NATIVE ART AND NATURAL PRODUCTS: FROM AFRICA AND CANADA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, AND CAMPBELL GRAY.

AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE FROM NIGERIA: A MOUNTED WARRIOR ON A RICHLY CAPARISONED STEED WEARING "SPECTACLES" AND ELABORATE HEAD-ORNAMENTS.



MODELS OF CANADIAN FISH: (LEFT TO RIGHT, AT TOP) SPRING SALMON AND PINK SALMON; (CENTRE) STEEL HEAD SALMON; (BELOW) TWO SPRING SALMON.



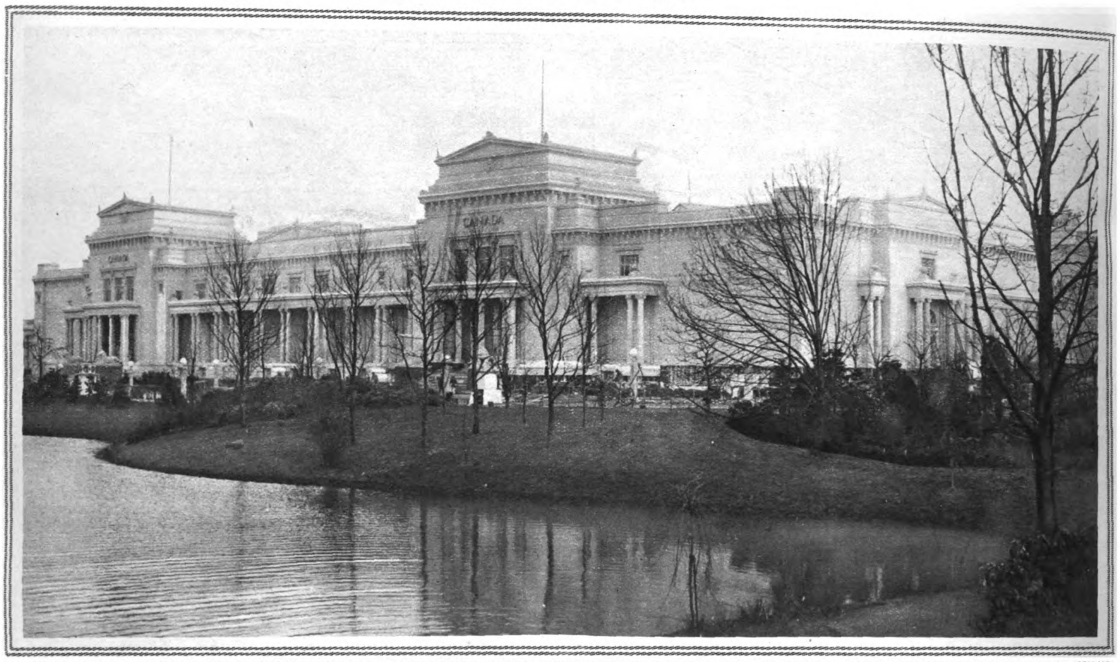
SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD: THE LARGE BALL REPRESENTING OVER NINE MILLION FINE OUNCES OF GOLD PRODUCED IN THE TRANSVAAL IN ONE YEAR (1917).

A GIANT FROM EAST AFRICA: THE HEAD OF A HUGE ELEPHANT, ONE OF THE BIG-GAME TROPHIES DISPLAYED IN THE CENTRAL COURT OF THE EAST AFRICAN PAVILION.

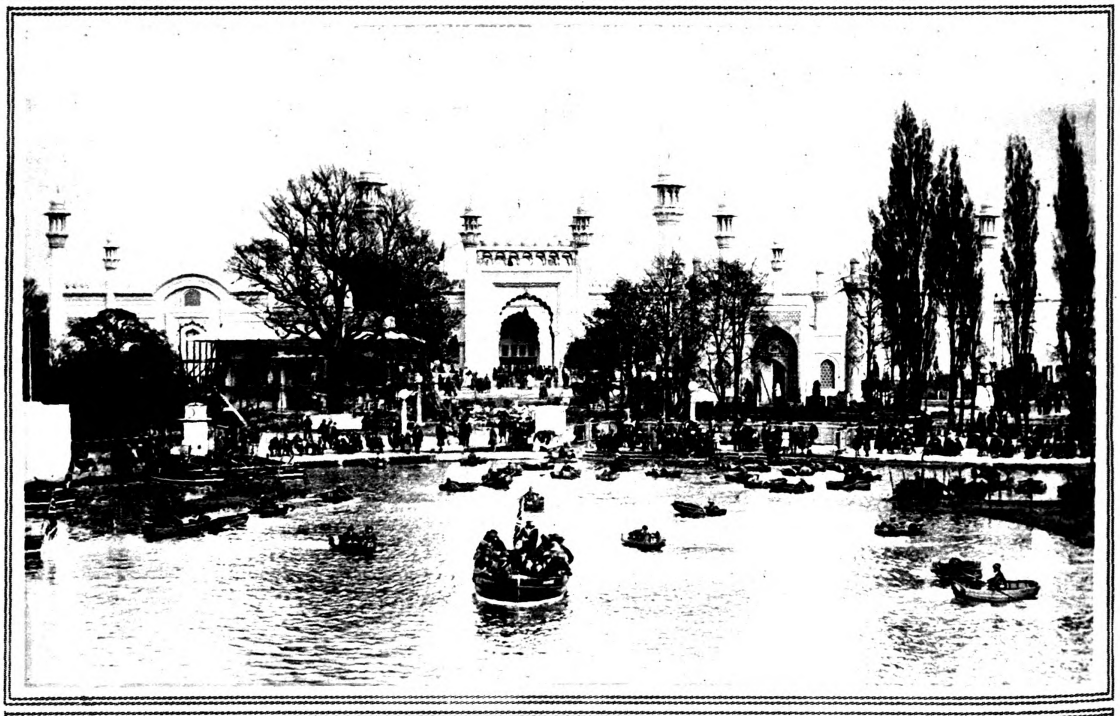
The Nigerian Building contains among its exhibits an interesting collection of objects of art from ancient Benin, showing Portuguese influence. They are of wood, bronze, and ivory.——In the Canadian Pavilion are to be found specimens of all the rich natural products of the Dominion, including fish and game.——The exhibit of gold in the South African Pavilion is designed to show the great development of the mining industry, and the large proportion of South African gold in the world's output. The large ball represents 9,018,000 fine ounces of gold produced in the Transvaal in a single year (1917). The notices on the exhibits beneath read: "These 3 blocks represent the gold output of the world for one day (24 hours) in 1920—56,700 fine ounces"; and below again: "These gold bars represent the gold output from the Transvaal for one day (24 hours) in 1920—28,000 fine ounces." The small ball on the pillar to the left represents "gold produced from the Transvaal during one year (1887)—39,900 fine ounces."——The central court of the East African Pavilion contains a collection of big-game trophies.

WEMBLEY BY DAY: CANADA AND INDIA UNDER A LONDON SUN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



IN CONTRAST WITH THE NIGHT VIEWS OPPOSITE: THE STATELY PAVILION OF CANADA, AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE, WITH MAPLE-TREES PLANTED NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO GIVE THE CANADIAN VISITOR A SENSE OF HOME.

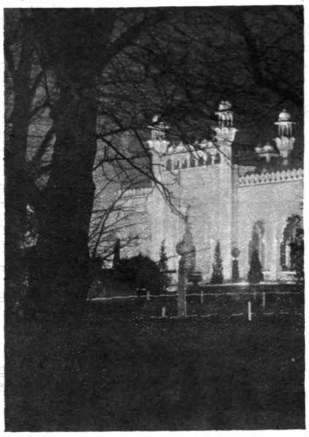


IN CONTRAST WITH THE NIGHT VIEWS OPPOSITE: THE LAKE AT WEMBLEY, SHOWING THE INDIAN PAVILION IN THE BACKGROUND, AND LITTLE HAND-WORKED PADDLE-BOATS (AS IN CENTRE FOREGROUND) VERY POPULAR AMONG BOYS, WITH VARIOUS OTHER CRAFT.

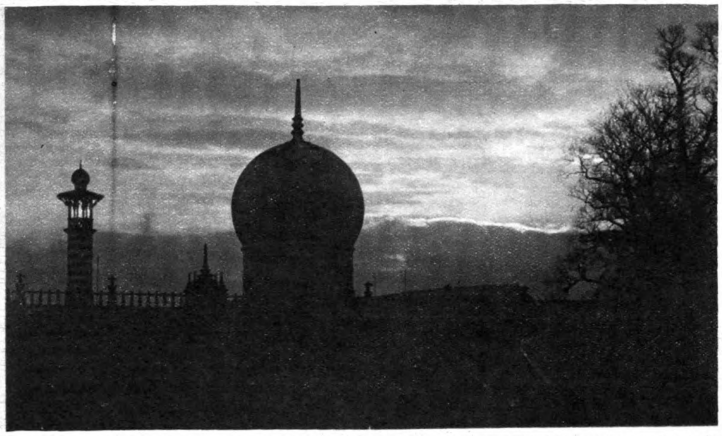
These daylight views of the Canadian and Indian Pavilions, with the adjacent lake, form an interesting contrast with the same scenes illuminated at night, as shown on the opposite page. "The central building in the Canadian Section," says the official "Guide" to the Exhibition, "was designed by a Canadian architect, as were the harmonious railway pavilions that flank it to right and left. The decoration of all three buildings is Canadian in design and workmanship, and all the material used is Canadian. . . . Canada at Wembley observed from the bridges has an impressive appearance, and gains in effect as you approach. The exiled native will find a touch of familiarity in the maple-trees that dot the landscape directly before the fine main entrance."

WEMBLEY BY NIGHT: INDIA AND CANADA BY ARTIFICIAL "MOONLIGHT."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, REITZ (WEMBLEY), THE "TIMES" (COPYRIGHT), I.B., AND AITKEN.

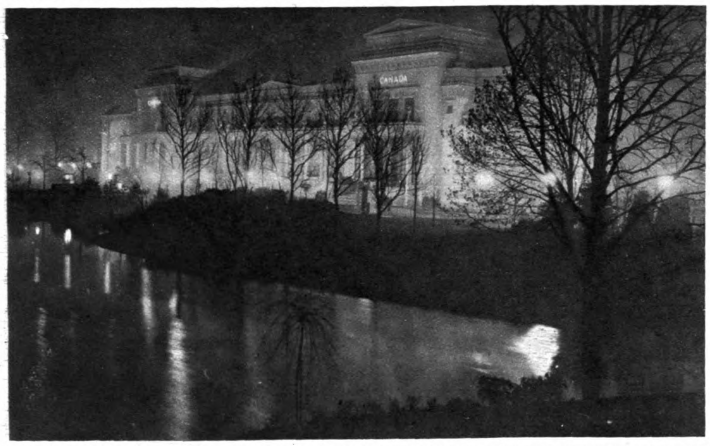


IN CONTRAST WITH THE DAYLIGHT VIEW OPPOSITE: THE LOVELY INDIAN PAVILION AT NIGHT, ILLUMINATED AMONG THE DARK TREES.

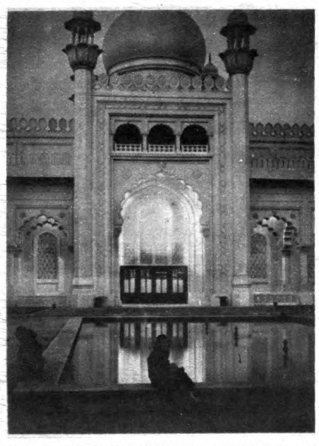


A BEAUTIFUL MOONLIGHT EFFECT ON ORIENTAL ROOFS: THE DOME AND ONE OF THE TOWERS OF THE MALAYA BUILDING DARKLY SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY.

WHEN THE ILLUMINATION BY POWERFUL FLOOD-LIGHTS CHANGES THE SCENE INTO FAIRYLAND: THE LAKE AT NIGHT WITH ITS MIRRORED TREES, SHOWING THE INDIAN PAVILION IN THE BACKGROUND, AND A CORNER OF "CANADA" ON THE EXTREME RIGHT—A CONTRAST TO THE DAYLIGHT VIEWS OPPOSITE.



AS IT LOOKS BY NIGHT, IN CONTRAST TO THE DAYLIGHT VIEW SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: THE CANADIAN PAVILION LIT UP, AND REFLECTIONS IN THE LAKE.

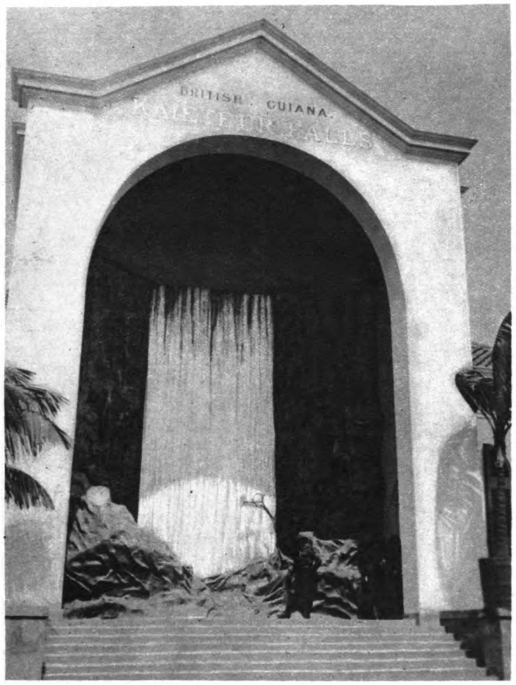


ALMOST AS LIGHT AS BY DAY: A BEAUTIFUL GATEWAY IN THE INDIAN PAVILION, BUILT IN THE STYLE OF THE FAMOUS TAJ MAHAL AT AGRA.

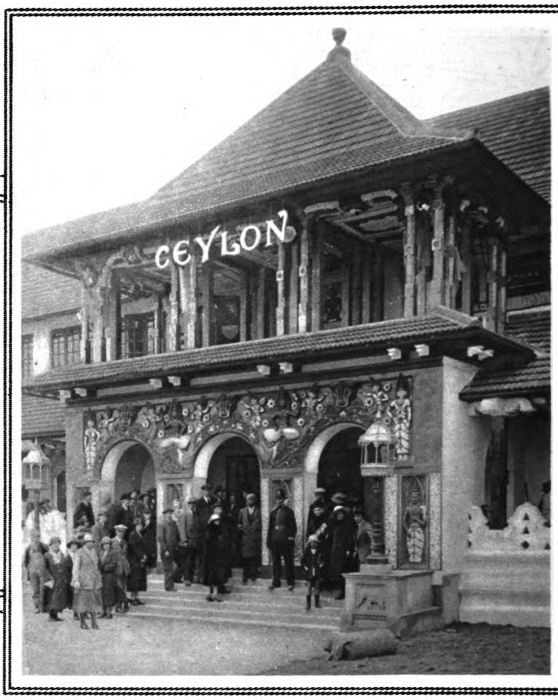
The above photographs of the Exhibition by night form a striking contrast to those on the opposite page, showing the same buildings and their surroundings by day. After dark the grounds are brilliantly illuminated by countless globe-shaped lights which transform the scene, as it were, into fairyland. Looking down the lake towards the lovely Indian Pavilion, with its delicate outlines recalling the Taj Mahal at Agra, the visitor seems to have been transported into the atmosphere of the "Arabian Nights." In addition to the globes about the grounds, there is a long row of 170 "flood lights" on the roof of the Stadium (illustrated in our issue of May 3). Under these brilliant illuminations the Exhibition takes on the aspect of a magic city.

EAST AND WEST AT WEMBLEY: WONDERS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.

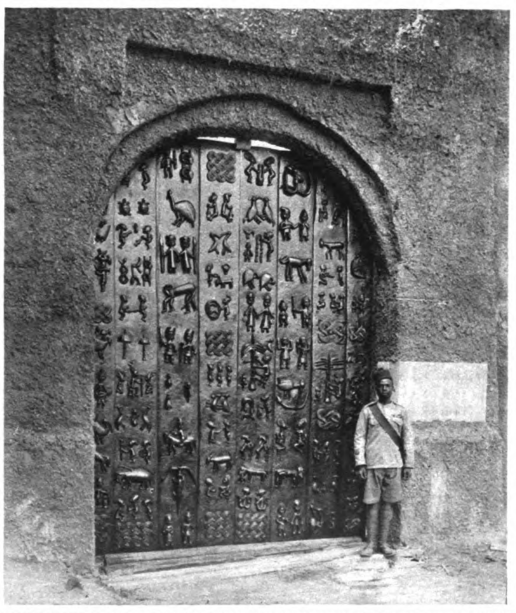
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., L.N.A., W. S. CAMPBELL, AND I.B.



FIVE TIMES THE HEIGHT OF NIAGARA: THE GREAT KAIETEUR FALLS—A REALISTIC MODEL JUST INSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH GUIANA PAVILION.



THE CEYLON PAVILION: A FINE ENTRANCE PORCH COPIED FROM AN OLD SINGALESE BUILDING CONTEMPORARY WITH THE FAMOUS "TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH" AT KANDY.



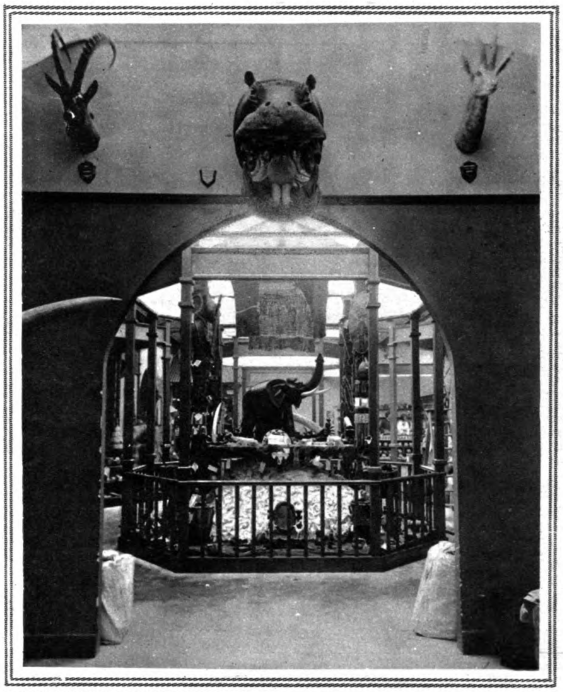
QUAINTLY CARVED BY WEST AFRICAN STUDENTS AT THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL OF ACCRA, THE CAPITAL OF THE COLONY: THE DOOR OF THE GOLD COAST PAVILION.

SHOWING (ON THE RIGHT-HAND PANEL) A FIGURE REPRESENTING A BRITISH OFFICER CARRIED IN A HAMMOCK: A CARVED DOOR OF A CHIEF'S HOUSE IN THE NIGERIAN BUILDING.

The British Guiana Pavilion contains, just inside the entrance, a large-scale model of one of the world's most magnificent waterfalls—the Kaieteur, or Old Man's Fall, on the Potaro River, a tributary of the Essequibo. It has a sheer drop of 740 ft., five times that of Niagara, and then pursues a sloping course through an exquisite ravine luxuriant with ferns, orchids, and other flowers.——The Ceylon Pavilion reproduces faithfully the old Kandyan style of architecture, and has two towers modelled on the famous "Temple of the Tooth" at Kandy.——The doors of the Gold Coast Pavilion, covered with quaint little figures of people, animals, birds, reptiles, and other objects (including umbrellas), were carved by Africans at the Technical School at Accra.——The Nigerian Building is a replica of one in an important Emir's compound. The walls are of sun-dried clay, with doorways decorated with incised Arabic patterns.

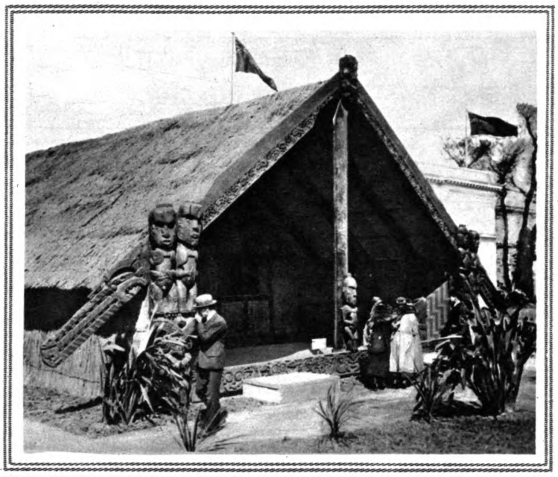
THE ROMANCE OF ART AT WEMBLEY: CRAFTSMANSHIP FROM FAR LANDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

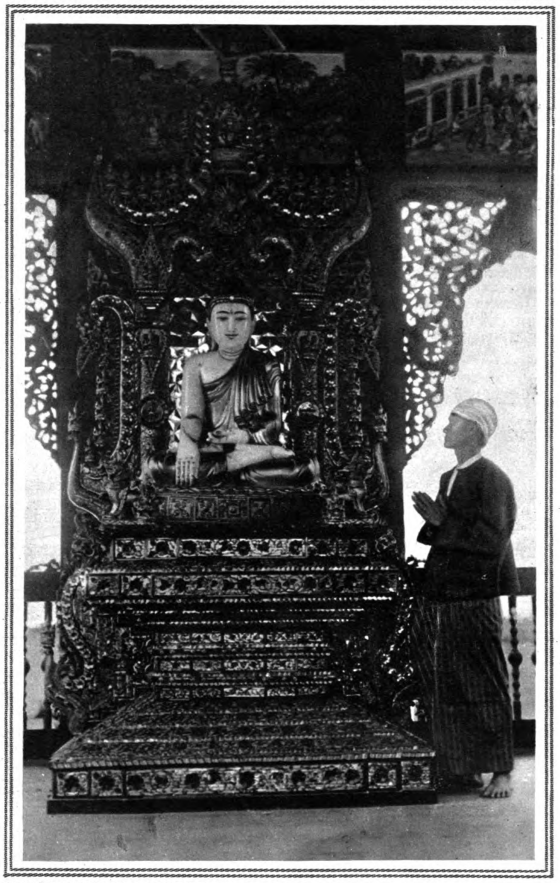


SHOWING A MODEL OF AN ELEPHANT AND SPECIMENS OF NATIVE POTTERY, FABRICS, WEAPONS, AND PRODUCTS: THE ENTRANCE TO THE TANGANYIKA SECTION OF THE EAST AFRICA PAVILION.

BURMESE BELL-FOUNDING, STATUARY, AND CARVING: A PICTURESQUE NATIVE SOUNDING THE GREAT GONG TO ANNOUNCE THE ARRIVAL OF ROYAL VISITORS—(IN THE BACKGROUND) THE C.P.R. BUILDING.



ERECTED IN 1874 AS A SYMBOL OF PEACE BETWEEN TWO MAORI TRIBES: THE MATA-ATUA, A MAGNIFICENTLY CARVED OLD MAORI HOUSE, EXHIBITED BY NEW ZEALAND.



AN EXQUISITE EXAMPLE OF RELIGIOUS ART FROM BURMA: A MAN AT PRAYER BEFORE A FIGURE OF BUDDHA, RICHLY SHRINED, IN A BURMESE TEMPLE AT WEMBLEY.

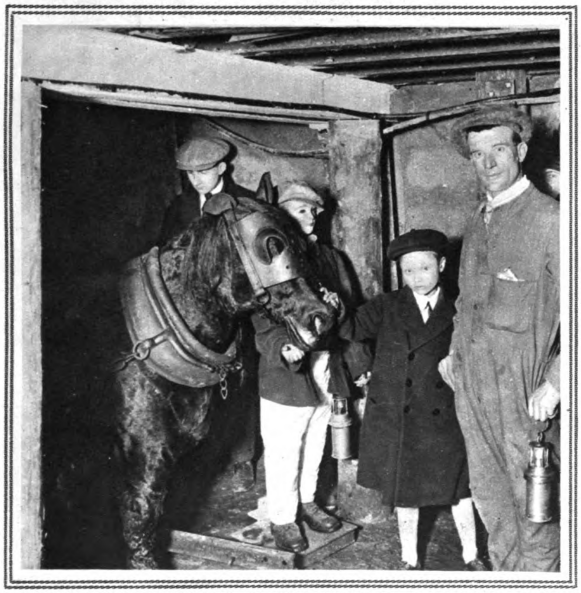
Tanganyika, formerly German territory, is represented in a section of the East Africa Pavilion at Wembley. Over the arch is a great open-mouthed hippopotamus head from Uganda. On the left is an ibex from the Sudan, and on the right a somewhat similar head from Kenya.——The Mata-Atua, or carved Maori house, was built in New Zealand in 1874 to ratify peace between two Maori tribes long at war. It is 80 ft. long, and the carvings are the finest examples of Maori art ever discovered. "The house" (says the official "Guide") "after being exhibited by the New Zealand Government at Sydney in 1879, was brought to London and shown, eventually being stored away in a dry vault. It has now been re-presented to the New Zealand Government by the South Kensington Museum."——The incident of sounding the gong at the Burmese Pavilion took place when the King and Queen visited Wembley with the King and Queen of Roumania.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WEMBLEY: THRILLS IN THE AMUSEMENT PARK.

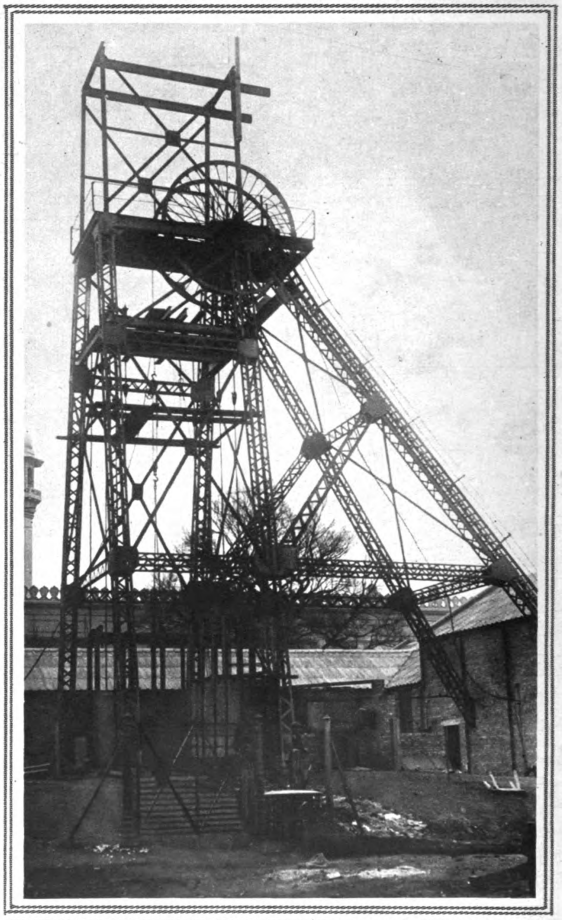
PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., LEADLAY (SUPPLIED BY G.P.A.), I.B. AND SPECIAL PRESS.

WITH TOY SOLDIERS IN "BEARSKINS" ON SENTRY-GO, AND JAZZ DECORATIONS: THE ENTRANCE STRIKES THE KEY-NOTE OF THE AMUSEMENT PARK.

ONE OF SEVERAL GREAT SWITCHBACK RAILWAYS THAT APPEAL TO SEEKERS AFTER THRILLS: THE MOUNTAIN "RACER"; AND SOME SIDE-SHOWS BELOW.



DOWN THE COAL-MINE AT WEMBLEY: VISITORS WHO HAVE DESCENDED THE SHAFT IN A CAGE INSPECTING THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH PIT PONIES WORK.



WHERE THE VISITOR IS LOWERED IN A CAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT: THE PITHEAD OF THE COLLIERY IN THE AMUSEMENT PARK AT WEMBLEY.

The organisers of the British Empire Exhibition wisely provided a lure for the young folk and others who like to mingle some frivolity with serious study. "It is easy" (we quote the official "Guide") "to find one's way to the Amusement Park. Its fluttering flags, its gay buildings, its gigantic scenic railway and other puzzling structures in 'thrill' architecture are visible from whatever point one approaches. . . . There is no mistaking the jollity of the brilliant chessboard gateway, guarded by toy soldiers, and gay little figures closely resembling Cupid, who ride wooden steeds and tilt with long lances. . . . The Colliery, staged for convenience within the Pleasure Park, if not properly to be regarded as an 'amusement,' is certainly one of the objects of greatest interest in the whole Exhibition. This complete-in-every-detail working model will enable visitors to see exactly how coal is produced. The entire paraphernalia of coal-mining in actual operation may be studied—pit ponies, underground stables, and all. Visitors are lowered in a two-decked cage to the bottom of the shaft, and step out into the underground workings. . . . Guides accompany the visitors down the mine to explain each detail."

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"ODDFELLOWS ARMS," Caldbeck:—The scene of many meets of the veteran huntsman, John Peel, who died at a ripe old age in 1854. In a room in this plain little inn was written the famous hunting song, 'D'ye ken John Peel' which has immortalized the old fox-hunter and his hounds.

Johnnie Walker: "People still sing 'D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey'."

Shade of John Peel: "Aye! but they don't sing about you, they shout for you."

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Fashions and Fancies.

This Season's Novel Head-Dresses.

The brilliance of this year's London season owes not a little to the wonderful frocks and accessories which have been created for it, and for the coming summer holidays at the fashionable *plages*. With evening dresses are worn scintillating tiaras, turbans, and coronets of every description. Sketched on page 986 are some fascinating affairs which hail from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. They are destined for shingled heads. The first is a turban of silver tissue, ornamented with glittering stripes of diamanté; and the second is of gold tissue, specially designed to keep the hair smooth and tidy. They cost 45s. 9d. and 21s. 9d. respectively; and the second may be had in silver, gold, or oxidised. Débutantes will be interested to note that the regulation plumes and veil, mounted on a pin or on a comb for shingled hair, can be obtained for 25s. 9d. complete.

The Vogue for Multi-Coloured Coats.

The new "coat of many colours" is as useful as it is attractive: for it will be worn at the races, indoors, and for all sports this summer. It looks well with every frock, and is an ideal protection against chilly breezes. Pictured on page 986 is an attractive model from Dickins and Jones. It is of fancy French cloth in gay tapestry colourings, and is faced with stockinette of a contrasting shade. The cost is 39s. 6d. There are others for the same price of woven French cotton in bold check designs, bound with black ciré braid. The neat overblouse portrayed on page 988 is of the famous Celes silk, and is obtainable for 49s. 6d. in several shades; while the other is of white voile with gilet, cuffs and collar of a gaily patterned material. The price is 29s. 6d., and there are jumper blouses of French voile, with double rows of pockets, and demure Peter Pan collar and cuffs, for 12s. 9d.

Two delightful little outfits for the summer holidays, one expressed in gaily checked zephyr, and the other in white haircord with smocking and trimming of blue. Sketched at Walpole Brothers'.

This tiny personage may well be proud of his pretty hand-embroidered frock of French voile trimmed with Irish crochet lace, for it has been designed and carried out by Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W.

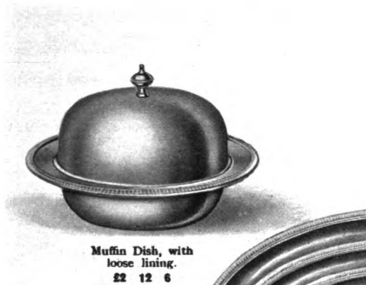
Summer Outfits for the Kiddies.

Fashions for the little people have never been so practical or attractive as they are to-day. One has only to remember the long heavy frocks of velvet and lace worn by our grandmothers, and compare them with the bewitching little garments portrayed on this page. For playing about, nothing could be more comfortable than the checked zephyr frock with knickers to match pictured here, or the white hair-cord smock, completed with cuffs and collars of Harris linen. They are obtainable from Walpole Bros. (89, New Bond Street, W.; 108, Kensington High Street, W.; or 173, Sloane Street, S.W.), for 17s. 11d. the zephyr outfit (size 16 inches), and 15s. 11d. the smock, sizes 16 to 20 inches. Then for special occasions there is the frivolous little frock of pink organdie on the extreme right, trimmed with tiny picot-edged frills. It costs 55s. 9d., size 18 inches. The light coat of brown Harris linen, with buff collar and cuffs on the right, is perfectly tailored, and can be secured for 23s. 9d., size 16 inches. With it is depicted a captivating little leghorn bonnet, trimmed with a wreath of rose-buds (price 29s. 9d.) and charming little models in every straw range, from £1 1s. upwards. Last, but, by no means least in importance, is the pretty baby's frock of French voile, hand-embroidered and edged with crochet lace. It may be obtained for 21s. 9d.; and others in blue-and-white spotted muslins, prettily smocked, are 25s. 9d.

Novelty of the Week.

Delightfully picturesque sun-bonnets in Old-World flowered muslins, prints, and chintz, can be secured from 3s. 11d. upwards—for children as well as "grown-ups." On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to give the name and address where they are obtainable.

Beech-brown Harris linen with buff collar and cuffs makes the well-tailored little coat on the left, and rose-pink organdie the adorable affair on the right. They must be placed to the credit of Walpole Brothers.



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14 in. 3 7 6
16 in. 4 4 0
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

WHAT THE PRESENT OPERA SEASON CAN TEACH THE BRITISH MUSICIAN.

AFTER hearing the first cycle of "The Ring" under Herr Bruno Walter, at Covent Garden, all reasonable expectations ought to have been satisfied. The general level of performance was far higher than any we have had in London since the war, and although some ardent patriots grumble a little in pretended disappointment, because they have not heard such splendid voices as they anticipated, they may be legitimately asked whether outstanding vocal superiority was what any experienced musician ever expects from a German operatic company? Not that the present company does not possess many fine voices! Herr Friedrich Schorr, the Wotan of "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre," has a magnificent voice free from *tremolo*, and is also a really first-class artist. Mme. Gertrud Kappel, who has so far played Brünnhilde and Isolde, is also of quite exceptional merit. Her voice is fresh, she sings with great intelligence, and it is only in the weightiest moments that we feel that it might be with advantage just a little more powerful. Herr Kirchhoff, whom so far I have only heard as Loge, is quite the finest Loge I have heard; he sings and acts with remarkable clarity and precision—in fact, his gestures were so well timed and so effective that even if one were ignorant of the German one could not have failed to understand what was happening.

THE WHIPPET WORRIES THE ROYAL BALL: AN INCIDENT IN THE MATCH BETWEEN H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK AND CAPTAIN BASIL BROOKE AGAINST MR. FRANK HODGES AND MR. EVAN WILLIAMS.

The match took place on the Ton Pentre golf course, as the sequel to a challenge issued a year ago by Mr. Frank Hodges. The game was a remarkable one, watched by crowds of spectators, and the play was not of a very high order on either side, the result being that Mr. Hodges and his partner won by two and one, although the Duke and Captain Brooke won the bye with a good four. A curious incident occurred at the second hole, when a whippet worried the royal ball on the green. In accordance with a local rule, the ball was replaced, after the Duke had inquired, "What are they going to do now?"

Photograph by C.N.

Mme. Frida Leider was magnificent as Isolde, quite adequate in power, both as actress and singer, to the extreme physical demands of this part; but her voice, although it is powerful and comes ringing through the most tremendous orchestral climaxes, is not particularly beautiful or attractive in quality. Even finer as an actress is the Swedish singer, Mme. Gota Ljungberg, who gave a quite unforgettable performance as Sieglinde. Her acting when Siegmund plucks the sword Nothung from the tree in the first act of "Walküre" was full of real dramatic invention, and on quite a different plane to mere competent operatic acting. It was due to her that the duet in the first act of "Walküre" was so moving, for the tenor, Herr Urlus, though quite a good Siegmund, was not remarkable, and his voice lacks lyrical beauty. In fact, it is in the tenors that the present company seems weakest. Neither Herr Urlus, who has played Siegmund and Tristan, nor Herr Soot, who has been heard as Siegfried and Tristan, can be described as anything more than a competent operatic singer. Herr Soot has all the German tenor's notorious tendency to bark and yap the music. In the second act of "Tristan" his singing lacked all the lyrical *bel canto* quality which the famous duet calls for; but, on the other hand, both Herr Soot and Herr Urlus sang and acted with a thoroughness and a perfect knowledge of their work which it is unfortunately rare to find in English singers.

THE DEFENDER OF KUT: THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

Sir Charles Townshend will be remembered as the gallant defender of Kut-el-Amara, which he was obliged to surrender to the Turks, after a five months' siege, on April 29, 1916. He was interned at Prinkipo until October 1918. In 1920 he published "My Campaign in Mesopotamia," and was elected M.P. (Independent) for the Wrekin Division of Shropshire. Earlier in his career he saw much service in India and Egypt, and in 1895 was in command during the siege of Chitral.—[*Photograph by I.B.*]

The same may be said of Herr Eduard Habich and Herr Reiss, who played Alberich and Mime

[*Continued overleaf.*

Hearts of Oak.

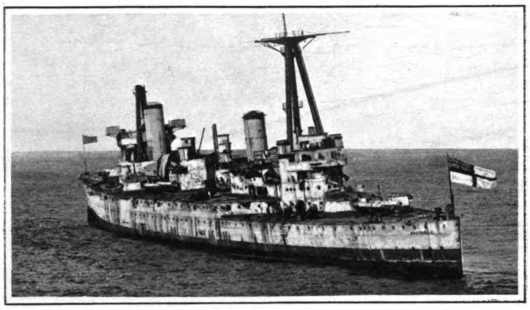
DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY

The figure-head of Orion in Whitehall brings back to men the spirit of other times. And so does Dewar's Whisky. For old age and historical reputation deserve a tribute of regard. The world has ever willingly given it to the unchanging quality of Dewar's.

Continued.]

respectively. They were also more powerful vocally than the singers we are accustomed to in the "Ring" since the war, and sang with far clearer enunciation.



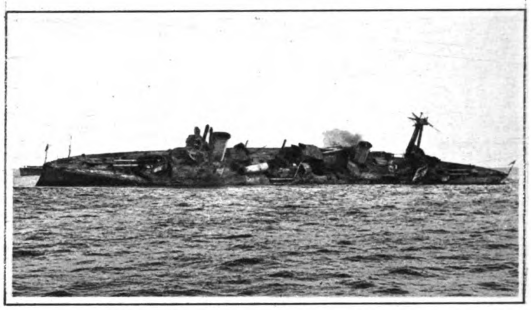
JUST BEFORE SHE WAS SUNK OFF SYDNEY, UNDER THE WASHINGTON TREATY: H.M.A.S. "AUSTRALIA," THE FIRST FLAG-SHIP OF THE COMMONWEALTH NAVY.

In fact, it was possible to hear from the middle of the stalls practically every word that Alberich and Mime uttered, and this superiority in enunciation was general. But what marks off these German singers from our own most vividly is their far greater thoroughness. With the exception of Mme. Farber-Strasser's Brangane—a part with which the singer seemed unfamiliar, as her eyes kept glued to the conductor throughout—all the singers knew their parts backwards. But not only did they know the music, they knew their stage business with equal thoroughness. Consequently the performances moved with that ease, that sureness and expressiveness, that only can be attained with incessant rehearsing, however gifted the individual artists may be.

Further, it is not until music and stage business are known with complete thoroughness that there is any possibility of artistic interpretation of the score. What we suffer from in hearing the performances of our own British National Opera Company is this complete lack of thoroughness. It would be no good engaging Herr Bruno Walter to conduct the B.N.O.C. He would give the job up in disgust within a fortnight, simply because he would not be able to get sufficient rehearsal. We are contaminated, corrupted through and through, I am afraid, with the ideal of the makeshift. "Do what you can, and hope for the best," is the motto of our English musicians. It is, of course, the economic pressure that is partly responsible for this. The directors of the B.N.O.C. would say that they could not afford more rehearsals, but one may reply that perhaps "quality and not quantity" is an ideal that may even pay commercially in the long run. How often have I said that the B.N.O.C., when it gives an opera season, should cut down its repertory by about half! I am tired of pointing out how ridiculous it is for the B.N.O.C. to try to put on twenty operas in a season of four weeks. It is asking everybody concerned to scamp and botch his work.

But the directors of the B.N.O.C. rely on popular prejudice in favour of our own people to support them, however inferior their work may be. They rely upon good-hearted, patriotic musical critics like Mr. Percy B. Scholes to pass over their faults lightly, while emphasising those of their competitors. But even the most ardent of patriots begins to see that this is truly a most unpatriotic business, that it is not the way to help English music and English musicians ever to take their proper place in European music. This week I heard Dr. Vaughan Williams conduct the Bach Choir in the great B Minor Mass. A more hopelessly amateurish performance I have never heard! I have the greatest respect for Dr. Vaughan Williams, but he must be conscious of how far short this performance fell. Nor was it the choir—mainly composed of amateurs—who were weakest. It was the London Symphony Orchestra who played raggedly and perfunctorily throughout. True, they were not held together by their conductor, for whatever virtues Dr. Vaughan Williams has—and he possesses many—a firm grip is not one of them. He did little more than beat time throughout the work, with his eyes glued to the score and his heart with the chorus.

The B.N.O.C. announces that it is going to give a season of opera at His Majesty's Theatre. I implore the directors to limit their repertory strictly to at most a dozen operas. Let them determine in advance to rehearse as they have never rehearsed before. Let no considerations of jealousy, friendship, or compassion interfere with a ruthless selection of singers and conductors. Merit must be their sole consideration. It is incredible that it should be necessary to give such advice; it only shows how low we have sunk in our English musical enterprises; nor do I give this advice with any very strong hope that it will be taken. The present generation of English singers and musicians is, I am afraid, too incurably frivolous. I can only hope, in conclusion, that many members of the B.N.O.C. organisation have been at Covent Garden and have heard the wonderful ensemble secured by Herr Bruno Walter.—W. J. TURNER.



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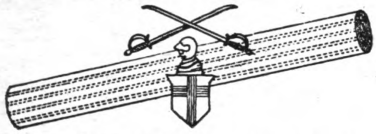

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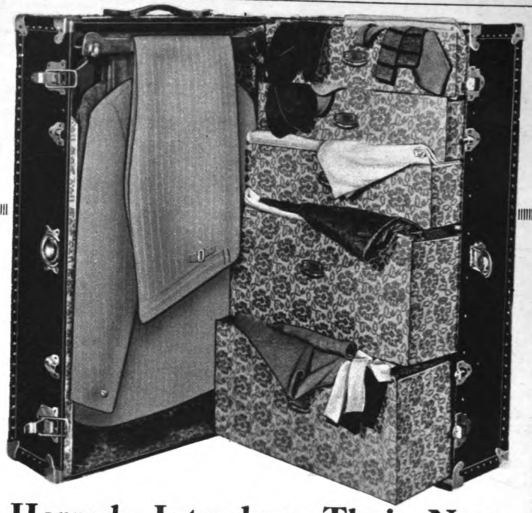

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THE "LIBRARY"

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BY J. D. SYMON.

THE four quarters of the globe, and particularly of the Empire, are in everybody's thoughts at the present moment, when all the world that is British has come to London, or nearby, and the current book-lists reflect this preoccupation. Readers whose interest in Imperial questions has been quickened by the wonderful things to be seen in the Empire's Shop Window, need not look far for books that will fit their present mood of healthy curiosity about Britain Overseas.

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If they feel attracted towards India, for example, they will find a congenial volume in "SOUTH INDIAN HOURS," by Oswald J. Couldrey (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.), a writer who knows his subject to admiration. His pleasant sketches are the result of long residence in Southern India, where he was an official of the Education Department. He served as President of one of the colleges, and also as inspector of schools. But his book is free from the vices of the merely pedagogic manner. Although he is out to give instruction, he has no dealings with Dr. Dryasdust. Mr. Couldrey's writing is beautiful, and full of matter, conveyed with a charm that knows no lapses.

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Mr. Couldrey will explain to you at the beginning "The Philosophy of Exile"—an essay that puts you at once in touch with his mood and prepares you for the good things to follow. Under his guidance you will visit the Tamil Temple Cities and will trace the banks of the Godavery, watching, as you go, the Indian landscape through all its changes of weather and of atmosphere. A sense of atmosphere pervades this delightful volume, which is the work of a man who is in touch with every phase of life, a man most delicately sensitive to the immemorial mystery and beauty of India. He brings to his work deep and varied learning, and his book, remarkable in so many other respects, is remarkable chiefly as a proof and vindication of the essential value and necessity of classical scholarship.

. . . . . .

Readers whose interest lies towards South Africa cannot do better than turn to "THE LIFE OF OLIVE SCHREINER," by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner (Fisher Unwin; 21s.). It does not always happen that a husband is best fitted to write the biography of his wife—in fact, a near relation is usually too heavily handicapped to carry out such a task satisfactorily, but Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner is the exception which proves the rule. The woman of genius who wrote "The Story of an African Farm" could not have been more fittingly commemorated.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"BE GOOD, SWEET MAID." *(Fisher Unwin; 7/6.)* By Anthony Wharton.

"THE BODY IN THE BLUE ROOM." *(Hurst and Blackett; 7/6.)* By Sidney Williams.

"CROATAN." *(Butterworth; 7/6.)* By Mary Johnston.

"THE DEVIL'S OWN." *(Jarrolds; 7/6.)* By Randall Parrish.

"GONE NATIVE." *(Constable; 7/6.)* By Asterisk.

"THE HEAVENLY LADDER." *(Cassell; 7/6.)* By Compton Mackenzie.

"THE HONOURABLE JIM." *(Hodder and Stoughton; 7/6.)* By Baroness Orczy.

"LUCKY IN LOVE." *(Hodder and Stoughton; 7/6.)* By Berta Ruck.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"EL RAISUNI." *(Butterworth; 21/-.)* By Rosita Forbes.

"A GALLERY." *(Constable; 10/6.)* By Philip Guedalla.

"INDIA." *(Constable; 18/-.)* By the Earl of Ronaldshay.

"THE NAVY IN THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN." *(Hodder and Stoughton; 16/-.)* By Lord Wester Wemyss.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

Olive Schreiner was sprung of a German missionary father and an English mother. Although she was first of all a South African, she owed much to England, where she lived for many years and where she wrote and published the book that made her famous. She began to write early, but she has not many books to her name. It is by her most celebrated work that she will live. The story of her inner life has been told with exquisite sympathy, and the portrait leaves the impression of just such a woman as readers of "The Story of an African Farm" must suppose its author to have been. Penetrating insight was one of her gifts, and an abiding sense of the tragedy of life, most strikingly exemplified in the refrain of her great novel, "A striving and a striving, and an ending in nothing."

. . . . . .

She had a quaint humour, too, which is recalled by her verdict on Gladstone, whose admiration she did not return. "Oh, the *cute* old devil," she said, "one never knows what card he has up his sleeve."

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A boy's life on an African farm forms the earlier portion of "THE CALL OF THE VELD," by Leonard Flemming (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). The author, Australian by birth and English by education, went to the Cape as a boy with his father's theatrical company. He was not, however, intended for the stage, and was left in South Africa to learn farming. Then came the war, in which he served throughout, and, on discharge, desiring to return to his old pursuit, he received an allotment of a thousand acres, to which he had to trek for three hundred miles. He started with a cash capital of seven pounds, and for stock he had one hundred sheep, six oxen, and two cows.

. . . . . .

Needless to say, Mr. Flemming had a struggle; but he stuck to his work, enclosed his land, raised crops and built a bungalow, which, when success came, he replaced with a stone and brick house furnished by his own skill as a handicraftsman. Mr. Flemming has written a most interesting story which carries the reader on unflagging from the first page to the last.

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Other noteworthy African books are the Hon. Charles Dundas's "KILIMANJARO AND ITS PEOPLE" (Witherby; 18s.), reviewed some time ago on our "Best Book" page. It is a work that will attract at once the anthropologist and the mountaineer, and abounds in accurate observation and picturesque writing. Another book which no sportsman should neglect is "WILD AFRICAN ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN," by Prince William of Sweden (The Bodley Head; 25s.), a graphic and sumptuous record of hunting

[Continued overleaf.

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Continued.]

exploits chronicled and illustrated some time ago in this journal.

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An everlasting question which confronts Britons Overseas—the problem of the "colour line"—is reflected in two new novels. Of these works one, "GOD'S STEP-CHILDREN," by Mrs. S. G. Millin (Constable; 7s. 6d.), a writer whose South African novels are steadily increasing her reputation, is a poignant story of the handicap which society lays upon the half-caste. It tells how a missionary, the Rev. Andrew Flood, who went out to Africa in 1821, married a black woman of his congregation. The result is easily foreseen. The white man practicaiiy ceased to be a European. The mistake was visited on Flood's descendants to the third and fourth generation, whose lot was all the more bitter in proportion as they approximated in outward appearance to the white. A very pretty grand-daughter, Elmira, passed almost for European for a time, but at last she was found out and had to return to her coloured kinsfolk. Although she married an Englishman, it was a miserable union from which she ran away.

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Elmira had one son, who, as he grows up, discovers his disadvantage of blood, and thereafter lives in terror, although the black streak in him is of the faintest. He is sent to Oxford, where for a time he escapes the burden of racial prejudice; but later, when he marries an English wife, he falls a prey to the old horror and lives in dread that his children may revert to type. He considers that his marriage was a sin, and seeks to make atonement by going as a missionary to his mother's people. How far this ending is satisfactory is a question that will be keenly debated by those who read Mrs. Millin's really powerful book, which is, in effect, a plea for greater tolerance. For all its dramatic strength, the story is not likely to convert the average Briton Overseas.

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The same problem is treated, with a change of scene to the South Seas, in "GONE NATIVE," by Asterisk (Constable; 7s. 6d.), a story which tells how George Donaldson ran away with a native girl, already married, and suffered many things for his error. The novel is not a piece of special pleading, but merely a perfectly real situation worked out to its inevitable end. Ouéla, the native girl, is in many way a charming creation, but fidelity was not in her, and the man who had the imprudence to "go native" received ashes for beauty. "Asterisk" has given us a finely drawn picture of one phase of life in the New Hebrides. It is a little work of art, all the more artistic that it betrays no obvious attempt to point a moral. This is probably the more effective way of dealing with a difficult question.

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As a change from the merely Imperial—that is, the British Imperial—you will find much agreeable reading in "FAR EASTERN JAUNTS," by Gilbert Collins (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Collins has the temerity to proclaim himself a humourist on his title-page. This is rather perilous, and is apt to make the reader sceptical at the outset; but on the whole the author lives up very tolerably to his own certificate of character. It would appear from his pages that, just as adventures are to the adventurous, so funny things happen to the professedly funny man. He makes no bones about the rather prejudicial fact that he is an impenitent globe-trotter, but even here he contrives to justify his way of life. There is method in his jocularity.

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Mr. Collins has at least one great qualification as a humourist—he can see a joke even in misfortune. When "mosquitoes" had changed the fashion of his countenance, he consulted the doctor and learned that the authors of the havoc had been merely gnats. By way of encouragement, the doctor showed him a real mosquito—a "triplane," according to Mr. Collins—and remarked, "That 's the largest that 's been shot in this port yet."

. . . . . .

Shooting—but not of mosquitoes—is the subject, together with fishing and fighting, in Lieutenant-Colonel Alban Wilson's entertaining book, "SPORT AND SERVICE IN ASSAM AND ELSEWHERE" (Hutchinson; 18s.). There are stories of feats with the double-barrel and of adventures in our little wars, but Colonel Wilson's principal interest is in fishing. He is a real fisherman who knows the joy of a struggle with a big fish, and this, one concludes, is the kind of fighting most after our author's own heart—with all due deference to his D.S.O. He is discursive, anecdotal, and shrewdly observing, and his remarks on the human species are as discerning as those on the piscine. The fisherman's imagination is proverbial, but Colonel Wilson cites an instance that seems to me entirely new. It is the story of an old Colonel who believed that a man with sufficient imagination can get sport out of anything. Accordingly, this philosopher would take a boat and catch very small fishes, but he pretended to himself that each weighed about a pound and was worthy to be played as if he were a fish of that size. The playing, if satisfactory to the player, could not have been wildly exciting. The Colonel merely let the fish swim about for a little on a loose line and then dragged it into a landing-net; but even here philosophy did not fail the old man, who said that it was "good practice for his orderly." Colonel Wilson has written a capital book in which instruction goes hand-in-hand with amusement.

Holiday-makers are provided by the London and North-Eastern Railway with a delightful series of illustrated booklets on various districts served by that line, ranging from London as far north as Lossiemouth, Elgin, and Inverness. Six are devoted to Scotland, seven to Yorkshire, Durham and Northumberland, and one each to East Anglia, the Norfolk Broads, London, Cathedrals, Abbeys and Historic Places, and Notes for American Visitors. Each booklet has a map of its particular area, and a charming cover design typical of the district, in red, black, and green on a white ground, by Miss Freda Lingstrom. For the special benefit of golfers, there is a larger booklet entitled, "A Round of Golf on the L.N.E.R.", by Bernard Darwin, describing a large number of courses, and, like the others, illustrated with many excellent photographs. An appendix gives a tabular list of all the courses reached by this railway, with the secretary's address, and other particulars. In addition, the L.N.E.R. issues a general booklet called "Holiday Suggestions," likewise abundantly illustrated; also an "Apartments and Hotels Guide" in three separate sections, dealing respectively with the Eastern Counties, the North-Eastern Counties, and Scotland. We have seldom, if ever, come across any set of publications of this character so interestingly written or so tastefully produced, and the L.N.E.R. is to be heartily congratulated on its choice of authors and artists to carry out its beneficent propaganda.

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Two attractive turbans of silver tissue from Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W. One is ornamented with motifs of diamanté. (See page 976.)

wherein dignity is ever before fashion. Queen Marie is a picturesque dresser, and is sufficiently histrionic always to suit herself to her costumes. Our Queen is always herself—stately, dignified, and essentially royal, albeit kind and sweet in nature, and ever ready to be about among us all and to study our various ways of life with a view to their betterment and her better understanding of us. Queen Marie of Roumania received a warm welcome—is she not British-born, and are we not keen about members of our own Royal Family, and was she not our loyal ally in the Great War? Then, her Majesty has the magnetism which touches people and makes them like her, and she exercises it very fully and very cleverly. The visit was a great success.

The State Ball was the first since July 7, 1921, for the visit of the King and Queen of the Belgians. Those journalists who know more about royal movements than royalty itself, and who wrote that State Balls had proved unwieldy and unsatisfactory and were sent for ever to limbo, must repent them of their hasty judgment, for there is yet another to take place this month in honour of the King and Queen of Italy's visit. It is their Majesties' intention, as it is also the Prince of Wales's, to attend a ball on the 26th at the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville's house, 16, Charles Street, for the Italian Hospital in London. Their Italian Majesties know the Prince of Wales well, since he was much with them during his visit to the Italian fronts in war time; they also know King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena, as they visited them last year and greatly enjoyed that visit. Queen Elena is very handsome in a brunette way; she is over fifty, and is still equal to a day's chamois-hunting. Their Majesties were our good friends and allies in the war, and had every inducement put before them not to be, so their welcome will be a very warm one.

It has been stated that a concert at Buckingham Palace under the new Master of the King's Music, Sir E. Elgar, will be a State entertainment of this season. This will be, if it takes place, a Victorian revival; there were none, I believe, since her Majesty's death. I was shown a programme of one in 1889. It was a very elaborate affair on lace-bordered paper. The singers were Nordica, Patey, and Edward Lloyd—all English-speaking, two British — but there was not a British composer's name on the list. That will not be so as arranged by Sir E. Elgar. Invitations to State Concerts were considered more intimate and more desirable than those to any other State entertainment, I am told, and were the subject of many heart-burnings. Things have altered since those days, and if we have one this season it will be on different lines, although the proportions of the Albert Hall would be insufficient for the accommodation of all who consider themselves eligible for invitation.

A young, vigorous, and up-to-date vicar and a century-old, crumbling church. That is the state of affairs at All Souls, Langham Place. To better it the Marchioness of Titchfield opened a bazaar at the Langham Hotel, and was welcomed by the Rev. Arthur Buxton, the vicar. Lady Titchfield made a most apt and charming little speech, and looked very nice in a long black slim silhouette coat embroidered in Persian colouring, with a Russian squirrel collar,

(Continued overleaf)

A delightful sports coat of many colours in a tapestry design. It may be studied in the salons of Dickins and Jones's. (See page 976.)

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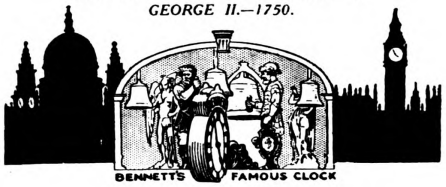

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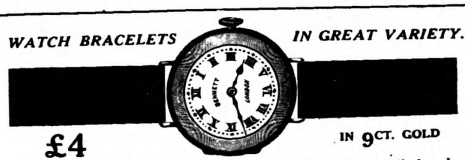

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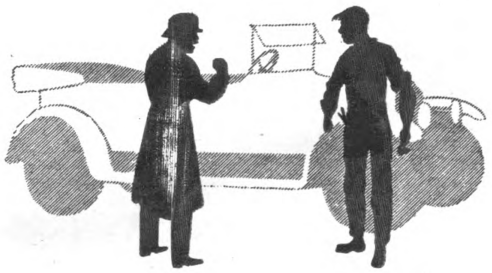

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Continued.]

and a little smart black hat. Mrs. Kendal opened the sale next day, and it went very well.

The Marchioness of Titchfield is greatly interested in the Invalid Children's Aid Society, which does a splendid work for suffering little people. Last year she organised a ball which took place in her own house, 16, Portman Square. It was only possible to sell about three hundred tickets. This year it proposed to sell many more, so Chesham House has been secured for the ball, which is to take place on June 11. It will be a very smart affair; the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince Henry gave their patronage cordially. There was a little tremor in the committee when it was announced that the Soviet Government of Russia had claimed Chesham House for an Embassy. As Countess Benckendorff is said to have the lease, which was bought and paid for by her husband, the claim is not likely to be sustained. In any case it will be all right for June 11, and Lady Titchfield, at the head of affairs, will make of it a brilliant success.

The Hon. Mrs. Merry of Melladrum achieved such a success with the concert in her lovely house, 18, Hill Street, which she gave for the Bowmont Child Welfare Centre, Inverness, that she proved that when an afternoon concert is attractively engineered it is as great a draw as a *thé dansant* and even more enjoyed. The hostess was really hospitable, and looked after everyone's comfort whether she knew them or not. Miss Adelaide Rind's singing of "Songs of the Hebrides" fascinated everybody.

The Dowager Marchioness of Tweeddale was there, dressed all in black and wearing a black-and-gold hat. She purposes spending part of the summer at Bisham Abbey, near Marlowe, which Major and Lady Clementine Waring have taken for three months. The Dowager Lady Tweeddale is much interested in the presentation at Court and first season of her grand-daughter, Miss Clematis Waring. The Dowager Countess of Seafield was at the concert, and a large number of well-known people. The Hon. Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan said that her father, Lord Woolavington, was progressing well towards recovery. His voyage home from Madeira must have tried him severely, for his leg was really broken and had to be set. Mr. Macdonald Buchanan is much interested in Tom Pinch's chance for the Derby.

Neatness and a perfect fit are the salient features of these two overblouses which were sketched at Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W. The one on the left is of white voile and a contrasting printed material, while the other is of Celes silk. (*See page 976*).

The Duchess of York is working very hard in good causes. Her Royal Highness's methods and manners are perfect because both are the expressions of a delightful nature. At the receiving of purses for the Waifs and Strays the little purse-bearers looked at the pretty little smiling royal Duchess and surrendered their purses without any self-consciousness.

Tall, handsome Miss Gwendolen Wilkinson carried the banner in front of the children. She was at her first State Ball too, for when she was presented her father had appendicitis. It is so like her that what she looked forward to at the ball was the fine appearance of her tall, handsome father in his uniform as Ulster King of Arms. Even in such an assemblage Sir Nevile Wilkinson and his daughter must have looked a handsome and distinguished pair. Lady Beatrix Wilkinson was also present.

The Prince of Wales, who was present at the wedding of Sir Edward and the Hon. Lady Grigg, was godfather to their infant son, who received the names of John Edward Poynder. The Prince has quite a number of godchildren now, and never forgets any of them, albeit he bears their responsibilities lightly, as he does all else. The baptism took place in the ornate little Chapel of the Crypt of the House of Commons. The Hon. Lady Grigg is, it will be remembered, the only child of Lord and Lady Islington.

The Queen of Roumania showed in every way her pleasure at being in England, and so pleased our British people greatly. We are insular in that we love our country, and so may we remain insular! Those of us who run it down are not at all in earnest. A. E. L.

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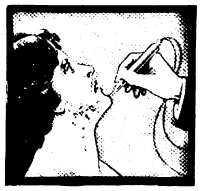
Reader explains how to prepare and use at home the simple new absorption process by which she avoided danger and pain of the cruel electric needle. Why prescriptions, appliances, acids, lotions, and similar remedies should be avoided.

To the readers of "The Illustrated London News."

At a medical conference held in Paris recently numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that, since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process, superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies affect surface hair, which soon grows again.

Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately creeps down through hair shaft (just as oil creeps up a lamp-wick), dissolving hair as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure from socket to root and papilla may be dissolved out of existence, so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.



A reader kindly tells in this Article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process, after the electric needle, acids, pastes, etc., had all failed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference, which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of *The Illustrated London News* cares to send me her name and address, plainly written, together with a three-halfpenny stamp for return postage, I shall be pleased to send, in plain sealed envelope, full particulars, without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.

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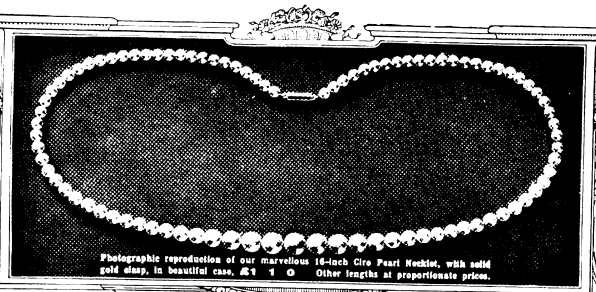

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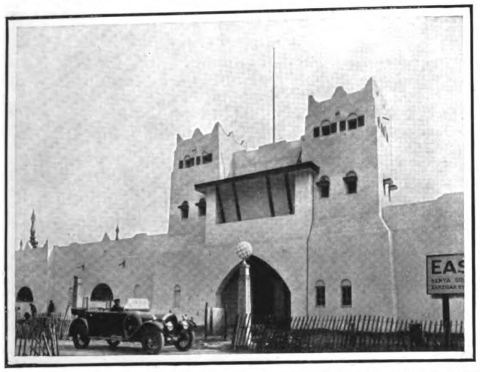
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

British Cars at Wembley.

To-day being Empire Day, and this being the British Empire Exhibition Number of *The Illustrated London News*, no more fitting opportunity could be presented for reference to the collection of cars, motor-cycles, and accessories to motoring and the motor-car which is at Wembley, and to glance for a moment at the story of the part played by the industry of this country in the development of the motor vehicle.



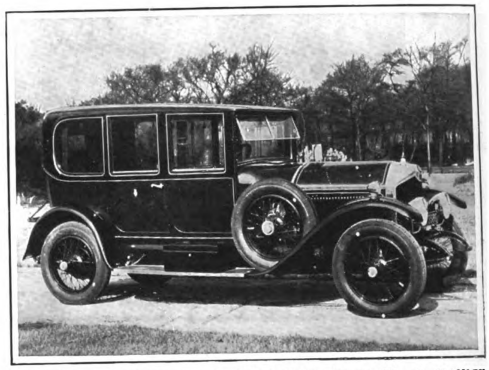
ON THE WAY TO BE SHOWN AT AN EXHIBITION STAND: A 40-50 H.F. NAPIER TOURING CAR PASSING THE EAST AFRICA PAVILION AT WEMBLEY.

It is rather the fashion, in our own British way, to depreciate the value of the efforts that were made in the pioneer days of the motor-car by British inventors and manufacturers. To hear the matter discussed by a group of "old-timers" would be to gather the impression that it was France mainly, assisted by Germany and Italy, which gave us the motor-car as we know it now, and that this country was content simply to follow in the footsteps of the others. As a matter of fact, this idea is very wide of the mark, because a close examinction of history demonstrates that, in spite of the British industry having always been seriously handicapped against its rivals, it has done at least as much to improve and develop the motor-car as any other. In connection with this aspect of the matter, the Society of Motor Manufacturers has done done good service by providing the visitor to the Exhibition with a booklet in which the story of the British car is traced from the earliest days down to modern times. It is extremely interesting, not to say illuminating, to those who, as I have said, have cultivated the habit of thinking and saying that they do things much better in foreign countries than we do here.

It is recorded that this country was as early in the field of invention as any other, and that the British pioneers of motoring were even in advance of others. Gottlieb Daimler is usually credited with having produced the first really practical motor vehicle propelled by an internal-combustion engine. There is no need to discount the very valuable work done in Germany in those early days, but it should be pointed out that Butler's two-cylinder, water-cooled, petrol motor-cycle, produced in 1887, was far in advance of anything done in Germany at the same period. But when Butler had succeeded in turning out a really practical, if crude, machine, he found himself up against the handicap imposed by a law which forbade its use on the roads of the country. And so the story falls to be told of how every effort made by the British inventor and pioneer of the mechanically propelled vehicle was hampered at every turn by prejudice and by legislative restrictions which made it next to impossible to carry on the work of development.

At no period of its history has the motor industry of this country worked under anything but restriction and discouragement. For several years after the actual ban of the use of the motor vehicle was removed, we had the absurd red flag law in active operation, which restricted speed to not more than four miles an hour, and laid down that every mechanically propelled vehicle should be preceded by a man carrying a red flag. It was nearly a decade after Butler had designed and made the motor-cycle to which I have referred that this disability was removed by the Locomotives on Highways Act, which did away with the red flag business and raised the maximum speed allowed to twelve miles an hour. After that, things began to move apace, and seven years later we were given the Motor-Car Act, with its speed limit of twenty miles an hour, and at last the British industry was able to get moving. But not till years after was it possible to say that the initial prejudice against the motor-car and its users had even nearly disappeared. In fact, that prejudice, in spite of the universality of motoring, has not even now ceased to be a handicap to development. That much is easily

(Continued overleaf.



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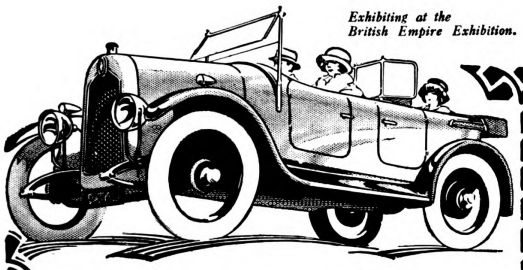

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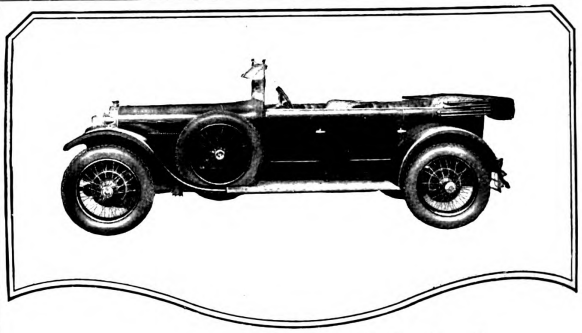

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H. Massac Buist in the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," March 29.

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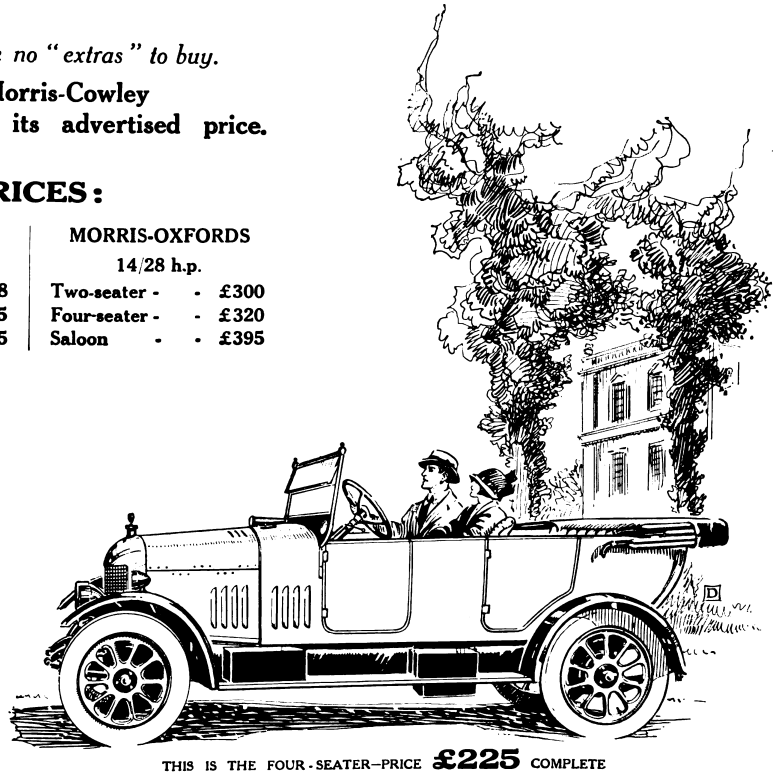

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discernible in the proceedings of Parliament and in the records of the Courts. Still, in spite of it all, we seem able to hold our own, and even to lead in many directions both in the industry itself and in the sporting side of the motor movement.

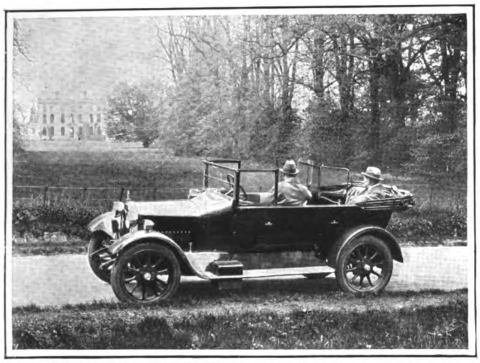
The Early Days. My own personal experience of motoring goes no further back than the first year of the century, when most of the actual pioneer work had been accomplished, but when the car was still a crude, unreliable contraption, remarkable more for its general ugliness of design, its noise, and undependability than for utility. But it was improving rapidly, thanks mainly to the real enthusiast and believer in the future of a vehicle which its detractors said could never replace its rival the horse. The actual industry of Britain was still very much in the making. There were few British-built cars on the roads, and these were mainly represented by no more than half-a-dozen marks whose names are familiar to the present-day motorist. As I recollect them, they were chiefly represented by Napier, who at the time were building a funny-looking two-cylinder car of, I think, nine horse-power (alleged), Humber, Wolseley, Daimler, Arrol-Johnston, and, I think, Albion. Such famous marks as Rolls-Royce, Crossley, and the rest were not known. As a matter of fact, Crossley did not eventuate until 1902, and Rolls two years later. The rest are mostly later comers still.

Yet these early cars, despite all the discouragement given to the industry and the user, were comparable in every way with the best that France—then the chief motor-manufacturing nation—could produce. Not to make comparisons which might even now be thought invidious, the Napier, for instance, showed that it could hold its own in road-racing with all the best of the Continentals, and it demonstrated this to some purpose by winning the Gordon-Bennett race in 1902. The Daimler of the time was even then regarded as something approaching a luxury car, though there was little enough of luxury as we now understand it. The fashion of the day was to make the car appear as nearly as possible like a horse-drawn carriage minus its usual motive power. I remember the Arrol-Johnston, which was advertised as the Arrol-Johnston dog-cart and looked the part. It must have been 1904 or 1905 when this firm dropped their design in favour of a car approximating more to the present-day idea of what a motor-car should look like.

All through these years development proceeded apace, thanks in no small measure to racing and trials promoted by the body which is now the Royal Automobile Club. What such events as the Gordon-Bennett races, and, even more, the races for the Tourist Trophy in the Isle of Man, did for the motor-car, nobody who did not actively participate in these races and tests can appreciate. Thanks mainly, or at least in great part, to this use of racing, the history of development and improvement was written very rapidly in the first ten years of the present century.

As early as 1906 the car had become a really reliable piece of mechanism. It was not, of course, the dependable unit it is to-day, but it was even then possible to set out on a long journey with the intention of arriving at a given hour and to be able to get there with reasonable certainty. And it must be remembered that this had all been accomplished in the short space of ten years since the removal of the red flag business; and it had been accomplished just as much by the British industry as by that of any other country. In fact, I do not think I am going too far in saying that actually the British inventor and designer had really worked out his own unaided salvation, because, being British, he had refused to become a copyist and had worked along his own lines.

W. W.



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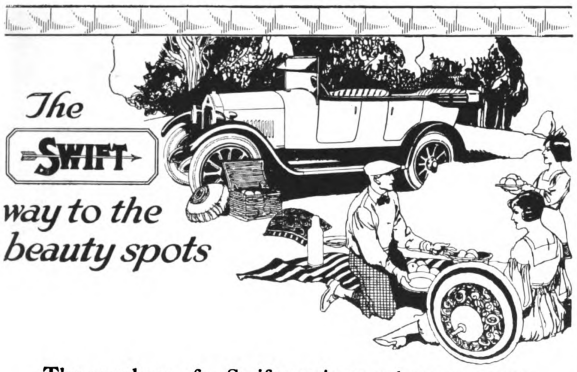

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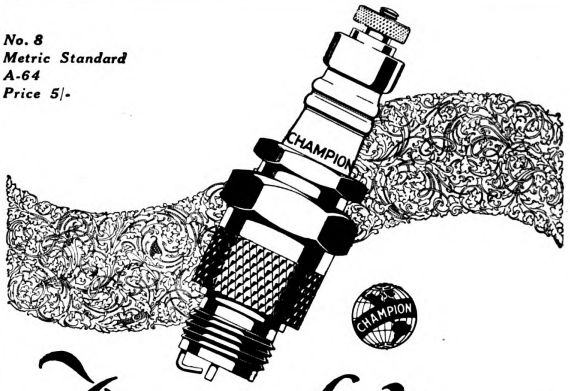

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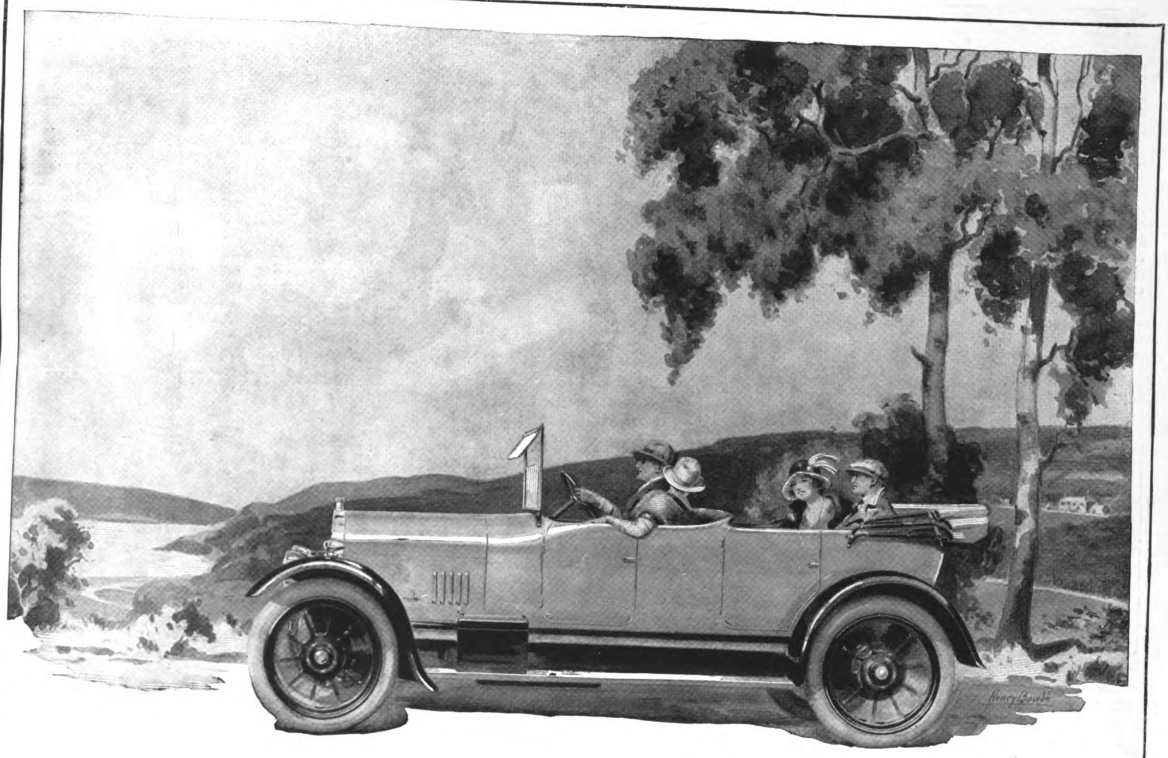

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"Altogether the new Wolseley is a very remarkable car—especially when **its most moderate cost** is considered."

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

NATURAL HISTORY AT WEMBLEY.

THERE is no one, surely, of all the hosts of men and women who are thronging to the great British Empire Exhibition, who will fail to be impressed by the bewildering variety of the objects displayed for their edification. Here one may contemplate the arts and crafts, and measure the achievements of science which have played, and are playing, so profound a part in that transformation of the human race and its institutions which we designate "Progress" and "Civilisation." As to whether these always, and everywhere, add to the sum of human happiness and well-being, is a matter for debate. But the "march of Civilisation" cannot be stayed, whatever view we take. We can, however, guide it. And it is part of the business of this Exhibition to throw a searchlight upon the road we are treading.

Every conceivable phase of human development, civilised and savage, seems to find a place here; presented to us, as the Prince of Wales, with singular felicity, expressed it, as "a piece of Empire window-dressing." The wares of Great Britain and Co have indeed been set out with consummate skill, such as may well cause a glow of pride to those of us who are shareholders in this old-established firm! I have been asked, as one of such shareholders who has recently paid a visit of inspection, to report on what I noted in regard to the place of Natural History in this display. This, of course, finds a place here only in so far as it affects ourselves and our well-being. Often it amounts to no more than the exhibition of strange birds and beasts, displayed for the purpose of exciting our interest and curiosity in lands known to us only by repute. India, Africa, and Canada provide alluring prospects of big-game hunting, to such as might settle there to till the land, or otherwise develop the resources of the adopted country.

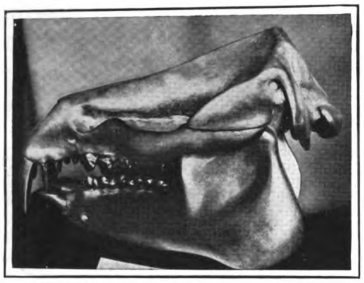

FIG. 2.—ANCESTOR OF THE ELEPHANT: A SKULL OF MŒRITHERIUM, WITH UPPER TUSKS POINTING DOWNWARDS AND A PAIR IN THE LOWER LAW DIRECTED UPWARDS.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

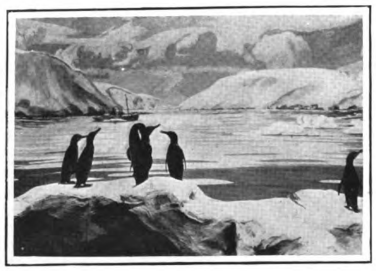

FIG. 1.—SHOWN IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS EXHIBIT AT WEMBLEY: PART OF A PANORAMA OF THE SOUTH SHETLANDS, SHOWING PENGUINS, AND A WHALER AT THE ONLY POSSIBLE ANCHORAGE.

The harbour of the South Shetlands, shown above, is the only possible anchorage off that inhospitable coast. The Meteorological Station here has recorded a wind velocity of 104 m.p.h.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

Africa and India we regard as places of genial warmth, where "a man can raise a thirst." But our "far-flung Empire" extends to the ends of the earth, as we are presently reminded when we are confronted by the exhibit of the Falkland Islands, a land of woe and desolation, as it would seem to many of us. An extremely skilful panoramic effect, as will be seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1), shows us the harbour of South Shetlands, with snow-clad mountains, and ice-floes in a sea of wondrous green. Anchored in the bay is a whaler; for the capture of the leviathans of the deep is the only lure that can draw men to scenes so joyless. No kindly trees, no wayside flowers find a foothold here. Only men who love adventure and find hardships worth while can face such inhospitable regions stoically. Two dead whales float beside the ship. Near this panorama is suspended a cast of Commerson's dolphin, which is one of the most remarkable of living cetacea. Besides whales, sea-faring creatures are they all which live here. The whale-tribe can never leave the water, but a few species can come ashore at will, to enliven the landscape. Such are the huge elephant-seals, the sea-lions, and the fur-seals. The latter have been recklessly over-killed. But if the remnant be carefully "nursed," it is evident that a lucrative business in their skins can be established. Dressed hides, showing the fur in various stages of preparation, bear witness to the reward that will follow judicious "farming."

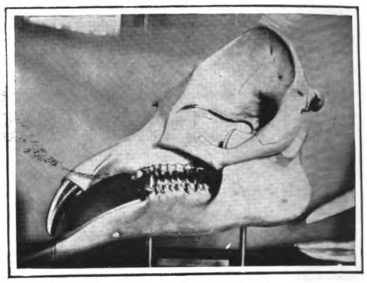

FIG. 3.—A LATER STAGE IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE ELEPHANT: THE SKULL OF PALÆOMASTODON, WITH LARGER TUSKS.

The upper tusks have increased in size, and the lower are borne out on a long bony projection. In further stages of this evolution the upper tusks increased in size, while the lower, with their supporting base, disappeared.—[*Photograph by E. J. Manly.*]

What is true of the artistic merit and cunning displayed in the presentation of the South Shetlands

[*Continued overleaf.*

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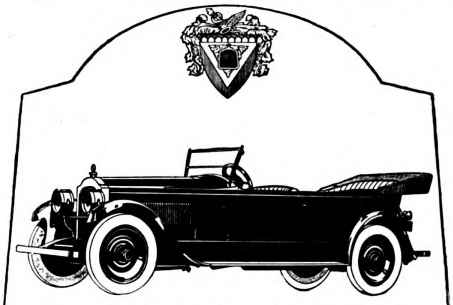

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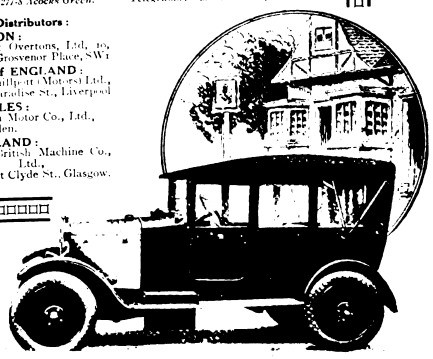

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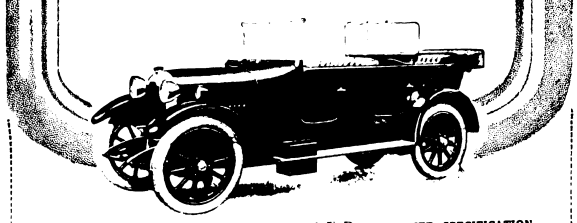

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Continued.]

and its resources, is true also of all the other Dependencies and Colonies which have their place here; but even to mention each would be impossible in this necessarily brief survey. The presentation of the Biological Sciences in their relation to Empire-building and maintenance has rightly been left to the learned societies and institutions, such as the Royal Society, the British Museum of Natural History, the Imperial Institute, and the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, all of which will be found in the Government Pavilion. Colonists, and those who occupy the outposts of our Empire, will find here an immense amount of information of vital importance, not merely to their material welfare, but also to the maintenance of that most precious of all possessions—good health.

A perfectly appalling array of photographs shows how sorely the human body is beset by parasitic organisms of all kinds. Leprosy, sleeping-sickness, malaria, dysentery, enlarged spleen, plague, and a dozen or so possible horrors make one shudder. But it is, indeed, necessary that the facts should be faced, especially so when the means of escape, or mitigation, are pointed out. Here is a unique opportunity of putting men on their guard, and it has been faithfully seized. It forms a profoundly impressive demonstration of the achievements of "applied Natural History" which will prove of inestimable value to those whom it immediately concerns. A no less valuable series of photographs and anatomical preparations illustrating the diseases of animals and plants cultivated by man at home and abroad is also shown. To the men who must presently return to the solitudes from whence they came, these things will be gratefully remembered, for to be forewarned is to be fore-armed.

The Department of Genetics of the University of Cambridge has graphically presented some exceedingly valuable facts relative to the improvement of domesticated animals by cross-breeding and other means; while the Rowatt Research Institute of Aberdeen gives some of the methods they have pursued in their investigations in the matter of the feeding of farm-stock. The Royal Society, among other things, has contributed a number of exhibits illustrating the principles of Evolution. These appeal to men's more subtle reasoning powers, and it is well, indeed, that they should find a place here, since a clearer insight into these aspects of life cannot but prove exceedingly helpful to all who are concerned with the propagation of animals and plants for purely utilitarian purposes. The meaning of the "blessed word Evolution" is illustrated, for example, by a series of human skulls ranging from the man of Piltdown to the modern European; and beside them, as a standard of comparison, is placed the skull of a gorilla. Other skulls similarly illustrate the evolution of the elephant (Figs. 2 and 3 on page 994).

Professor Poulton, on behalf of the University of Oxford, contributes some striking illustrations on the significance of the coloration of animals, more especially in regard to the puzzling phenomena known as "mimicry," using for this purpose the African swallow-tailed butterflies (*Papilio dardanus*); and these are supplemented by Dr. Gahan, of the British Museum, with instances of mimicry among certain beetles and other insects. This excursion into the domains of pure science is more than justified here, for it will enable those who will be living isolated lives to find food for thought, such as will add a zest to the ordinary routine of daily life, and also afford them an insight into problems which of necessity confront all who are concerned with the breeding of animals.

The fact that these recondite aspects of Natural History are dealt with by the leading men of science of the day will inspire confidence in those who pause to contemplate these themes, either for the sake of their inherent interest, or in the hope that they may be turned to account in the task of rearing and mating pedigree stock. That this, the greatest of all great Exhibitions, will amply justify the hopes of its promoters, there can be no doubt. To miss the opportunity of surveying its wonders would be almost a crime against oneself. And he who goes once will find himself impelled to return, not merely again, but many times.

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LONDON: Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, aforesaid: and Printed by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, W.C.2—SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1924. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1904

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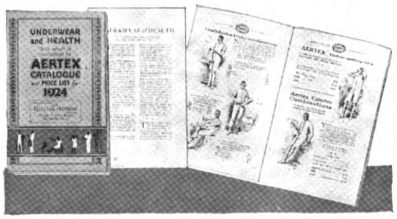

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1924.

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TWO KINGS AND THEIR HEIRS IN ONE CARRIAGE: KING VICTOR AND KING GEORGE, WITH THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT AND THE PRINCE OF WALES, DRIVING FROM VICTORIA ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE ITALIAN ROYAL [illegible]TS.

The King and Queen of Italy, with their only son, the Prince of Piedmont, and their second daughter, Princess Mafalda, arrived in London on May 26 for a State visit to the King and Queen, who greeted them at Victoria. Thence they drove to Buckingham Palace, the two Kings, with their respective heirs, being in the first carriage drawn by a team of richly caparisoned horses. King Victor and his son wore the grey uniform of the Italian Army, while [illegible]was in Field-Marshal's uniform, and the Prince of Wales in that [illegible]ards. Our illustration shows them passing under the welcoming [illegible]ter. The Prince of Wales had met the royal visitors at Dover a[illegible]n with them. Further photographs of the visit appear on ot[illegible]

THE CITY'S WELCOME: ROYAL ITALY AT THE HISTORIC GUILDHALL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U. AND S. AND G.

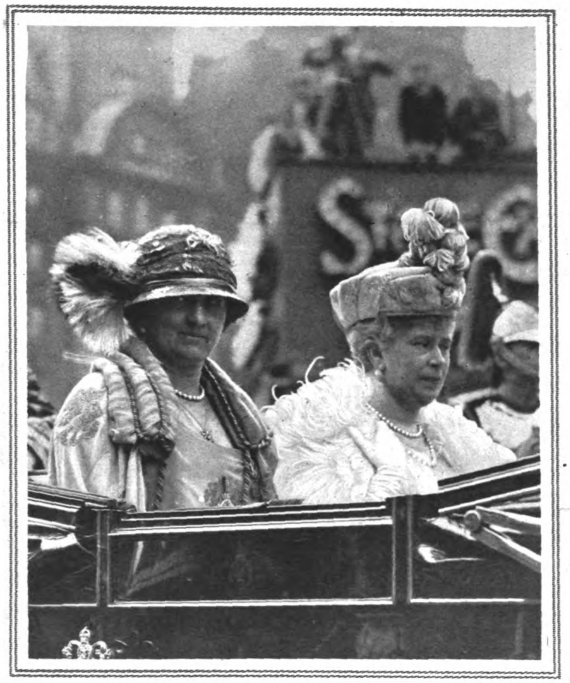
IN THE LIBRARY: THE RECORDER READING THE CITY'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

IN THE BANQUETING HALL: THE LORD MAYOR WITH THE KING OF ITALY ON HIS RIGHT AND THE QUEEN OF ITALY ON HIS LEFT—AND OTHER ROYAL GUESTS.

Following old custom and with historic civic pageantry, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London entertained our royal visitors, the King and Queen of Italy, at the Guildhall on May 27, when an address of welcome was read and presented and luncheon was served. In the course of his reply, King Victor said: "It is the earnest desire of my country to proceed united with the noble British nation along the paths of progress and of civilisation." In the first photograph the King of Italy is seen sitting on the right-hand side of the Lord Mayor, and the Queen of Italy is seated on his Lordship's left hand. On the left of her Majesty is standing Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. Seen seated on the right side of the photograph are (reading from the back), the Lady Mayoress, the Prince of Piedmont, Princess Mafalda, the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of York, the Duke of York, Prince Henry, and the Duke of Connaught. In the second are seen (from left to right) Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Arthur of Connaught, the Duke of York, Princess Mafalda, the Prince of Wales, the Lady Mayoress, the King of Italy, the Lord Mayor, the Queen of Italy, the Prince of Piedmont, the Duchess of York, and Prince Henry.

THE ITALIAN ROYAL VISIT: THE GUESTS AND THEIR HOSTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, G.P.U. AND I.B.



THE TWO QUEENS: THEIR MAJESTIES QUEEN ELENA AND QUEEN MARY, DRIVING FROM VICTORIA TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE TWO KINGS: THEIR MAJESTIES KING VICTOR AND KING GEORGE IN THE STATE CARRIAGE ENTERING BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

ITALIAN PRINCESS AND BRITISH PRINCE: PRINCESS MAFALDA WITH PRINCE HENRY (IN 10TH HUSSARS UNIFORM) DRIVING TO THE PALACE.

THE TWO HEIRS-APPARENT: THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT (RIGHT) AND THE PRINCE OF WALES (IN THE UNIFORM OF THE WELSH GUARDS).

London gave a very enthusiastic welcome to the Italian royal guests as they drove, with their royal hosts, from Victoria to Buckingham Palace after their arrival on May 26. King Victor and King George rode in one carriage, faced by their respective heirs, the Prince of Piedmont and the Prince of Wales, as shown in a photograph on another page, while the other carriage contained Queen Elena and Queen Mary (whose birthday it was), Princess Mafalda, and Prince Henry. We may recall that it is just a year ago, in May of last year, that King George and Queen Mary were the guests of King Victor and Queen Elena in Rome, so that the latter, in coming to London, were making a return visit. Besides the Prince of Piedmont, their only son, and Princess Mafalda, their second daughter, the King and Queen of Italy have three other daughters. The eldest, Princess Yolanda, who married Count Calvi di Bergolo in April 1923, was in London last year. The other two are Princess Giovanna, born in 1907, and Princess Maria, born on December 26, 1914. Last year Princesses Mafalda and Giovanna were seriously ill with fever, and were ably nursed back to health by their mother.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A GOOD many people seem to be writing about Proportional Representation; I hasten with headlong eagerness to add that I have no intention of writing about it. I do not mean that I am opposed to it; I am in favour of anything that offers a faint hope of making representative institutions represent somebody or something. But it is a little like the theory of credit called the Douglas Scheme, which certain Guild Socialists used to propound as a universal solution. It may have been a solution of something, but, if anybody tells me that nothing is wrong with our economic ethics except an error in book-keeping, I am sure *he* is wrong anyhow. And so, if anybody tells me that what is wrong with Parliament is the mistaken machinery of election, I am sure he is wrong—or rather, perhaps, I am sure he is not right. What is wrong with Parliament is corruption and cowardice and the failure to punish powerful people for selling titles or taking tips. But, as I say, this article has nothing to do with P.R.; it is utterly unconnected with any such subject, and certainly with any side in any such controversy. Only, having seen in large letters everywhere for the last week or so the words Proportional Representation, I have resolved to write about something totally different, which is Proportion. The phrase caught my eye in this connection, because it is the only case in which we make a political use of the word; yet it should be the pivot of all our politics.

Perhaps the fundamental controversy of our time, so fundamental that most of the controversialists cannot get down to it, is a controversy between two ideas which may be called Progress and Proportion. The former appears in "Back to Methuselah," and most of the Utopias of Mr. Wells—and, indeed, most of the novels and newspaper articles that emerge out of the present, or rather recent, epoch of evolution. According to this, all time is a time of transition. We might say that eternity is a time of transition. Everything is everlastingly changing, even if we conceive it as changing for the better. And most of the evolutionary progressives have conceived it as not only changing for the better, but as growing better and better in one special respect—as progressing in one particular direction. Things are always getting better because there is one very simple form of good. It can only be expressed by very simple and crude images, so simple that they beg the question. Eternity is an eternal sunrise of which the colour may continually change; but the sunrise must be growing better because the light is growing brighter and broader. But if any artist will try to make a *picture* of the sunrise, he will find that a sunrise depends on proportion and not merely on light. If things are always growing better, they are never at their best. But the artist will certainly seize one moment when the sunrise is at its best. He will fix the fading colour; he will freeze the crumbling clouds. He will call a halt to progress in the name of proportion, because at that moment it has that precise proportion which is the vision of beauty.

And so it is when the same sort of idealist is not an artist but a reformer. He may waste a great deal of time in getting the right colour, for making the right colour means mixing the right colour. But he has not any amount of time to waste because the colour is always improving. He may be, and generally is, a more revolutionary reformer than the mere evolutionary progressive. Indeed, it has been the custom to contrast the evolutionist with the revolutionist. But, even if he has merely a revolutionary purpose of painting the town red, he is still an artist as well as a revolutionist, and will anxiously inquire "What red?" There is a good deal of difference in reds, for those who are sensitive to the philosophy of proportion. I am a Radical myself, and should be quite prepared in certain cases to welcome a red tie or even a red flag. But there are many Radical reds that have had too much for my taste of the purple of Tyre or the orange of Belfast. There is a sort of Liberalism which is simply Whiggism and the worship of a commercial oligarchy, which might very properly be called Venetian red. I do not like it at all. There is a sort of Hindu pacifism and broad-minded brotherliness we might describe as Indian red. I cannot stand it at any price. If the colour I must wear be England's cruel red, as it says in the beautiful Irish song, I think I can select an English red that is not so very cruel and is much more beautiful. But colour is all a matter of proportion, and there is a right proportion which can go no further; and it is no good bringing me a Brixton brick-red with which to make in a hurry a rose-red city half as old as time.

ITALY'S TRIBUTE TO THE BRITISH DEAD: KING VICTOR (WITH QUEEN ELENA STANDING BEHIND HIM) DEPOSITING A WREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE CENOTAPH.

On the morning after their arrival at Buckingham Palace, the King and Queen of Italy made it their first duty to visit the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey and afterwards the Cenotaph. King Victor laid on each a wreath of laurel and English roses, twined with blue ribbon bearing the Crown of Italy and the royal monogram. At the Cenotaph the wreath was handed to him by the Italian Ambassador, the Marchese della Torretta. The Prince of Piedmont and Princess Mafalda were also present. As Queen Elena left her car on arriving at the Cenotaph, a woman hawker ran out from the crowd and threw at her feet a crown made of ribbon in the Italian colours.

Photograph by C.N.

This is what is at the back of the disputes of all kinds about authority or advanced ideas in education, or the rising generation knocking at the door, or the flapper more frequently entering without knocking. Those of us who have the cult of proportion are at perpetual cross-purposes with those who have merely the cult of progress. Because we do not believe in an indefinite extension of anarchy, they imagine that we must believe in an indefinite extension of authority. They imagine that we are taking sides when we are combining proportions. They imagine that, because we do not believe in laxity as such, we must believe in severity as such; and they are puzzled, for some of us do not seem to be the sort of people who are likely to be horribly severe. They might as well talk about taking sides with the vinegar against the oil in a salad. People do differ to a certain extent about the proper proportions of a salad. As a matter of fact, there would be very little vinegar in my salad. But I know what a salad is, and I know it is a mixture and not a progress. I do not look forward to an endless vista of salads growing more and more oily; a widening river of oil opening into the sea of the future; *après moi le déluge!* And when people tell me that a certain fad or fashion or modern movement "will go on," I wonder whether they mean, as they apparently do, that it will go on indefinitely; or whether they mean, as they ought to mean, that it will go on till it has found its place in a well-proportioned society. But that implies that there is such a thing as the ideal of a well-proportioned society; and that this ideal does not "go on." I cannot imagine, let us say, how the movement in favour of bobbed hair could go further, unless it became a movement in favour of bald heads. I cannot imagine how the fashion of powdering the nose could progress, unless it were towards a fashion of wearing false noses. But I can imagine that a sane spirit might sift society till it found the rare types who really look more beautiful with bobbed hair, or the rare and festive occasions when it is seemly and sensible to wear a pasteboard nose.

Unfortunately, this commonsense has been corrupted into mere conservatism by a very vulgar fallacy. It has been only too easy for shallow people, when shown that things should be in a certain proportion, to assume that this point of perfection was the supreme moment when they came into the world. The snob supposes that the perfect proportions of things are simply the proportions which have made him comfortable. And doubtless a great many defenders of the Victorian conventions are thus only defending their own comforts. They imply that the precise amount of liberty enjoyed by Mrs. Grundy was right and anything more is wrong, or the precise amount of Liberalism professed by Mr. Gladstone is proper and anything more is improper. I have nothing to do with this nonsense; and nothing like it is implied in the principle of proportion I suggest. To say that we should seek for the right proportions is not to say that either Hannah More or Queen Victoria found the right proportions. In truth, it will be a much longer and more laborious business to find the right proportions than to float on a mere fatalistic tide that is called progress. In practice it may take us a very long time to mix the right colour; it may involve a most horrible amount of work and worry to mix the right salad. In other words, it may require the social effort of a hundred revolutions to reach anything resembling the right proportions of society. But in any case, in the abstract, anybody but a fool ought to see that it is not a natural assumption, but a wildly incredible coincidence, that the perfect social condition should be the particular condition in which he happens to find himself. Anybody who treats his own class, or his own country, or his own period as the perfect state at which all movements must stop, is surely regarding himself as a mysteriously lucky man. The chances are obviously a thousand to one that the present proportions are not the right proportions; and that, if he is perfectly comfortable, the chances are that other people have too little of the comfort. In that sense it is true enough that the ideal should fill us with a divine discontent. But all that does not alter the fact that the ideal is an ideal of proportion and not merely of progress. It does not alter the fact that happiness is a harmony and therefore a combination; and that we shall not catch the blue bird of happiness by evolving till all is blue.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

We u... green ... with ...

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AT THE "CRADLE OF THE EMPIRE": BRISTOL'S HISTORICAL PAGEANT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., FARRINGDON PHOTO CO., CENTRAL PRESS, AND L.N.A.

PERFORMERS IN THE BRISTOL PAGEANT: A PICTURESQUE MEDIÆVAL GROUP IN ASHTON COURT PARK, ASSEMBLING FOR PROCESSION.

OF THE PERIOD WHEN THE FAMOUS WILLIAM CANYNGES WAS MAYOR OF BRISTOL: CITIZENS' WIVES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE BOY KING, HENRY III., CONFIRMING MAGNA CARTA, GRANTED BY HIS FATHER (KING JOHN), AT THE GATE OF BRISTOL CASTLE IN 1216: THE FIRST EPISODE IN THE BRISTOL PAGEANT.

WITH A REPLICA OF BRISTOL'S ANCIENT CIVIC BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND: PERFORMERS IN THE PAGEANT AT AN OLD OAK IN THE PARK.

A MAYOR OF BRISTOL (IN CENTRE, WEARING HIS CHAIN OF OFFICE) ISSUING FROM THE GATES TO MEET EDWARD IV.: EPISODE NO. 2

Bristol, which claims to be "the cradle of the Empire," as having sent out Cabot to the discovery of Newfoundland, the oldest colony, celebrated her historic past by a great pageant, which began on May 24 (Empire Day), and continued throughout the ensuing week. The pageant, which cost £15,000 and included 3000 performers, was organised by Mr. Frank Lascelles. It is to be transferred to Wembley, where performances will be given on Saturday, June 7, and on Whit Monday and Tuesday, with the Duke and Duchess of York as guests on the last-mentioned day. At Bristol the pageant was staged in Ashton Court Park, with three replicas of the city gates and one of the High Cross. The seven episodes are: (1) Henry III. confirming Magna Carta; (2) The Visit of Edward IV., who at a banquet ordered the execution of certain Lancastrians: (3) Cabot's return from Newfoundland; (4) Queen Elizabeth's visit; (5) Bris merchant venturers; (6) Dorothy Hazard and Puritan women, at the gate ba with bales of wool against Royalists; and (7) The election of Edmund Bu

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

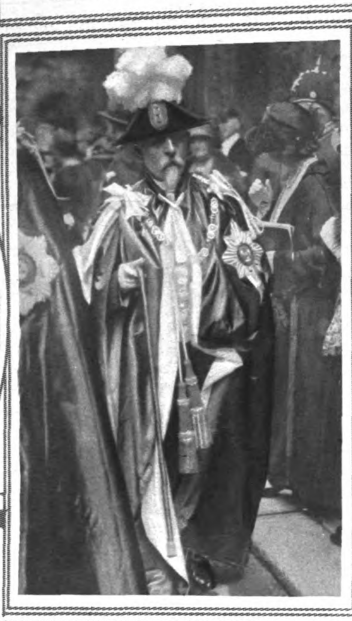
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE (MANCHESTER), ALFIERI, VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FRY, C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND SPEAIGHT.

A GREAT PALÆONTOLOGIST: THE LATE DR. C. W. ANDREWS, OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

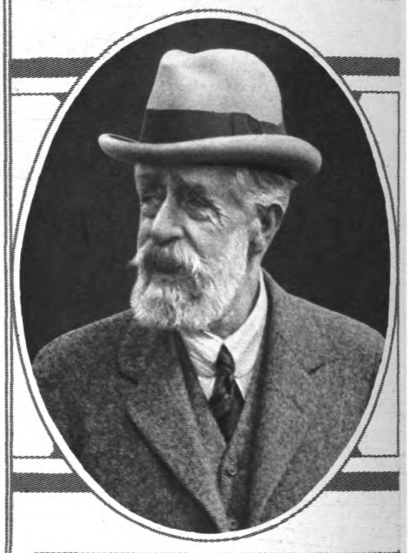
A GREAT EDUCATOR, AND HISTORIAN OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE: THE LATE SIR SAMUEL DILL.

ELECTED AT GLASGOW: CAPTAIN W. E. ELLIOT, M.P. (CONSERVATIVE), THE NEW MEMBER.

KILLED IN A MOTORING ACCIDENT NEAR MUNICH: THE LATE LORD COZENS-HARDY, K.C.



A FAMOUS FINANCIER IN HIS G.C.B. ROBES AT THE ORDER OF THE BATH INSTALLATION: SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF.



LAST BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE KAISER'S COURT: THE LATE SIR EDWARD GOSCHEN, OF "SCRAP OF PAPER" FAME.

A LABOUR GAIN AT LIVERPOOL: MR. J. GIBBINS, M.P., ELECTED FOR THE WEST TOXTETH DIVISION.

A DISTINGUISHED BRITISH SCULPTOR: THE LATE MR. FREDERICK WILLIAM POMEROY, R.A.

A WELL-KNOWN RACEHORSE-OWNER WHO DIED OF SLEEPY SICKNESS: THE LATE MR. C. BOWER ISMAY.

Dr. Andrews was Assistant Keeper of Geology at the British Museum of Natural History, and had been on the staff since 1892. He was especially noted for research on the ancestry of elephants, and made important collecting expeditions, in the Fayum, Egypt, and at Christmas Island.——Sir Samuel Dill wrote two great books, "Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire" and "Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius." He was High Master of Manchester Grammar School, 1877-88, and Professor of Greek at Belfast, 1890-1924. [illegible]ord Cozens-Hardy, son of the famous Master of the Rolls, was [illegible] for South Norfolk from 1918 to 1920, when he succeeded to the [illegible]erved in the R.N.V.R. all through the war.——Sir Basil Zaharoff, [illegible]ker, was made a G.C.B. in 1921. The recent installation ceremony, which he attended, is illustrated on page 1023.——Sir Edward Goschen had the historic interview, on August 4, 1914, with the German Chancellor, von Bethmann Hollweg, who taunted Great Britain with making war "just for a scrap of paper." Sir Edward spoke for the nation when he said that we must in honour defend the neutrality of Belgium.——Mr. F. W. Pomeroy became an A.R.A. in 1906 and R.A. in 1917. Among his best-known portrait figures are those of Archbishop Temple in Canterbury Cathedral, Gladstone in the Houses of Parliament, and Bacon in Gray's Inn. Several of his works are in the Tate Gallery.——Mr. Charles Bower Ismay, whose father founded the White Star Line, was well known on the Turf. His famous horse, Craganour, was disqualified after being announced as winner of the Derby in 1913.

AMERICA'S LADY LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION IN ENGLAND: AT PRACTICE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, AND L.N.A.

MISS HELEN WILLS PRACTISING AT WIMBLEDON: THE BEGINNING OF THE BACKHAND DRIVE.

MISS HELEN WILLS SERVING: A PHOTOGRAPH AT WIMBLEDON.

MISS HELEN WILLS'S BACKHAND DRIVE: THE FINISH OF THE STROKE

ANOTHER PHASE OF HER SERVICE: MISS HELEN WILLS IN PLAY.

HOW THE AMERICAN LADY LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION GRIPS HER RACKET: MISS HELEN WILLS GIVES A DEMONSTRATION AT WIMBLEDON.

A NEWCOMER TO WIMBLEDON OF WHOM GREAT THINGS ARE EXPECTED THIS YEAR.

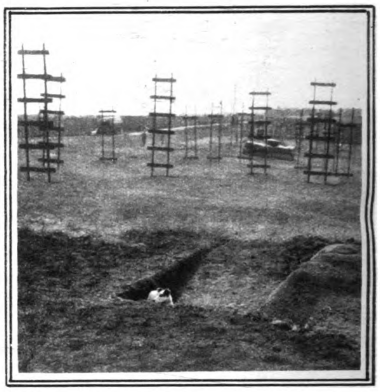
Lawn-tennis enthusiasts are eagerly awaiting the appearance in the championships at Wimbledon this year of Miss Helen Wills, who has carried all before her in the United States. Miss Wills arrived in London on May 20, with her mother, and has since been practising, but she will not appear in public until the Great Britain v. United States match at Wimbledon on June 18. The greatest interest, of course, centred on the prospect of her meeting with Mlle. Lenglen, but unfortunately the latter, it was stated recently, has been seriously ill with jaundice at Nice, and is not expected to be fit to stand the double strain of playing at Wimbledon and later in the Olympic Games. Miss Helen Wills was born in 19 at Centreville, Alameda County, California.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL CLAIR GUYOT, C.N., AND L.N.A.

WITHDRAWN BEFORE THE SECOND EXPLOSION, AT THE REQUEST OF M. POINCARÉ: DOGS TESTED AT LA COURTINE.

AN EXPERIMENTAL EXPLOSION OF TEN TONS OF MELINITE IN FRANCE TO TEST SOUND WAVES: THE BURST.



ONE OF THE DOGS USED FOR PHYSIOLOGICAL TESTS NEAR THE FIRST EXPLOSION: AND REGISTRATION STRUCTURES.

IN MEMORY OF CAVALRYMEN FALLEN IN "A WAR IN WHICH THE CAVALRY PLAYED A PART WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN SURPASSED": THE CAVALRY WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY LORD YPRES (SEEN, WITH SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, TO THE RIGHT OF THE MONUMENT).

THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: A CHARMING SCENE SHOWING TWO LITTLE VISITORS IN THE PICTURESQUE ROCK GARDEN.

The French Institute of Physics and the French Ministry of War arranged a series of three experimental explosions, each of ten tons of melinite, at La Courtine, on May 15, 23, and 25, for testing sound-waves. At the first one, animals were placed in twenty-three little pits some fifty yards away, for physiological tests. After the explosion, one, a guinea-pig, was found dead, but the rest, including a number of dogs, were unhurt. Strong protests were made against this use of animals, and before the second explosion the dogs, which were to have been placed nearer, were withdrawn at the request of M. Poincaré, who is President of the Society for the Protection of Animals. The first explosion was heard at Bordeaux fifteen minutes later, and faintly in England, 400 miles away, but apparently not in Paris.——The Cavalry War Memorial in Hyde Park was unveiled by Viscount Ypres on May 21, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General, officiated. The statue of St. George and the Dragon is by Captain Adrian Jones, and the architectural background by Sir John Burnet.——The Royal Horticultural Society's Flower Show was opened in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital on May 27.

PUTTING THE LAST TOUCHES ON AN EXHIBIT IN THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: A SUNK GARDEN WITH A STONE POOL.

THE SMILING DUCHESS AND CHILD PURSE-BEARERS: A HOSPITAL CEREMONY.

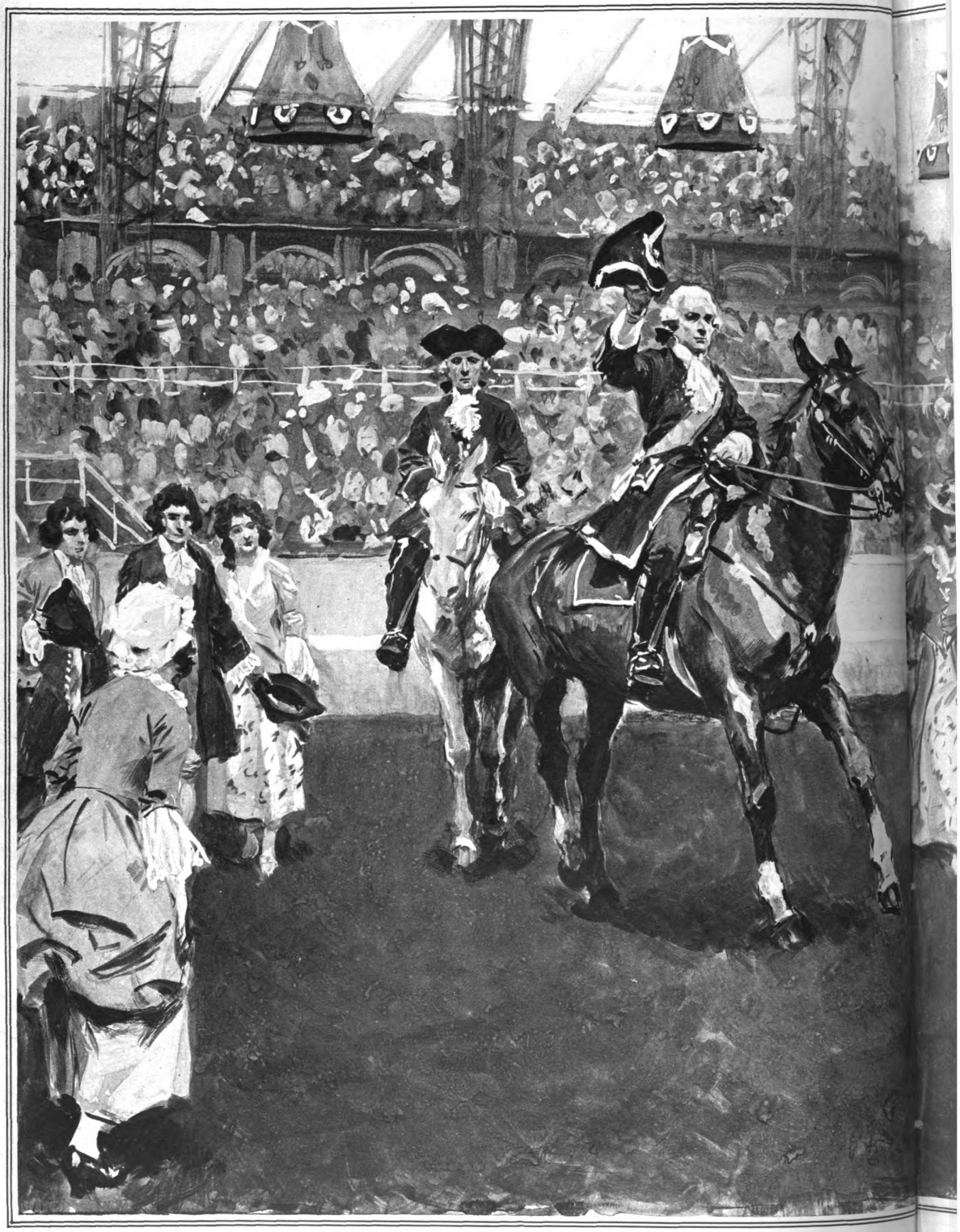
PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK OPENS A NEW WING OF THE SOUTH LONDON HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AT CLAPHAM: RECEIVING FROM A LITTLE BOY ONE OF THE PURSES THAT TOTALLED £1100—(NEXT TO LEFT) LADY COWDRAY.

The Duchess of York, with her charming smile, has a very gracious manner of performing the public duties that fall to her lot, and she is popular wherever she goes. On May 22 she opened the new wing of the South London Hospital for Women, at Clapham Common. A number of purses (containing in all £1100) were presented to her by a procession of children. She then turned to the main window, pulled a blue ribbon which caused the two sides to unclose, and declared the new building open. The dedication was performed by the Bishop of Kingston. On her arrival the Duchess was received by Viscountess Cowdray, chairman of the hospital, and, as it is staffed entirely by women doctors, the guard of honour was furnished by the London School of Medicine for Women. The Mayor of Wandsworth recalled that the hospital was opened by the Queen in 1916, and had proved very successful, over 8000 patients having passed through the wards, while the number of out-patients had been nearly 300,000. It was stated that, although it had received very generous support, a sum of £14,000 was still required. The Duchess was attended by Lady Katherine Meade, and among those present were Lady Bertha Dawkins, Sir Alfred Butt, M.P., and Sir John Leigh, M.P.

A LADY'S RIDING HABIT THE ORIGIN OF BRITISH NAVAL UNIF

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. S.



GEORGE II. MOVED BY THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD'S BLUE AND WHITE RIDING HABIT: A FAMOUS INCIDENT IN HYDE PARK IN 1748.

The Royal Tournament at Olympia was opened by the King, accompanied by the Queen and Prince Henry, on May 22, with a more than usually impressive display by the three Services, the Royal Navy, the Army, and the Royal Air Force, to the music of massed bands. This year's pageant, as its name—"Hearts of Oak"—implies, is a naval one, and begins with a tableau representing famous naval officers of all periods from Drake to Nelson, in the ...s of their time. Then follow representations of various historic episodes. Describing that which our artist has illustrated, an official note says: "...ve see the celebrated incident in Hyde Park in the year 1748, when George II., impressed by the smart appearance of the Duchess of Bedford in

JNIFORM: A HISTORIC SCENE IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

. R. S. STOTT.

TO ADOPT THE SAME COLOURS FOR THE UNIFORM OF BRITISH NAVAL OFFICERS: ENACTED IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA.

her blue-and-white riding habit, selected those colours for the future uniform of the British naval officer, colours which, with a brief exception in the reign of William IV., who changed them to blue and red, have been retained to the present day. A lighter shade of blue than the navy blue of our own times was worn until the latter part of the eighteenth century.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

IF any unknown letter-writer or diarist is setting down in secret the inner life of present-day Chelsea and its remarkable "groups," that record will no doubt give posterity thrills, and perhaps a few shocks; but for curious interest it will have much ado to beat the *vie intime* of Chelsea in the late 'thirties, the 'forties, and the 'fifties of last century. For one thing, the people will be figures of less world-consideration than the Victorian giants, with their following of refugee notables from the Continent, and English fashionables who moved round the Carlyle household. About the Carlyles much controversial literature has grown up, and Froude has suffered heavy reproach for his picture of the *ménage* at Cheyne Row. That it was uneasy is beyond dispute. Thomas was "gey ill to live with," but that the description applies equally to the other partner is made more than ever clear from her further correspondence published in "JANE WELSH CARLYLE, LETTERS TO HER FAMILY," edited by Leonard Huxley, LL.D. (Murray; 21s.).

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But if on the score of domestic compatibility or adaptability Mrs. Carlyle gives cause for misgiving to those who read her letters, the new book must not be made an occasion for enlarging against her the charge of unsympathetic wifehood. The facts of the Carlyle marriage are already pretty well ascertained, and the due discounts made. If the new book provides fresh explanations of infelicity, that old vexed question may now be less insisted upon, and these letters welcomed as a further revelation of the essential Mrs. Carlyle, the gifted and mercurial being whose attraction for men of genius landed her in the holy bonds with the very last genius she ought to have chosen. True Thomas knew that only too well when he wrote: "Oh, my poor lassie, what a life thou hast led, and I could not make it other. It was to be that, and not another."

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Here is Carlyle at work as Mrs. Carlyle saw him. The externality of her view tells its own story. She is writing to her cousin, Jeannie Welsh, to whom most of these letters are addressed—

"Dear I will tell you a secret but see that you keep it to yourself—Carlyle is no more writing about *Oliver Cromwell* than you or I are! I have known this for a good while—you will wonder that I should not have known it all along—the fact is his papers were a good time more resembling hieroglyphics than finished manuscript. I could not be at the trouble of making them out—then when I came to find, on days when I chanced to look, pages about the present fashion of men's coats—about the rage for novelties—puffing everything or anything except '*Cromwell Oliver*'—I had no misgivings—I know he has such a way of tacking on extraneous discussions to his subject—but when I found at last a long biography of that *Abbot Samson*! then indeed—I asked what on earth has all this to do with Cromwell—and learned that Cromwell was not begun—that probably half-a-dozen other volumes will be published before that. Nevertheless for I know not what reason he lets everybody go on questioning him of his Cromwell and answers so as to leave them in the persuasion he is very busy with that and nothing else. Absolutely I will not begin another sheet."

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"For I know not what reason." Had she known, the case would have been far otherwise, and this letter, if written, would have taken a different complexion. Tam's grim humour was beyond Jane Welsh. Perhaps it was the main stumbling-block. And her volatile temperament was equally beyond Carlyle. This most deeply interesting book supplies much more evidence on this point. It is worth following out, and the result is a fuller sympathy with both husband and wife in their inevitable isolation.

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The current book-lists are particularly rich in biographies and memoirs. Among these, two goodly volumes make a noteworthy addition to knowledge of the eighteenth century, and afford yet another instance of the good things that lie buried in family papers, awaiting only the hand of a careful editor. These auxiliaries to history find their greatest example in "The Paston Letters." "CHRONICLES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY," by Maud Wyndham (Hodder and Stoughton; two vols.; 30s.), may not be quite on the same plane as a contribution to serious history, nor are they likely to take rank as a historical classic, but they have a special value of their own. They concern the Lyttelton family, "which may be taken," the editor justly remarks, "as a typical example of that section of the community which for so long governed England."

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In these days, when the landed gentry's power is so seriously threatened, when in fact, it seems on the eve of extinction, it is well that their services should be remembered. It was good service, performed very often out of a real sense of responsibility by men who might have taken their ease. And even when the ultimate aim may have been selfish, the work was none the less faithfully performed, and the great families stood for something that went to the upbuilding of the greatness of England.

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The Lyttletons of the eighteenth century were not rich. Many of them were forced to earn their own living, and their efforts brought them into touch with great men and great events. Of these their letters now given to the world are the reflection, and the result is a picture of the period in many aspects. The Lyttletons touched not only the political, but the literary life of their times. George Lord Lyttelton was the friend of James Thomson, whom he rescued from poverty on the death of the poet's patron, Lord Talbot. Replying to an invitation to visit Hagley, Thomson wrote in a strain very characteristic of the author of "The Seasons." As his visit would "fall in Autumn, I shall like it the better, for I think that season of the year the most pleasing and the most poetical. The spirits are not then dissipated with the gaiety of spring and the glaring light of summer, but composed into a serious and tempered joy. The year is perfect. In the meantime I will go on with correcting and printing the *Seasons*. . . . The Muses whom you so obligingly say I will bring along with me I shall find with you, the Muses of the great simple country, not the little fine lady Muses of Richmond Hill. I have lived so long in the noise, rattle, and distant din of the town, that I begin to forget what true retirement is."

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Hagley appears in "The Seasons," and Lyttelton's hospitality was also repaid with a portrait of the host of Hagley in verse. It is believed, too, that Lyttelton himself drew Thomson in the lines: "A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems." Pope was also among Lyttelton's literary friends, and with Shenstone, a near neighbour, he discovered a common hobby in landscape gardening. In Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Delany he touched the circle of the Blues. Fielding, who was his schoolfellow at Eton, wrote to him in later life, on behalf of the needy poet Edward Moore. On August 29, 1749, Fielding wrote from Bow Street to congratulate Lyttelton on his second marriage.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"THE ARMS OF THE SUN." *(Duckworth; 7/6.)* By Lady Dorothy Mills.

"A BUCCANEER IN SPATS." *(Hutchinson; 7/6.)* By Achmed Abdullah.

"THE CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS." *(Heinemann; 7/6.)* By Kathleen Norris.

"DAVID OF KINGS." *(Hodder and Stoughton; 7/6.)* By E. F. Benson.

"GHOSTS IN DAYLIGHT." *(Chapman and Hall; 7/6.)* By Oliver Onions.

"THE HOUSE BY THE WINDMILL." *(Hutchinson; 7/6.)* By Agnes Edwards Rothery.

"LIFTING MIST." *(Heinemann; 7/6.)* By Austin Harrison.

"RED SAND." *(Nisbet; 7/6.)* By T. S. Stribling.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"A LONG LIFE'S WORK." *(Macmillan; 18/-.)* By Sir Archibald Geikie.

"UNWRITTEN HISTORY." *(Hutchinson; 18/-.)* By Cosmo Hamilton.

"THE CRUISE OF AMARYLLIS." *(John Lane; 8/6.)* By G. H. P. Muhlhauser.

"MEMORIES." *(Nash and Grayson; 15/-.)* By Katharine Tynan.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

Not the least fascinating part of these records is the account of George Lyttelton's experiences abroad when he was a very young man. As the son of a poor man, he enjoyed some advantage on the Grand Tour, for he was not hampered, like the sons of the rich, with a tutor. Thus he won his way more easily into influential circles. Locke has pointed out in a famous passage that men of worth and parts would not willingly admit to familiarity mere boys in *statu pupillari*, but a young gentleman and stranger, appearing like a man, and wishing to inform himself of the laws and customs of the country he was visiting, would find a welcome and assistance everywhere. So it was with George Lyttelton, who saw diplomatic society in Paris and went on to Rome. He enjoyed himself and learned much, but, although evidently a steady fellow, never could make his allowance suffice, which led at length to his recall by his father, Sir Thomas. This very human passage forms a valuable addition to the literature of the Grand Tour.

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Another eighteenth-century document has just come to light in "THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PARSON, THE REV. JAMES WOODFORDE, 1758-1781," edited by John Beresford (Oxford University Press; 12s.6d.) Mr. Beresford's name alone is sufficient temptation to take up any volume so recommended. To him we owe the best edition of Charles Cotton's poems, and also that most delectable volume of essays, "Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," both books published by Mr. Cobden Sanderson. In the latter volume Mr. Beresford proved his special aptitude for dealing with the works and days of the old divines, witness his Holy Mr. Herbert, and his more favourable word for Dr. Donne's Reverend but somewhat worldly son, John Donne the Younger, who had previously been considered no very estimable character. But he lived, as Mr. Beresford showed, in the shadow of his great father.

The editing of Mr. Woodforde's Diary was a task made to Mr. Beresford's hand. Of his country parson, like Goldsmith's, it can be said that "Remote from towns he ran his godly race"; he never sought notoriety, and, remarks his editor, "in the concluding words of a famous sonnet, 'tranquillity is here.' To me this country voice, till now as unknown and as mute as those immortalised in Gray's 'Elegy,' came with a wonderful and contrasting freshness."

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The material body of the Diary is itself a pleasing thing. "It covers nearly every single day of the long stretch of years from 1758 to 1803. It is written in a handwriting as clear as print, almost as small, and much more closely compressed, and the manuscript runs through some sixty-eight booklets." One wishes that a page had been reproduced in facsimile—always a desirable thing when a curious manuscript is under consideration. If, however, we are not privileged to see with our own eyes the semblance of good Mr. Woodforde's handwriting, there is sufficient compensation in his matter, which in the present volume brings the story down to 1781. "If public appreciation and support are forthcoming" (it is long since that once familiar formula has appeared in literature), Mr. Beresford promises to "carry on the narrative through the years which follow, years pregnant with war, with peace, with the French Revolution, with the wars, excursions and alarums arising therefrom—rippling even to a Country Rectory—and with the vanishing stream of human things, as viewed by that loveable being, the Reverend James Woodforde."

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We first see Mr. Woodforde at Oxford in 1758. He was an exact youth, and kept accounts. These show his disbursements for "Two Logick Books" and "Two Bottles of Port Wine." He is musical (a clerkly tradition as old as Chaucer), and pays 1s. 6d. for "A Musick Book," also 5s. for "Ester Oratorio," and next day 5s. for "Messiah." A new wigg, 2 white waistcoats, and nosegays are other items. A "Half-Crown Bowl of Punch from Kennersleys" evidently led to some confusion of sleeping arrangements, for another man "turned me out of Bed" (not Mr. W.'s own) "and locked me out of the room naked."

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Customs do not change much, although such incidents as the following are rarer nowadays. But the thing, when it happens, has a familiar air. "Baker and Croucher both of Merton Coll: spent their evening in the B.C.R. Croucher was devilish drunk indeed, and made a great noise there, but we carried him away to Peckham's Bed in triumph." Later, at home, the diarist is in his tent in the garden "studying all the day long the G. Testament." Gravity increases. A term or two later, after an account of a convivial evening at New College, Mr. Woodforde adds, "N.B.—I was very sober, as I had made a resolution never to get drunk again, when at Geree's rooms in April last, when I fell down dead, and cut my Occiput very bad indeed." Thus evolves the excellent parish priest.

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It was remarked lately that Macaulay's writ no longer runs. Here again it is questioned, for Mr. Beresford takes occasion, from the material supplied by this Diary, to examine afresh T. B. M.'s familiar description of the state of the Country Clergy. He would not flatly contradict the historian, but he notes that those who have made a special study of ecclesiastical history in this period present a less gloomy picture. Macaulay seems to have been too trustful of a pamphlet written in 1670 by Dr. John Eachard, whose "wit is of the Bernard Shaw type, only more amusing and less perverse." Eachard, it appears, did not intend every word he said to be taken seriously. It is difficult to say whether Mr. Woodforde's text or his editor's commentary is the more delightful. This is a treasure to be commended heartily to the notice of every literary antiquary. It seems safe to predict that "public appreciation and support" will soon place the rest of the Diary in our hands.

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But it will not do, amid all these congenial records of an older world, to forget the present day. There is a writer among us who has a gift possessed by very few—in fact, by no other, in his individual vein—of combining literary antiquarianism with a verbal persuasiveness that makes his work welcome (one might say indispensable) to a great public not given to specialising in the things of yesterday—the readers of a widely circulated evening paper.

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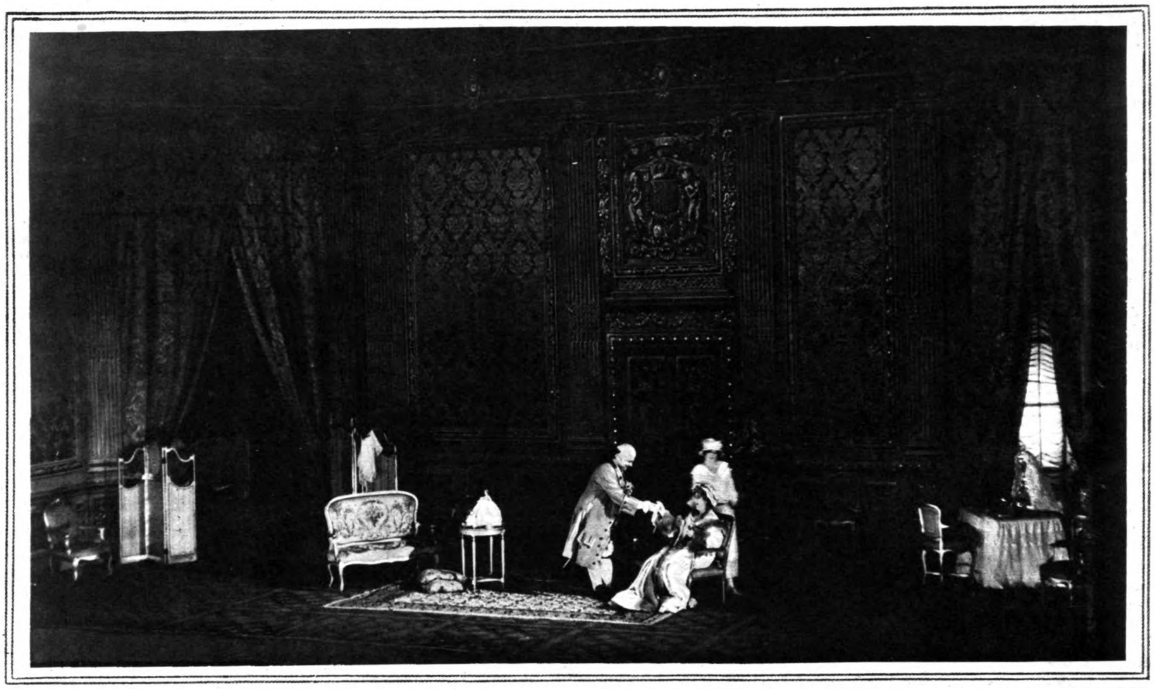
This inimitable penman has the gift of turning even so abstruse a subject as his knowledge of heraldry to the uses of his nightly column, and no matter what he chooses for an opening, very soon he has brought his theme round to the understanding of the multitude and is speaking to them of the things that concern their everyday life. I need hardly say that I refer to "The Londoner" of the *Evening News*, who has just brought out a volume of his ever-welcome essays under the title of "DAY IN AND DAY OUT" (Cassell; 3s. 6d.). Ephemeral journalism does not always come well through the ordeal of reprinting, but when it does survive that crucial test, as these essays do to admiration, it is a proof that the writing has in it a quality not ephemeral. Some mystery has been made in certain quarters about the name of our excellent author, but there is no risk of libel in saying that Mr. Oscar Barron is the only begetter of those delightful hesperial papers signed "The Londoner." Our evening Press could very well endure a little more of the real literary touch. There are benighted heathen who, like myself, long for something nearer the style of Cust's *P.M.G.* of pious memory.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE OPERA SEASON: "DER ROSENKAVALIER."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES."



RICHARD STRAUSS'S MASTERPIECE: "DER ROSENKAVALIER," AT COVENT GARDEN—THE BED-ROOM SCENE IN ACT I., SHOWING (L. TO R.) BARON OCHS (HERR RICHARD MAYR), THE PRINCESS (MME. LOTTE LEHMANN, SEATED), AND OCTAVIAN DISGUISED AS A MAID (MME. DELIA REINHARDT), WITH WHOM THE BEFOOLED BARON FLIRTS.

THE TITLE SCENE OF "DER ROSENKAVALIER": OCTAVIAN (MME. DELIA REINHARDT, CENTRE) BRINGS THE BARON'S LOVE-TOKEN, A SILVER ROSE, TO SOPHIE (MME. ELIZABETH SCHUMANN, LEFT), WITH THE RESULT THAT OCTAVIAN AND SOPHIE FALL IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER AT FIRST SIGHT.

"Der Rosenkavalier," which is generally acknowledged to be Richard Strauss's finest opera, was revived at Covent Garden on May 21, after ten years, and the performance has been described as the best given there of any opera within living memory. The story is pure comedy, descending occasionally into farce, with the amorous Baron's Falstaffian buffooneries, and the music is appropriately light and exuberant. Act I. opens with an ardent love scene between young Octavian and the Princess in her room. Then arrives Baron Ochs, an impecunious old *roué*, and Octavian, thinking him to be the Princess's husband, and having no time to escape, hastily dons the clothes of her maid. The Baron consults the Princess about his projected wedding with Sophie von Faninal, daughter of a rich merchant, but during the interview ogles and flirts with the supposed maid. The Baron requires a messenger to carry his love token, a silver rose, to Sophie, and the Princess suggests Octavian, who, in Act II., carries out the mission in his own person. He and Sophie fall in love at first sight. Later, Octavian wounds the Baron in a duel, but Sophie's father still insists on her marrying the Baron, so a plot (worked out in Act III.) is concocted to expose the Baron's infidelity, and all ends well for Sophie and Octavian. The above photographs were taken from the auditorium during the performance, by a Taylor-Hobson-Cooke lens.

"UNKNOWN FORCES" IN ACTION: MANIFESTATIONS NEW AND OLD.

"HAUNTED HOUSES." By CAMILLE FLAMMARION.*

CITING case after case of psychic phenomena, M. Camille Flammarion has written "a book of good faith," as Montaigne would have had it. He does not know, he cannot prove; but he can deduce, explain, and believe. More than that he does not profess: he is one "collecting the stones which will go to the building of a future science." He admits hallucination, illusion, the exaggeration of after-thoughts, the imaginings of tale-tellers, normal coincidences, "organic cause" in the shape of hysterical boy or girl, "hauntings" devised to discredit houses to cheapness and give legal excuse for the cancellation of leases, and, especially, the ludicrous phases of manifestations as freakish as the lightning to which he likens them; but he submits that, however curious the demonstrations of those whom Psychopompus has guided to another world, however inexplicable by what we call natural causes, there are behind the credible, visible effects invisible forces that are by no means undirected, whether they be intelligent or banal, whether they convey messages to receptive and, often, slumber-liberated minds, or dictate actions to "sensitives" who carry them out as unconsciously as they do stupidly.

Take mental transmission, intercourse by words or apparitions between the dying and the living and the dead and the living. The common example of the former is, of course, knowledge of distant death or disaster before the fact has been learned through the usual human channels, times of dispatch and receipt agreeing: two of the most uncommon of the latter are the "appearance" of one Robert Mackenzie forty-eight hours after his death by drinking nitric acid, and the instance set forth in the paragraph: "The authors of *Phantasms of the Living* quote . . . the case of Mrs. Menncer, who twice in the same night dreamt of seeing her brother headless, standing at the foot of his bed, with his head placed on a coffin beside him! She did not know where that brother was. His name was Mr. Wellington, and he was travelling abroad. In reality he was then at Sarawak with Sir James Brooke, and he was killed there during the Chinese insurrection. He had been taken for the son of the Rajah. His head was cut off and carried in triumph, and his body was burnt with the house of the Rajah. The date of the dream coincided approximately with the date of the murder. It is almost certain that his head was cut off after his death, for those Chinese were not soldiers but coolies in a gold-mine who, having armed themselves with anything they could lay their hands on, could certainly not kill a European on the defensive by cutting off his head. We must therefore conclude that the impression made on the sister took place *after his head was cut off.*"

Such things certify to M. Flammarion survival of the soul, certainly for a short time, possibly to immortality—and the soul he defines thus: "Face to face with the phenomena of telepathy, with the examples of mental vision at a distance, without the aid of corporeal organs, with the still more mysterious and incomprehensible fact of seeing the future in actual detail with spiritual eyes, I say: 'Things happen *as if*, in the human organism, there existed a psychic, spiritual entity, endowed with perceptive faculties as yet unknown.' This entity, this soul or spirit, acts and perceives through the brain, but it is not a material function of a material organ."

He recognises also that the soul is not, as it were, standardised: far from it. In connection with "very grotesque and infantile occurrences," he writes: "Should there not be in the atmosphere certain psychic entities entirely devoid of any intellectual or moral value? Our human race is full of them. If the soul is not destroyed, what becomes of the souls of idiots? And animal souls, superior to some human ones?" And, he adds, on this question of the apparently nonsensical knockings, rappings, levitations, and so forth, which have always been advanced as evidence that there can be no serious desire on the part of the dead to communicate with the living: "We might think, with Professor Perty, or with Bozzano who comments upon him . . . that these trivial, vulgar, material manifestations . . . are operated according to the principle of least resistance . . . and might be directed by invisible intelligences with the object of impressing the witnesses by shaking their indifference and inviting them to meditate on the possibility of the existence of a soul surviving death, with all the moral and social consequences implied in that. If we admit that interpretation, we also admit that a very noble aim is attained with very moderate means, adapted to the largely vulgar nature of man. . . . That some invisible intelligence is at work in *Poltergeist* phenomena is incontestable. Missiles hit chosen targets, slow down so as not to hurt spectators, describe capricious trajectories, fall from no one knows where, pass through narrow slits, and even penetrate into hermetically closed rooms. Such acts belong to a supernormal world. To attribute them to queer faculties of the subconscious seems to me an hypothesis difficult to sustain. We have pointed out that the triviality and vulgarity of the manifestations may be explained by the simple object of attracting attention and by the facility of taking the line of least resistance. There may be also vulgar spirits, as there are in our world, and probably even a large number. Why should there not be practical jokers on the other side of the barrier as well as on this side—or even imbecile and wicked entities?"

How else, indeed, can one account for "self-projecting" paving-stones and bricks; the throwing of apples, rye, buckwheat; stones that shape themselves to particular holes in order to enter a shuttered room; furniture shifting and rising; a disappearing cross and "blest medals"; crockery crashing of itself; kitchen bellows which slide along a bench and hurl themselves into the middle of the room; a house cat whisked up and flung at the head of its mistress; agitated pictures, bells, and curtains; bounding earthenware pots; turnips, thistles, and a bust in a bed; flying nails, and other signs of prankishness? For in most cases the accused servant, son or daughter, nephew or niece, is held innocent, even when the departure of the suspected meant a cessation of the signs and portents!

For the rest, there are various ingenious suppositions. It will suffice to quote some *dicta*: "The Future is perceptible, like the Past. The Present alone does not exist, since scientific analysis reduces it to less than a hundredth of a second. Space and time, as presented to us by our measuring instruments, do not exist. Instead, there is infinity and there is eternity. The distance between here and Sirius is not a greater part of the infinite than the distance between your right hand and your left."

"It appears that the invisible forces act upon the visible world by using the organic faculties of mediums or intermediaries, mainly girls and young women (sometimes youths), whose presence makes the ignorant public—and even certain judges of the same negative value—believe that they are the responsible agents; in other words, practical jokers of a more mischievous type than any of the inquisitors."

"The laws which govern the world system do not come from a brain. There is spirit in nature. What is that 'instinct' of a fowl which sits on her eggs for twenty days to hatch chickens? What is the perpetual renewal of myriads of living beings?"

"Inanimate matter might have the property of registering and preserving in a potential state all sorts of vibrations and physical, psychical, and vital emanations, just as the brain substance has the property of registering and preserving in a latent state the vibrations of thought. . . . Can certain phenomena of haunting be derived from dwellings? Can the walls and furniture of a house become impregnated with vibrations and present to the sensitives a special aura, as taught by psychometry?"

"All the entities, all the forces, all the invisible causes, all the spirits which reveal themselves in any way in the numerous phenomena which we are studying, are not necessarily the souls of the dead. Apart from the fact that the souls of the living can externalise themselves, and that we can ourselves sometimes act unconsciously, we are surrounded by psychic elements, both known and unknown."

And so on, with much discussion of the soul and its powers; of psychic currents between brain and brain; of unseen beings of unknown nature, perhaps with affinity to electricity; of the human acting unconsciously under domination; and of that fifth—immaterial—element of the ancients, "*animus*, the world soul, the animating principle, the ether," Aristotle's fifth essence, "*quinta natura*, which gives rise to the soul"; with many an example and many a deduction.

Above all, with the saying: "The Unknown of yesterday is the Truth of to-morrow."

From which it may be assumed that the sceptic may remain unconvinced, but will respect sincerity—and will, at least, have read a most intriguing and thought-provoking book. E. H. G.

A PICTURE PAINTED ON THREE SIDES, ROOF, AND FLOOR OF THE INTERIOR OF A BOX, THE WHOLE SCENE FALLING INTO PERSPECTIVE WHEN VIEWED THROUGH THE PEEP-HOLES: THE HOOGSTRATEN PEEP-SHOW CABINET RECENTLY ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY, AS IT WOULD APPEAR IF SEEN FROM THE GLASS SIDE, WITH A DOG PAINTED HALF ON A SIDE AND HALF ON THE FLOOR OF THE BOX.

An explanation of this remarkable experiment in perspective, by a seventeenth-century Dutch painter, is given with the two photographs on the opposite page. In the above drawing the fourth glass side of the box (used for illumination) is broken away diagrammatically to show the interior as it would appear if it were seen from that side. In reality it is never so seen. A spectator at the peep-holes sees a harmonious representation, all in proper perspective, as though looking at an actual model instead of a picture.

Diagram by our Special Artist, W. B. Robinson.

* "Haunted Houses." By Camille Flammarion, author of "Death and Its Mystery," "Dreams of an Astronomer," etc. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.; 12s. 6d. net.)

"A *TOUR DE FORCE* IN PERSPECTIVE": A NATIONAL GALLERY CURIOSITY.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND; NO. 2 BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE photographs on this page and the diagram opposite illustrate a remarkable art curiosity recently presented to the National Gallery by Sir Robert and Lady Witt, through the National Art-Collections Fund. It is described in the annual report of the Fund as "a peep-show cabinet in perspective, of about 1670, designed and painted by Samuel van Hoogstraten (1627-1678), who studied painting under Rembrandt, and was also a poet, playwright, and author of a treatise on perspective. The Peep-Show Cabinet in question is an example of this interest in perspective, of which it is a *tour de force*." No such elaborate view of a 17th century Dutch house by a friend of all the great Dutch painters of interiors appears to be known. It takes the form of a wooden cabinet 23 in. high, 32 in. wide, and 23 in. deep. "The interior . . . is seen in perspective from two small eye-holes, one at each end. The cabinet is painted on floor, ceiling, and three sides, the fourth side being filled with a glass front to diffuse the light. Looking in from one end (marked *A* in the diagram opposite) a diagonal view across a black and white tesselated hall is obtained. . . . To the right, through an open doorway, an ante-room is seen with a picture on the wall and two chairs beneath. Beyond is another room with a lady seated reading a letter and a cavalier

(*Continued in Box 2.*)

(*Continued below.*)

1. SHOWING HOW THE APPARENTLY DISTORTED SECTIONS PAINTED ON THE INNER SIDES, FLOOR, AND TOP OF THE BOX BLEND INTO A SINGLE PICTURE IN TRUE PERSPECTIVE: THE INTERIOR OF THE HOOGSTRATEN "PEEP-SHOW CABINET," SEEN FROM PEEP-HOLE *A* IN THE DIAGRAM ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

2. SHOWING A DOG'S BODY PAINTED ON ONE SIDE OF THE BOX, AND ITS LEGS ON THE FLOOR; WITH SIMILAR DISTORTIONS OF THE FURNITURE: THE INTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SIDE GLAZED FOR ILLUMINATION—A VIEW ALMOST IDENTICAL WITH THE DIAGRAM OPPOSITE.

Continued.]

looking in through the window. Still further through another room opening from the hall two rooms are visible, in one of which is a lady asleep in bed, while in the other is a table on which stands a glass of wine. From the other eye-hole (*B*) the hall is shown, containing pictures, furniture, cloaks, a hat and a sword hanging on pegs, and a dog seated. . . . When the glass side is removed the cabinet is found to be a mere empty box instead of being divided, as it appeared to be, into a series of rooms. . . . The devices by which the objects in three dimensions are rendered in perspective can then be studied. The black-and-white tiling is seen to be painted partly on the floor, partly on the walls, as are also the chairs. . . . The dog, too, is painted partly on the floor, partly on the wall. . . . A large landscape and part of another picture are actually painted on the ceiling of the cabinet. When seen in perspective these two pictures fall into their proper places on the wall." Explaining his drawing on the opposite page, our artist, Mr. W. B. Robinson, writes: "This diagram attempts to show the Peep-Show Cabinet as seen from inside the half portion used for lighting purposes. This latter half has wooden sides and floor, but a glazed top as indicated, and is divided from the peep-show portion proper by a glass partition. It will be understood, therefore, that the view as shown is never seen by the spectator when peeping. The Peep-Show half of the interior of the box with three painted sides, floor, and roof is shown, also the peep-holes marked *A* and *B* respectively. A portion of the diagram near peep-hole marked *B* is broken away to show a spectator outside. This person would see the dog sitting upright *in the centre* of the apartment; the wall, where a picture hangs on each side of the door, would be the background (no longer in acute perspective), and the mullioned window, etc., would be in perspective on his right, and the glazed portion (hardly noticeable) in acute perspective on his left. The chair near the dog comes into the centre of the apartment, and both the chair and the dog appear natural—*i.e.*, the legs of the dog and the portion of the legs of the chair painted *on the floor*, fit in with the spectator's perspective." The cabinet had been in the collection of the late Sir Henry Howorth since 1893.

AN EX-MINER REPRESENTS THE KING: AN EVENT UNIQUE IN SCOTLAND.

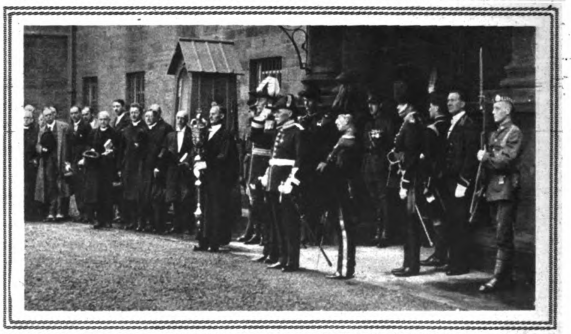
PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., L.N.A., AND C.N.

LEAVING THEIR COTTAGE HOME AT ANNBANK FOR THE POMP OF HOLYROOD: MR. JAMES BROWN, M.P., AND MRS. BROWN RECEIVE A HEARTY SEND-OFF FROM THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

AT HOLYROOD PALACE, HIS OFFICIAL RESIDENCE AS LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER REPRESENTING THE KING: MR. JAMES BROWN, M.P., WITH MRS. BROWN, READY TO GO OUT FOR A DRIVE.

THE FIRST LABOUR REPRESENTATIVE TO HOLD AN OFFICE FILLED FOR MORE THAN 200 YEARS BY A PEER OF THE REALM: MR. JAMES BROWN, M.P., WITH HIS WIFE, DRIVING IN STATE FROM HOLYROOD TO ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL AS THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

IN DEPUTY LIEUTENANT'S UNIFORM OF SCARLET AND GOLD: MR. JAMES BROWN, M.P., (THIRD FROM RIGHT, IN FRONT), INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS AT HOLYROOD.

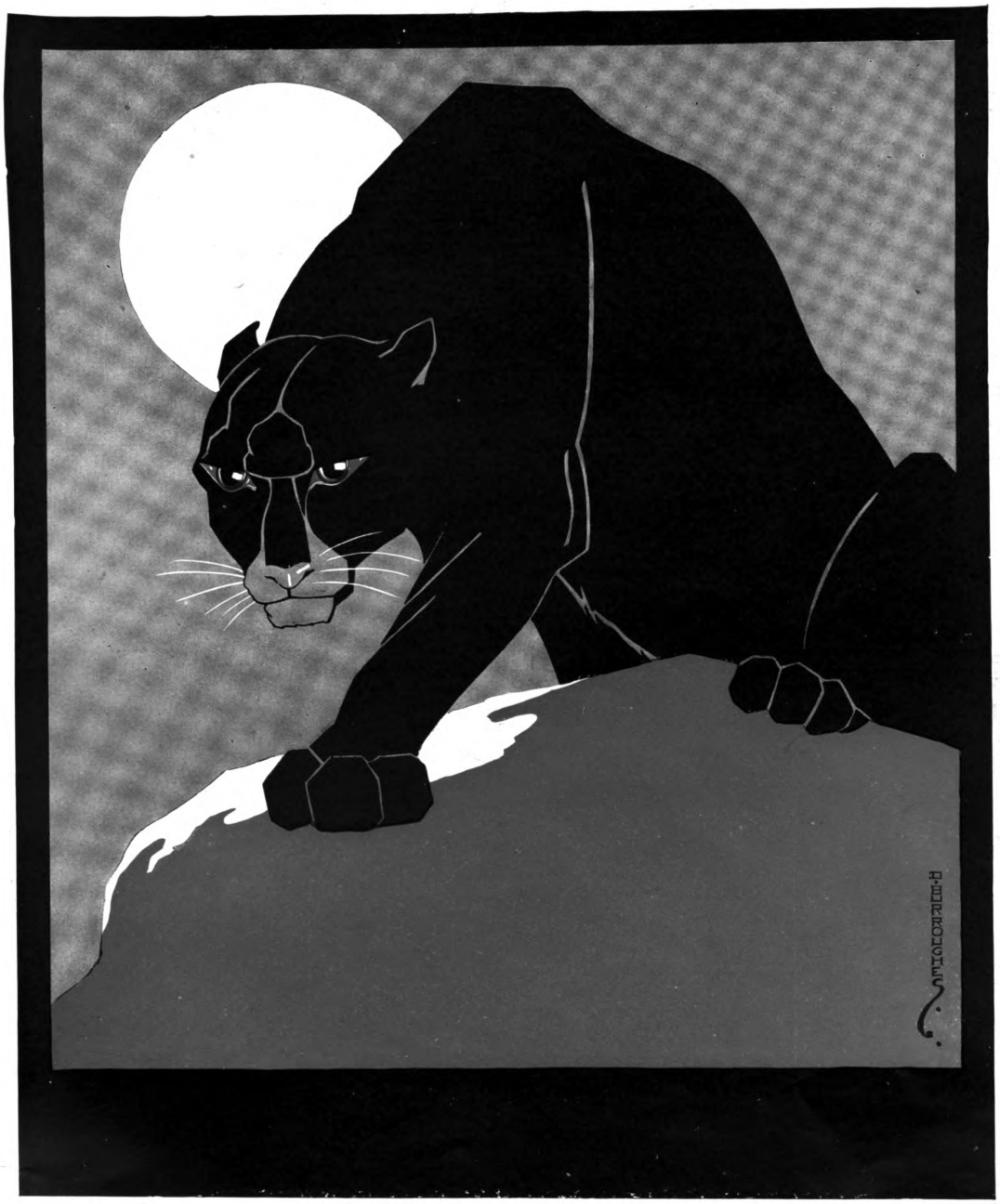


TAKING THE ROYAL SALUTE AT HOLYROOD BEFORE DRIVING TO ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL TO OPEN THE ASSEMBLY: MR. JAMES BROWN, M.P. (CENTRE), REPRESENTING THE KING.

The opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in St. Giles's Cathedral at Edinburgh, on May 20, was memorable from the fact that for the first time in Scottish history the King had appointed a Labour member (Mr. James Brown, M.P.) to represent his Majesty as Lord High Commissioner. Mr. and Mrs. Brown left their modest house at Annbank, by Ayr, for Edinburgh on May 19, and thence motored to Holyrood, the High Commissioner's official residence. At the ceremony of presenting the keys of the city to the Commissioner, the Lord Provost said: "This occasion is particularly noteworthy in view of your Grace's appointment, as a representative of the people, to an office which for more than 200 years has been filled by a Peer of the Realm, and may I take this opportunity of conveying to you our very best wishes on this unique event." At the opening of the Assembly, Mr. Brown occupied the Throne, and delivered an interesting address, which concluded with a hopeful allusion to the prospects of Church union in Scotland, which, he said, would be "the greatest Christian event of the century." Mr. James Brown was born in 1862, and in 1888 married Catherine Macgregor, daughter of Mr. Matthew Steele, of Kilbarchan. He has been M.P. for South Ayrshire since 1918, and from 1917-21 was Secretary of the Scottish Miners' National Union. Since 1895 he has been an official of the Ayrshire Miners' Union, and for thirty years he has been Sunday School Superintendent at Annbank, and Ruling Elder.

POWER IN DESIGN: STARTLING EFFECTS BY SIMPLE MEANS.

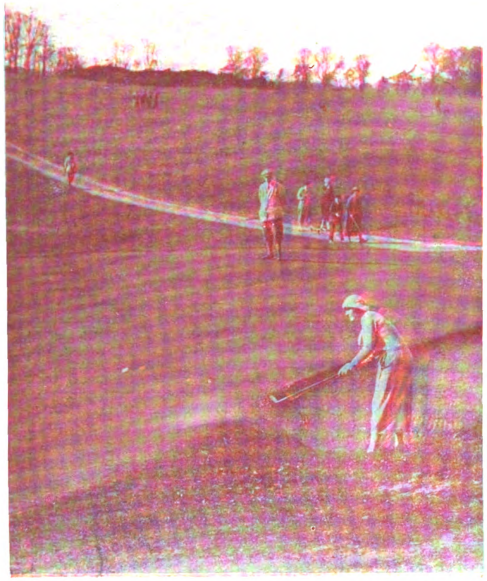
FROM THE DRAWING BY MISS D. BURROUGHES. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"STEALTH": A REMARKABLE STUDY OF ANIMAL CUNNING AND FEROCITY, BY MISS D. BURROUGHES.

In this remarkably striking design, Miss D. Burroughes proves what wonderful effects can be obtained by broad contrast and clear outline, with the utmost economy of detail. The figure of the tiger, stealthily approaching its victim, seems to be pulsating with suppressed energy, while the eyes and jowl indicate both cunning and ferocity. The drawing, we may add, forms a companion study to the one entitled "Pantha," reproduced in our issue of February 16 last. The subject was similar—a crouching panther on a branch of a tree, watching its prey; but the colour-scheme differed in the use of purple instead of green for the branch. This gave a twilight effect, so that the white disc (seen there also) appeared as that of the moon, while in the above picture, with the green grass of the day time, the similar disc must be taken to represent the sun.

THE LADY GOLF CHAMPION "ANAGLYPHED"; AND OTHER COMPETITORS.



SHOWN IN BOLD RELIEF IN THE ACT OF DRIVING: MISS GOURLAY, A SCOTTISH GIRL IN THE LADIES' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP, WITH MISS ORCE WETHERED (LEFT).

SHOWING THE HEIGHT OF THE BALL WHICH APPEARS LOCATED IN THE SKY BECAUSE ITS SPEED WAS GREATER THAN THE CAMERA COULD TAKE: MISS GOURLAY DRIVING IN PLAY.

Miss Gourlay was beaten by Mrs. Cautley in the semi-final. To obtain the effect of stereoscopic relief, our reproductions must be looked at either through the red and green lens supplied with our March 8 issue, or those in our Anaglyphic Number. Readers who have not got a mask already may secure one by means of the coupon on page 1041 of this number, and studies it with the aid of the chart of directions on page 1042. Prints should be addressed to the Anaglyphic Department, 172 Strand, London, W.C.2.

GREAT GOLF: THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP AND ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P.I.C., AND S. AND G.

LADY CHAMPION AND SISTER OF THE FAVOURITE FOR THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS JOYCE WETHERED.

SEMI-FINALISTS IN THE LADIES' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS JOYCE WETHERED (SEATED, L.) THE CHAMPION; MRS. CAUTLEY (SEATED R.), RUNNER-UP; AND (STANDING) MISS E. E. HELME (L.) AND MISS MOLLY GOURLAY (R.).

AMATEUR CHAMPION FOR 1923 AND "FAVOURITE" FOR THIS YEAR: MR. ROGER WETHERED

WAITING TO START IN THE ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND MATCH: MR. JOHN WILSON AND MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY (RIGHT), WHO DEFEATED HIM.

THE ONLY U.S.A. COMPETITOR IN THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. S. H. I. BROWN, OF THE OAHU COUNTRY CLUB, HONOLULU.

THE ENGLISH TEAM (L. TO R., STANDING): W. A. POWELL, E. F. STOREY, C. BRETHERTON, C. HODGSON, E. W. E. HOLDERNESS; (SEATED) R. WETHERED, C. C. AYLMER, B. DARWIN. (CAPT.) THE HON. MICHAEL SCOTT, C. J. H. TOLLEY

THE SCOTTISH TEAM: (L. TO R., STANDING) MESSRS. W. B. TORRANCE, W. A. MURRAY, J. G. SIMPSON, ROBERT HARRIS, D. H. KYLE, AND T. M. BURRELL; (SEATED) JOHN WILSON, ROBERT SCOTT, "TED" BLACKWELL (CAPT.), AND J. L. C. JENKINS.

The result of the Ladies' Open Golf Championship at Royal Portrush, Ireland, was the victory of Miss Joyce Wethered, who defeated Mrs. Cautley in the final by 7 and 6 over 36 holes. Miss E. E. Helme and Miss Molly Gourlay were the other two semi-finalists. Miss Joyce Wethered is the sister of Mr. Roger Wethered, the famous golfer and Amateur Champion for 1923, who is this week defending his title at St. Andrews.——The result of the international matches played before the opening of the struggle for the Amateur Championship, at St. Andrews, was a victory for England by nine matches to five—only the third win for the Southerners out of the twelve International matches played. The last occasion on which England won was 1910. The score for the foursomes played in the morning was that England led by one point, and in the afternoon, after some close and exciting singles, they gained the victory, adding two more points to their lead. Mr. T. M. Burrell, the Scottish champion, who played first against Mr. Roger Wethered, succeeded in gaining a lead at the beginning of the match, but the English player is the finer exponent of the game, and class will tell, especially against a wind; so the result was a win for Mr. Wethered by 3 and 2. Mr. Tolley was in superb form, and, to quote the "Times" golf critic, "he murdered a fine player in Mr. Wilson by peerless golf." The match between the two Captains, Mr. Bernard Darwin and that redoubtable hitter, Mr. "Ted" Blackwell, was most interesting. These two players are the only two survivors of the first International match.

The Pre-Saxon Briton of Roman Days.

By PROFESSOR SIR ARTHUR KEITH, F.R.S., M.D., F.R.C.S., LL.D.,

Conservator of the Museum and Hunterian Professor at the Royal College of Surgeons, and Secretary of the Royal Institution. Author of "Nationality and Race," etc.

WHAT a labour we students of the English people would have been saved if the earlier Roman expedition to Britain had been accompanied by one of the young, highly-trained anthropologists our Universities are now turning out by the score! Failing this source of knowledge, we have to fall back on Tacitus, who tells us that the people of Scotland of his time were akin to the Germans, the South Welsh to the Spaniards, and the people of South England to the Belgæ. When, however, we press for an exact description of the South Englishman of the Roman period, one which is sufficiently detailed to permit us to recognise him in country lane or city street, we have to fall back, not on the records of historians, but on the evidence still preserved for us in ancient cemeteries. Hence the importance of the discovery of a cemetery of the third century A.D., at Barnwood, a populous roadside place, which may well be looked on as a suburb of the modern Gloucester—although it lies fully two miles from that city—the site of the Roman colony of Glevum.

Barnwood has sprung up along Irmin Street—the old Roman road leading to Cirencester. Both sides of the road have been built over—save an area on the north side which is occupied by a gravel-pit. It was the extension of this pit towards the road—Irmin Street—which brought to light the remains of men, women, and children who lived and died in West England during the third century of the present era. The credit for realising the importance of the discovery belongs, in the first place, to Mrs. Brooke Clifford—who owned and superintended the working of the pit. It is, however, owing to the zeal and erudition of Mr. St. Clair Baddeley that we are able to tell the date and nature of the cemetery thus opened. Mr. Baddeley has published a full description of the discoveries made at Barnwood in the *Journal of Roman Studies*. He found that soon after the Roman occupation began, the site had been used for cremation burials, and that the interments belonged to a later date (third century). He infers that the people buried there were "the humble country folk of this region." My present task is to give the readers of *The Illustrated London News* a brief account of the "humble country folk" who lived in the lower valley of the Severn some sixteen centuries ago. I owe Mrs. Brooke Clifford my warmest thanks for sending the remains found at Barnwood to the Royal College of Surgeons for examination. A detailed account of them was shortly afterwards prepared for laying before the Fellows of the Royal Anthropological Institute.

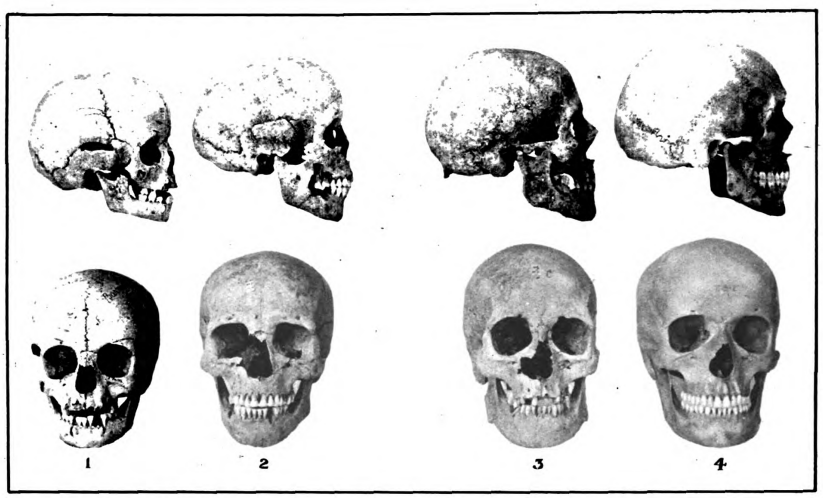
To understand the nature of the people found at Barnwood, it is necessary to glance at the results obtained by previous investigators. By far the most important discoveries were made by the late General Pitt-Rivers. In 1880, at the age of fifty-three, he became heir to the great Rushmore estates on the borders of Dorset and Wilts, and took up his residence at Cranborne Chase. He was the first man to show how a reliable history of England could be written by the spade. On his estates he unearthed the sites of three British settlements of the Roman period, discovered the remains of the inhabitants, and reconstructed the manner of the lives which they had led. His discoveries gave us exact records of over forty men and women living in Dorset about the same time as their Barnwood fellow-countrymen. Then there are the records made by the late Professor Rolleston, of Oxford, who excavated a large cemetery at Frilford, near Abingdon. This cemetery, which was used by the inhabitants of the locality during the later centuries of the Roman occupation, was taken over by the Saxons when they arrived. I may mention here, because it is a point I would lay stress upon, that it is not easy to distinguish the remains of a Saxon from those of a Briton, save by the nature of the grave-furniture. Saxon and Briton, although they had their points of difference, had, and have, many features in common. Lately, Mr. Alfred Cocks has given me the opportunity of examining the remains of men and women—and particularly of babies—which he found during the excavation of a farming settlement of the Roman period at Yewden, near Henley-on-Thames. In the Museum of the Guildhall are the remains of many Londoners of the Roman period, which Mr. Lambert has kindly permitted me to examine. Then, away in the extreme West of England, the excavations at Glastonbury, and at neighbouring places, have given Sir W. Boyd Dawkins an opportunity of examining the people who lived in West Somerset before and after the Romans came. The people who lived in Cornwall at a corresponding period were brought to light by the opening of an ancient cemetery at Harlyn Bay. This discovery was made by Mr. Reddie Mallett in 1900; not long ago I had an opportunity of examining the remains of these early Cornishmen.

The conclusion I have reached after examining all available discoveries of these earlier Britons is that the South of England, when the Romans came, was inhabited by a uniform people—all save the south-eastern part of Kent, and, to a lesser extent, Cornwall. The Barnwood people revealed in the lower valley of the Severn, living under the ægis of the Romans, are similar to the inhabitants found by General Pitt-Rivers in the British or Romano-British villages in Dorset. They are the same kind of men and women as those whom Professor Rolleston found at Frilford, and Mr. Cocks at Yewden, and the same as the Romano-British Londoners to be seen any day in the Guildhall Museum.

What, then, are the outstanding features of the early South Britons? They were a people of rather short stature. The tallest man found at Barnwood was 5 ft. 7½ in., but the average proved to be just under 5 ft. 3 in. In one village excavated by General Pitt-Rivers, the average stature for the men was only 5 ft. 1½ in., for the women 4 ft. 9¾ in.; in another village he found men with an average stature of 5 ft. 4·7 in, the women reaching an average of 5 ft. Big, burly strong men are rarely found amongst these South British people. No doubt modern conditions tend to increase our height, but it was the coming of the Saxons which gave South England her strong thews.

If we are to recognise the living descendants of the Britons of the Roman period, it is by the shape and size of their heads and the lineaments and development of their faces that we have to do it. The reader must not suppose, however, that even in a pure sample of the purest race of men there will be found a strict uniformity of cranial or facial form. Even in a single family, whose ancestors have lived in the same locality for many generations, there is a wide range of face and skull. Wherever we dig amongst Roman Britons we find a variety of types; but these types merge into each other, and are to be ascribed not so much to a mixture of races as to a tendency, which is inherent in all human races, to produce a certain but regulated degree of variation. The prevailing type of head among the Barnwood people, as has been found to be the case in all Romano-British settlements south of the Humber, is one which is easily recognised and has often been described. Indeed, in former days this type was supposed to belong to natives of Italy. It is common in England

(Continued on page 1032.



WITH FOREHEADS OF A TYPE EXEMPLIFIED BY HUXLEY AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE: THREE ROMANO-BRITISH SKULLS FOUND AT BARNWOOD COMPARED WITH A MODERN ENGLISH SKULL—(L. TO R.): (1) BARNWOOD CHILD; (2) BARNWOOD WOMAN; (3) BARNWOOD MAN; (4) MODERN ENGLISH TYPE (FULL FACE AND IN PROFILE).

As explained by Professor Keith on this page, the skulls found at a Romano-British cemetery at Barnwood, near Gloucester, were sent to him at the Royal College of Surgeons for examination. They are believed to be those of humble country folk, Britons of pre-Saxon times. In his article he draws special attention to the foreheads, noses, and teeth.

Photograph Taken Specially for "The Illustrated London News." By Courtesy of Sir Arthur Keith.

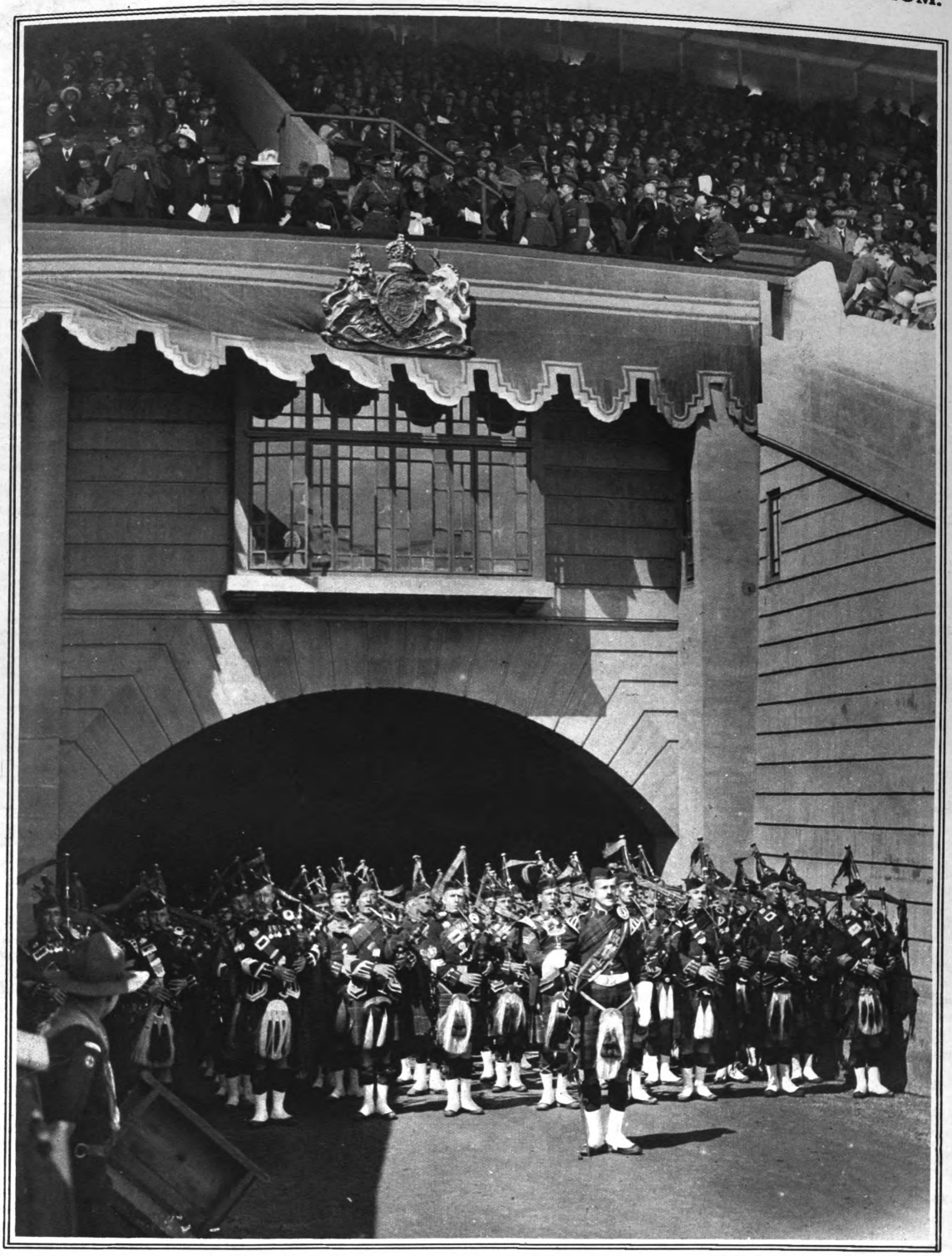
POSSESSING, LIKE PROFESSOR HUXLEY, "THE ROMANO-BRITISH FOREHEAD," OF THE TYPE PREVAILING AMONG THE BARNWOOD PEOPLE OF THE THIRD CENTURY: MR. LLOYD GEORGE. (SEE PAGE 1032.)

Photograph by Walter Stoneman, F.R.P.S.

COUPLED WITH MR. LLOYD GEORGE AS TYPICAL OF THE HEADS OF PRE-SAXON BRITONS REPRESENTED BY THE BARNWOOD SKULLS: THE LATE PROFESSOR HUXLEY, THE CELEBRATED BIOLOGIST.

EMPIRE DAY AT WEMBLEY: HIGHLAND PIPERS ENTERING THE STADIUM.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.



WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AS THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE, IN THE ROYAL BOX ABOVE: A PICTURESQUE BAND OF A HUNDRED PIPERS FROM HIGHLAND REGIMENTS MARCHING INTO THE STADIUM AT THE HEAD OF THE PARADE.

Empire Day (Saturday, May 24) was celebrated by a great parade in the Stadium at Wembley in the presence of the Duke of Connaught, who represented the King. The occasion was the first of a series of massed band performances, followed by fire-work displays, arranged for the whole of Empire Week; but it was more especially the day of the children, of whom there were 8000 in the parade itself and many more among the spectators. As the Duke of Connaught took his place in the Royal Box, the band of 600 musicians struck up the National Anthem, ensigns were dipped, and the Duke gave the salute. The procession then entered the great arena, headed by a band of a hundred pipers from Highland regiments. They were followed by a drum and fife band, numbering 300, and ten columns, each 800 strong, representing the organised youth of London. Among them were detachments of O.T.C.s, Navy League Cadets, the Church Lads' Brigade, school cadets, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and the Church Girls' Brigade. The militar[illegible]. Their [illegible] of the girls was especially remarkable. Later, the Duke, whose voice, whose [illegible] cast, announced that he had sent a message of loyal greeting to t[illegible] greeting [illegible] read his Majesty's reply.

ASSEMBLED FOR "THE LARGEST RELIGIOUS SERVICE . . . THE WOR

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.

WHERE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ADDRESSED A GATHERING OF NEARLY 100,000 IN ON THANKSGIVING DAY—PART OF THE LAY PROCESSION MARCHING

There was a wonderful scene in the Stadium at Wembley at the great Thanksgiving Service on Sunday, May 25, when a concourse of nearly 100,000 people were assembled, in the presence of the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family. The massed bands numbered 1000 instruments, and the massed choirs 3000 voices. After they had taken up their position came the Lay Procession, including Canadian Mounted Police, Yeomen Warders of the Tower, disabled soldiers, nurses, lifeboatmen, boys of the Royal Naval School, the Duke of York's Military School, Girl Guides, and the King's Scouts. Then followed the Ecclesiastical Procession, in which were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. In his inspi[illegible]ss the Archbishop said: "Does everyone who hears me realise the tremendous fact that we are at this moment taking part in the largest religio microp left fo lectern the al perhap

ORLD HAS EVER SEEN": THANKSGIVING DAY AT WEMBLEY.

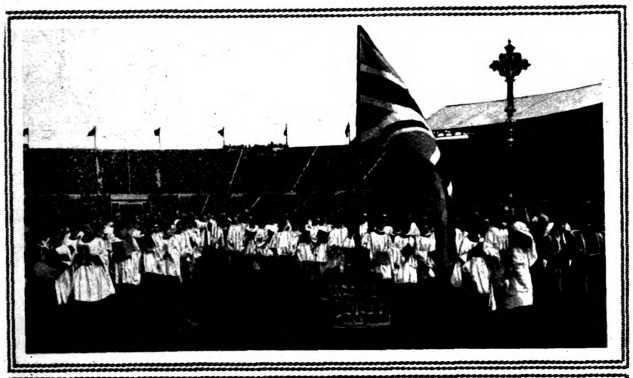
OPICAL.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN: THE GREAT STADIUM AT WEMBLEY ING TO THEIR PLACES TO THE MUSIC OF MASSED BANDS.

religious service which, as a deliberate act, the world has ever seen?" The Archbishop's words were carried to all parts of the Stadium by means of a microphone and a system of "loud-speakers," one of which, trumpet-shaped, may be seen above in the right-hand top corner of the stand (shown in the left foreground) where the clergy were stationed. A photograph on another page shows the Archbishop speaking, with the microphone suspended over the lectern, and also the apparatus by which his address was broadcast to thousands of listeners far away. Rain fell during part of the proceedings, and, as the above photograph shows, the tiers of people not under cover presented, as it were, a phalanx of umbrellas. But wet weather did not diminish—perhaps it emphasised—the solemnity and impressiveness of the occasion.

THE FAITH OF EMPIRE: THE GREAT THANKSGIVING AT WEMBLEY.

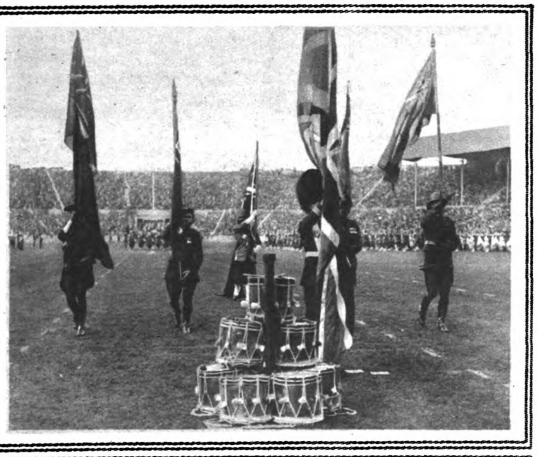
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, L.N.A., FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO., AND G.P.U.



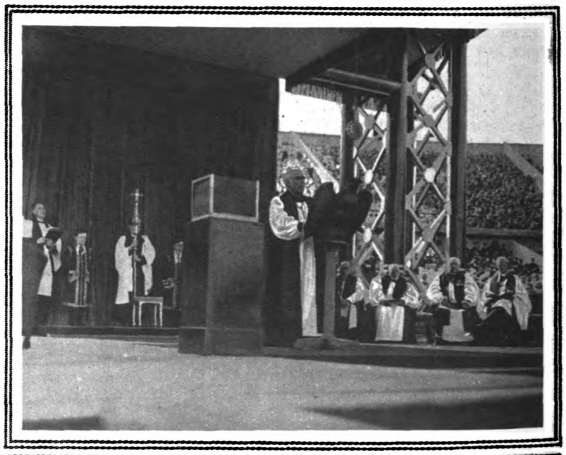
SHOWING A SECTION OF THE MASSED CHOIRS OF 3000 VOICES: PART OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROCESSION ENTERING THE STADIUM.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AT WEMBLEY: DR. RANDALL DAVIDSON, PRECEDED BY HIS CROZIER, IN THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROCESSION.

IN THE ROYAL BOX: (L. TO R.) PRINCE HENRY, LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY, PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA, PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, PRINCESS LOUISE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE QUEEN, THE KING, MR. A. HENDERSON, HOME SECRETARY, AND MR. J. CLYNES, LORD PRIVY SEAL (SECOND ROW), THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND PRINCESS BEATRICE.



FLAGS OF THE EMPIRE IN THE LAY PROCESSION: STANDARD-BEARERS, INCLUDING THOSE OF AUSTRALIA (SECOND FROM LEFT, SHOWING A STAR OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS) AND INDIA (THIRD).



WITH A MICROPHONE HUNG ABOVE THE LECTERN TO CARRY HIS VOICE BY "LOUD-SPEAKERS" THROUGHOUT THE STADIUM, AND A BOX-LIKE BROADCASTING MACHINE (TO LEFT): THE ARCHBISHOP SPEAKING.

These photographs illustrate, for the most part, later stages in the great Thanksgiving Service at Wembley than that shown on a double-page in this number, giving a general view of the vast arena during the entry of the Lay Procession. It was preceded by the State trumpeters of the Household Cavalry, flanked by the ensigns of the Dominions and Colonies, some of which are shown in the fourth photograph above. An interesting feature of the last illustration, showing the Archbishop of Canterbury delivering his address, is the microphone (suspended above the le... y means of which the huge congregation of 100,000 heard his voice, co... h "loud-speakers," in every corner of the Stadium. The box-shar... he top of a low pillar, to the left of the Archbishop, contained the broadcasting apparatus, which was the medium whereby thousands of radio listeners, in all parts of Great Britain, heard the sermon, the singing of the choirs, and the music of the massed bands at the same moment as the people actually in the Stadium. In the course of his address, Dr. Randall Davidson said: "Never since the human race drew breath upon this planet did men hold such a gathering from over land and sea, with plan and purpose for the bettering of mankind"; and he applied to the moral spirit of the Empire David's prayer: "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory and the victory and the majesty, for all that is in the heaven and the earth is Thine: Thine is the Kingdom, O Lord, and Thou are exalted as head above all."

KNIGHTS OF THE BATH INSTALLED: AN OFFERING OF GOLD AND SILVER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE "TIMES."

A CEREMONY REVIVED IN 1913 AFTER THE LAPSE OF A CENTURY: THE INSTALLATION OF G.C.B.'S IN THE ABBEY—THE GREAT MASTER (THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, CENTRE) OFFERING GOLD AND SILVER AT THE CHAPEL ALTAR.

The stately ceremony of installing Knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, which was revived by King George in 1913, after having lapsed since 1812, and was repeated in his presence in 1920, again took place on May 21 in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, the Chapel of the Order. The ten Knights installed were Lord Southborough, General Sir W. H. Mackinnon, Lord Chalmers, Sir George Buchanan, Lord Esher, Lord Stamfordham, Earl Beatty, Earl Haig, Lord Ypres, and Colonel Sir Joseph West Ridgeway. After the Knights had taken the oath, the Duke of Connaught, as Great Master of the Order, kneeling before the altar, made the customary offering of gold and silver, which was received by the Dean of Westminster, Dean of the Order. The senior of the newly-sworn Knights (Lord Southborough) made a similar offering, and also tendered his sword, which the Dean handed back, saying: "I exhort and admonish you to use your sword to the Glory of God, the defence of the Gospel, the maintenance of your Sovereign's right and honour, and of equity and justice, to the utmost of your power." The crowning me followed when the ten Knights, in two lines, drew their swords simultaneou

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE THEATRICAL DISPUTE.—MISS LILIAN BAYLIS.

MR. PERCY HUTCHISON, the well-known actor-manager, with whom I discussed the present theatrical feud, expressed himself very clearly on the point. He said: "The true motive underlying the present action of the Actors' Association is not, I will undertake to say, understood or realised by more than a fraction of its members. It is the last desperate stand for its very existence. Argument and persuasion having both failed to convert the bulk of reputable artists to membership, the necessary members are to be manufactured by means of victimisation, open threats, and, if needful, by actual physical violence! These are serious statements, but unfortunately only too easily provable."

"And the remedy?"

"It rests with the actors. The time has come not to stand aloof in silence, but to speak out. It is a case where their profession, their livelihood, *their freedom of legitimate thought and action as British citizens, are at stake.* [I underline.] The Barrow methods, hounding Communists on to honest workers to deprive them of their legitimate occupation, are unfair, un-British. They will lead to disruption, and will not strengthen the hands of the Actors' Association, from which I have resigned after twenty-five years' membership. Coercion is not the way to promote unity. On that issue there is absolute agreement between the five powerful organisations that comprise the managers as well as many artists. United, we are going to make a firm stand, and 'individual freedom' is our one object as well as our motto. In this sense we are going to launch an appeal broadcast to 'All theatrical, variety, and cinema artists,' and all whom it may concern, and we hope and trust that it will be answered, else the consequences will be fatal to the already overburdened profession. We shall no longer be masters in our own house, and I tremble to think what terms will be demanded by stage-hands, etc. In saying all this, I do not forget the good work of the A.A. dealing with bogus agents, dressing-rooms, and free legal and medical advice. Indeed, we remember it with gratitude. But coercion is intolerable, and what happened at Barrow is *not* debatable, since to all fair-minded men it must seem disgraceful."

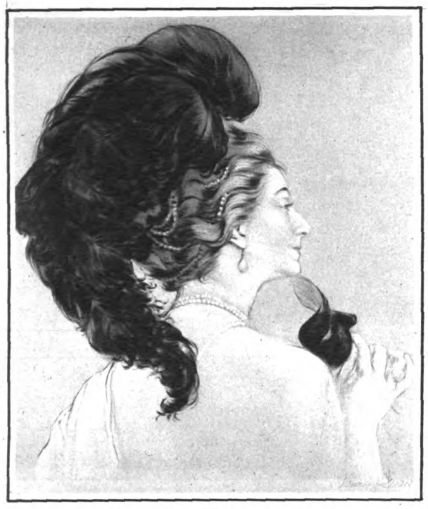
We naturally also discussed the side-issue of diplomas and moneyed and titled amateurs, with whom Mr. Arthur Bourchier dealt so scathingly in his speech at the Haymarket. And on this point we agreed. You can neither keep out the moneyed interloper nor can you consecrate actors by diploma. Talent will out, whether it is certificated or not; indeed, the history of the drama teaches us that many actors of merit have reached high places without any other rudimentary education than practice. Is there not an anecdote of a famous actor who made a great hit in a Shakespearean part, and, when he was asked what he thought of the play as a whole, admitted that he had never read it beyond the scenes in which he had to appear? Again, we could name foreign actors who achieved fame, although, as far as writing is concerned, they were illiterate. Remember the Sicilians praised by those who saw them as actors born: yet we knew that many among them merely acted by instinct. They could not have read their parts properly, though they knew how to act them. And as to amateurs: are we to bar those who prove themselves actors born because they have no record of experience in stock-companies or elsewhere?

A diploma, I always say, is a beautiful piece of paper, but in practice it means nothing. And, looking at a wider sphere, are writers to be prevented from being printed and published because they have no authoritative certificate of merit? Is the railway-porter who paints to be prevented from exhibiting in the Academy because he cannot prove evidence of academic study? Talent, like murder, will out. It will defy rules and regulations. No doubt training is useful and to be commended; but it is not a panacea. And, as Percy Hutchison correctly says, to make the stage a "closed-shop" is a very debatable proposal. I go further: I say it is impossible as well as impracticable. Art is not a commodity which you can corner like the wares of Mincing Lane. And even there the unexpected always happens.

. . . . .

A proud woman Miss Lilian Baylis may well be. In one week the great learned body of Oxford has set an official hall-mark on her work in her person, and Mr. Charles Cochran has offered her the "great chance" of her desires. At the Sheldonian Theatre, in an assembly of men and women of light and leading, Lilian Baylis has been proclaimed a Master of Arts. She is the third woman of the stage thus honoured by our 'varsities. Ellen Terry is a Doctor of Music, Sybil Thorndike a Doctor of Letters, and now Lilian Baylis henceforth is M.A. It is a fitting cap on her great, assiduous work in the cause of the drama, in the devotion to Shakespeare through obstacles and financial struggles which would have led many a strong man to despair. But, great as is her new distinction, it is certain that Miss Baylis is even more uplifted by the compliment proffered to her by her colleague Mr. Charles Cochran, that real "sport" who often rushes in with enthusiasm where his more faint-hearted brethren fear to tread. For years it was the cherished wish of Miss Baylis that her company should be seen on this side of the river, for she knew well enough that there lies a great gulf between the bridges, and that but a tithe of London's population had seen the work of which they read so much. And fame on the western side of Waterloo has quite a different aspect from that achieved in the populous quarters to which the West-Ender but rarely and reluctantly wanders. Fame in Theatre Land of the Metropolis means universality; it is the world's peerage of fame. True, efforts were made ere this to tranship the Old Vic, but always at the last minute there was a hitch, or the funds of the company would not allow the risk of the journey.

Knowing Mr. Cochran's enterprise, we feel sure that the conditions of his invitation are such as to render the financial aspect negligible and to achieve but one end—to make Londoners appreciate what a treasure they possess in the Old Vic, what it does and what it has done for our actors. For we all hope that Miss Baylis will bring with her not only the members of her present company, but that she will, as it were, revive the glories of the recent past by summoning those who made their names under her banner—such as Sybil Thorndike, Ernest Milton, William Stack—to name but a few of the brilliant battalion. I feel sure that these artists would readily answer the call, and that Miss Thorndike, ever ready where there is good work to be done, will appear in one of the great tragedies in spite of her arduous and triumphant labours in "Joan." Milton's and Stack's Hamlet and the former's Shylock would create great interest; and, as the members of the Old Vic are comrades in the best sense of the word, there is no reason to fear that the "return" of some of the old favourites would create prejudice among the present interpreters of these parts. Rivalry is a stimulant to such artists as Ion Swinley and Harold Petrie. And, if we rejoice that at last the "West End" dream of Miss Baylis is to be realised, we are no less happy in the thought that her henchman, Robert Atkins, is to the Old Vic what a Prime Minister is to King and country. He is the counsellor, the guiding force; the architect as well as the builder of the good work done. Mr. Atkins is one of the notable producers of our time, and it is right that he should share the honour of appreciation with his leader and her company. The crossing of the bridges by the Old Vic is an event of importance in the history of our drama. Its prospects are of auspicious possibility.



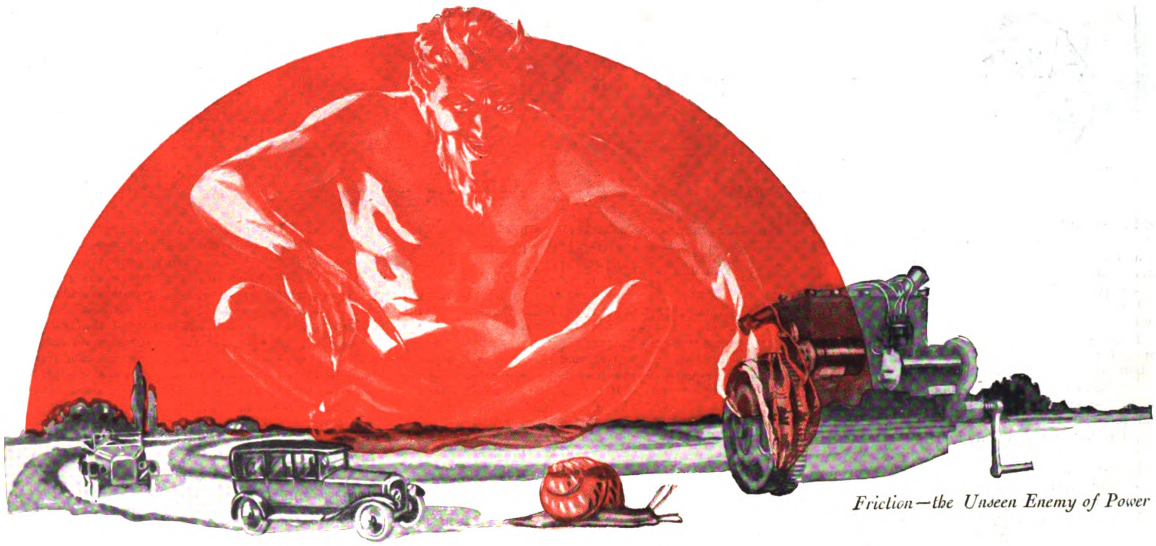
AS A FRENCH ARTIST SEES HER: A DRIAN ETCHING OF MLLE. CÉCILE SOREL, NOW APPEARING AT THE NEW OXFORD.

Mlle. Cécile Sorel, the famous French actress, is the leading lady of the company from the Comédie Française which began a season at the New Oxford Theatre on May 26, under the management of Mr. Charles Cochran. Their répertoire includes "La Dame aux Camélias" and "Le Demi-Monde," by Dumas *fils*; "La Mégère Apprivoisée" (a French version of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew"); Molière's "Tartuffe" and "Le Misanthrope"; and André Pascal's "Lorsqu'on Aime." On one occasion, while playing in "The Taming of the Shrew" in Paris, Mlle. Sorel fell from the stage into the stalls as a result of a vigorous portrayal of the rebellious Katherine eluding the embrace of Petruchio. In Paris she is noted for her elegance and wit, and the luncheon parties she gives in her flat on the Quai Voltaire.

From the Etching by Drian, by Permission of the Publishers, the Maison Devambez, 23, Rue Lavoisier, Paris.

LEADING LADY OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE COMPANY AT THE NEW OXFORD THEATRE: MLLE. CÉCILE SOREL, THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACTRESS.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.



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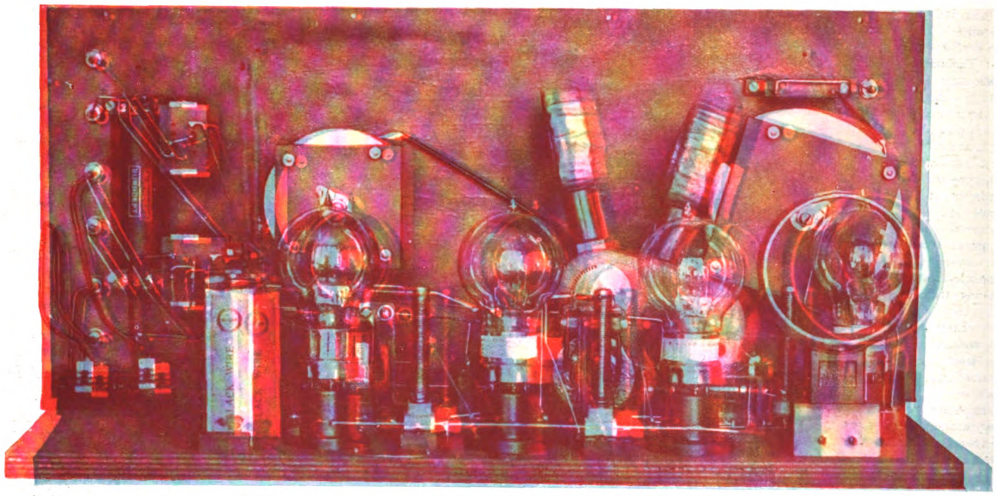

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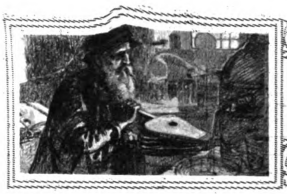


THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR ENTOMOLOGISTS.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

MAY and early June are busy months for entomologists, whose interests are by no means stereotyped. For, while some confine their energies to butterflies and moths, whose immediate destination is the cabinet, and to larvæ and pupæ for the purpose of hatching out yet more perfect specimens or securing varieties, others find their interest rather in the study of "life-histories" in relation to evolutionary problems, such as "Protective," and "Warning-coloration," or in "Economics." All are doing useful work.

Those who take the wider survey, however, are in the minority. And this much is apparent directly we come to examine any collection of moths or butterflies. Drawer after drawer will be opened, displaying rows of beautifully "set" specimens, which may indeed be a delight to the eyes. But seldom will there be found the preserved caterpillar, or the pupa-case, or the adult insects displayed as they are seen during life. All have their wings set out at the same precise angle, in order that the pattern thereof, which furnishes the "specific characters" or identification marks between the several species and their variants, can be readily seen and compared. Seldom, if ever, will any of these insects be seen thus "splayed out" in a living state; they would, indeed, pay forfeit with their lives if they assumed such a posture. One ought, then, to see, in the case of every species, one specimen at least shown as it appears in life, for important issues hang on this.

The proud owner of such cabinets will, of course, scorn this suggestion, if only because it would spoil the orderly appearance of his serried rows. He will tell you that he knows very well what these insects look like when at large, and that there is no "point" in

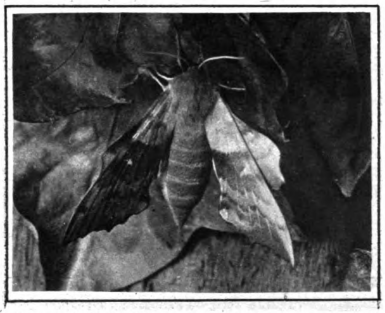


FIG. 1.—CONCEALING UNDER THE FORE-WINGS THE BRIGHT PATCH ON THE HIND-WINGS THAT WOULD ATTRACT ENEMIES: THE POPLAR HAWK-MOTH IN LIFE AMID IVY—A CONTRAST TO THE ORDINARY ENTOMOLOGIST'S MODE OF DISPLAY.

This photograph also shows how the moth harmonises with ivy by projecting the hind-wings beyond the fore-wings, which are pointed, thus matching the leaves in shape, though not in colour.

Photograph by A. H. Bishop.

such a method of display. Nevertheless, the *most* is not made of the collection. The outstretched wings, of course, enable one with the greatest ease to compare the sexes of the several species one with another, as well as the numerous local and seasonal varieties which often obtain. But one loses the strange and often surprising differences in the carriage of the wings, often between closely allied species—differences in the behaviour of the living insect upon which their very existence may depend.

Take the Poplar Hawk-moth, for example. Search carefully, just now, where ivy grows luxuriantly, and you may find it. Those who essay this search for the first time will succeed more by luck than skill; for, despite the fact that it does not match the colour of the leaves, it harmonises so well with its surroundings as to blend with them. This harmony is largely due to the fact that it thrusts the hind-wings forwards, so that they project beyond the fore-wings, which are pointed, in this matching the surrounding leaves, as will be seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1). From this, turn to the picture of the insect as seen in the entomologist's cabinet (Fig. 2). Here is displayed, on the centre of the hind-wings, a bright chestnut patch. If the living insect spread its wings after this fashion, it would leap to the eyes not merely of the collector, but of its enemies seeking whom they may devour.

The larva, or caterpillar, is no less protectively coloured, and therefore hard to find. It may be sought, from the end of May onwards, on sallow, poplar, or willow, hiding by day on the under side of the leaf. It is of a pale-green colour, marked with a number

FIG. 2.—AS THE ENTOMOLOGIST DISPLAYS THEM IN HIS CABINET: (ABOVE) THE POPLAR HAWK-MOTH, SHOWING THE PATCH IT HIDES IN LIFE; (BELOW) THE EYED HAWK-MOTH, SHOWING THE "EYE" MARKS IT ONLY EXPOSES WHEN ALARMED.

If the Poplar Hawk-Moth spread its wings (as above) in life, the patch on the hind-wings would attract enemies, so it keeps the hind-wings hidden under the fore-wings. The Eyed Hawk-Moth, on the contrary, displays the "eye" spots on its hind-wings at the approach of a foe, to frighten him away.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

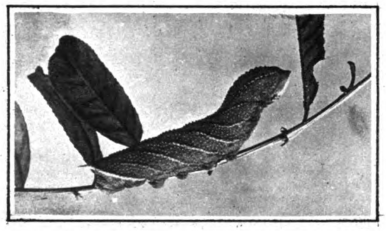


FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE OBLIQUE STRIPES, ASPERITIES, AND TAIL-HORN: THE CATERPILLAR OF THE EYED HAWK-MOTH.

Photograph by A. H. Bishop.

of oblique yellow stripes, and studded with tiny yellow asperities; while the tail-spine, characteristic of the hawk-moth larvæ, is also yellow. A striking contrast in this matter of behaviour is furnished by the Eyed

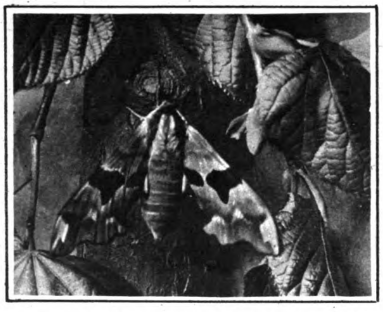


FIG. 5.—SHOWING THE BROKEN BAR ACROSS THE WINGS THAT IS SO REMARKABLY VARIABLE IN CHARACTER AND COLOUR: THE LIME HAWK-MOTH AT REST ON A TREE.

Photograph by A. H. Bishop.

Hawk-moth. When at rest (Fig. 3) it is quite as hard to find as the Poplar Hawk-moth; but when alarmed it will suddenly thrust the anterior pair of wings forward, so as to reveal on the hind-wings a pair of bright blue-and-black eye-like markings on a rose-pink ground (Fig. 2). The sudden display of these "eyes" seems to strike terror into attackers, as was shown long ago by Professor Poulton, one of our greatest authorities on this matter of "Protective" and "Warning" coloration. The caterpillar of this moth is very like that of the Poplar Hawk, but has white, instead of yellow, stripes and asperities, and a light-blue tail-spine. It is to be found on poplar, willow, sallow, and apple-trees, clinging either to the under side of a leaf or to the leaf-stalk (Fig. 4).

That these two species, by the way, are closely related seems to be shown by the fact that they will interbreed, the hybrids presenting resemblances to each of the parents. In this matter of eye-like markings, it is interesting to note that they are borne by the caterpillar of the Elephant Hawk-moth. These are so placed that when the creature is alarmed the head and foremost segments of the body are drawn in, causing a swelling immediately behind. On this a pair of "wicked looking eyes" are caused to appear, which seem to have a deterrent effect on birds or other enemies.

The Lime Hawk-moth shown on this page (Fig. 5) is a particularly interesting insect, since it presents a remarkable range of variability—so much so that in some collections a whole drawer will be set apart to show this. It is commonly of a pale pinkish-grey colour, sometimes suffused with greenish. An irregular band of olive-green usually crosses the fore-wing. Sometimes this is entire, but more commonly it is broken, as in this photograph (Fig. 5). The hinder segment may disappear, and in some cases the larger

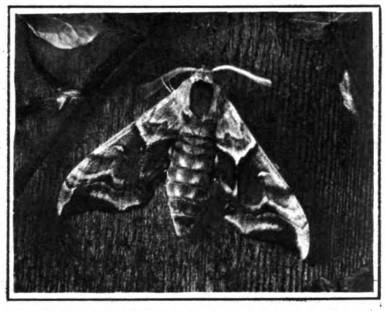


FIG. 3.—WITH THE ANTERIOR WINGS CONCEALING THE "EYE" SPOTS ON THE HIND-WINGS, WHICH IT EXPOSES ONLY TO FRIGHTEN ENEMIES: THE EYED HAWK-MOTH AT REST ON A TREE.

"The Eyed Hawk-Moth is here seen at rest on a tree, the anterior pair of wings concealing the 'eye' spots, which are exposed only when the creature is alarmed. These 'eyes' are shown in the insect as seen in the entomologist's cabinet." (Fig. 2.)

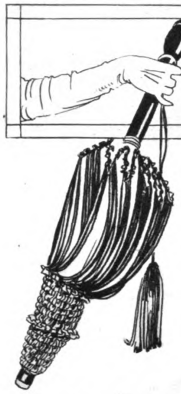
Photograph by A. H. Bishop.

portion also disappears, till only a tiny spot is left. In one very rare variety all trace of green is lost, a light burnt-sienna red taking its place, while the whitish blotch at the tip of the wing is replaced by pink. Why this species should prove so unstable while others are so fixed is one of the many puzzles in this matter of coloration which await solution. About eighteen colour variations have been recorded.

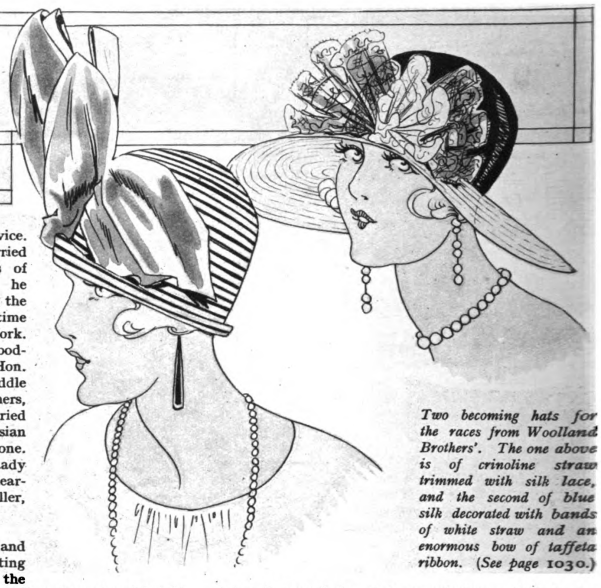
The Lime Hawk-moth hides among the leaves of elm and lime, or it rests on the trunk of the tree. But, in whatever situation it is ultimately found, it will be discovered only after careful search. For when at rest the fore-wings are so arranged over the hind, in conjunction with the upturned body, that they give the insect the resemblance rather of a bunch of immature leaves than of a moth.

Having regard to the intense enthusiasm of the entomologist, it is strange that preserved caterpillars are so rare in collections. True, they are extremely difficult to prepare, and the only collection I can recall is that made by the late Lord Walsingham, now in the British Museum of Natural History. Doubtless butterflies and moths, posed as they appear in life, would mar the appearance of a well-set drawer. But one cannot help expressing a hope that someone will set apart one or two drawers in his cabinet to display specimens specially preserved to this end.

The World of Women



A chic little French parasol of black chiffon and black silk braid over white silk. It hails from Woolland Brothers', Knightsbridge, S.W. (*See p.* 1030.)



Two becoming hats for the races from Woolland Brothers'. The one above is of crinoline straw trimmed with silk lace, and the second of blue silk decorated with bands of white straw and an enormous bow of taffeta ribbon. (*See page* 1030.)

WHATEVER may befall the rest of this season, May has scored a record. Two royal State visits, two State Balls, two Courts—one cannot, remember such busy times at Court ever before. Our visitors from Overseas, and from the other side of the Atlantic generally, have had the time of their lives and are going on having it. In their wildest imaginations they have never realised the perfection of the ceremonial for our Court functions, the stateliness and dignity of it all, and the wonderful *ensemble* of each picture when it was complete. It is really delightful to think that the bond between our great old little England and its vast Empires beyond the seas is drawn closer in this impressive way. Members of the Cabinet and Government can never say that the London season was "crabbed" because it was a Labour Administration. The King and Queen have left nothing undone to secure its brilliance, and of course their Majesties' lead has been loyally followed. It is to the credit of the Labour Government that its own moderation has conduced to this end. At first people were so afraid that extremists would take, and keep, the lead that several hostesses said they would not open their town houses at all this year. The King and Queen, however, led off; the British Empire Exhibition proved a brilliant success; Duchesses began to entertain Overseas visitors; and soon all was going as merrily as joy bells. As one moves about among the visitors one feels what a success it all is, and realises once more that we have a King and Queen who are a blessing to the Empire.

The Duchess of Norfolk gave a fine party at Norfolk House for the Overseas visitors, and received them all personally, wearing a beautiful black dress glittering with diamanté embroidery and wearing diamond ornaments. Lady Rachel Howard went round the fine rooms with some of the guests, and told them things they wanted to know about some of the pictures. The Duchess of Devonshire had two afternoon receptions for them; and her daughters, Lady Dorothy Macmillan and Lady Rachel Stewart, took round parties of guests, showed them treasures of the house, pointed out also the views across St. James's Park to the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey — now at their very loveliest — and made these guests from far-flung possessions feel something of the grandeur and yet "homeiness" of their parent land.

Another Countess in prospective from America. Lord Doune, M.C., is engaged to Miss Murray, of New York. He is heir to the Earldom of Moray, dating back into very early Scottish history. The first Earldom was granted in 1312 by Robert Bruce, and reverted to the Crown in 1346. A second was conferred by Robert II. of Scotland, and that line ended in 1430. The next Earldom was forfeited, and a later Peerage also reverted to the Crown. The first Earl of this line was Prior of St. Andrews. When Lord Doune was twenty-one, it seemed as if he never would stop coming of age, for the event was celebrated on estates in Fife, Elgin, Inverness, and Perthshire. He served in the Great War, and won his M.C. in the Royal Air Service. His youngest brother married the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's daughter; he also won his M.C. in the war, and was for a time Equerry to the Duke of York. The Stuarts are a very good-looking family. The Hon. Archibald Stuart, the middle one of the three brothers, who was in the Navy, married Miss May Wilson, a Rhodesian girl, and a very pretty one. There is one sister, now Lady Hermione Buller, wife of Rear-Admiral Henry Tritton Buller, of Erle Hall, Devon.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry will be fitting British representatives at the Olympic Games. They are as fit and smart and bright as athletic youth should be, and they play the games they go in for right well. Sport is more in their line than actual game playing, although polo is a favourite game with both. The Prince hopes to play polo at Le Touquet before he returns to England. British people wish that there was less danger attached to H.R.H.'s favourite pastimes, but we all love his pluck at them.

The Women's Section of the British Legion is doing fine work for that organisation, which is so helpful to ex-Service men, their wives, widows, and children. An enthusiastic worker for it is the Mayoress of Scarborough, who is, by the way, going to a June Court. She has done a smart thing in collecting shillings to go to a fund for immediate relief, without any unnecessary delay for formal application. Already she has collected 4000 shillings and helped some sad cases, and so more shillings and power to her!

Here are two lovely toilettes for Ascot. The first is a frock of white georgette and lace, with a shady black Bangkok hat completed by a bow of velvet; and the second is a delightful wrap coat of white kid, embroidered with silver-and-black thread. The hat is a black pedal straw trimmed with ciré ribbon and black-and-white bird-of-paradise plumes. The sunshades are of printed crêpe-de-Chine and plaid taffeta. Sketched at Woolland Brothers'. (*See page* 1030.)

The Queen of Roumania went to the reception held by Lady Constance Combe at 36, Eaton Place after the marriage of her daughter to Mr. Brian Martineau. Her Majesty and Mrs. Philip Martineau, the bridegroom's mother, have been on friendly terms for years, and Queen Marie, despite a busy day, found time for a short stay at the reception. Wearing a purely white diaphanous dress, with lovely pearls, and a russet-red straw hat trimmed with loose-petalled roses in several tones of red, she looked charming, and, of course, was charming to everyone. With Queen Marie was her youngest sister, the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, looking very handsome and distinguished in a long cape of sapphire-blue crêpe embroidered in flowers in paler tones of blue. A hat to match was worn, and long sapphire and diamond ear-rings. The wedding was a very pretty one, and the wee pages and their pretty little partners came in for notice by the Queen of Roumania, who is a great child-lover.

That the Italian King and Queen were accompanied by their only son and one of their younger daughters made their visit very interesting to young people. The Prince of Piedmont is well known in our highest social circles; he was here last year, and made himself a great favourite. He is very tall and very handsome. His engagement to Princess Marie Josephine of Belgium has been written of, but never officially announced. He is, therefore, one of the two European Heirs-Apparent who are eligible. We have no young Princesses of our own, but there are two of Greece here, and pretty ones too. They would be so acclaimed were they of ordinary rank in life, and everyone who knows says that they are also very charming, nice girls. On the day of their arrival, the King and Queen of Italy attended the State banquet at Buckingham Palace, and then went to the Italian ball at the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville's house in Charles Street.

A. E. L.

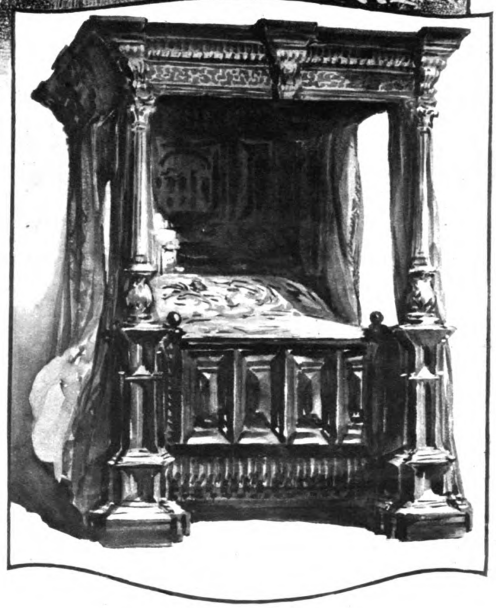
The Brick Hall, —Rufford Abbey.

A Haven of the Dukeries

IN situation sequestered, the picturesque gables of Rufford Abbey are viewed through groves of magnificent elms and beeches truly in keeping with the traditions of Sherwood Forest.

Rufford has no stormy history. While it has welcomed monarchs, it is actually a splendid example of the domestic architecture and quiet home life of our Elizabethan and Jacobean gentry. The great Brick Hall, principal living room in past days, is a beautiful apartment with richly panelled walls, Flemish tapestries, a splendidly carved Jacobean screen, raised dais, open oak-beamed roof and the polished brick floor from which its name is derived.

The Long Gallery has been famed for its tapestries, family portraits and numerous works of art, including one in particular, most curiously described by a writer some two hundred years ago as "*horribly* well executed." His description of John Haig Scots Whisky is not extant—probably it would have been expressed as "excellently well produced"—for John Haig with its famous three-century reputation for irrefutable quality would doubtless have been quite familiar to our scribe.



A magnificent carved panelled oak bedstead of the Elizabethan or Jacobean period.

Dye Ken
John
Haig?

By Appointment.

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

St. James's 30

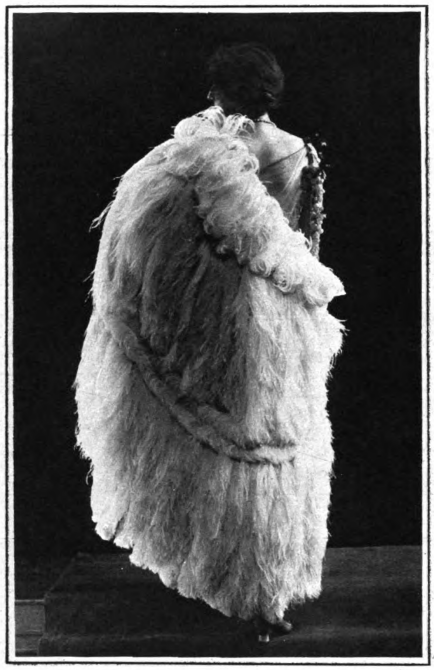
Fashions and Fancies.

The Vogue for Ostrich Feathers.

Accessories of ostrich feathers are becoming more and more fashionable, and evidently Ascot will see them fluttering everywhere—on dresses, wraps, and parasols, not to speak of gloves, which are fringed with them, and hats trimmed with drooping plumes. Simple marocain frocks flare from the hips to a deep border of ostrich feathers tinted to the most beautiful shades, and the toilette is often completed by a long scarf of lancier plumes to match. Some of the most beautiful accessories are long cloaks or diminutive shoulder-capes made entirely of ostrich feathers, caught here and there, perhaps, by flakes of dyed marabout to keep the plumes in place. And parasols of ostrich feathers, shaded from the palest lilac to a deep purple, or from champagne to burnt almond, are quite irresistible. It is a chain of happy coincidences that this fascinating mode should synchronise with the present brilliant season, and that this year, when especial interest is centred on our Colonies, everyone may inspect one of the vast ostrich farms of South Africa at the British Empire Exhibition.

Toilettes for the Races.

Judging from the many lovely toilettes displayed everywhere in the shop windows, the Royal Enclosure will be more brilliant than ever this season. Two delightful "ensembles" and some attractive accessories are sketched on page 1028. They may be seen in the salons of Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W. The frock is a study in white carried out in georgette and silk lace, while the shady hat is a black bangkok adorned with a huge velvet bow. The graceful coat on the right is of white suède, lined with black satin and embroidered with silver-and-black thread. With it is worn a striking hat in black pedal straw, encircled with a ciré ribbon, from which spring bird-of-paradise feathers in black and white. At the top of the same page is a captivating little French parasol which will add a distinctive note to any toilette. It is fashioned of black chiffon over white silk, and boasts a deep fringe of silk braid. Speaking of sunshades, it must be noted that fascinating affairs of taffeta in gay plaids and checks are obtainable for 4½ guineas, and plain silk ones of the "stumpy" variety are only 21s. 9d. The two hats pictured on the right are becoming models for every important occasion.



A BEAUTIFUL OSTRICH-FEATHER MANTLE PURCHASED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty gave the order for the mantle, hoping thereby to stimulate public interest in the ostrich-farm industry. The purchase will be a source of much gratification to the ostrich-farmers of South Africa.

The first is of blue silk decorated with narrow bands of white straw, and is decorated with a bold "fan" of taffeta ribbon reminiscent of the delightful Directoire fashions. The second is a shady white crinoline straw trimmed with the fashionable silk lace.

A Book of Summer Fashions.

It is welcome news indeed that Dickins and Jones, of Regent Street, W., have just issued a well illustrated summer catalogue which will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. It includes delightful frocks of pure Irish linen, the jumper tops printed in an artistic Oriental design of which the colours are absolutely fast, for 32s. 9d.; and useful morning frocks of zephyr, with collar and cuffs of finely tucked voile, for 31s. 6d. Attractive short coats, embroidered all over in many colourings, can be obtained for 49s. 6d. They can be worn with any frock; and 78s. 6d. secures a delightful affair of summer-weight velour cloth bordered with dyed marabout which is equally useful for sports or town wear. Useful Princess petticoats of heavy crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with medallions of lace are 29s. 6d., and others in soft satin only 16s. 9d. Several pages are devoted to the Small Women's Salon, and a fascinating frock of crêpe-de-Chine embroidered and pleated can be secured for 94s. 6d., and a well-tailored summer suit in repp for 8½ guineas.

A Hint to the Housewife.

The summer season means endless tennis, river, and garden parties to the hospitable hostess, and every store cupboard stands in need of constant replenishing. But even the amateur housewife will find it an easy matter to make delicious tea-cakes, scones, and sponges of every description if she uses Borwick's Baking Powder. It is obtainable everywhere, and is an invaluable help towards making these delicacies which are always so universally appreciated.

Novelties of the Week.

Woollen cardigans for children in every gay colour can be obtained for 5s.—sizes 18 to 24 inches; and pretty little frocks and knickers of Celia crêpe are only 6s. 11d. the whole outfit. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to give the name and address where they are obtainable.

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The "Governor" is simplicity itself—anyone can operate it without previous mechanical experience.

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PHOENICIANS TRADING WITH THE ANCIENT BRITONS

Drawn for Lever Brothers Limited, by Spencer Pryse

The Romance of Trade

Sunlight Soap, in the space of a few short years, has reached and maintains the largest sale in the world. Sunlight Soap has the largest sale because it is the best soap in the world; because it is made from the finest materials, manufactured by exacting methods, by happy workers in ideal surroundings; because its supreme standard of purity is jealously guarded; because the makers of Sunlight Soap realise that their first and last aim must ever be: the highest service to the public. These are some of the reasons why

Sunlight Soap

HAS THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

S. 448—85

Continued from page 1018.

to-day. The forehead is wide, upright, but not high: of men well known from their portraits, Huxley's forehead may be selected as an example; Mr. Lloyd George offers another example of the Romano-British forehead. Always a constriction passes across the forehead and separates the well-marked frontal bosses above from the eyebrows below. The top of the head is not arched, but inclines to flatness; the back of the head is projecting; and always on the slope just above the occipital boss or projection is a flattened area.

When we apply our measuring-calipers to the skulls of these Romano-British people we find that in length and breadth they almost agree with skulls from Saxon graveyards; the differences which can be detected between the two types relate to details of cranial structure. The future may reveal the exact degree of relationship which existed between the Britons of the Roman period and the Saxon folk who invaded their country. For my part I can see no way of accounting for the degree of physical resemblance of the one to the other except by supposing them to be branches of the same stock, be the original home of that common stock where it may. Mr. Rice Holmes has given his reasons for regarding the people whom Cæsar found in South England as having arrived not earlier than 300 B.C. If we search the ancient graves of the Continent for possible ancestors to the Roman Britons, we find the most likely trails in the lands lying both to the west and to the east of the Rhine, not so far from the Saxon fatherland. Only the archæologist's spade can settle this question and give us the materials on which a true history of the ancient Britons can be based.

Among the Barnwood people, as among the Romano-Britons generally, one feature is worthy of note. In the men, but much less so amongst the women, the nose was long and narrow, and often prominent. This was an uncommon feature amongst Saxons. I think we may safely regard all the men and women around us who have long faces with finely cut lineaments, particularly with long, narrow, sharply chiselled noses, as being Britons of pre-Saxon lineage. The Saxons had stronger jaws and flatter faces and wider noses. It must not be supposed that all the Romano-Britons were people with such faces as I have just described; the commonest form was a sharply cut face of moderate dimensions, such as we see prevailing amongst the young clean-shaven men of West England, the commonest type to be seen amongst our athletes everywhere.

Former investigators have noted the discrepancy between the facial types of men and women amongst both ancient Britons and Saxons, and have been tempted to suppose that the men had belonged to one race, while their womenfolk were of another stock. The difference in face between the men and women of Barnwood is very evident; but these differences are of the kind which we now know to be influenced by sexual development. The same discrepancy in facial form can be recognised among ourselves. The shorter, wider, flatter face, seen more frequently in women than in men, is to be ascribed, not to a difference in race, but to a difference in sex.

One further feature of these Barnwood people deserves mention. The earlier Britons, belonging to the late Stone period and early Bronze Age, although they often suffered from gumboils, due to the wearing down of the crowns of their teeth and the exposure of the dental pulp, rarely suffered from caries of the teeth, so prevalent to-day. It is the most uncommon thing to note any irregularity or cramping in the arrangement of the teeth in the

(*Continued overleaf.*

SOME COVERED WITH TROPHIES LIKE CHAIN ARMOUR: COMPETITORS IN A DUTCH AND BELGIAN RIFLE-SHOOTING EVENT, TO WHICH GERMANS WERE INVITED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE WAR.

"For the first time since the war," says the note supplied with these photographs, "German rifle-shooters were invited by the Belgians and Dutch to compete in the 'Belgian Bisley' at Sittard. There was a pageant before the start, and the participants wore their trophies and medals curiously, many being hung on their backs and on their hats." Sittard is in Holland, about fourteen miles from Maastricht, and not far from the Belgian border.

Photographs by Frankl (Amsterdam); supplied by Keystone View Co.

WEARING THEIR TROPHIES ON THEIR BACKS AND HATS AS WELL AS IN FRONT: A CONTINUATION (FROM THE LEFT) OF THE LINE OF RIFLE SHOOTING COMPETITORS SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH, WHICH INCLUDES TWO WOMEN.

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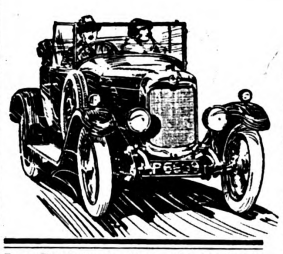

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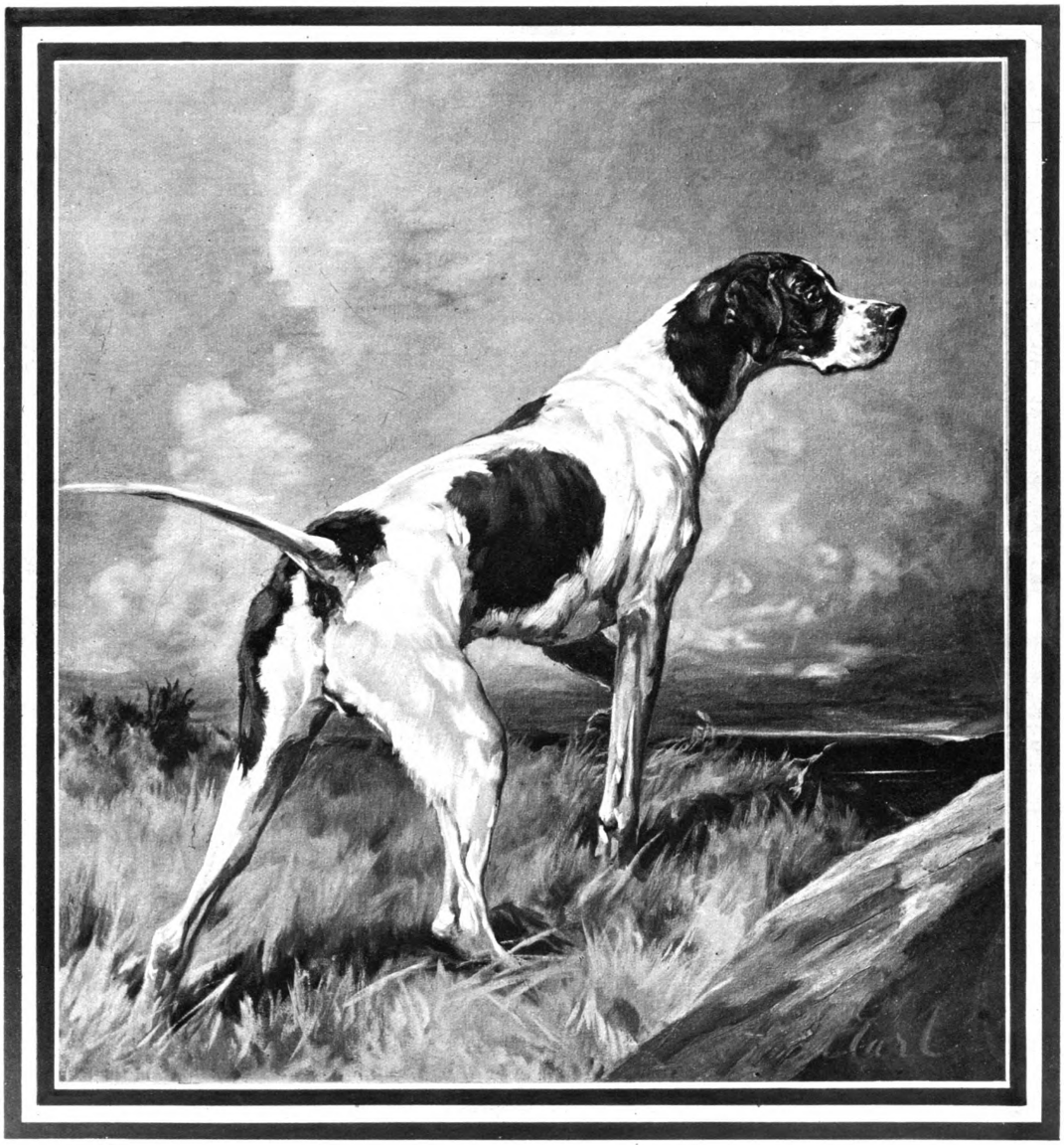

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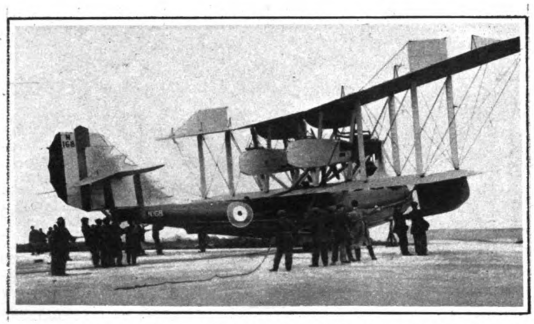
(Continued.)

early British. But in the Barnwood people, as amongst the ancient Cornishmen of Harlyn Bay, we see that shrinkage in the jaws, irregularity in the placement of the teeth, pyorrhœa, and dental decay have all set in. Only three men out of eleven and six women out of fourteen had perfectly healthy sets of teeth. This, however, is a very much better percentage than will be found to-day in any English community. In the old people, such teeth as remained are deeply worn; in some cases the crowns were worn almost to the gums. It will thus be seen that in discoveries of the kind made at Barnwood there lies not only interesting but also useful information.

A reconstruction drawing of Barnwood as it probably appeared in Roman times is in preparation, and will be published in a later issue of this paper.



BEFORE THE MISHAP ASCRIBED TO COLLISION WITH FLOATING WRECKAGE: THE LAUNCH OF A LARGE NEW FLYING-BOAT AT LYTHAM, LANCASHIRE.

After being successfully launched at Lytham, where she was built, on May 22, and manœuvring for some time on the water, the new flying-boat, when apparently about to rise into the air, suddenly stopped and began to sink by the head. It was thought she must have struck some wreckage floating just under the surface, and the bottom of her hull was much damaged. Motor-boats and tugs rushed to the spot and picked up Major Brackley (pilot), Observer Blackburn, and Mechanic Bannister, who formed the crew. The flying-boat drifted up the Ribble with the tide, and was beached at Lytham.

Photographs by Topical.

TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

I HAVE maintained, on many occasions, that wireless and the gramophone would not prove serious rivals, but rather that they would supplement each other, and that the limitations of each would emphasise the necessity for possessing both. But I think that most of us were surprised to find both industries working hand in hand on the night of the opening of the British Empire Exhibition, when it was announced that the King had graciously given his permission for the broadcasting of a record of his speech of the same morning, which had been taken from a loud-speaker by the Gramophone Company ("His Master's Voice") at their factories at Hayes, Middlesex. For their part, the B.B.C. had entered into the project with enthusiasm, and rendered all the assistance that they could to make the experiment a success.

As a recording achievement, it was unique, and made history. Those "listening in" must have felt that Science was putting up a star turn, so many recent inventions were involved, and so many difficulties were overcome. I described in these notes, some months ago, the many tests that are made, and the care with which everything is prepared in a recording theatre, when the ordinary record of commerce is being taken.

In this instance, all these precautions had to be swept aside, and the recorders had to do their best, without rehearsal, and simply trust to luck. To some extent they were very fortunate in having to contend with a minimum of oscillation. At the same time, enough oscillation is as good as a feast, and there was a good deal about to be picked up by the high-power receiving-set that was used. Again, there was a considerable echo in the Stadium from the Western Electric loud-speaking device, and this was actually recorded. The broadcast of this record of the King's speech came through very well indeed, and the burst of cheering at the finish reproduced exactly the "atmosphere" of the actual ceremony of the morning. Not the least remarkable feature of the Gramophone Company's success was the speed with which the finished record was rushed through the various processes in time. Usually from two to three days is the period allowed for the making of the metal shell or matrix from which the record is pressed. In this instance it was all carried through in *under six hours!* I understand that the record will not be issued for public sale, but anyone who desires to possess a record of the King's

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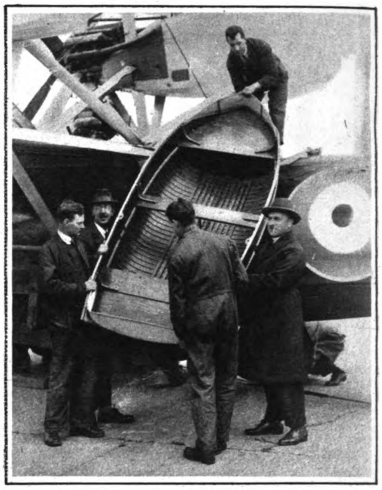
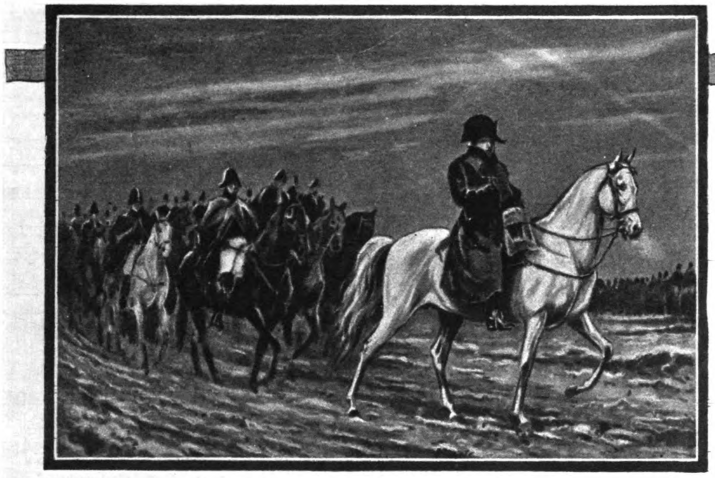


A SEA-GOING AEROPLANE THAT CARRIES ITS OWN LIFE-BOAT FOR THE USE OF THE CREW IN CASE OF ACCIDENT: HOISTING THE BOAT ON BOARD AT LYTHAM.



"1814"

A sketch from Meissonier's famous picture in the Louvre.

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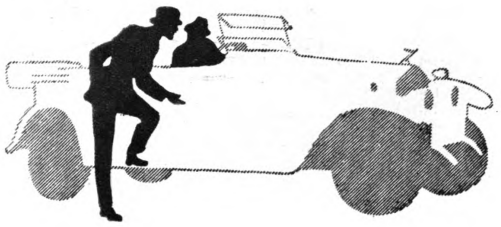

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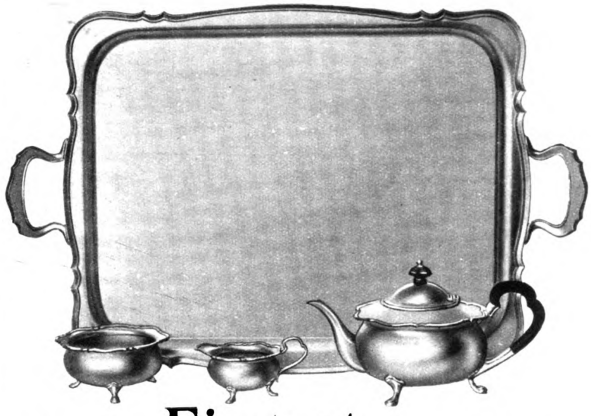

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Continued.]

voice should note that there are the Empire Day messages of both the King and Queen, which were recorded last year.

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY.

The promised "His Master's Voice" records of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony have now materialised,

IN THE DRESS SHE WORE WHEN PRESENTED AT COURT: MISS ENID WOODMAN BURBIDGE, DAUGHTER OF SIR WOODMAN BURBIDGE, BT.
Photograph by Lafayette.

and a fine set they make. The Choral Symphony marked the culminating point of Beethoven's extraordinary powers of invention, and the work has particular interest for music lovers in this country, for it would probably never have been composed had not the Philharmonic Society of London written to Beethoven in 1822, offering him £50 for a new symphony. The composer, having some sketches for a symphony by him, undertook the commission, and the Choral Symphony was the result. It was not in London, however, that the first performance took place, but in Vienna in the year 1824, and, as the score of the work then used bore a dedication to the King of Prussia, it is thought that Beethoven sought to relieve his financial embarrassments by this expedient. He sent another copy of the score to London, with an autograph dedication to the Philharmonic Society, and it was duly performed at one of their concerts in 1825.

More has been written of this Symphony than about any of Beethoven's compositions, and the striking choral section caused much controversy at the time. Listening to the colossal work by means of this splendid set of records (there are no cuts), it is surprising to think that it met with a good deal of opposition as being ultra-modern, and, in parts, almost incomprehensible. The records come as a boon to the lover of Beethoven's works, as, in this particular instance, the large forces employed, and the difficulty of the music, especially as regards the choral portion, make full performances of rare occurrence. The Symphony is usually taken without the choral section, and the recent mild orgy of full performances, no less than two in a few days, must be taken as centenary celebrations.

As to the records, they are really excellent, and should remain a gramophone classic for many years to come. The orchestral playing of the Symphony Orchestra under Albert Coates is beyond reproach. The soloists perform their task well, and one might say that these records give, almost for the first time, an opportunity of becoming really familiar with the choral section. The soloists are Salteni-Mochi (soprano), Edna Thornton and Nellie Walker (contralto), Frank Webster (tenor), and George Baker (bass).

Both "His Master's Voice" and "Columbia" issue interesting general supplementary bulletins of records, of which the following are all worth adding to the collection.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE."

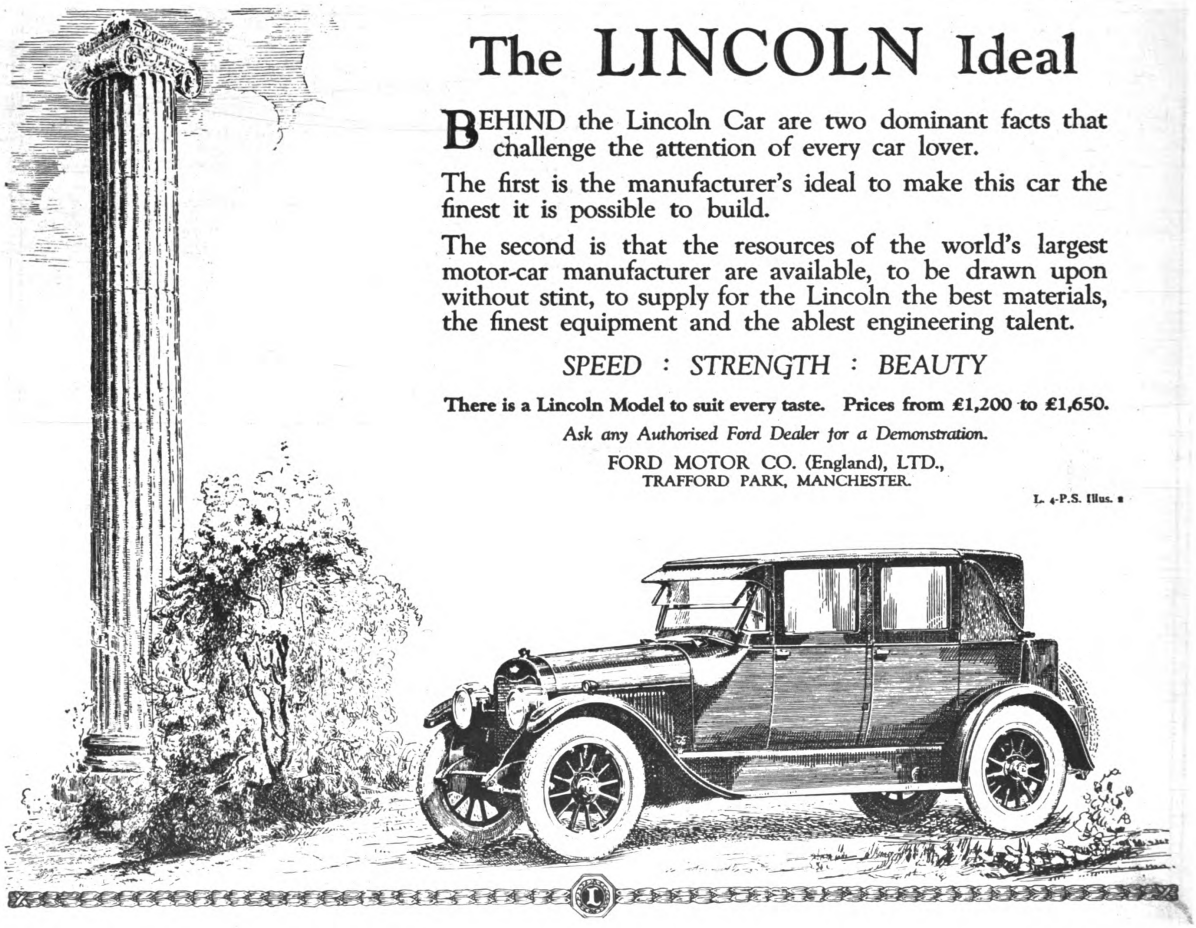
"Madamina" ("Don Giovanni"), sung with great art by Chaliapine; Joseph Hislop in two items from Act 2 of "Rigoletto" ("Ella mi fu" and "Parmi veder"); Thibaud, the French violinist, plays two of Kreisler's transcriptions of Granados's Spanish dances; and there is a new double-sided disc by Marie Hall containing "Romance" (Sinding) and "Capriccio" (Sinigaglia). Elgar's arrangements of the Bach Fantasia in C minor and Overture in D minor, played under the conductorship of Sir Edward Elgar by the Royal Albert Orchestra, are very fine indeed.

"COLUMBIA."

The "Columbia" list includes the last of the records of Holst's great orchestral suite, "The Planets" ("Mercury, the Winged Messenger"). It is finely played under the composer, by the London Symphony Orchestra, and is coupled with No. 2 of his "Songs Without Words" (the "Marching Song"). Frank Mullings is heard in two airs from "Pagliacci," which he sings in English; and Norman Allin has also chosen a couple of well-known operatic airs, "The Broken Spirit," from Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," and "O Fair Palermo," out of the same composer's "Sicilian Vespers." A popular record will be that of the Hallé Orchestra, under Hamilton Harty, in two movements from Strauss's suite, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," the Overture which represents Jourdain, the "gentleman" himself, and the Entrance and Dance of the Tailors. There are also some jolly dance records.

STYLUS.

IN THE DRESS SHE WORE WHEN PRESENTING HER DAUGHTER AT COURT: LADY WOODMAN BURBIDGE.
Photograph by Lafayette.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The British Empire Exhibition.

In *The Illustrated London News* of last week I endeavoured to trace the progress of the British motor industry and the development of the motor-car to its present stage of relative perfection. It is perfectly true that even yet there remains much to be done to improve the car, as the results of the recent R.A.C. trial will demonstrate when the official report is available. Nevertheless, the sum total of the progress made in the past twenty years has been almost immeasurable, and those who view the exhibits at the British Empire Exhibition will have ample opportunity of gauging it.

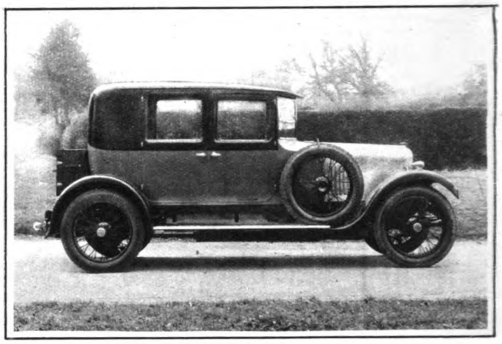
PETROL POWER IN THE GARDEN: THE "GOVERNOR" MOTOR LAWN-MOWER, A HANDY, LIGHT, AND EASILY CONTROLLED MACHINE.

The visitor to Wembley will have presented to his notice all that is best in modern British motor-car construction. It is a pity that it was not possible also to stage a collection of the motor vehicles of twenty or so years ago, in order that the enormous progress made in the comparatively short interval might be properly appreciated. However, the collection which was made under the auspices of the *Motor* shortly before the war has been allowed to be dispersed. If only such an ocular demonstration could have been given to the visitor, it would have been far more impressive than the written word can possibly be. To have been able to compare the superlative design and excellence of construction of such cars as the 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce, the Lanchester, and the Napier, in their class, with the best vehicles of 1904—cars emanating from the self-same factories—would have been indeed illuminating. Then, comparisons between the modern Wolseley and its horizontally engined prototype of the same year would have been vastly interesting and instructive. In those days we had still the six-cylinder motor to come—the usual number of cylinders was two, though the four was beginning to be recognised as the type of the future. Apart from these comparisons, which would have enhanced the interest out of all knowledge, even a cursory inspection of the motor exhibits at Wembley must carry the conviction that the British motor trade really has nothing to fear from anybody in the matter of design or quality production. Where is there a better car in its class than the Sunbeam? France and Italy can produce cars which are possibly its equals, but certainly there is nothing that surpasses it. Take, again, the Crossley models which are staged there. Here, in a class which I would describe as the happy medium between the luxury cars which are only for the very wealthy and the really cheap car, the British manufacturer stands almost alone. There is nothing which comes from abroad that so exactly fills the needs of the motorist of moderate means as such cars as these. And the range is almost unlimited in the choice it offers. Vauxhall, Clement-Talbot, Rover—these are household words among British motorists, and stand for all that is best in the class. There are others whose names will readily occur, but I have mentioned enough to drive home the point that the British manufacturer leads the world.

The Small Cars.

There is another class in which we certainly do hold a very substantial lead over our competitors overseas. That is in the light cars which are so popular to-day, and which look like becoming even more fashionable than they are. Where from abroad do we get cars like the Hillman, the Riley, the Lee-Francis, the Swift,

[*Continued overleaf.*



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Prattitudes for MOTORISTS by a MOTORIST

Driving in Traffic

by A. PERCY BRADLEY
A.M.I. MECH. E., A.M.I.A.E.

MANY motorists have such a dread of driving in traffic that on reaching the outskirts of big cities they garage their cars and continue their journey by 'bus, tram, or train. Traffic driving, however, is no more difficult than changing gear. One is as simple as the other so long as the driver keeps cool and collected. Should a gear be missed, the resulting noise is only intensified if the driver gets flurried and endeavours to push the gear-lever into every available notch. Coolness, however, in such an emergency, allows the mistake to be easily and quietly remedied. In traffic driving, if you appear to be getting into an entanglement, just keep cool, take things quietly and the difficulties will disappear.

If your car has to be driven from a garage which is tucked away in a mews or side street, take great care that in turning into the main street you do not shoot quickly into a stream of traffic. Whether you wish to go to the right or to the left, wait for a break in the traffic before proceeding. A minute or two thus spent in waiting is really not wasted; for precipitate action may mean an accident.

Having joined the main stream, keep in it. Do not cut out past the centre of the roadway to overtake a vehicle unless you see the way is clear. Never alter your direction suddenly, and should you wish to turn up a street to the left, gradually work your way into the traffic stream nearest the kerb on your left, so that when you wish to turn you will not hold up all the traffic proceeding in the same direction as yourself. It is advisable to adopt this course particularly at places where you know the police are regulating the traffic, as the man in blue will usually allow you to proceed up the turning to the left if you are close to the kerb even if he is holding up all the straight-through traffic. Should you wish to proceed to the right, gradually work your way in the same manner into the line of traffic on the extreme right.

Remember to give the recognised signals whenever you wish to stop or turn, and give these signals somewhat in advance and keep on repeating them. Should your engine stop, do not get flurried and jump out of your seat suddenly, because you may get run over, or in endeavouring to avoid you an oncoming car may crash into another. If the engine will not restart easily, push your car forward a little, if possible, so that the vehicles at your back may have a chance to pull out.

The first time you decide to drive in traffic, select an occasion when there is no need for haste. Get behind a vehicle that is not moving too rapidly and follow it. You will find that you will quickly get accustomed to that frightened feeling of being surrounded by what appear to be gigantic 'buses or trams. In following this vehicle, leave at least five yards space so as to give yourself time to pull up if your unsuspecting escort decides to come to rest suddenly.

An hour or two spent leisurely in following vehicles in this way will give you an appreciable amount of confidence, and will show you that traffic driving is not so difficult as you imagined.

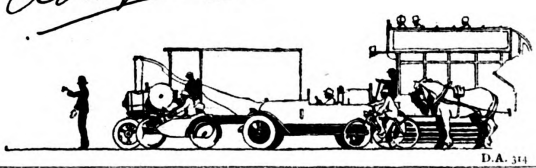
A warning should be given here regarding trams, for they are, perhaps, the most dangerous vehicles on the road. Unless you are well acquainted with their routes, they have a nasty habit of squeezing you between themselves and the kerb when you least expect it. They will turn off to the right or to the left without any warning, and their electric brakes are so powerful that unless you follow at a very respectful distance, you will crash into their tails should their drivers stop quickly.

'Bus drivers are usually civil and cautious, but taxi drivers should be watched. Never count on the driver of a horse-dray pulling up; it is usually advisable to gauge the amount of intelligence that will be displayed by any driver in a direct proportion to the speed of the vehicle he drives.

Until you get thoroughly accustomed to traffic driving, go slowly and remember that you are not the only inexperienced traffic driver in the crowd. If you carry out any manœuvre too quickly or without warning it is almost certain that some other inexpert traffic driver will cause a crash.

Reprinted from "Car and Golf."

A. Percy Bradley



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Continued.]

the Triumph, the Bean, and a dozen others which could be named? All these compete with the best, not only in quality but actually in price, so that the motorist who desires to enter the class of light-car users has no need at all to look beyond his own country. One light car I have left until last, because it deserves a mention all to itself. I refer to the Morris, which is beyond doubt the most popular car of the day. The enterprise of this purely British concern has given the motoring public a car which, intrinsically, will stand comparison with anything in the light car class, and it stands right out by itself in price. Here is an all-British car, excellently designed and conscientiously constructed, equipped with starter, electric lighting, and all the rest which the present-day motorist requires, and which can be purchased for under £200—actually less by a substantial amount than a similar car would have cost before the war. Truly, the British industry is a long way from its decease.

New Travel Bureau.

The Dunlop Company, the publishers of the most sumptuous road book in the world, now announce that an All-British Touring Service is at the disposal of all who use the King's highway. The Service is under the management of an acknowledged authority, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and any information a traveller on wheels may desire as to the best roads to take, the most picturesque scenery to see, the quickest and most convenient way through the intricate streets of large towns and cities, can be obtained on application to the Dunlop Touring Service Bureau (D.P.S.), 43, Kingsway, W.C.2. In Kingsway, the motorist will be able to examine maps, guide-books, and works of reference, and to come into contact with Dunlop staff motorists who know the roads of Britain thoroughly and intimately. The man of literary *flair* will be able to be introduced to books bearing on the district he desires to visit. The Service is free of any charge whatsoever, and arrangements will be made for holidays approaching.

W. W.

"WHITE CARGO," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

THOSE of us who have friends out in West Africa cannot help thinking that it is a very highly coloured picture of the white man's life in such tropical quarters that Mr. Leon Gordon offers us at the Playhouse in his story of "White Cargo." Our friends come home on leave every nine or twelve months; some of them have white wives to ease their lot; their talk when they look us up is full of the tennis they play, of the dances they attend, of bridge parties and social evenings. Their spirituous liquors they take well diluted; and, far from cursing the climate of the tropics, they display—while staying in our temperate zone—a nostalgia for Africa's sunshine. Very different are the conditions under which Mr. Gordon shows his white settlers. The one relaxation he provides for them is drink; whisky-bottles load their tables and sideboards, and they help themselves copiously to the spirit—usually taking it neat. He cogs the dice for them in the matter of leave. One of them has been "out" seven years, staying on despite bouts of illness, because every year he stays he increases the shares to which he is entitled. A doctor has been at the station even longer, because under a cloud. Periodically a young man comes out and falls a victim to the charms of the beautiful half-caste woman, Tondeleyo; the newest of the tribe, because he is told he will follow in the wake of his predecessors and drop into degradation, insists on marrying the girl, and nearly gets killed by poison for his pains. And Mr. Gordon, having done his worst for his little white colony, not unnaturally presents them as consistently irritable and quarrelsome; their nerves on edge, their tempers constantly exploding, their talk rich in insults and violence. Here, in fact, is melodrama rather than drama of the tropics; but the author knows how to spin a yarn; knows how to give a play movement, knows how to keep us interested in his characters—however over-coloured. And he is admirably served by his interpreters. There is really some splendid acting at the Playhouse. Mr. Horace Hodges' portrait, for instance, of the doctor who has given way to drink, is a little masterpiece of carefully studied art. The more tempestuous performance of Mr. Franklin Dyall as the "man who stays" is equally good; Mr. Brian Aherne suggests to the life youth in a hurry of obstinacy; and Miss Mary Clare shapes a highly picturesque thing out of the half-caste "vampire."

Everyone interested in the Anaglyphs published in *The Illustrated London News* should turn to page 1026 of this issue, where will be seen a striking Anaglyph showing in bold relief the neat wiring and general arrangements of the interior of a modern four-valve broadcast receiving-set. Seen through the Anaglyph viewing-mask, the relief is so bold as to make it appear that the valves might be pulled out from their sockets, and that a pencil or finger could probe through the right-hand coil.

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may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives

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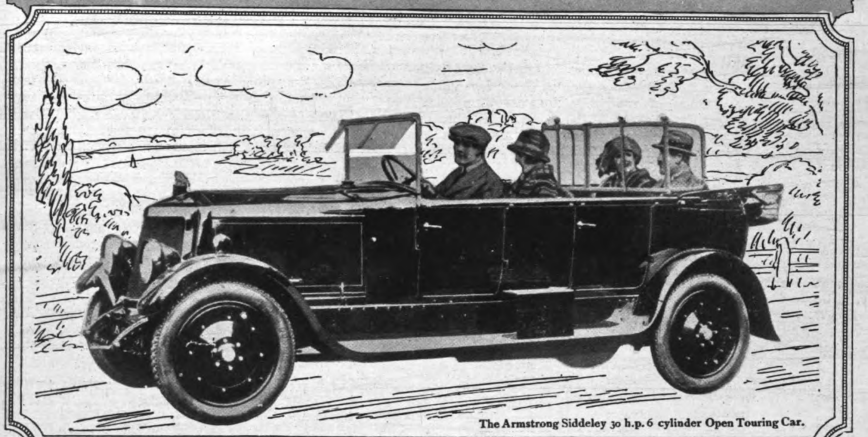

The Armstrong Siddeley 30 h.p. 6 cylinder Open Touring Car.

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THOUGH sponsored by Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth & Co., Ltd.—an organisation so large that it controls nearly every item of the material from its source — each Armstrong Siddeley 6 cylinder car is a separate and individual production.

The care bestowed on every detail is proved by its distinctive appearance. The pride of its possessors is founded on the knowledge of its performance in officially observed trials (awarded the Dewar Trophy) and on the high standard of its performance in daily use.

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Packets for all pockets-
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The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 4d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
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Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6
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Please send me One Anaglyph Viewing-Mask. I enclose stamps [Three-halfpence, Inland; or Twopence-halfpenny, Foreign] to cover Postage.

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Compare Olva with any palm and olive oil soap, with *any* toilet soap; compare lather, fragrance, cleansing power, effect on the skin. You will find that Olva will cleanse, soothe and nourish the skin as no other soap can. You will want to use no other soap than Olva. You will become, like others, an Olva devotee.

Olva has definitely established the superiority of British soap-making. Its wonderful success is due to sheer merit. For toilet, bath or nursery, use Olva, the palm and olive oil soap made specially for *you*.

Ask for Olva—Get Olva

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PALM AND OLIVE OIL

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Large round tablets, each in carton, 6d
Handy family box of one dozen—6/-

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The Burberry. **Burberry Overcoat B 65.**

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For whatever purpose an Overcoat or Weatherproof is needed, Burberrys can supply the ideal model from their stock of

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of every conceivable texture, ranging from lightest dustcoats to thickest blizzard-proof travel coats. Made in exclusive

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materials, these Overcoats are the most desirable coverings for ALL weathers—wet or fine, warm or cold.

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although dependably weather-proof, still maintain the ventilation natural to woven fabrics which is essential to health and comfort.

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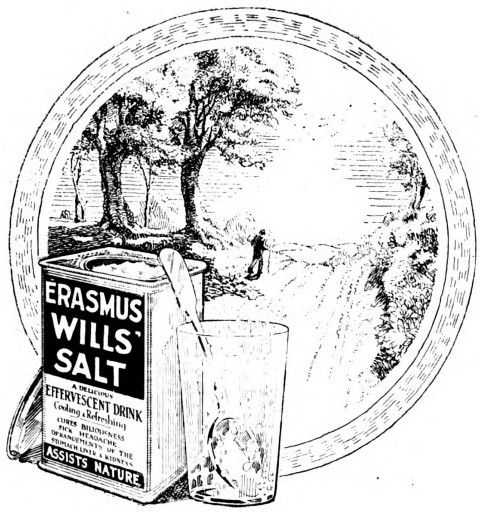

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THE sun is nature's greatest purifier and one of life's essentials, but you cannot always live in the sunshine, even though such a life may constitute the perfect road to health. Yet the road to health is easy when the constitution is impaired and nature feels the need of a restorative. A glass of Wills' Salt on rising in the morning cools and purifies the blood—stimulates the whole digestive tract and refreshes and invigorates the system. For young and old it is health's finest safeguard throughout the year.

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SOLD ONLY BY

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7D 1/- 1/9 Per Tin

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OVER 100 BRANCHES IN LONDON AREA.

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Fitted Dressing Case Section Ground Floor

The Finest Ten-Guinea Dressing Case in London

In putting this case on the market Harrods are confident they are offering the best case obtainable at the price in London.

The case is of real Morocco Leather, lined silk union moire, and is fitted with solid silver-backed hair and clothes brush, and four cut-glass silver-topped bottles. The fittings also include instrument board, mirror with adjustable handle, combined button-hook and shoe lift, and comb. Note the fullness of size—16 ins. by 12 ins. by 7 ins. **£10 10 0**

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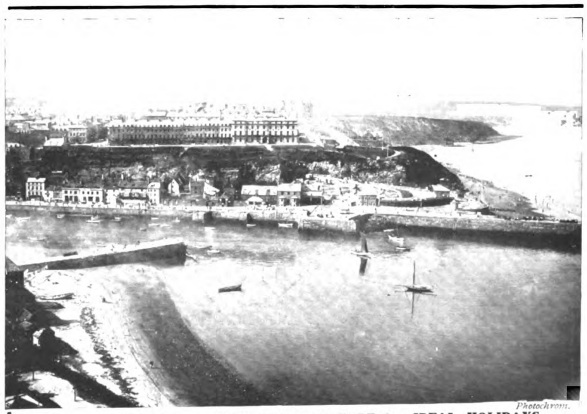
DAZZLE *is purely a matter of circumstance which this switch enables you to completely* **CONTROL**

GRADUAL RECULATION LIGHTING SWITCH

This switch enables you to absolutely control the power of your Head Lights to any degree. It can be used with Electric Lighting systems of any make, and with lamps of any candle power. The cost of it is immaterial. Decide to-day to fit one to your car!

Lighting Equipments Dept. ROTAX (MOTOR ACCESSORIES), LTD. WILLESDEN JUNC., LONDON, N.W. 10

Price without flex— **15/-** *Flex 3/9 per dozen feet.*



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It's worth it.

THE pure *Ribbed Rice* paper of CAVANDER'S ARMY CLUB Cigarettes—***uncontaminated with Bronze Powder or Printers' Ink***—costs two and a half times as much as ordinary printed paper, and CAVANDER'S SAY—"It's worth it"—and so will you. You only taste good old matured Virginia when smoking CAVANDER'S ARMY CLUB Cigarettes.

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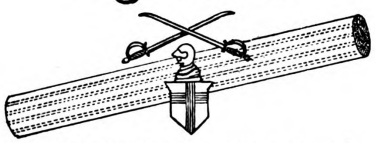

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20 for 1/3

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Manufactured (not assembled) in the General Motors' factories at OSHAWA *and* WALKERVILLE *(Canada) and at* HENDON *(England)*

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BRITISH GAIN. The BUICK.

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GENERAL MOTORS LTD. have inaugurated a refund scheme to protect those purchasers of General Motors Cars who take delivery between May 9th and August 1st from loss, due to price reduction resulting from the withdrawal of the duties on Canadian Motor Cars.

The scheme is intended to let you have the summer use of your car without anxiety as to future price changes.

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Your children have millions of enemies and but one protection—cleanliness

Street dust ground into bare knees is always dangerous

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By just one thing—cleanliness.

There would be little sickness in an absolutely clean world. Soap has probably done more than anything else to guard health.

But even now your children are constantly exposed to dangerous infections. A bruised knee—any scratch—may develop blood poisoning if not protected from dirt. Why is it that every contagion takes its heaviest toll from children? Why do measles, scarlet fever, influenza and other serious diseases spread like wildfire among the young?

It is because too many children are not kept clean. One dirty child is a menace to a whole classroom.

Dirt is always dangerous. Street dust contains the germs of almost every known disease. Some playmates of your children may live where there is contagious sickness.

What can you mothers—you health doctors—do about it?

Keep your children scientifically, antiseptically clean.

The danger largely disappears if they thoroughly purify hands and face three times a day with the wonderful lather of Lifebuoy Soap, frequently shampoo and bathe with this remarkable health soap.

Lifebuoy is not only as pure and bland as any soap ever made and highly beneficial to the skin—but it contains a great health element. Its rich, creamy lather carries deep into the pores an antiseptic which combats the impurities ever present, clears out the pores and leaves the skin soft, vibrant with health, cleansed of all odour—and safe.

Lifebuoy keeps skin always soft

Skin regularly cleansed with Lifebuoy is always soft and pliant because Lifebuoy contains no free alkali. Its chief elements are the purest and most soothing vegetable oils used in soapmaking.

The wholesome odour of Lifebuoy vanishes in a few seconds—the protection remains.

Lifebuoy is a scientific health protection and a skin conditioner and beautifier. Put Lifebuoy in every place where hands are washed.

Buy it in cartons, three double cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

Mother—the health doctor

Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Health Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

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L 269—85

The CULT of the CLOAK

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Fashionable Cloak of Moleskin selected full Winter skins of excellent quality. Modelled on practical lines with ample fullness, richly lined silk. Summer Price **48 Gns.**

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Delightful Cloak of Seal Coney with side panels and collar of Moleskin. An extremely becoming combination and exceedingly smart. Summer Price **49 Gns.**

Special Summer Prices

DICKINS & JONES LTD.
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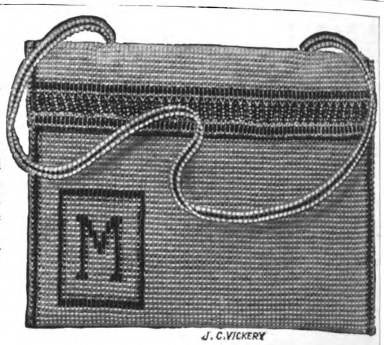
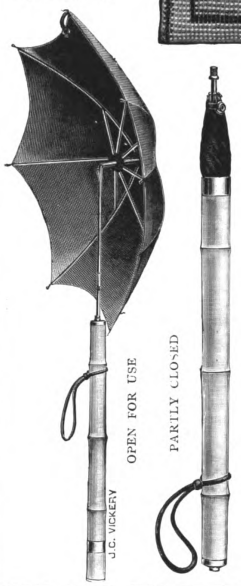
A Charming Novelty.

Handmade Steel Bead Bag, with black border and any initial. Size of Bag, 5¼ x 4 ins. Very smart, only **£1 15 0**





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Can be held at any angle. Easily carried by loop on arm and cannot get mislaid. 18 ins. closed, best quality Silk, in many shades, only **£2 12 6**

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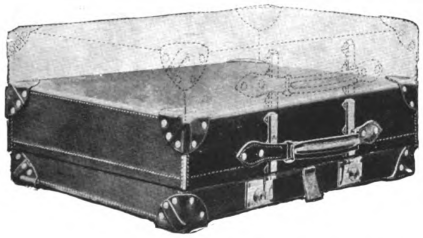

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The Revelation is instantly compressible to week-end size, yet is extensible, as each fresh call is made upon it, up to the trunk-like capacity which a month from home demands; and it locks at *any* size.

The economy and convenience of having *One* case only for every occasion is obvious. The Revelation Rigid Expanding Suit Case must be seen, however, for its other features to be fully appreciated.

RIGID—not the concertina type.

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Call at 169, Piccadilly (facing Bond Street), or at the leading shop in your town, to have this simple but perfect invention demonstrated to you, and see the many styles and sizes at prices to suit all purses.

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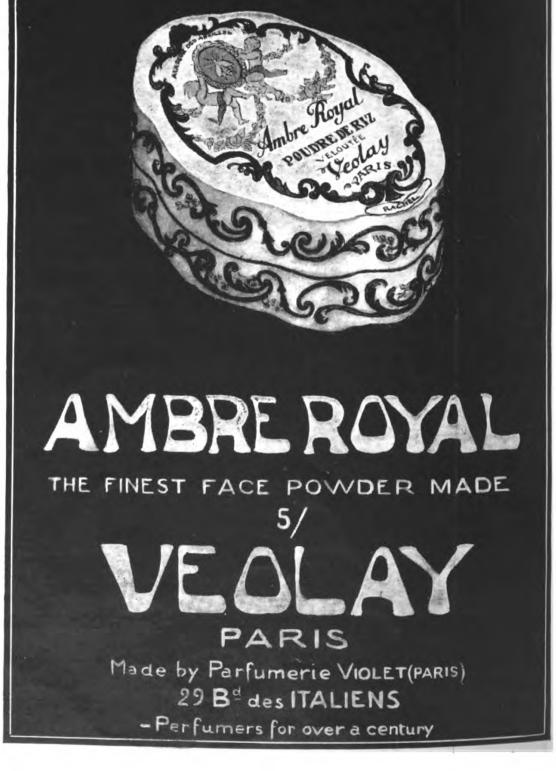
'Phone: Regent 4138.

Have a ***Revelation and be Proud of your Luggage***



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THE FINEST FACE POWDER MADE

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Made by Perfumerie VIOLET (PARIS)
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– Perfumers for over a century

for men of action

The score-board of the skin registers 3,500 pores to the square inch—a fact grudgingly granted in the physiology class but readily recognised, if not appreciated, on the cricket field with the sun at its full and the rivals well set. 3,500 perspiration pores to the square inch—incredible number! Only 3,500? —seems like 3,500,000!

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And all garments made from Aertex fabrics are designed and cut intelligently, cut free from pulls and tugs which make less skilfully designed underwear so irritating.

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See the AERTEX label on all garments—your guarantee of quality. Refuse imitations.

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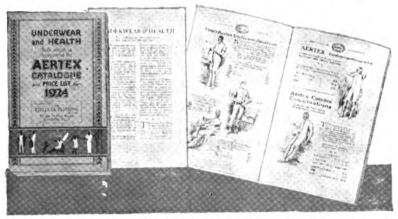
Coolness without Chill
Warmth without Discomfort

Sold by 3,000 hosiers, outfitters and drapers throughout the United Kingdom. In case of difficulty in obtaining write to—Cellular Clothing Co. Ltd., 72 & 73 Fore Street, London, E.C. 2.



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The Premier on the Island. The finest situation on the coast. Continental Cuisine. Well-laid Cellars.
Write to Manager for Tariff.
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The World's Finest Ox-tongues Delicious and Nutritious

Booklet Free—Copy of "Housewife's Book of Useful Hints" sent free and post free on application to McCall & Co., Ltd., 18, St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.3

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IRISH LINEN SHIRTS AND COLLARS

Robinson & Cleaver make all the latest styles from Linen woven in their Banbridge factory. The best cutters and makers-up are employed to turn out high-class Shirts and Collars.

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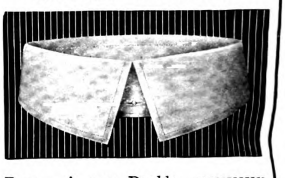

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WHITE DRESS SHIRTS.
Fine longcloth bodies, with linen fronts and cuffs.
Matchless quality ... each **12/6**
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Mercerised Twill Tennis Shirts each **7/6**
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Write for our Illustrated Catalogue 40D. giving full particulars of sizes and shapes.

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Looking your Best

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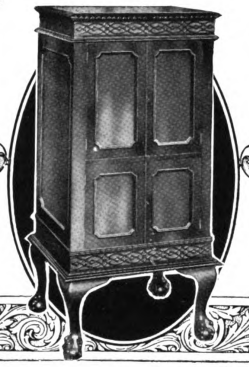

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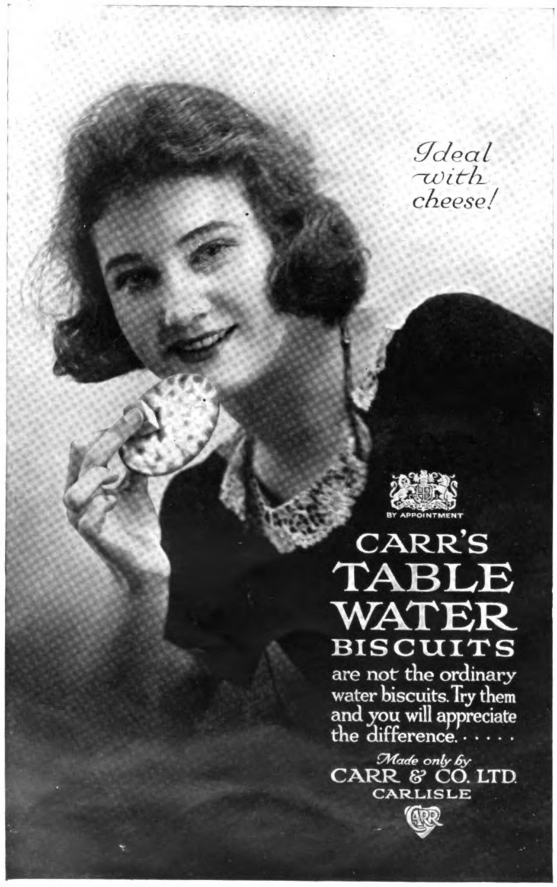

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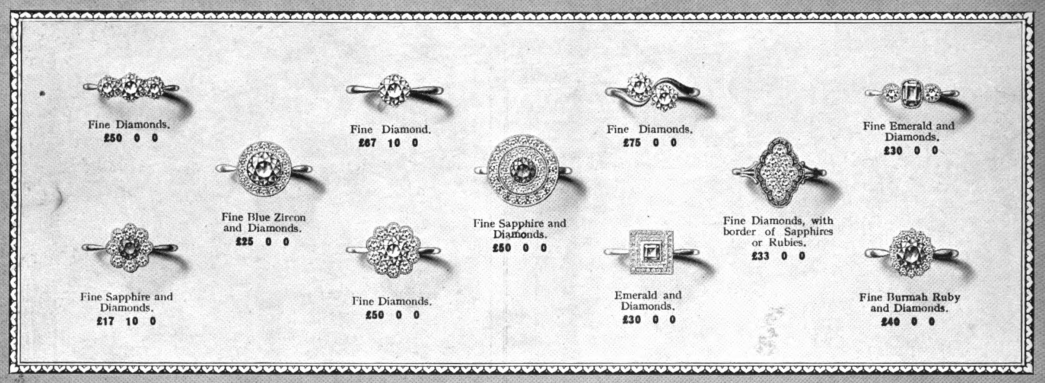

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1924.

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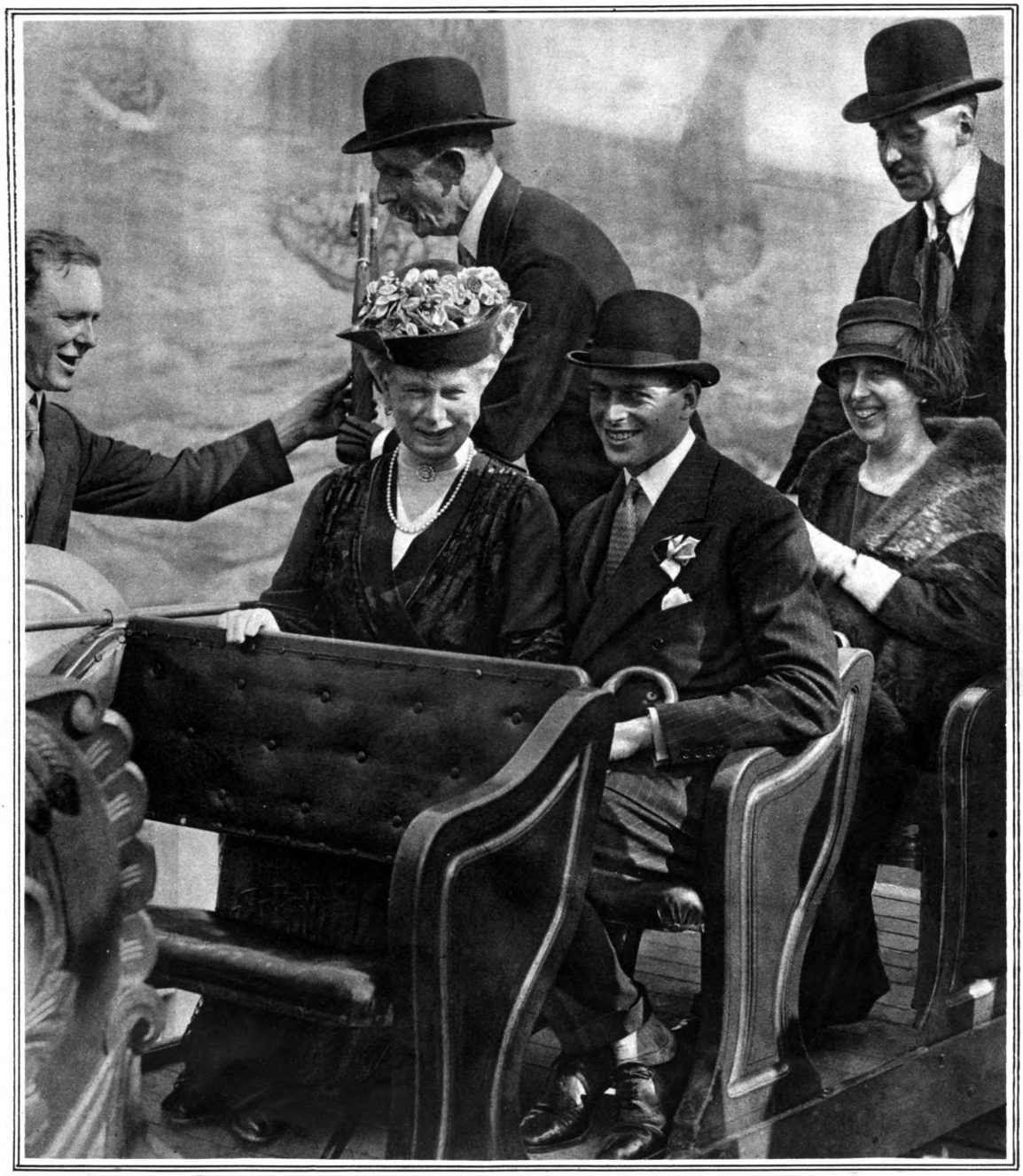


THE QUEEN TAKES A TRIP ON THE SCENIC RAILWAY AT WEMBLEY: HER MAJESTY WITH PRINCE GEORGE IN THEIR SEATS ON THE CAR.

The Queen paid another private visit to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, accompanied by Prince George, on May 30. They went over the Pavilions of India and Burma, lunched at the Lucullus Restaurant, and then visited the Ceylon and South Africa Pavilions. After tea the royal party entered the Amusement Park, where her Majesty and Prince George took a trip on the Scenic Railway, to the great delight of the crowd. At the end of the ride the Queen spoke to the driver of the car, Alexander Martes, and told him that she had much enjoyed the trip. He replied that it was not the first time he had had the pleasure of driving the Queen, as he had done so some years ago on the Scenic Railway at the White City.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE translation of an article by Signor Mussolini appears in a magazine called *English Life*; and in one sense the life is sufficiently English for the Italian to need a good deal of translation. His nation has a national proverb that a translator is a traitor. Even Mussolini would hardly extend a mission to shoot all traitors into one of shooting all translators. But in this case there is nothing the matter with the translation, beyond that eternal international misunderstanding that is but another name for nationality. Both the Italian statesman and the English magazine might be regarded generally as Tory or authoritarian. But a more complete and vivid difference could not be conceived. The hard outline of the Latin mind stands out in startling contrast to the rich confusion of its English background. I always know what the Italian writer means, even when I disagree with him. I do not know what the English writers mean, even when I agree with them. But to the English Conservatives this reactionary must be as terrifying as any revolutionist. For instance, Mussolini boldly bases himself on Macchiavelli. He does so, not so much because he is cynical as simply because he is not afraid of words, and especially not afraid of a name. The conventional Conservative would be as much afraid of the name of Macchiavelli as of the name of Old Nick, which is said to be derived from the same gentleman. Again, it is highly characteristic of Mussolini that he throws a doubt on democracy because he cannot find the definition of it. It is highly characteristic of English Tories that they were told never to find a definition of anything—even of Toryism. We in this country were always advised

A FAMOUS OLD ROWING "BLUE" AS CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR OXFORD: CAPTAIN R. C. BOURNE.

not to be logical, which is satisfactory to those who prefer to be lazy. But Mussolini insists on logic because he dislikes laziness. He is as theoretical as any Socialist, as abstract as any anarchist. I do not always agree with his theory, and in many cases should dispute his logic; but I know it would be no use to dispute it without theory and without logic. I fancy that when he says it is difficult to define democracy, he really means rather that it is difficult to define the authentic organ of democracy. And this is true, since the Parliaments have largely betrayed the peoples by jobbery and secrecy, and the trades unions were of necessity narrowed to the trades. But I can never accept the mere case of the minority against the majority, because of the simple fact that at least there is only one majority, while there are any number of minorities. The Bolshevists appeal to a resolute minority as the Fascisti do; and if it comes to a competition in resolution, it will end in the very anarchy the Fascisti profess to prevent. But my point at the moment is that this sort of abstract and theoretical argument for authority is probably rather puzzling to the supporters of authority in this country. But it is the sort of thing we must understand if we would understand the reaction in its favour in other countries, especially Latin countries.

The first fact about the Fascisti is that they were the death-blow to the whole theory of Europe that was fashionable in England. It was the theory that the Mediterranean is now a sort of Dead Sea, where the cities of the peninsulas have rotted like the cities of the plain. It was, of course, like a great part of English education, simply a part of German propaganda. It got its first knock from the war with Germany; but it got its final knock, as we have said, from the revolt of Mussolini. It will be noticed that these nonsense theories, such as the Northern monopoly of manliness and energy and the Latin doom of decay, are dropped not only because honest people have found them to be false, but also because even dishonest people who adopted them as a convenience have now found them inconvenient. For a time it seemed useful to call the Latin a degenerate; but the time came when it was still more useful to call the Kaiser a degenerate—and it was not altogether feasible to call the Kaiser a Latin. While the war against Prussia was the most just in human history, many called the Kaiser a degenerate out of mere

AN OLD "SOCCER BLUE" AS LABOUR CANDIDATE FOR OXFORD: MR. KENNETH M. LINDSAY.

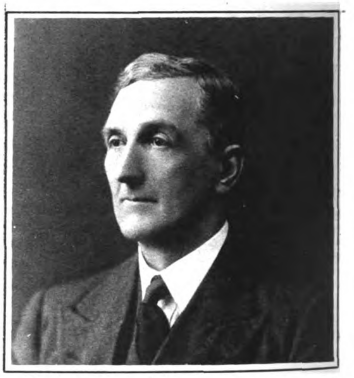
The by-election at Oxford due to the unseating of Mr. Frank Gray was notable for the fact that all three candidates were old "Blues." Captain R. C. Bourne created a record by stroking the Oxford boat to victory four years running (1909-12), and has since been famous as a coach.——Mr. Kenneth M. Lindsay got his "Blue" at Oxford for Association football and was President of the Union. Commander Fry was a triple "Blue." In the same year (1893) he was captain of the Oxford "Soccer" team, President of the Athletic Club, and captain of the cricket team. He formerly held the world's record for the long jump.

Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

vulgar commercial panic. In the same way, many call the Fascist a strong man and a saviour of society out of mere cowardly relief from mere commercial panic. These meaner motives do not alter the fact that the Allies saved Europe or that the Fascists saved Italy, but they do show that even mean people live to repent of their own mean ideas.

It is in practice that prejudice breaks down. It can be justified in a thousand ways till it comes to that test; but we never know when or how that test may come. It comes in public life exactly as it would come in private life. Some stuffy and stupid pawnbroker or other may choose to say that the Italian organ-grinder must be a coward, because all Italians are cowards. He can say that organ-grinding is effeminate, and imply that pawnbroking is militant and virile. He can identify the organ-grinder with his monkey, and call it a scientific theory of races. He can say that the three golden balls are a symbol that all worlds, old and new, are given to commerce alone. But suppose one fine day there is a scare all down the street that the Russian anarchist who used to live in the attic has got into the cellar, and is going to blow up all the shops with a bomb. And suppose it is found that, as a fact, the Italian is the only man who will go down into the cellar and take away the bomb. The pawnbroker is quite simply and suddenly forced to drop his prejudice, because he cares for his shop more than for his prejudice. He cannot refuse the services of the Italian, because he fears the Russian more than he hates the Italian. His prejudice could have been supported by any number of sophistries against any number of truths. But it has collided not merely with a truth, but with a fact. That fable exactly describes the fact about Capitalism and Bolshevism and modern Italy.

But for us the big lesson of Fascism has very little to do with Bolshevism. It has much more to do with Parliamentarism. Very few Englishmen are affected by the principle of Bolshevism, but all Englishmen were brought up on the principle of Parliamentarism; and it is the principle of Parliamentarism, long misused by unprincipled men, that has at last been overthrown in Italy and is threatened throughout the world. I am English enough to have no natural desire for the overthrow of Parliament; I have always preferred and pleaded for the purge of Parliament. But the wholesome fact for the readers of *English Life* and such papers to remember is that a true Fascist would be quite as ready to overthrow our Parliamentarism as any other Parliamentarism. He would not merely throw things at the Bolshevists with whom the newspapers wage a wordy war. He would throw much heavier things at the "distinguished public men" against whom the newspapers will not hear a word. Let us congratulate the English Conservative on being a pacifist; or let us admire the Latin reactionary for being a revolutionary; but do not let us fancy we



A FAMOUS OLD TRIPLE "BLUE" AS LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR OXFORD: COMMANDER C. B. FRY.

can hire him as an Italian bravo, to stab the rebel we wish to kill, but not the traitor we wish to spare.

The Fascisti have triumphed, and all the snobs will join the triumph who would never have joined in the revolt. Because the Fascisti declared a democratic discipline insisting on labour for all, every used-up, luxurious nobleman who never did a stroke of work in his life will say he is a Fascist. Because the Fascisti conducted a ruthless investigation and expulsion in the matter of corrupt practices in politics, every corrupt politician who wants to cling to his job and hide his jobbery will say he is a Fascist. Because the Fascisti rose and rioted and fought in the street, every parasite and coward who dreads the thought of the smallest social change will say he is a Fascist. Because the Fascisti have re-asserted the greatness of Rome and of the Latin influence in Europe, every barbarian baron and provincial Prussian squire will say he is a Fascist. Nonsense will be made of the name as it has been of the name of every political party in modern times; but, though the name will be kicked about in the gutter, the fact will remain in the forum and the tribune; and we must all learn its lesson. We must save democracy from Parliaments, or Parliaments from politicians.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Owing to the necessity of advancing our Editorial arrangements on account of Whitsuntide, we have been unable to prepare any further Anaglyphs for immediate publication, but readers may expect to see further interesting Anaglyphs in an early issue. Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 1100, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

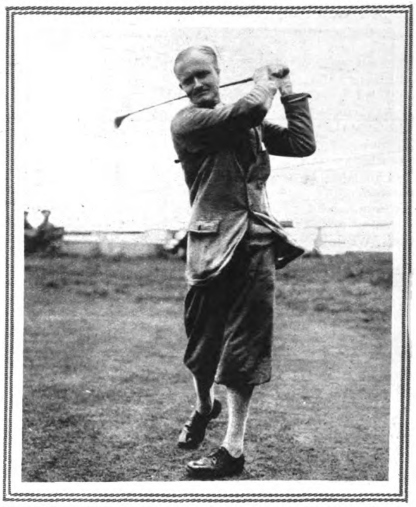
THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: PERSONALITIES AND INCIDENTS.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL; THE REST BY PHOTO. ILLUSTRATIONS CO.

AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION FOR THE SECOND TIME IN THREE YEARS: MR. E. W. E. HOLDERNESS "CHAIRED" ON RECEIVING THE CUP.

A SURPRISE OF THE MEETING: MR. D. H. KYLE, WHO BEAT MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY IN THE FIFTH ROUND, APPROACHING THE FOURTEENTH HOLE.

A RUSH TO TAKE UP POSITIONS FOR WATCHING AN APPROACH SHOT: THE GREAT CROWD AT ST. ANDREWS ATTRACTED BY THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.



DEFEATED BY THE CHAMPION IN THE SEMI-FINAL: MR. W. A. MURRAY, WHO BEAT MR. KYLE, DRIVING.

THE EX-CHAMPION BEATEN IN THE SEMI-FINAL BY MR. E. F. STOREY, OF CAMBRIDGE: MR. ROGER WETHERED.

THE RUNNER-UP: MR. E. F. STOREY, OF CAMBRIDGE, RECEIVING HIS MEDAL FROM COLONEL SIR A. SPROT.

THE RUNNER-UP THE CENTRE OF AN ADMIRING CIRCLE: A DISTANT VIEW OF MR. STOREY PUTTING, ON THE FOURTEENTH GREEN.

The contest for the Amateur Golf Championship, at St. Andrews, ended on May 31 in the victory of Mr. E. W. E. Holderness, of Walton Heath, who beat Mr. E. F. Storey, of Cambridge University, in the final by three and two, and thus became Amateur Champion for the second time within three years. The holder, Mr. Roger Wethered, of Worplesdon, was beaten by Mr. Storey

[*Continued opposite.*

Continued.]

in the semi-final by two holes. The other semi-finalist was Mr. W. A. Murray, beaten by Mr. Holderness. A great surprise of the meeting was the defeat of Mr. Cyril Tolley, in the fifth round, by Mr. D. H. Kyle, of Roehampton, who had not previously come so far to the front in golf. Mr. Kyle was subsequently beaten, in the sixth round, by Mr. W. A. Murray.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE SEAL.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ALONG the eastern seaboard of England few indeed are the spots where seals can be found. This is partly due to the lack of suitable harbourage, and partly to the relentless persecution of fishermen, to whom they are anathema on account of their alleged destructiveness to "flat-fish."

In the Wash, at the present moment, I gather, one can be sure of seeing a small colony any day of the week. And the fishermen are heaping imprecations on their heads. They rage furiously, but, so far, happily in vain. Some time ago the Fisheries Committee, I am told, paid a reward of ten shillings per nose, in an endeavour to placate these unreasonable men. The Committee were, and rightly, surcharged on account of this "bounty," and since then the poor creatures have been left more or less in peace. But a new war of extermination is demanded. It was gravely suggested that the military should be asked to start a slaughter of the innocents by means of Lewis guns. But nothing came of this barbarous suggestion. A project for destroying them with shrapnel from gun-boats also came to naught. And now, I believe, the Minister of Fisheries is to be asked to receive a deputation to demand the extinction of the colony. It is devoutly to be hoped that nothing will come of it.

As matters stand, these creatures are to be tried, condemned, and executed unheard. That is to say, the accusations of the suggested deputation are based not on *proofs*, but on suspicions. There are *many* possible causes of the shortage of flat-fish in this area. To begin with, seals or no seals, it can never be a good fishing-ground for flat-fish. The scour of the tide in the area fished by these seals prevents the formation of a suitable nidus for the lower organisms on which flat-fishes feed. That the charge against the seals is not well founded is surely shown by the fact that the agitation against them has been going on for years, yet it has not been shown that the conditions are worse now than when it was first made. Nor has it been shown that, during the time that a bounty was paid for each seal killed, the fishing improved. But quite apart from this, the shortage of flat-fish has been a subject of concern not merely to the fishermen, but to the Ministry of Fisheries—not merely in this haunt of seals, but in other areas where there are no seals. This matter, however, I propose to discuss on another occasion.

From what has been set down up to this point, it may seem that I do at least admit that seals—by which term I mean the common seal—do, as alleged, subsist mainly on flat-fish. But I make no such admission. This allegation, so far as I can make out, is based on no more solid foundation than a "pious opinion"—everybody says it does. What more damning evidence can any reasonable man want?

Ask the fishermen of the Wash their opinion on this matter, and of the attitude of the Ministry of Fisheries towards their requests to be rid of what they firmly believe to be the ruin of their industry; and they will reply as only men impotent with rage will reply. It is not enough, in short, to tell these men, quite politely, that they are mistaken, and that they must leave the seals alone. A certain number of seals—say, two or three each week for a month—should be killed, humanely—not with Lewis guns fired into a basking herd—and their stomach-contents examined on the spot. There is our only source of evidence. But this mode of inquiry can only be trusted to the accredited naturalists of the staff of the Ministry of Fisheries; and it is to be hoped that it will be undertaken.

UNJUSTLY ACCUSED BY FISHERMEN OF DESTROYING "FLAT-FISH": THE GREAT GREY SEAL, THE LARGEST AND ONE OF THE ONLY TWO RESIDENT BRITISH SPECIES.

The photograph shows the short fore and hind limbs, and the normal earless condition, unlike the Common Seal, which is attracted by music.

Photograph by C. J. King, Scilly Isles.

Flat-fish, as everybody knows, on account of their coloration, present an extraordinarily close resemblance to the ground on which they rest. But, more than this, they have a habit of covering themselves with sand till no more than their eyes project—and these, being small, are inconspicuous. Now it is the habit of "protectively coloured animals" to "lie low" when in fear of their enemies. It could, then, be only by the merest chance that discovery would be made. They occasionally swim, of course, and at such times would be an easy mark, quickly overtaken, for they have no turn of speed such as would out distance a hungry seal. But these excursions above ground are apparently only very occasional. The seal, then, probably finds his staple diet from other sources. On the other hand, investigation may show that this by no means unintelligent hunter may have discovered that, by gentle scraping on the sea-floor, in some mysterious way flounders may be produced as easily as a conjurer produces rabbits from a hat.

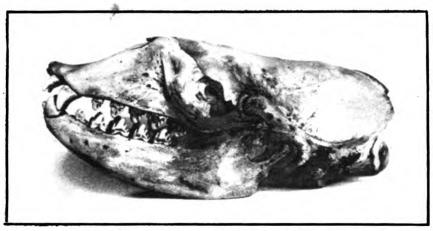
One is the more anxious for the safety of this particular colony since it is the only colony on the eastern coast of England; and everywhere—even in its Scottish fastnesses—it has become greatly reduced in numbers on account of its supposed destructiveness to the fishing grounds of its neighbourhood.

Of the five species of seals recorded as British, two only are resident—the common and the grey seal, the remaining three (the harp, hooded, and ringed seals) being no more than exceedingly rare visitants. The grey seal is the largest of them all, the old male measuring as much as nine feet in length. Unlike the common seal, it does not live in herds, though occasionally, it would seem, small parties are to be found together. But, while the common seal has a wide geographical range, the grey seal is restricted to the shores of the North Atlantic Ocean. Its stronghold, however—and this is now in a precarious condition—is on the European side, for its chief haunts appear to be in certain favoured areas on the Scandinavian and British coasts. Those who would see this fine animal in its native wilds must seek it in the north and west of Scotland, the south and west of Ireland, or the Scilly Islands.

Though credited with a relatively larger brain than the common seal, in disposition it differs markedly from its smaller relative. The latter, for example, is strangely attracted by music. The sound of a flute will bring them up to within a few yards of the player, and they will stay, with their heads above water, as long as the music lasts, apparently with keen enjoyment. Search as he will, the anatomist will never discover the source of this æsthetic sense. Nor does it seem much more likely that we shall discover why it is that in this species, alone among the true seals, a vestige of the external ear will occasionally present itself. It is but the merest vestige, smaller even than in the fur seals. This fact was first brought to the notice of the scientific world at the last meeting of the Zoological Society; but notes on the subject had been made, I find, by the well-known naturalist-photographer of the Scilly Islands, Mr. A. King, a year or two ago.

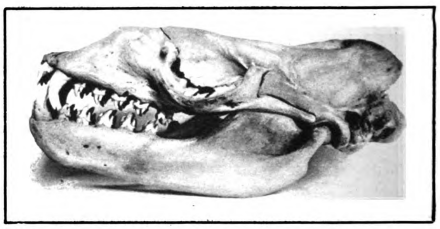
In the matter of its teeth the grey differs from the common seal, since in the latter they are armed with accessory cusps. But these cusps are much more developed in the Antarctic crab-eating seal. They are so arranged that the teeth of the upper and lower jaws, when the mouth is closed, form a sort of grille, or strainer. And this because the creature, unlike all other seals, feeds not upon fish, but small euphausiæ—that is to say, small crustacea—not more than half an inch long, which swim in vast shoals, so that the hunter has but to charge into a swarm and open his mouth, when it is promptly filled. This very singular mode of feeding obtains in no other tooth-bearing animal, but is the common method of feeding among whalebone whales.

The sea-lions and walrus afford us an intermediate stage between the otter-like ancestors of the seal-tribe and the true seals, wherein the fore-limbs are greatly reduced and the hind-limbs are incapable of being turned forwards, as they can be in the sea-lions. But the full story of this strange transformation must be told on another occasion.



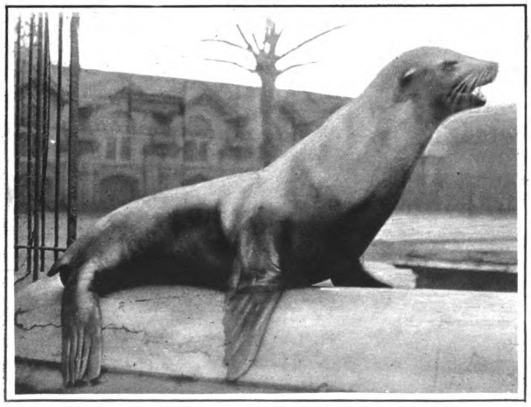
REALLY FEROCIOUS, AND THE TERROR OF PENGUINS: THE LEOPARD SEAL—A SKULL, SHOWING THE FORMIDABLE TEETH.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.



SHOWING THE TEETH CURIOUSLY MODIFIED TO ACT AS STRAINERS: THE SKULL OF A CRAB-EATING SEAL.

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

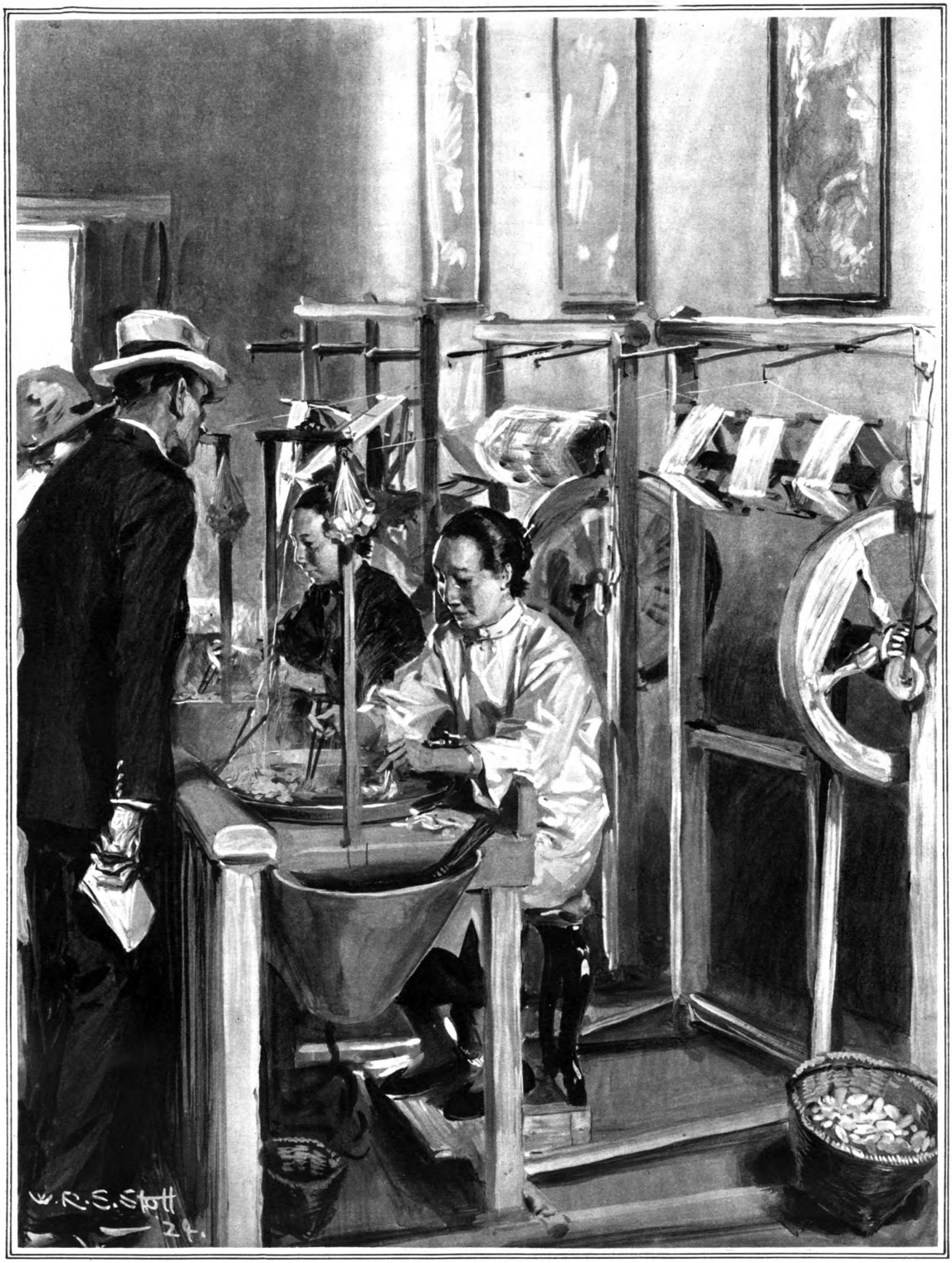


AN INTERMEDIATE STAGE BETWEEN SEALS AND THEIR OTTER-LIKE ANCESTORS: THE SEA-LION, WITH DEGENERATE EARS AND RELATIVELY LARGE FORE AND HIND LIMBS.

In the Seal the hand is short and armed with claws; in the Sea-Lion it is long, and has only vestiges of claws. The hind-limbs can be turned forwards, whereas in the true Seals they cannot. [*Photograph by J. C. Bond.*]

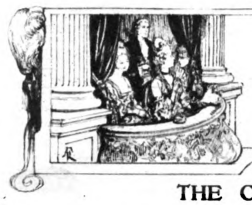
FROM COCOON TO "MATERIAL": CHINESE SILK-WEAVING AT WEMBLEY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



WITH HER CHOPSTICKS AND TREADLE: A CHINESE WEAVER UNWINDING SILK FROM COCOONS AND ATTACHING IT TO DRUMS—PART OF A FASCINATING EXHIBIT IN THE HONG-KONG PAVILION.

The silk exhibit in the Hong-Kong Pavilion tells the whole story of silk-making. "The illustration," writes our artist, "shows the process of unwinding the silk from the cocoon of the silk-worm. The cocoons are put in a pan of boiling water, which is kept at an even temperature, and has the effect of killing the cocoon and loosening the silk covering. When a few loose ends of silk have been secured, they are twisted together and passed through a series of eyelet-holes, two in front a few inches above the pan, and two in the frame in front of the worker, from whence they are led to three hooks which feed the silk on to the same number of drums on the frame behind. The worker turns these drums by the simple treadle arrangement shown, while searching, by means of the chopsticks in her right hand, for fresh ends of silk in the cocoons remaining in the pan. The winding process is repeated till the drums are full, when the silk is re-wound on larger drums seen in the background behind the centre figure's head."—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]*



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE OTHER PRODUCER.—ERNEST MILTON'S "CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE."

"HAS it ever occurred to you that the so-called 'front of the house' is as much in need of a 'producer' as the stage itself? Look at the several short runs during last winter's season. Many of them could have been prolonged if the front had not been left to a haphazard policy of *laissez-aller*—had been organised as carefully and practically as the work on the stage, where every detail comes under the eagle eye of the man upon whom, more even than on the actors, success depends."

It was Mr. Ernest Collins, for many years the valued manager of Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard—now Grossmith and Malone, who spoke.

None has greater experience; none knows better what can be done to "lever" a success. When the time comes for him to write his memoirs, he will be able to tell rare tales of how plays that began in a "wobble" were, by subtle devices of management and *réclame*, steadied into a long and remunerative career. He quoted names of plays that came, had a good first-night reception, lingered and vanished. I asked him whether he could assign a direct reason for the failure to attract. "I can give you one straight off," he said: "the sharing-system, and its generally accompanying conditions of management. Nowadays a management 'renting or sharing' a theatre is in many instances compelled to take over and pay the resident acting manager. Now this gentleman, however capable and well acquainted with 'front-of-the-house' methods in force at that particular theatre, remains the servant of the proprietor, with whom, naturally, his interests are bound up. It is immaterial to him whether the play is a failure or success; he remains in office and draws his salary in any event. He has not the affairs of his temporary employer at heart, or the enthusiasm required to take the conduct of the business end out of his ordinary routine."

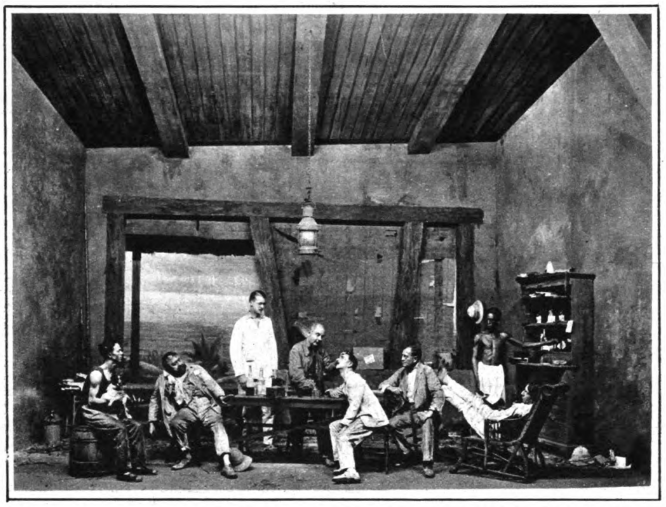
(On that point there can be no difference of opinion. The stability of many managements known to fame for years rested to a great extent on the astuteness and devotion of those second in command. Irving's henchman, Bram Stoker; Tree's Henry Dana; Alexander's (now Arthur Bourchier's) Captain Helmsley; at Wyndham's Mr. T. B. Vaughan; at the Haymarket, Mr. Horace Watson; at Grossmith and Malone's, Mr. Ernest Collins himself—all these right hands of their chiefs were, or are, closely identified with the longevity of the régime.)

"But," I said, "given the right man, what is the next point you wish to drive home—where do the details of policy come in?"

Mr. Collins paused for a moment, then he went on: "It is extremely difficult for me to explain my ideas fully. I am convinced that the exploitation of a play in its earliest and therefore critical stage requires an expert to handle it from the business end in order to give it that send-off which may make all the difference as between success or partial success. Assuming that all is well at the stage end to the satisfaction of the producer, and this notwithstanding that after the opening performance the verdict of the dramatic critics is only partially favourable, then again I think the co-operation of a man experienced in all the peculiarities and pitfalls of the business side of theatrical ventures would be of material assistance to the management in their endeavours to convert a partial failure into a box-office success."

"I see what you mean. What is needed is a man who knows how to feel the pulse of the public and to guide it. He must be on terms of amity with the Press, so that he can be sure of finding 'open sesame' for his 'puffs' and 'pars'; can, if needed, work up a correspondence around the pivot of a play; can get the play written about in all the many ways of 'boosting,' as the Americans have it. He must be an adept in the gentle and least costly yet most effective art of advertising. He must know when to 'paper' the house and how to select the right kind of deadheads, who, by recommending the play to their friends, attract support to the box-office. He must sense the spirit and taste of the public—he should be frequently in the house during the performances, discover weaknesses that could be remedied, in some cases actors that should be replaced because they are not liked in their important parts. He must have the ear of the producer, and co-operate with him in every direction that would tend to prolong the life of the play. He must therefore be a long-headed man, a man of tact, a man who has 'business' at his fingers' ends; a man of education, of experience of the World of the Theatre, of literary and artistic tastes. In fine—a personality, in a sense a leader, and one who, with all deference to his Chief, has the courage of his opinions, the backbone to carry them into reality, and the acumen to differentiate between what the public wants and what it does not want."

Yes; Mr. Ernest Collins is quite right when he speaks of the "producer in front"! He is as important a factor as his colleague on the stage.



"WHITE CARGO," AT THE PLAYHOUSE—A STUDY OF DEMORALISATION IN WEST AFRICA: THE DOCTOR (MR. HORACE HODGES) EXAMINES ASHLEY (MR. TEMPLER POWELL), RETURNING TO ENGLAND ON THE ARRIVAL OF LANGFORD (MR. BRIAN AHERNE), WHO LOOKS SPOTLESSLY CLEAN IN CONTRAST TO THE OLD STAGERS.

Mr. Leon Gordon's play, "White Cargo," represents life in West Africa as highly demoralising. Newcomers with ideals, it appears, gradually degenerate, become dirty and slovenly, and take to drink or native women. Above (left to right) are the Engineer (Mr. George D. Ayre), the Skipper (Mr. William Matthews), Langford, a new arrival (Mr. Brian Aherne), the Doctor (Mr. Horace Hodges), Ashley, the man who goes home (Mr. Templer Powell), the Missionary (Mr. Frank Lacy), Weston, the man who stays (Mr. Franklin Dyall), and (at back) Jim Fish (Chief Luale). The scene is in Act I, just after the arrival of a steamer.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]

"NOW GET BACK TO THE BUSH!"—WESTON (MR. FRANKLIN DYALL) PUNISHES THE HALF-BREED WOMAN POISONER, TONDELEYO (MISS MARY CLARE), IN "WHITE CARGO," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Weston catches Tondeleyo in the act of poisoning her English husband, Langford, and makes her drink her own dose. In the photograph Weston has the phial in his right hand.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*]

Mr. Walter de la Mare, in his preface to Ernest Milton's play, "Christopher Marlowe," rightly praises him for his courage. It is a great subject, a bold attempt—yet it is more than an attempt. It is an achievement. As I read this play; as I saw before me a complete reconstruction of a period in the Mermaid Tavern, with its lordlings, poets, roysterers; as I became engrossed in the love story, the plotting to free one of Queen Elizabeth's victims; as I beheld the Court, and the tragic-poetic figure of the hero, now in his cups, now lyrical in his passion, now ready for sacrifice for the sake of love—I felt centuries away from modernity. Had they told me that this play was found in the British Museum, the discovery of a hitherto unknown Elizabethan, I should have believed it. As a rule, I am no friend of what I would call period-plays by modern pens. All too readily I find the fly in the ointment—the effort to attune the mind and the word to times but known by hearsay and imagination. To me, most of these plays are masquerades—plausible perhaps, but rarely real. Not so in Milton's work. It has sprung from an inspiration imbued with knowledge, with passion, with sincerity. When he wrote it he would seem to have been detached from our days—living, revelling, thinking, speaking in bygone romance.

As it stands, the play is too elaborate: one feels that the author would have it printed as it burst forth from his imagination. But that, in this case, is a defect of a quality, an *embarras de richesse*, of which we would not spare a line in perusal; and on the stage the gentle art of excision can be practised without havoc. For this is essentially a play to be acted. It acts as one reads it. How much greater will be the effect when, in embodiment, all these figures come to life, with Christopher Marlowe as the centre of the tragedy—the poet doomed by fate never to rise to the fulness of his ideals!

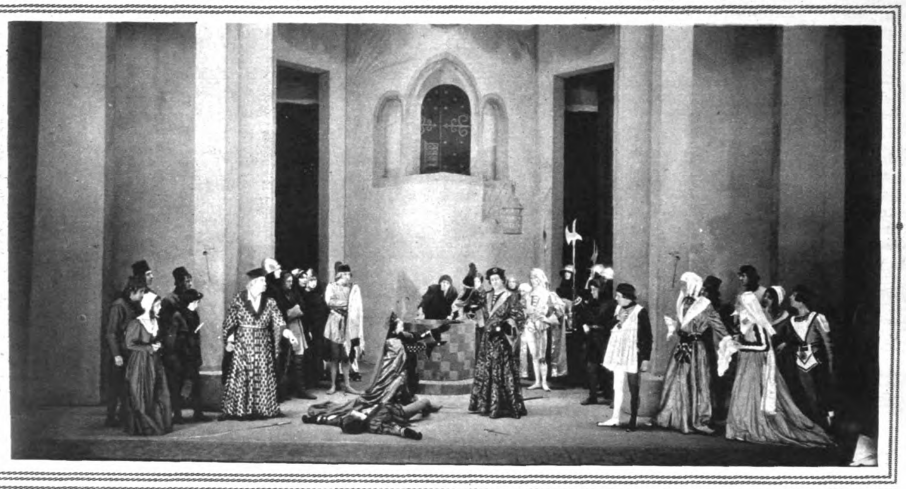
So much for the present. There is much more to be said for this momentous work, but let it be reserved for the day when it rises from the book (so sumptuously issued by the house of Constable) to the stage with Ernest Milton as the creator of his own creation.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHILD LOVERS: "ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE REGENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 2, 3, and 4 BY SASHA; NO. 5 BY YEVONNE GREGORY.

"SHALL I SPEAK ILL OF HIM THAT IS MY HUSBAND?" JULIET (MISS GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES) AND THE NURSE (MISS BARBARA GOTT).

THE NURSE (BARBARA GOTT), LADY CAPULET (MARIE HOUSLEY), JULIET (GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES), FRIAR LAURENCE (CAMPBELL GULLAN), CAPULET (GROSVENOR NORTH), AND PARIS (REX O'MALLEY).



"ROMEO SLEW TYBALT, ROMEO MUST NOT LIVE": ROMEO IS BANISHED AFTER THE STREET BRAWL.

THE SCENE IN THE TOMB: ROMEO (JOHN GIELGUD), JULIET (GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES), AND PARIS (REX O'MALLEY).

EXQUISITE IN HER IMPERSONATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S CHILD-HEROINE: MISS FFRANGÇON-DAVIES AS JULIET.

To produce "Romeo and Juliet" is always a daring theatrical venture, for Shakespeare's most famous love-tragedy makes great demands on the actor and actress who play its leading rôles. They must not only deliver the magic speeches with technical skill and suggest the atmosphere of high romance, but they must bring the very spirit of youth to the task, for Romeo and Juliet are, in reality, but a pair of children. In this respect—in the freshness and youth of the leading actors—the Regent production of "Romeo and Juliet" is notable. Many Juliets have been seen in London, but seldom can there have been a more enchanting one than that of Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies. Miss Davies, it will be remembered, gained great praise for her performance in the leading rôle of "The Immortal Hour," and was seen as Eve in George Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah."

THE "TRUE PORTRAIT" OF CHRIST: THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

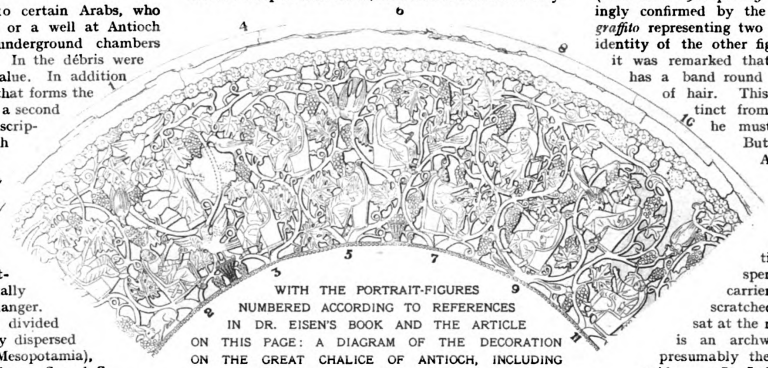
By ARTHUR BERNARD COOK, M.A.,
Reader in Classical Archæology to the University of Cambridge.

[*The following article is abridged from one by Mr. A. B. Cook in the "Cambridge Review." It will be noted that he assigns the Chalice to a slightly later period (the Flavian) in the first century than Dr. Eisen, and in a letter to us he writes: "The two figures of Christ are not, to my thinking, strictly portraits, but rather idealising presentments. . . . Dr. Eisen's attempts to identify (the figures) all strike me as highly ingenious, and in no case absolutely impossible."*]

"EARLY in the year 1910 certain Arabs, who were digging a cellar or a well at Antioch on the Orontes, lit upon underground chambers partially choked with débris. In the débris were embedded various objects of value. In addition to the chalice of carved silver that forms the theme of this article, there was a second chalice of plain silver with inscriptions of the sixth or seventh century A.D. . . . Since the spot where these objects were discovered was, according to local tradition, the site of an ancient Cathedral, it is clear that we have to do with a church treasure buried either accidentally by earthquake or intentionally to escape some threatened danger. The treasure trove, at first divided among the finders and widely dispersed (two pieces were carried off to Mesopotamia), was recovered piecemeal by Messrs. S. and C. Kouchakji and forwarded, shortly before the outbreak of the War, to Mr. G. Kouchakji in Paris. Here the principal chalice, coated with oxide to a thickness of several millimetres, was skilfully deoxidised by Mr. A. André in his *atelier* at No. 15, Rue Dufrénoy. He found the silver matrix already crystalline in texture and so brittle that he dared not rectify a compression of the cup caused by a blow received in ancient times. Shortly before the Battle of the Marne the chalice, for safety's sake, was sent over to Messrs. H. and F. Kouchakji in America. It is still in their studio at No. 707, Fifth Avenue, New York, though it may soon be returned to Paris as an heirloom of the Kouchakji family.

"Since 1915 the Chalice has been exhaustively studied by Dr. G. A. Eisen, formerly Curator of the California University Academy of Sciences. . . . Finally, he has crowned his labours by completing a magnificent monograph in two folio volumes — *The Great Chalice of Antioch*, New York, 1923, pp. 1—194, with a pair of diagrams and an atlas of sixty photogravures and etchings. The plates include three whole-page photographs — life-size, enlarged, and larger still—of every figure on the Chalice together with an attempted drawing of each head. It may be doubted whether any ancient *objet d'art* of equally small size has ever been examined with such minute care, described with such enthusiastic devotion, or published on so sumptuous a scale.

"The Chalice stands 0.19 m. in height and measured originally about 0.15 m. in diameter. It consists of three parts—an inner bowl rudely hammered out of a thick sheet of silver, the rim of which has been bent outwards over itself and left with uneven edge; an outer shell or container of carved open-work, for which the inner bowl serves as a background; and a support, comprising ball and foot, turned on the lathe out of a solid block of silver. The inner bowl is wholly unadorned and was, when found, quite distinct and separable from the outer shell: the two have since been cemented together for fear of breakage. . . . Twelve spaces are reserved in the foliage for as many seated persons, arranged in two horizontal alternating rows. These twelve persons fall into two distinct groups, of which one occupies the front, the other the back of the Chalice. On the obverse side Christ appears as a beardless man, enthroned, with a lamb standing at his right hand. Above his head descends the Spirit in the form of a dove. His arms are spread crosswise; and his right hand is extended towards a plate containing two fish, seven loaves, a head of wheat (?), and sundry leaflets of palm (?). Beneath his foot-stool an eagle with spread wings rests upon a basket of more than five loaves. And round him are ranged five of his followers, who turn towards him raising the right arm with a gesture of salutation. On the reverse side Christ is represented as a boy of twelve or so, sitting on a similar throne and holding in his left hand the roll of the law. He is again surrounded by five of his followers, who raise their arms as before. The disciples have undeniably portrait-heads deserving of close individual study. . . . Finally, the upper part of the shell is encircled by a narrow strip of thin silver, to which are attached fifty-seven rosettes interrupted by a single significant star. It should be noticed that the Chalice, long after it was made, came to be gilded, and that at two different dates. . . . There are no inscriptions on the Chalice. But, between the first and the second gildings, upon many, if not all, of the chairs were added poorly scratched *graffiti* representing a variety of emblems, which—if they can be deciphered—may aid in the difficult task of identifying the persons portrayed. . . .



WITH THE PORTRAIT-FIGURES NUMBERED ACCORDING TO REFERENCES IN DR. EISEN'S BOOK AND THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE: A DIAGRAM OF THE DECORATION ON THE GREAT CHALICE OF ANTIOCH, INCLUDING CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS OF CHRIST.

"This diagram . . . shows the separation of the two groups of five figures in each. The central figure (1) in the anterior group represents Christ the Saviour. The central figure (8) in the group on the reverse represents Christ as a Youth." The other figures are identified as: (2) St. Peter; (3) St. Paul; (4) St. Jude; (5) St. Andrew; (6) St. Luke; (7) St. Mark; (9) St. Matthew; (10) St. John; (11) St. James, the son of Zebedee; and (12) St. James the Lesser.

Reproduced from "The Great Chalice of Antioch," by Gustavus A. Eisen. International Copyright by the Publishers, Kouchakji Frères, New York.

"Satisfied that the two central figures 1 and 8 are indeed Christ as a man and Christ as a youth, Dr. Eisen next observed that 2 closely resembles St. Peter as portrayed in the Catacombs (Wilpert pl. 94) and in the Viale Manzoni Hypogeum at Rome (*Not. Scav.* 1920 p. 123 ff.)—an identification seemingly confirmed by the discovery on seat 2 of a *graffito* representing two crossed bars or keys. The identity of the other figures remained doubtful till it was remarked that number 6, unlike the rest, has a band round his head but no side-lock of hair. This suggested a Greek as distinct from a Jew, and in that case he must necessarily be St. Luke. But, if so, the figures are not all Apostles. Those grouped with St. Luke may then be St. Matthew (9), St. Mark (7), and St. John (10). At this point again *graffiti* were helpful. Tradition said that St. Mark had spent his youth as a water-carrier; and on his chair is scratched a water-jar. St. Matthew sat at the receipt of custom; his *graffito* is an archway with a circle above it, presumably the city-gate with a coin in evidence. St. Luke, as a physician, has for his emblem an obvious amulet. Again, if 10 is St. John, the other beardless figure (11) must be his brother, St. James the son of Zebedee. Moreover, St. Peter (2) would naturally be balanced by St. Paul (3), and the resemblance of the older man 5 to figure 2 suggested St. Peter's brother, St. Andrew. Lastly, it was surmised that figures 12 and 4, seated respectively on the right and left hand of Christ, are St. James, the Lord's brother, and St. Jude, his nearest relatives on earth. It is claimed that figure 12 alone is clad in linen, which would suit the tradition that James despised woollen clothes even in winter and habitually wore thin linen garments. . . .

"No vessel of exactly the same shape and proportions as the Antiochene Chalice is known of a date later than the first century A.D. Such cups proved to be top-heavy and were abandoned for others of a more stable sort.

"Again, many points of the Chalice design find their best parallels in the silver work of the first century. A cup in the Boscoreale treasure represents Augustus twice over, enthroned on the obverse face as master of the world, and seated on the reverse to receive the submission of the Germans: the pose of the former figure is almost exactly that of Christ on the Chalice (Reinach, *Répertoire de Reliefs* i. 92 ff.). Eminently characteristic of first-century relief is the natural rendering of plants and animals. . . . Whether the same can be said of the portrait-figures is more problematic. . . . On the whole it may be conceded that the style of the seated figures suits best the latter part of the first century A.D., the Flavian or at latest the Trajanic age.

"But Dr. Eisen, who has succeeded in making out a strong case for an early date, is prepared to go further in the same direction. . . . With the fall of Jerusalem Antioch became the main centre of Christianity in the East. And, if so, the inner bowl of the Chalice was, not improbably, brought thither from Jerusalem, where it may well have been the very vessel used in Apostolic times by the infant Church. Indeed, a presumption is raised that it was none other than the actual Cup of the Last Supper. No wonder that in the great Syrian capital, where the disciples were first called Christians, those who obtained possession of a relic so precious lavished all the resources of first-century art upon its external embellishment.

"In 341 A.D., when the 'Golden' Basilica of Antioch, begun by Constantine the Great and finished by his son Constantius II., was consecrated, the Chalice must have been one of its most cherished possessions. Some twenty years later, in 362, Julian, uncle of Julian the Apostate, came to Antioch, closed

[*Continued on page 1088.*

AS IT WAS BEFORE THE REMOVAL OF THE OXIDATION: THE CHALICE OF ANTIOCH IN THE CONDITION IN WHICH IT WAS FOUND—SHOWING (IN CENTRE) THE APOSTLE ST. JAMES THE LESSER.

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A BEARDLESS CHRIST: THE ANTIOCH CHALICE "PORTRAIT."

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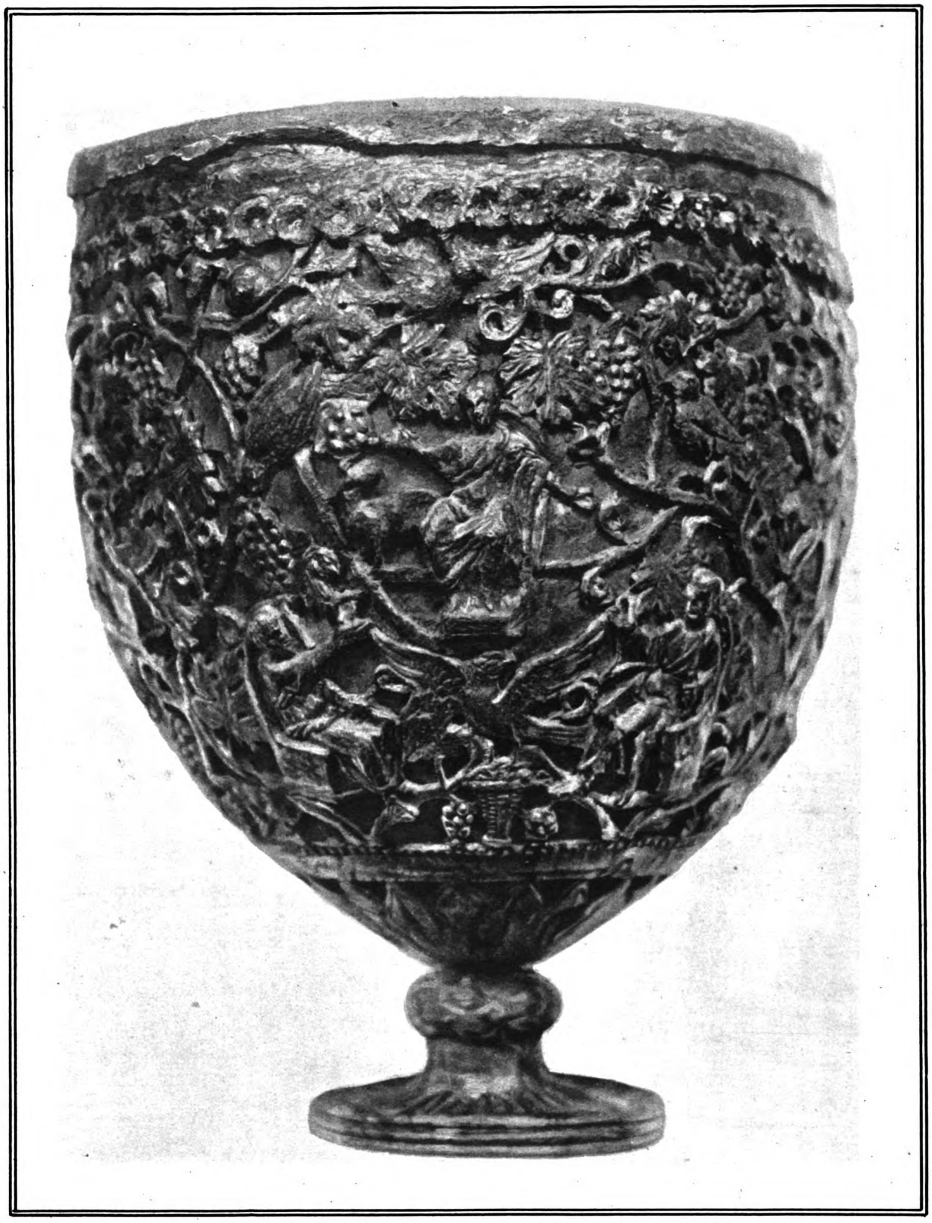

OF UNPARALLELED INTEREST IF WROUGHT BY A CONTEMPORARY ARTIST: THE FIGURE OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR (CENTRE), WITH THOSE OF ST. PETER (LEFT) AND ST. PAUL (RIGHT) BELOW, ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE (ACTUAL SIZE), ASCRIBED BY DR. EISEN TO THE TIME OF AUGUSTUS OR TIBERIUS.

The Antioch Chalice (described in the article opposite) is of extraordinary interest, since it is believed to contain authentic portraits of Christ and several of the Apostles by a contemporary artist who might have seen and known the originals. In his book, "The Great Chalice of Antioch," Dr. Eisen writes: "Figure 1, Christ the Saviour, is represented full face, dressed in a toga with the same identical folds as that of Augustus on the Augustus cup of the Boscoreale treasure. His beautiful and delicate features, together with the Star, the Dove, the Holy Ghost, the Plate, the Lamb, sustain the identification. His face is not distinctly Jewish. It is smooth and His hair is short, without locks. Figure 2, St. Peter, resembles his representation in the catacombs of Rome . . . according to his portrait in Viale Manzoni, in Rome, discovered a couple of years ago. Figure 3, St. Paul, occupies the next most important seat in relation to Christ; he possesses a refined and educated face, a judicial pose and dignity, and resembles strikingly the portrait identified as his in the Viale Manzoni. . . . The representations must be considered as authentic and actual portraits for several reasons. They were made at a time when most of the personages represented were yet alive. . . . The art of the Chalice is mainly Greek and Hellenistic, and connects directly with this art as practised by the best workers and designers of the Augustan era. . . . The Chalice date is determined by its form and proportions, which can alone belong to the time of Augustus, Tiberius, and Pompeii." Augustus died in A.D. 14; Tiberius reigned from 14 to 37 A.D.; Pompeii was destroyed in A.D. 79.

CONTAINING "THE ACTUAL CUP OF THE LAST SUPPER"?

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED FROM "THE GREAT CHALICE OF ANTIOCH," BY GUSTAVUS A. EISEN

"BOTH YOUTHFUL, WITH SMOOTH FACES": ST. JOHN (CENTRE) AND HIS BROTHER ST. JAMES THE GREATER (RIGHT BELOW), SONS OF ZEBEDEE, WITH ST. MATTHEW (LEFT).

WITH TYPICAL GREEK HEAD-BAND AND LACK OF HAIR-LOCK: ST. LUKE (CENTRE) AND (BELOW, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) ST. ANDREW AND ST. MARK.

"HIS RUSTIC FACE" AND MASSIVE FIGURE INDICATING THE WATER-CARRIER: ST. MARK (CENTRE), AND (ABOVE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) ST. LUKE AND CHRIST AS A YOUTH.

"HIS FACE . . . IS THAT OF A MAN OF BUSINESS . . . HIS MANTLE ARRANGED WITH REGULARITY": ST. MATTHEW (CENTRE) AND (ABOVE, L. TO R.) CHRIST AS A YOUTH AND ST. JOHN.

If, as has been suggested, the inner cup of the Antioch Chalice was the actual one used at the Last Supper, and the portrait-figures of Christ, with Apostles and Evangelists, on the outer carving were made, as seems probable, during the lifetime of some of the originals, in the early part of the first century, this Chalice is indeed a relic of unique sanctity and incomparable interest. In his monumental book, "The Great Chalice of Antioch" (the subject of the article on page 1058 of this number), Dr. Eisen describes it as "the earliest artistic Christian object known," and says that the figures on it "must be considered as authentic and actual portraits . . . made at a time when most of the personages represented were yet alive." Details of the figure of Christ the Saviour, illustrated on page 1059, are quoted there, along with those of St. Peter and St. Paul. "It was easy," writes Dr. Eisen, "to recognise Christ in Figure 1 (the reference numbers accord with the diagram on page 1058), St. Peter in Figure 2, and the youthful Christ in Figure 8, but the identity of the others remained doubtful until it was discovered that Figure 6 possessed a band round his head, but no hair-lock

THE ANTIOCH CHALICE, WITH "AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS."

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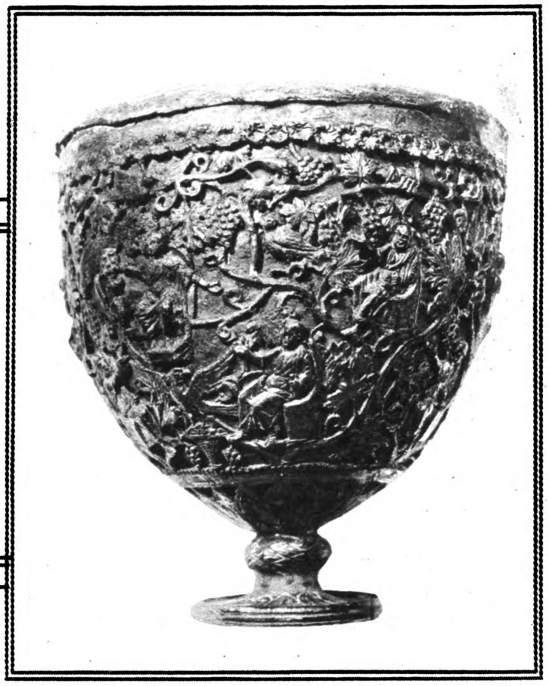
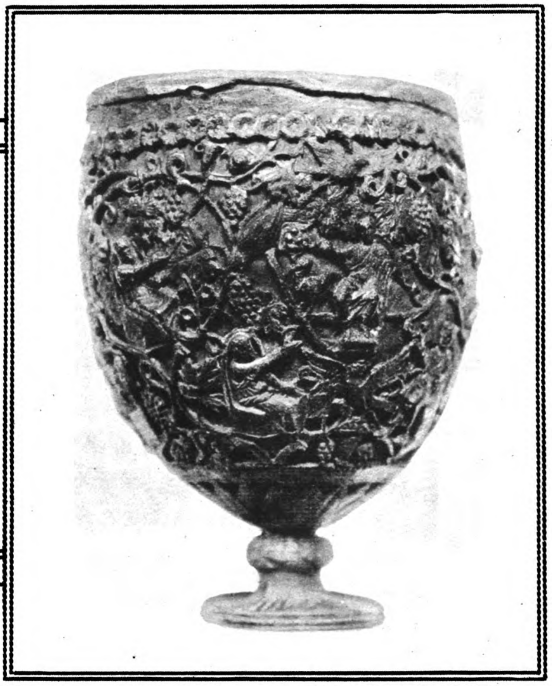
SHOWING THE NEW LAW (AN OPEN SCROLL IN HIS LEFT HAND) TO THE EVANGELISTS: CHRIST AS A YOUTH, AND (BELOW, L. TO R.) ST. MARK AND ST. MATTHEW.



"A REFINED AND EDUCATED FACE": ST. PAUL (IN THE CENTRE), AND (ABOVE FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) FIGURES OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR AND ST. JUDE.

"THE FIRST CALLED BY CHRIST TO APOSTLESHIP": ST. ANDREW (CENTRE), BROTHER OF ST. PETER, AND (ABOVE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) ST. JUDE AND ST. LUKE.



WITH KEYS (A *GRAFFITO* OF LATER DATE) SCRATCHED ON THE SIDE OF HIS CHAIR: ST. PETER (CENTRE) AND (ABOVE, L. TO R.) ST. JAMES THE LESS AND CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

at the side of the neck like nine of the others. This indicated that Figure 6 was a Greek and the nine others were Jewish. The only Greek possible was St. Luke, which proved that we had before us not a group of Apostles, none of whom was a Greek, but probably the four Evangelists. This led at once to the identification of Mark, Matthew, and John, the three other Evangelists, and also indicated that St. Paul was represented by Figure 3, and that Figures 12 and 4 were St. James the Lesser and St. Jude, the two nearest relatives of Christ on earth. The position of Figures 5 and 11 indicated that they were important personages in the early Church, and most likely St. Andrew and St. James the Greater, respectively brothers of Peter and John. . . . St. James the Lesser is identified by his dress, which, according to Eusebius, was always of linen, never of wool. . . . St. Andrew, the first called by Christ to Apostleship, is the oldest on the Chalice. . . . St. Mark's rustic face and mouth, and his enormously developed shoulders, hips, legs, and feet, support the statement, in the History of the Patriarchs of the Alexandrian Church, that he was a water-carrier in his youth."

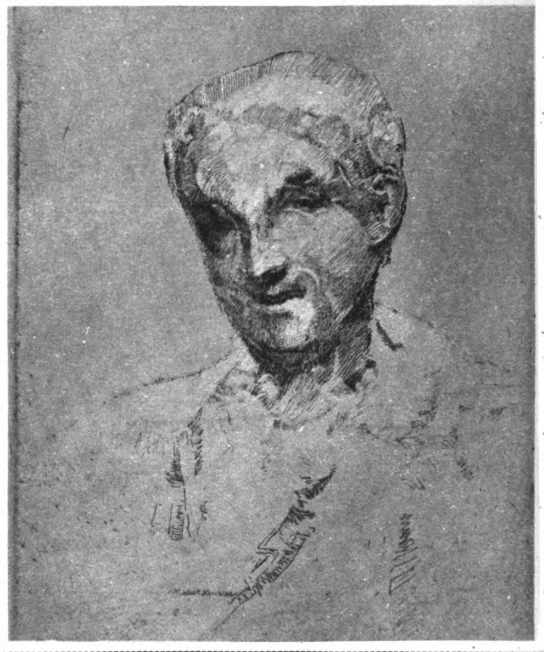
THE AUTHENTIC CHRIST? ANTIOCH CHALICE FIGURES; AND ETCHINGS.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE GREAT CHALICE OF ANTIOCH," BY GUSTAVUS A. EISEN. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BY KOUCHAKJI FRÈRES, NEW YORK. ETCHINGS BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.

BELIEVED TO BE AN ALMOST CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT: CHRIST AS A YOUTH, DISPLAYING THE SCROLL OF THE NEW LAW—A FIGURE IN THE STYLE OF SCOPAS, ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

A MODERN STUDY FROM THE FIGURE OF THE YOUTHFUL CHRIST ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE: AN ORIGINAL ETCHING ON COPPER, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.

"THE ACTUAL FEATURES"? THE BEARDLESS FIGURE OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE, WITH THE LAMB, DOVE, AND PLATE OF LOAVES AND FISHES.



A MODERN STUDY FROM THE FIGURE OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE: AN ORIGINAL ETCHING ON COPPER, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.

The deepest interest of the Antioch Chalice centres, of course, in the two figures of Christ, in manhood as the Saviour, and as a youth about the age of twelve. If, as is believed, they are veritable portraits, they change completely the traditional type of the head, always hitherto represented with a beard. Of the younger figure, Dr. Eisen says in his book, "The Great Chalice of Antioch": "The remarkable face is in the style of the sculptor Scopas, indicating that the artist had studied the great works of that Greek master. Christ is here symbolically displaying the scroll of the Law to the four Evangelists seated around him, thereby, as it were, prophesying his own future mission." The arrangement of the vines enclosing the figure is said to be similar to that in the ancient use of the water divining-rod. Over the figure of Christ in manhood is a dove, and just below the right hand (on the left in the photograph) is a lamb, with the plate of loaves and fishes above it. "The head and face," writes Dr. Eisen, "though worn, are still marvellous in expression. . . . The chin appears beardless. . . . The expression of this marvellously executed face seems to vibrate with ecstasy. If ever divine beauty and spirituality have been expressed by an artist, they are here mingled in a manner rarely, if ever, seen in sculpture and painting. Indeed, this face shows a strong personality and individuality that help to convince us that these are the actual features of Christ the Saviour."

ROYALTY AT THE FLOWER SHOW: ROCK GARDENS AND FORMAL GARDENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF GARDENS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." THAT OF THE ROYAL PARTY BY G.P.U.

A PRIZE-WINNING FORMAL GARDEN: THE EXHIBIT OF MESSRS. W. H. GAZE AND SONS, OF KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

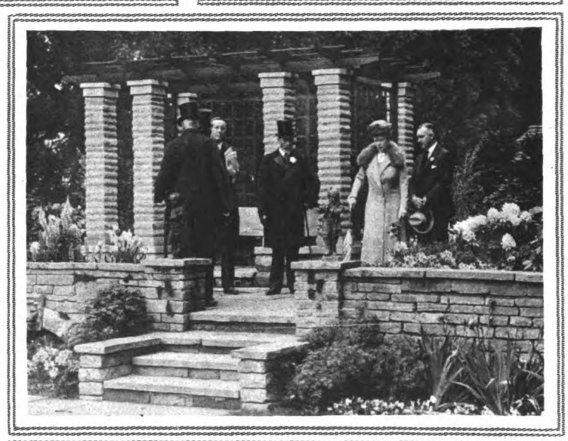
ALSO AWARDED A PRIZE AMONG THE FORMAL GARDENS: THAT SHOWN BY MESSRS. J. CHEAL AND SONS, OF CRAWLEY.

WITH THE NATURAL EFFECT OF A MOORLAND STREAM: A ROCK-GARDEN BY MESSRS. S. PULHAM.

WITH PICTURESQUE STONEWORK AND STATUARY: A FORMAL GARDEN BY ITALIA HOUSE, WIGMORE ST.

WITH ROCK-WORK OF DERBYSHIRE MILLSTONE GRIT: A ROCK GARDEN BY MESSRS. HODSON, OF NOTTINGHAM.

WITH A POWERFUL FOUNTAIN SUITABLE FOR A LARGE GARDEN, AND FLOWERING BUSHES: A FORMAL GARDEN BY MESSRS. CARTER, OF RAYNES PARK.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE PRIZE-WINNING FORMAL GARDEN OF MESSRS. R. NEAL AND SONS.

The King and Queen visited the great Spring Flower Show of the Royal Horticultural Society at Chelsea on the opening day, May 26. Their Majesties were much interested in all they saw, and on leaving expressed their delight in the wonderful exhibits. Other royal visitors present on the same day were Prince Henry, the Duke of Connaught, Queen Marie of Roumania, and the Infanta Beatrice of Spain. Among the formal gardens, the highest awards were given to those of Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons, of Kingston-on-Thames, Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons, of Crawley, Sussex, and Messrs. R. Neal and Sons, of Trinity Road, London, S.W. The first award for rock-gardens, with the Society's gold medal, went to Messrs. T. R. Hayes and Sons, of Keswick.

THE ART OF SIME: A FANTASY OF SEA AND STORM.

FROM THE DRAWING BY S. H. SIME. (COPYRIGHT.)

"THE SHIP COMES HOME": BY S. H. SIME—A CHARACTERISTIC VISION OF THAT GREAT IMAGINATIVE ARTIST, WHOSE FIRST PUBLIC EXHIBITION WAS RECENTLY OPENED IN LONDON.

Mr. Sidney H. Sime, whose wonderful imaginative fantasies have often figured in our pages, is an artist with a great reputation among a devoted following, but one who has not hitherto sought publicity or courted academic honours. It was all the more interesting therefore to learn that his first public exhibition was to open at the St. George's Gallery, in George Street, Hanover Square, on June 5. Writing of him in our issue of November 25, 1922, Major Haldane Macfall not only claimed him as "amongst the outstanding genius of our age" in art, but declared further that "Sime is one of the most exquisite, as he is one of the most original, poets of our time. I know no man's letters written with such uncalculated mastery over literary expression. Sime creates literature as a bird

(*Continued opposite.*

THE ART OF SIME: A FANTASY OF THE CHASE IN ELFLAND.

FROM THE DRAWING BY S. H. SIME IN "THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER," BY LORD DUNSANY. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

"HUNTING THE UNICORN": MR. S. H. SIME'S WONDERFUL FRONTISPIECE TO LORD DUNSANY'S NEW FANTASTIC STORY, "THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER."

(Continued.)

sings—I sometimes wonder whether he ever knows that he is creating it—he flings you off a prose poem in a letter ,for the burning." Thus, he describes his drawing above (on the left-hand page) entitled "The Ship Comes Home," in the following characteristic fragment: "With stored memories of the many-voiced sea: tumult, shock and moaning—carol and lullaby with rage thrashing, heaving, tossing, rolling; and soft syren flutings murmuring in the green caverns of ocean. Kissing and smiting the frowning rocks, in utter abandon howling with desolation; chanting deep bass to the dome of heaven and the divining stars—and soft melodies to the moon. Sing no song of the sea, for the sounding sea shall sing forever its own song. With many memories the ship comes home at long last to its long home." Both as poet and artist, Mr. Sime has a humorous vein which was delightfully displayed by his collaboration with Mr. Josef Holbrooke in a book of nonsense verse and music for children called "Bogey Beasts" (noticed in our issue of February 23). With Lord Dunsany, of course, he has long collaborated as illustrator of the latter's fantastic fairy tales, which afford the happiest inspiration for the artist's pencil. An early series of these tales, with the inimitable Sime drawings, appeared some years ago in the pages of our house-mate, the "Sketch." The latest example of this happy partnership is Lord Dunsany's new book. "The King of Elfland's Daughter," a story of a famous hunter, who has many strange adventures in the magic forest. We reproduce above Mr. Sime's exquisite frontispiece, "Hunting the Unicorn," which indicates the character of the tale.

"SEWN IN FROM HEAD TO FOOT": THE IGNORANT KAISER.

"TWELVE YEARS AT THE IMPERIAL GERMAN COURT." By COUNT ROBERT ZEDLITZ-TRÜTZSCHLER.*

SO Brummellised of body was Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia that a fainting attack on parade merely confirmed suspicion when it was found that "nothing could be undone, since he was sewn in from head to foot." Remembering, History may mitigate the vagaries of the All Highest William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, an apostle of absolutism swathed in egotism: "he was sewn in from head to foot" by sycophants who had forgotten how to walk any way but backwards and won tolerance or favour by holding office without opinion and parroting "At your service" and "As your Majesty commands."

His faults were not altogether of his own making, although, obviously, he had a natural aptitude for imperiousness. Count Robert Zedlitz-Trützschler echoed sane summings-up when he wrote: "Unfortunately it is an inevitable consequence of the life of a man in a position so exalted as William the Second's, that every path is more or less made smooth for him, and that he must, to the end of his days, remain ignorant of much that ordinary mortals learn only through the constant struggle to cope with the difficulties of life. There can be no other explanation of the Emperor's profound ignorance of the world, of his utter inability to judge men aright, his arrogance, his obstinacy, his overweening vanity, his readiness to lend an ear to adroit flattery. These are the reasons why in many respects he has never grown up."

With equal truth, he added: "How different was the development of the Emperor's near relative, King Edward VII., whose natural gifts were so similar. At a very early age he shook off the cramping shackles of court constraint. . . . In intercourse on equal terms with friends of his own age he had to swallow many a blunt word, and, in association with other young men at play and in their common enjoyments, he won through to knowledge of mankind and experience of life. . . . In such differences of education and manners of life lay the deep roots of those misunderstandings between the two rulers, which were destined to be so fatal to Germany."

It was, in fact, Man of the World *versus* King of the Court. And the King of the Court became almost as a King's Jester, more regal than his royal master, yet a figure of fun! The game of Fool the Emperor went on merrily.

Such "news" as William II. read was supplied in snippets by his Foreign Office or by the Ministry most concerned; his sport was so ingeniously controlled that he could not fail to have a good bag; none told him the truth, for he was repelled by it; even his much-boomed Kadinen Brick Works were subsidised and then lost money, although he was convinced of their commercial success; and the report that one of his cows was yielding forty litres of milk a day enthralled him! As for manœuvres, they were a spectacular farce. "You must not go too far." "You must stage-manage a fine show." "He prefers massed attacks." "The main battle must be here, because cavalry cannot attack anywhere else." Those were the orders. Men and horses were held in secret reserve, to act as substitutes for the weary, that the endurance of the troops might seem unsurpassable; regiments arrived by train and were kept hidden in billets until the appointed time, that they might not show signs of the arduous marches they were supposed to have undertaken; and there is the story of the Pioneers. Count Robert noted, in 1908: "Some days ago we had a conference with Major von K., of the Headquarters Staff, about the manœuvres. I gathered the information that in future a company of the Pioneers of the Guard is always to be present at the Imperial Manœuvres, which this year are in Alsace. The reason was that last year the boiler in the bathroom of the Emperor's quarters was not in order." Thus the War Lord went forth to battle!

Can it, then, be wondered at that the Kaiser und König thought grandiosely; that he could counter a doctor who called an Imperial indisposition "a little cold" by drawing himself up to his full height and saying seriously: "A big cold; everything with me is big"; that whenever he went to hear "The Flying Dutchman" at the Opera he donned naval uniform; and that he was so enamoured of his colonelcies of foreign regiments that, according to the narrator, "the way in which he kept up relations with his English Regiment (the 1st Royal Dragoons) bothered the authorities in London so much that they sent it to India, although it was one of those which had the privilege of always being stationed at home except in war time."

Well might the Empress Frederick say, in 1905: "Pray do not believe for a moment that my son ever does anything for any other reason but vanity." Well might von Tschirschky say, a year later: "We are all the Emperor's victims: he is our cross."

Yet, in fairness, it must be recalled that, despite his frequent boorishness, his horse-play, his caprices, his unconquerable desire to travel from home trammels, his mailed fist, his indiscretions of speech, his dangerous, undiplomatic telegrams, his inordinate love of the garish, he had personal magnetism and a superficial knowledge of many things which impressed his hearers; he was a keen observer with a royal memory; he was sincerely religious; and his devotion to his conception of his duty was strong even to obsession. Had he been better balanced, he would have made his country; as it was he broke it.

Such was the ruler who found in Edward VII. an antithesis, and in England a potential enemy. Count Robert is enlightening on his master's views between 1903 and 1910.

The Dogger Bank incident between this country and Russia, in 1904, led the Kaiser to remark: "There can be no question of any action of the German Fleet against the British Fleet. The English Fleet has such numerical superiority that the German Fleet, even if it were led with the utmost skill and showed the greatest courage, even if it were sacrificed entirely, could only destroy one-half of England's sea-power; consequently the English with their undisputed superiority could completely blockade our coasts. It would be a crime to sacrifice the German Fleet. On the other hand, since the relations between France and England are so cordial that they may almost be called allies, we should, in this serious situation, keep on good terms with England, and attack France." Upon which the Count commented in his diary: "This eccentric proposal is characteristic of him, and shows how even an intellect as powerful as that of the Emperor can be entirely captured and misled by imagination. England would surely like nothing better than to see us embroiled with France, for Germany, which is England's strongest competitor in the world market, would then have her hands full. If Germany were thus paralysed, and if, in addition, England had a pretext for blockading the German coast, she would be entirely rid of the competition which is so troublesome to her. In other words, the solution of the difficulty which the Emperor suggested would be the worst possible for Germany, and so favourable for England that she herself could hardly dare to hope for it."

A little later is the note: "The Emperor is particularly fond of letting his imagination dwell on what would happen if the Baltic Fleet were to cruise round Africa instead of the Far East, and suddenly to descend on the coast of India, which is practically unprotected. In his heart of hearts he is not at all well disposed to England, and therefore loves to busy himself with thoughts of a possible revolution in India, and peace at any price with Japan, to be followed by a Russian invasion from the north-west."

In February 1910, we find: "Yesterday his Majesty expressed the opinion that England was played out; that the upper classes of society were utterly demoralised, that corruption and incapacity were rampant in the Army and Navy, and worst of all, that the industrial and economic life of the British Empire was in a state of stagnation. This, he said, showed how, in her development, England had arrived at a state of hypertrophy, and would be unable to keep her place in the competition among nations. Everywhere the growing deterioration was glaringly evident, and the world would see the decay and ruin of the British World-Empire proceed at alarming speed."

On the more personal side, under the date Oct. 10, 1905: "Yesterday the Emperor told us that he had requested Lascelles, the English Ambassador, to ask the King of England whether he wished to pick a quarrel, or why else he had travelled through Germany without taking any notice of him. Lascelles had been instructed by the King of England to answer: 'The King is annoyed because the Emperor is always spreading gossip about him all over Europe, and therefore felt he could not visit him.' This reminds me that not long ago Count Eulenburg said to Sir F. Lascelles: 'There was a time when you were always so agreeable and cordial to us, but now you seem to be just the opposite.' The British Ambassador answered with a friendly smile: 'If I had told London everything that your All Highest master has said, we should have had war between England and Germany at least twenty times.'"

So one might quote on many themes, and demonstrate in detail how the official "straws" showed which way the Imperial "wind" blew! It was all very like "The Emperor's New Clothes"! Suffice it to recommend Count Robert's "dialogue with himself" as an artless, impartial, enlightening narrative which has special value in that it has not been retouched since it was written pessimistically in the days before the Great War. E. H. G.

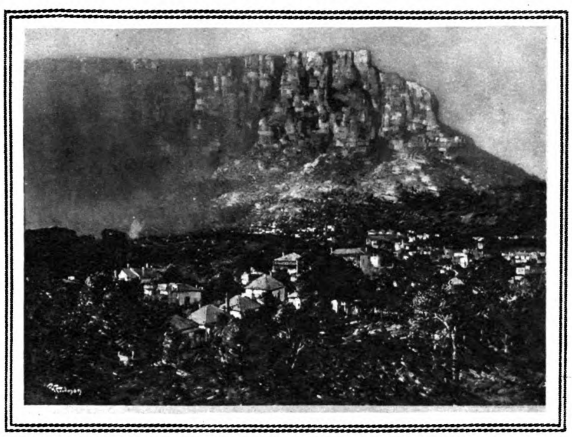
ITALIAN GRAND OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL SINGERS. "Rigoletto" was the opera chosen to open the Italian portion of the Grand Opera season at Covent Garden, on June 4, with Mme. Maria Ivoguen as Gilda, Miss Virginia Perry as Maddalena, and Mr. Joseph Hislop as Il Duca. "Tosca" was fixed for the 5th, with Mr. Alfred Piccaver as Mario Cavaradossi.

Photograph No. 1 by S'Ora, Vienna; No. 2 by Vaughan and Freeman; No. 4 by De Marchi Carlo, Milan; No. 5 by Flodin; and No. 6 by Apeda, New York.

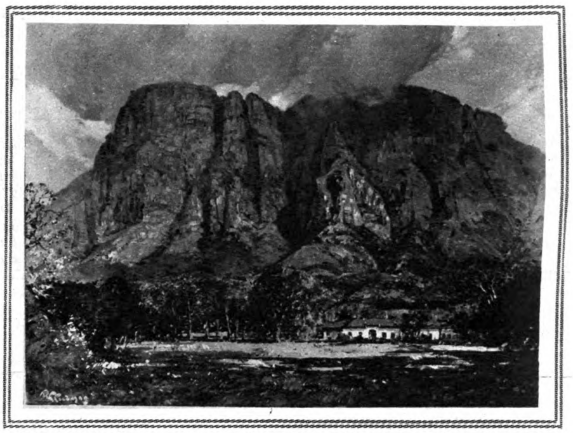
* "Twelve Years at the Imperial German Court." By Count Robert Zedlitz-Trützschler, former Controller of the Household of William II. (Nisbet and Co.; 15s. net.)

THE GRANDEUR OF SOUTH AFRICA: A CAPE ARTIST'S SUNLIT PICTURES.

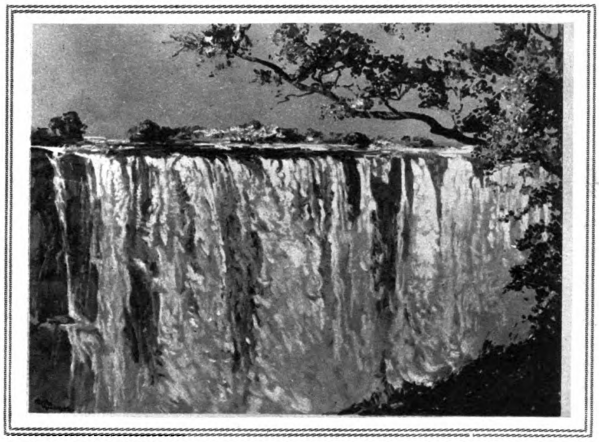
FROM THE PAINTINGS BY MR. R. GIVELO GOODMAN, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.



WITHOUT ITS "CLOTH" OF CLOUD: "DAWN ON TABLE MOUNTAIN," AN OIL PAINTING BY R. GIVELO GOODMAN.

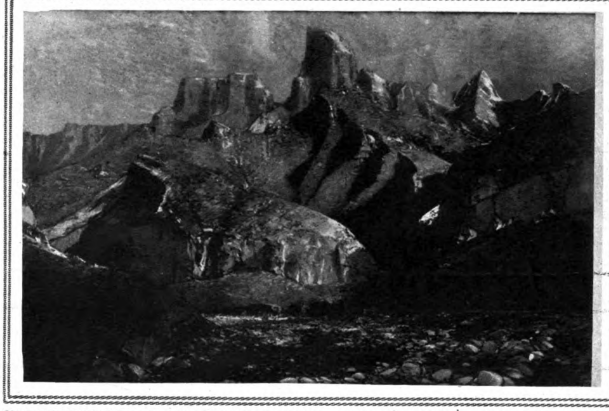


WITH ITS "CLOTH" OF CLOUD: "TABLE MOUNTAIN, FROM NEWLANDS," AN OIL PAINTING BY R. GIVELO GOODMAN.



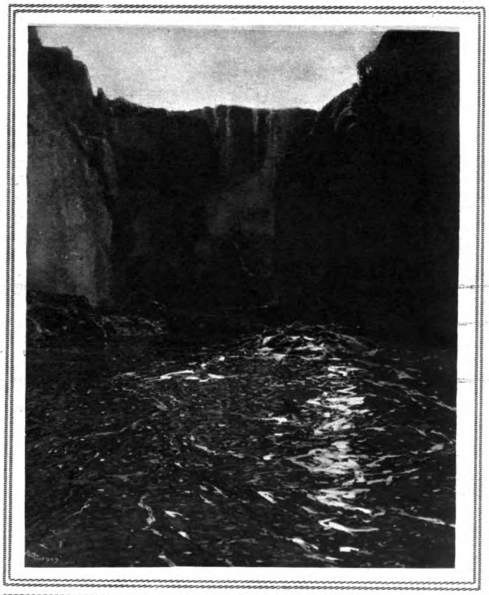
SOUTH AFRICA'S MIGHTY CATARACT: "THE GREAT FALLS," AN OIL PAINTING OF THE VICTORIA FALLS, BY R. GIVELO GOODMAN.

CLOSELY RESEMBLING THE SOUTH AFRICAN PAVILION AT WEMBLEY: "GROOTE CONSTANTIA," THE FAMOUS HOME OF SIMON VAN DER STAL—AN OIL PAINTING.



SOUTH AFRICA'S GRAND MOUNTAIN SCENERY: "THE SENTINEL," ON THE GREAT DRAKENSBERG —A PASTEL BY R. GIVELO GOODMAN, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.

The King and Queen recently paid a private visit to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, to see the remarkable pictures of South Africa by Mr. R. Givelo Goodman, who hails from that country. His home is at Newlands House, formerly Government House, six miles from Cape Town, from which, as one of the above illustrations shows, he has a magnificent view of Table Mountain. Their Majesties were especially impressed by the wonderful effect of South African sunshine which the artist has succeeded in imparting to his work. The pictures, it may be mentioned, are not for sale, and several of them have been lent for the Exhibition by their owners, including Mr. Walter Butcher, Mr. A. Buchanan, and Mr. Colin Lawrence. The South African Pavilion at Wembley (illustrated in our issue of May 24) bears a close resemblance to the famous house, Groote Constantia, seen above.

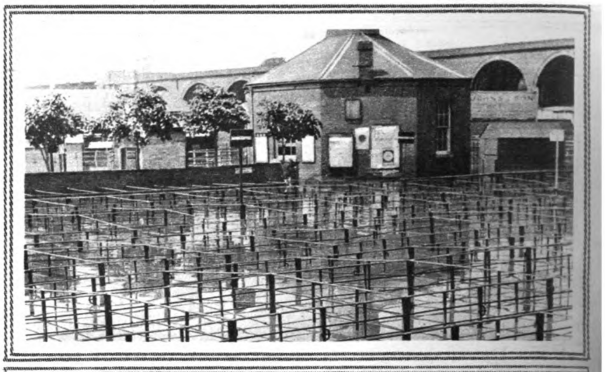


"THE SOUND OF SMOKING WATERS": RAPIDS IN THE PRECIPITOUS RAVINE BELOW THE VICTORIA FALLS—A PASTEL.

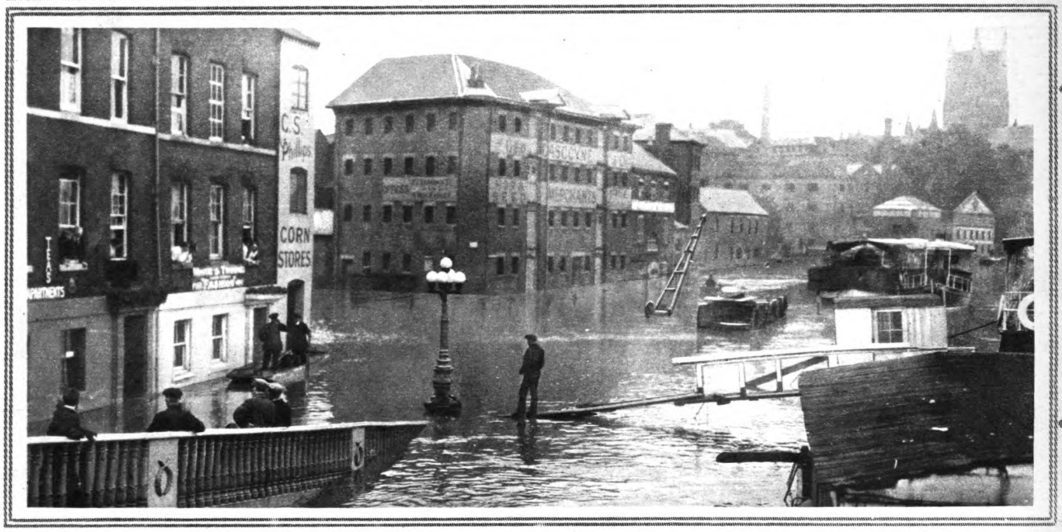
"AND THE FLOODS CAME": REMARKABLE SCENES AT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B.

WITH WATER REACHING THE ROOFS OF THE MARQUEES: THE FLOODED SITE OF THE THREE COUNTIES AGRICULTURAL SHOW, NEAR WORCESTER.

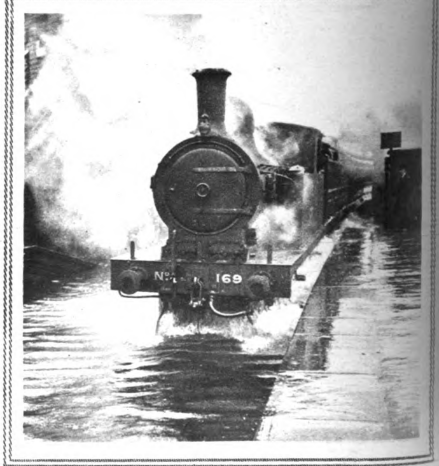


ABANDONED OWING TO THE FLOODS: THE THREE COUNTIES' AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT PITCHCROFT—THE CATTLE MARKET PENS UNDER WATER.



VENETIAN SCENES IN WORCESTER OWING TO THE WORST FLOOD EXPERIENCED FOR NEARLY FORTY YEARS: HOUSES INUNDATED, STREETS CONVERTED INTO CANALS, AND PEOPLE GOING ABOUT IN BOATS AND PUNTS.

SHOWING THE WATER APPROACHING TWO WALL-PLATES RECORDING THE HIGH-WATER MARKS OF FLOODS IN 1796 AND 1886: A BOY WADING IN WORCESTER.



FLOODS IN NORTHUMBERLAND: A TRAIN ENTERING THE STATION AT SEATON DELAVAL, WHERE THE TRACK WAS THREE FEET UNDER WATER OVER A WIDE AREA.

The exceptional rainfall of recent weeks caused extensive floods and much damage in various parts of the country. Worcester and the surrounding districts suffered especially from the overflowing of the Severn and its tributary the Teme. The Severn rose 19 ft. within 24 hours, and caused an enormous volume of water to flow through the city. There has not been a disaster on such a scale for nearly forty years, as indicated by the two wall-plates shown in the left-hand illustration in the lower row above. The inscription on the smaller left-hand plate reads: "On 14 May 1886 the flood rose to the lower edge of this plate." That on the larger plate adjoining it is: "On 12 February 1796 the flood rose to the lower edge of this plate." The Three Counties Agricultural

ORCESTER AND ELSEWHERE CAUSED BY THE RECENT RAINS.

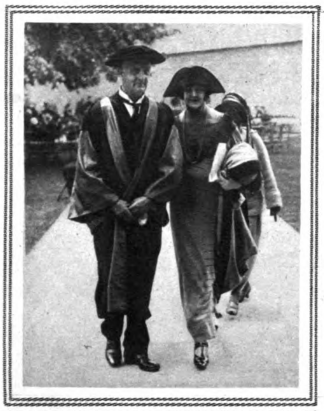
"TIMES," AND TOPICAL.

WITH A SWAN IN HIS ELEMENT, AND PEOPLE ENTERING THEIR HOMES, BY LADDERS FROM BOATS, THROUGH THE FIRST-FLOOR WINDOWS: A FLOOD SCENE IN WORCESTER, WHERE THE WATER WAS THREE FEET DEEP ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF HOUSES, WITH FURNITURE FLOATING ABOUT.

how near Worcester had to be abandoned, since, as seen in our photograph, the water on the show-ground reached to the roofs of the tents and marquees. ons of timber were drifting about, and some of the wooden buildings floated bottom upwards. In Worcester itself the electricity supply was cut off, through ater entering the power station, and the tramway services were completely stopped. Hundreds of houses were inundated to a depth of three feet on the round floor, where furniture floated about, and the inhabitants were driven to the upper rooms, which they entered through the windows by ladders from boats. he streets became canals, and the city took on the aspect of Venice. Similar scenes occurred in Herefordshire, Durham, and Northumberland.

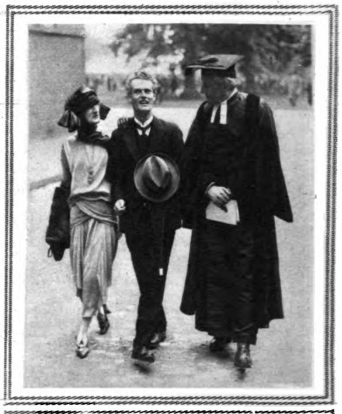
WINCHESTER COLLEGE HONOURS ITS 500 DEAD: THE NEW WAR CLOISTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., FARRINGDON PHOTO CO., AND H. W. SALMON, WINCHESTER.

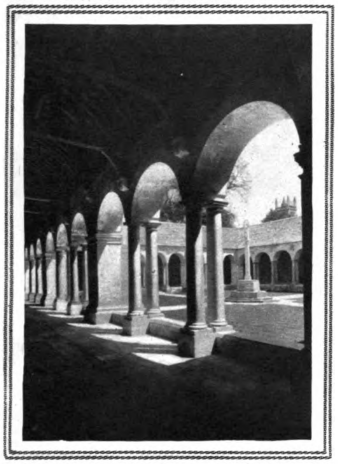


SPEAKER IN REPLY TO THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: LORD GREY OF FALLODON, WITH LADY GREY.

DEDICATOR OF THE NEW CLOISTER: BISHOP TALBOT (CENTRE) FORMERLY BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, WITH THE PRESENT BISHOP, IN THE PROCESSION.

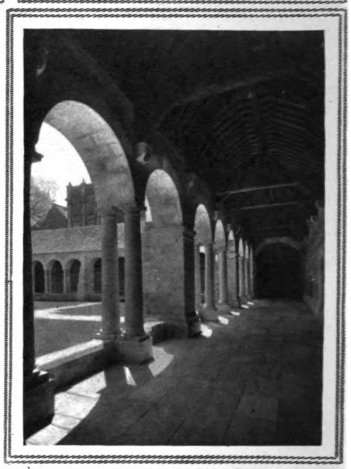


THE HEADMASTER OF ETON AT WINCHESTER: DR. ALINGTON, WITH MRS. ASQUITH AND MR. ANTHONY ASQUITH.



BUILT TO COMMEMORATE 500 OLD WYKEHAMISTS WHO FELL IN THE WAR: THE NEW CLOISTER — THE WEST AISLE.

SHOWING PART OF THE INSCRIPTION ON THE INNER WALL: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CLOISTER WITH THE CENTRAL MEMORIAL CROSS.



DESIGNED AS AN ENTRANCE TO THE SCHOOL FOR COMMONERS IN KEEPING WITH THE OLDER ARCHITECTURE: THE NEW CLOISTER.

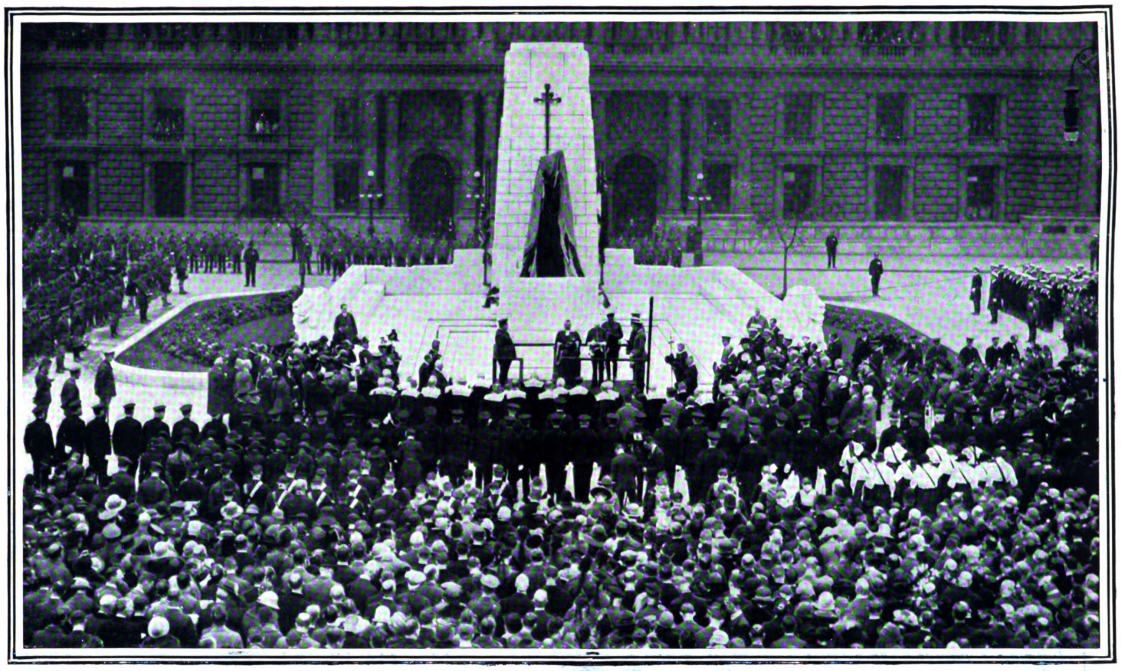
THE ROYAL OPENER: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (CENTRE) BETWEEN LORD SELBORNE (LEFT), WARDEN, AND DR. M. J. RENDALL (RIGHT), HEADMASTER, WALKING IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE NEW MEMORIAL CLOISTER.

SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) IN SECOND ROW, LORD SELBORNE, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND THE HEADMASTER, AND, IN THE FRONT ROW, GENERAL SEELY, MR. H. A. L. FISHER, AND LORD GREY: THE PROCESSION.

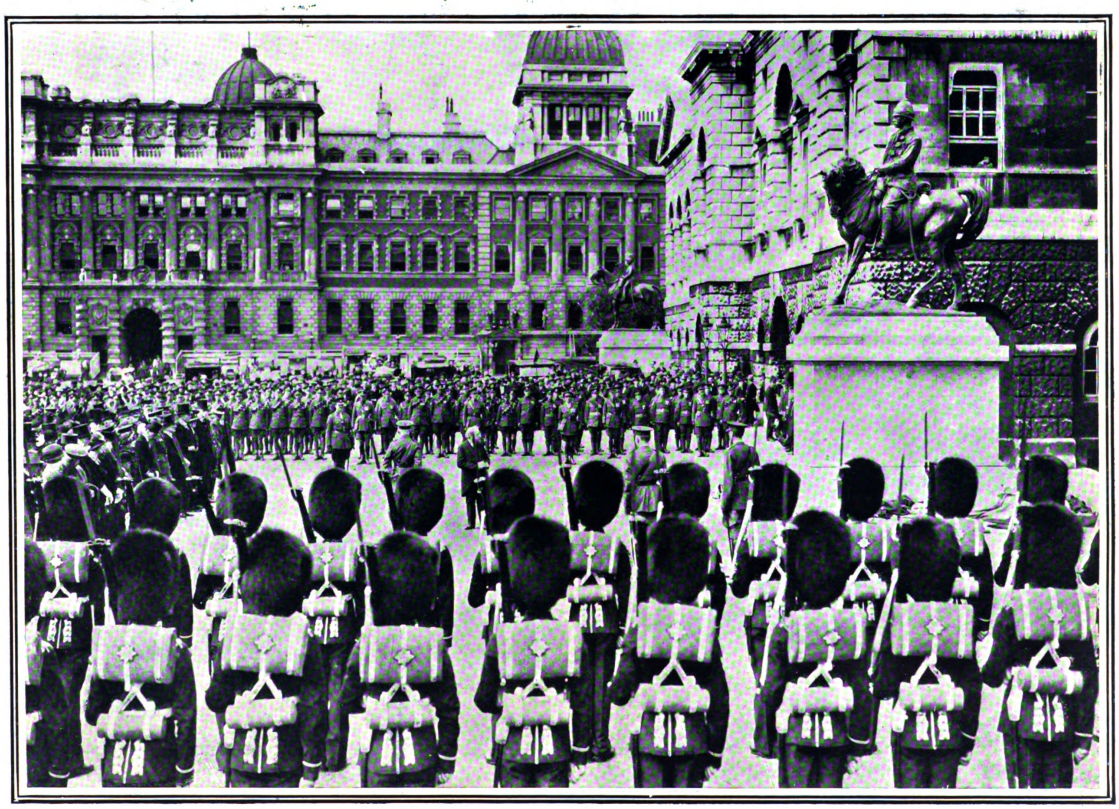
The Winchester College War Cloister was opened by the Duke of Connaught and dedicated by Bishop Talbot, formerly Bishop of Winchester, on May 31. Among those present were the Earl of Selborne, Warden of the College; Viscount Grey of Fallodon; the Headmaster, Dr. M. J. Rendall; the Headmaster of Eton, Dr. Alington; Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, ex-Minister of Education; Major-General Seely, M.P., Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire; and Mrs. Asquith, with her son Anthony. The Duke of Connaught in the course of his speech said: "Five hundred, alas, paid the last tribute and fell on the field of battle. There were 2330 who went out from Winchester. . . . Besides the 500 killed, 450 were wounded, 870 were decorated, and 4 Victoria Crosses were gained." Lord Grey spoke to thank the Duke of Connaught for opening the Cloister. This new Cloister was erected with the money remaining over after provision had been made for the education of the sons of Wykehamists who fell in the war, and a new monolith altar had been placed in the Chapel. The architect was Mr. Herbert Baker, A.R.A., and the sculptors, Messrs. Alfred Turner and Charles Wheeler. Speaking of the Cloister, the architect says it was inspired by an ideal "to create an entrance through which Commoners on entering the School grounds should be brought under architectural influences to some small degree comparable with those designed by the founder." Inside on the walls are the tablets recording the names and regimental particulars of the 500 who fell. Right round the inner wall is an inscription composed by the Headmaster beginning: "Thanks be to God for the service of these 500 Wykehamists who were found faithful unto death amid the manifold chances of the Great War." The inscription forms a frieze 9 ft. from the ground, and is in 11-inch letters of Lombardic Script.

THE ONE; AND THE TWENTY THOUSAND: MEMORIALS OF VALOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., AND G.P.U.



IN HONOUR OF 20,000 GLASGOW MEN WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR, OUT OF THE 200,000 FROM THAT CITY WHO SERVED: THE CENOTAPH IN GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW, UNVEILED BY FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG.



IN HONOUR OF A GREAT SOLDIER, WHO DIED IN FRANCE WITHIN SOUND OF THE BRITISH GUNS: THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LORD ROBERTS UNVEILED ON THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Glasgow sent 200,000 men to the Great War, and of these 20,000 laid down their lives. They are commemorated by the fine granite Cenotaph unveiled by Earl Haig in George Square, Glasgow, on May 31. The monument was designed by Sir John Burnet, architect, and Mr. Ernest G. Gillick, sculptor. The dedication was performed by the Rev. Dr. L. MacLean Watt, Minister of Glasgow Cathedral. A huge crowd attended the ceremony, and joined in singing Kipling's Recessional, led by the Cathedral Choir and the band of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.——On May 30 the Duke of Connaught unveiled on the Horse Guards' Parade the statue erected by Parliament in memory of the late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts. It is a replica of the statue of him erected by the people of India at Calcutta, but it is reduced in size to correspond with the statue of Lord Wolseley on the other side of the Parade. Earl Roberts is shown in the uniform he wore on his Afghan Campaign, mounted on his favourite charger Volonel, the only horse ever authorised to wear medals (presented by Queen Victoria). Lord Roberts rode Volonel at the Diamond Jubilee. An inscription records briefly his career, mentioning that he was born in India in 1832, and died in France in 1914.

THE FIRST DERBY WON BY A DESCENDANT OF TH

PHOTOGRAPHS

AN EASY FIRST BY SIX LENGTHS: LORD DERBY'S SANSOVINO (T. WESTON UP), WINNING FROM LORD ASTOR'S ST. GERMANS AND MR. S. TATTERSALL'S HURSTWOOD.

Lord Derby's Sansovino, which had displaced the Aga Khan's Diophon as favourite in the late betting on the previous evening, won the Derby on June 4 in a canter by six lengths. Sansovino was ridden by T. Weston. There was only a neck between Lord Astor's St. Germans (F. Bullock up), which came in second, and Mr. S. Tattersall's Hurstwood (V. Smyth up), which was third. Lord Derby was delighted with his victory, which was very popular, as not only had he never before won the great race founded by his ancestor, but no Lord Derby had won it since the owner of Sir Peter Teazle in 1787. Two days before this year's race, Lord Derby, speaking at the Press Club luncheon, said: "I have seriously thought of changing my nationality, because I saw it stated that a certain Mr.

FOUNDER FOR 137 YEARS: LORD DERBY'S VICTORY.

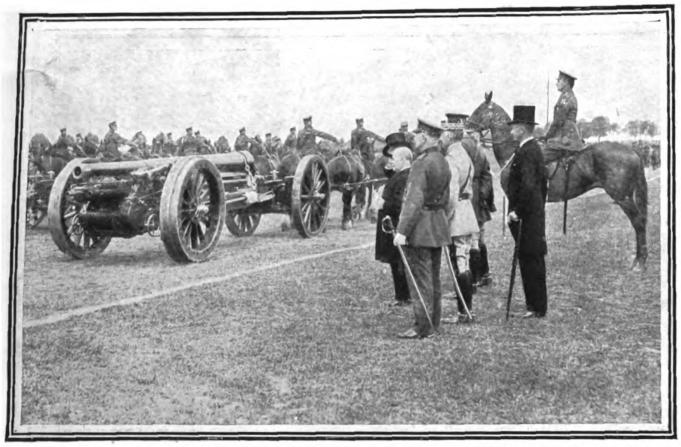
N.A. AND C.N.

THE FIRST OF HIS LINE TO WIN THE RACE THAT BEARS HIS NAME SINCE THE VICTORY OF SIR PETER TEAZLE IN 1787: LORD DERBY LEADING IN SANSOVINO (T. WESTON UP) AFTER THE RACE.

MacGilman had won the Roumanian Derby twenty-six times, and yet my family has been trying for 137 years to win the English Derby. If I had to give a tip I should say, with a field of thirty-one running, put all the names into a hat, draw out one, and back it. My own horse is very well. I have got a good [illegible] jockey, and the best trainer in England (the Hon. George Lambton). Last year I told you that if you backed my horse you would have a good run for your money. I think if you back Sansovino you will have a good run for your money. But. unless Mr. Lambton has done it in the last twenty-four hours my horse has had no practice in swimming." This was, of course, a humorous allusion to the weather. There was heavy rain on the day of the race.

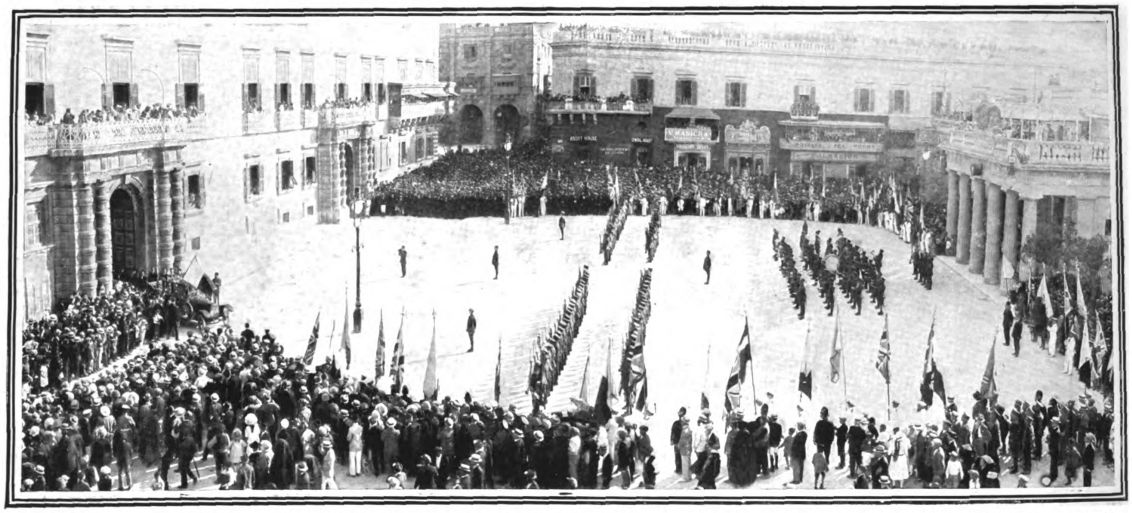
AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., SPORT AND GENERAL, GRAND STUDIO (VALLETTA), AND L.N.A.



THE FIRST LABOUR SECRETARY FOR WAR REVIEWS THE RHINE TROOPS: MR. STEPHEN WALSH (IN FROCK COAT) TAKING THE SALUTE AS THE HEAVY ARTILLERY MARCHES PAST.

AFTER FLYING FROM CROYDON TO COLOGNE: MR. STEPHEN WALSH SECRETARY FOR WAR, AT THE SALUTING-POINT DURING THE REVIEW.



LEAVING AMID DEMONSTRATIONS OF GRATITUDE AN ISLAND WHICH HE FOUND FIVE YEARS AGO IN A STATE OF RIOTOUS DISCONTENT: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD PLUMER (IN CARRIAGE ON LEFT, WITH LADY PLUMER) DRIVING OUT OF THE PALACE AT VALLETTA AT THE END OF HIS SUCCESSFUL FIVE YEARS' GOVERNORSHIP OF MALTA.

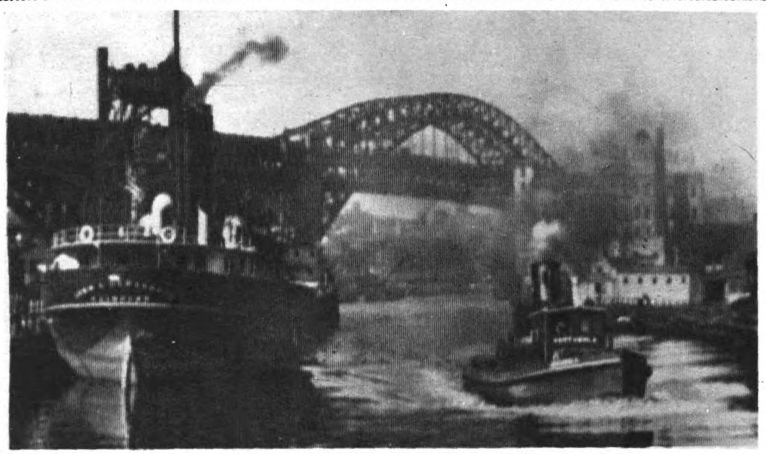
PAGEANTRY AT HATFIELD: LORD AND LADY HAYES (IMPERSONATED BY THE HON. MICHAEL SCOTT AND LADY GRANBY) IN THE PROCESSION TO CAMPION'S MASQUE IN 1607.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT HATFIELD PARK FOR THE PAGEANT: RECEIVING PURSES, PRESENTED BY LITTLE GIRLS, IN AID OF THE HERTFORDSHIRE NURSING ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Stephen Walsh, M.P., Secretary of State for War, accompanied by his wife, travelled by aeroplane from Croydon to Cologne on the morning of May 30, arriving in time for the Army Council's review of the British Army of the Rhine a few miles outside the city. Mr. Walsh drove in a motor-car down the long line of troops, accompanied, on horseback, by General Sir A. Godley, G.O.C.-in-C., Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Whigham (Adjutant-General), General Burguet, commanding the Belgian Ar... the Rhine, and General Brécard, commanding the 33rd French Army Corps. After the inspection Mr. Walsh took the salute during the march-pa... r, who had been Governor of Malta since 1919, received a great ... when he left the island, with Lady Plumer, on May 15, at the end of his term of office, already extended at the request of the new Legislature established during his Governorship. When he reached Malta in 1919, there were riots, due to 15,000 men (in a population of under 250,000) having been thrown out of work by demobilisation; the streets were patrolled, and machine-guns were posted throughout the town.——The Hatfield Pageant in aid of the Hertfordshire Nursing Association was witnessed on the concluding day (May 31) by the Duchess of York, to whom purses were handed by a number of children. The pageant represented the Court of James I. going to attend the masque written by Thomas Campion in 1607 in honour of the marriage of Lord Hayes and Honora, daughter of Lord Dennye. It was originally played at Whitehall.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TELEPHONE WIRE: THE COMING OF THE PICTOGRAM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO. SUPPLIED BY UNITED, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



TRANSMITTED BY TELEPHONE WIRE FROM CLEVELAND TO NEW YORK (NEARLY 400 MILES): A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

PRESS PORTRAITURE BY WIRE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT COOLIDGE TRANSMITTED BY TELEPHONE WIRE.

SCIENCE is bringing into daily life a new wonder in the electrical transmission of pictures over long-distance telephone wires. On May 19, at Cleveland, Ohio, fifteen photographs were transmitted by wire to New York, nearly 400 miles, by a new process recently perfected by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The photographs, which showed street and river scenes, besides figure groups, were successfully reproduced in the "New York Times." The transmission of each picture took only four or five minutes, and one was reproduced 44 minutes after it was taken. The purpose of the

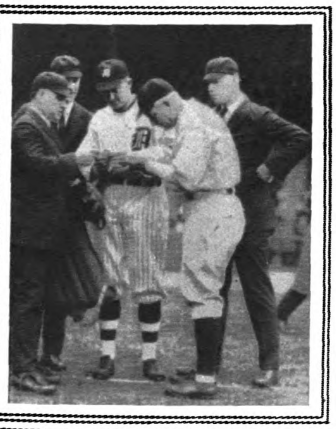
[*Continued opposite.*

HOW THE PHOTOGRAPHS TRANSMITTED OVER TELEPHONE WIRES FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO, WERE RECEIVED IN NEW YORK: THE RECEIVING-APPARATUS WITH THREE OPERATORS AT WORK, ONE EXAMINING A RESULT.

Continued.]

test was to demonstrate to the Press the capabilities of the new method, and the results were regarded as placing it on a commercial basis. The system, developed by the engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Electric Company, is the outcome of work covering several years, and is simple, rapid, and accurate. The apparatus in its present form represents the association of many recent inventions, together with standard types of telephone and telegraph apparatus, re-adapted to this new use. The simplicity of the method is such that a positive transparency film supplied

[*Continued below.*



A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH TRANSMITTED BY TELEPHONE WIRE TO NEW YORK: TWO BASEBALL PLAYERS IN THE OPENING GAME AT CLEVELAND.

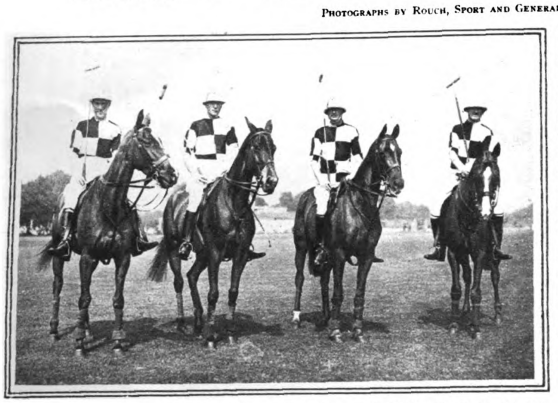
SENT OVER TELEPHONE WIRE NEARLY 400 MILES, LIKE THE OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. COOLIDGE.

Continued.]

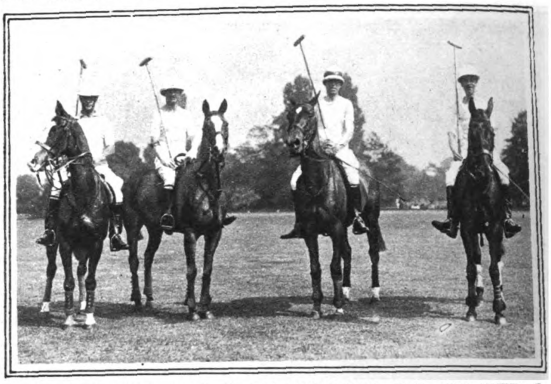
by any photographer is suitable for transmission. A picture 5 inches by 7 inches can be transmitted in a little less than five minutes. It is received in such form that, after ordinary photographic development, it is ready for newspaper or other reproduction. Line drawings, printing, and handwriting can also be transmitted. As films can be used for transmission while still wet, this system eliminates delay caused by drying. The film upon which a picture has been transferred is inserted in the transmitter simply by rolling it up in a cylindrical form. During operation a very small and intense beam of light shines through the film on to a photo-electric cell within. The film is rotated at a uniform speed and by means of a screw mechanism is caused to advance parallel to the axis of the cylinder. The motion of the light relative to the cylinder is therefore the same as that of a phonograph needle relative to a cylindrical record. In this way, each minute portion of the picture in turn affects the intensity of the light reaching the photo-electric cell. This variation in the amount of light striking the sensitive surface of the cell gives rise to a current which, through the agency of a vacuum tube amplifier and modulator, controls the current flowing through the telephone line. At the receiving-end an unexposed photographic film is rotated under a beam of light in a manner similar to that at the transmitting end. The two films are caused to rotate at exactly the same speed, and the impulses starting from the photo-electric cell at the sending-end co
by means of a new device known as a light-valve, the amount of light
the film at the receiving-end. The receiving-apparatus at New York i
in the main office of the American Telephone and Telegraph C
195, Broadway. The system is also applicable to radio transmission c

EVENTS OF THE WEEK: INTERESTING NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH, SPORT AND GENERAL, THE "TIMES," AND PHOTOPRESS.



WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL TRIAL POLO MATCH: THE TRIAL TEAM (L. TO R.) MR. L. LACEY, LORD CHOLMONDELEY, MAJOR G. H. PHIPPS-HORNBY, AND MAJOR T. W. KIRKWOOD.



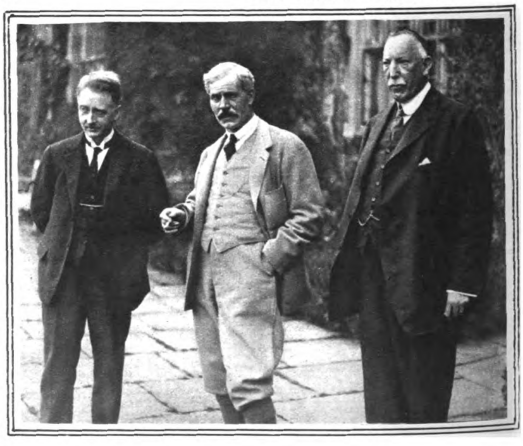
"THE REST" TEAM BEATEN IN THE INTERNATIONAL TRIAL POLO MATCH: (L. TO R.) WING-COM. P. K. WISE, MAJOR E. G. ATKINSON, MAJOR F. B. HURNDALL, AND LIEUT.-COL. T. P. MELVILL.

THE DAVIS CUP (LAWN-TENNIS) MATCHES AT EDGBASTON: (L. TO R.) MR. J. B. GILBERT (GREAT BRITAIN) BEATEN BY SENOR MANOEL ALONSO (SPAINI).

A GREAT EXPLOSION NEAR A ROUMANIAN ROYAL PALACE OCCUPIED BY THE KING: AN AMMUNITION DEPOT BLOWING UP NEAR BUCHAREST.

THE DAVIS CUP MATCHES AT EDGBASTON: (L. TO R.) MR. J. D. P. WHEATLEY (GREAT BRITAIN), WHO BEAT SENOR E. FLAQUER (SPAINI).

A LIBERAL "CHEQUERS": DUNFORD HOUSE, ON THE SITE OF COBDEN'S BIRTHPLACE, PRESENTED BY HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. FISHER UNWIN, AND HER HUSBAND TO THE PARTY.

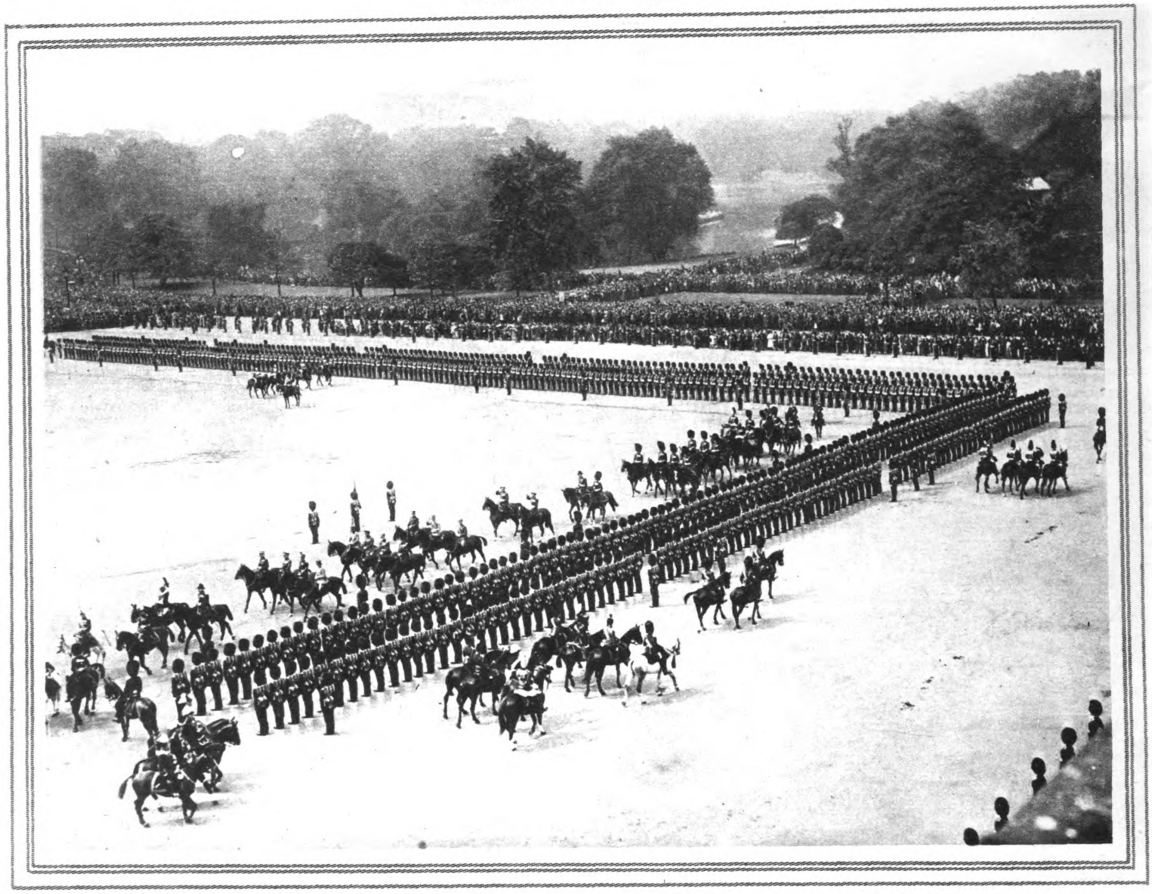


AT CHEQUERS TO DISCUSS THE IRISH BOUNDARY QUESTION: (L. TO R.) MR. COSGRAVE (FREE STATE), THE PREMIER, AND SIR JAMES CRAIG (ULSTER).

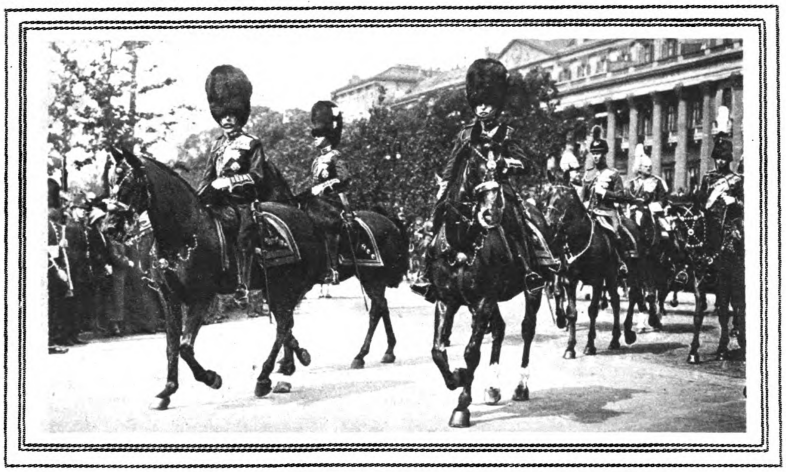
In the International Trial polo match at Roehampton on May 31, the Trial team beat "The Rest" by 7 goals to 4.——In the second round of the Davis Cup lawn-tennis matches, played at Edgbaston, Birmingham, on May 31, Great Britain met Spain, and each won one match. Mr. J. D. P. Wheatley beat Señor E. Flaquer by 6—3, 1—6, 8—6, 6—1; and Señor Manoel Alonso beat Mr. J. B. Gilbert by 6—2, 9—7, 3—6, 4—6, 6—4.——On May 28 a fire in the ammunition depôt at Cotroceni, near Bucharest, caused a series of great explosions which shook the capital, and broke windows over a wide area, including those of the Cotroceni Palace, where the King of Roumania was in residence with his daughter and [illegible] Elizabeth and King George of Greece. They all withdrew to the Royal Palace in Bucharest.——Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Unwin have presented to the Liberal Party Dunford House, Heyshott, Sussex, which stands on the site of an old farmhouse where Richard Cobden (Mrs. Fisher Unwin's father) was born in 1804. The gift was announced to delegates of the National Liberal Federation when they recently visited Cobden's grave in the churchyard at West Lavington. Dunford House will be used for meetings and discussions on Free Trade, peace, and goodwill.——President Cosgrave and Sir James Craig visited Chequers on May 31, at the invitation of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, to talk over the Irish Boundary question, and see whether the Premier could help to get the two parties to meet at a conference.

TROOPING THE COLOUR ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY: A STATELY CEREMONY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



A SPLENDID MILITARY DISPLAY IN THE TIME-HONOURED CEREMONY ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE LINES AT THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR ON THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE.



THE ROYAL GROUP AT THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR: (L. TO R.) THE KING, THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, THE DUKE OF YORK (IN R.A.F. UNIFORM), AND (EXTREME RIGHT) PRINCE HENRY (IN HUSSAR UNIFORM.)

The picturesque military ceremony of Trooping the Colour, traditionally associated with the King's Birthday, took place on the Horse Guards' Parade on June 3, with all its accustomed dignity and splendour. The royal party rode in the order shown in our lower illustration, with his Majesty in front, and just behind him (on his right), the Prince of Wales (in the uniform of the Welsh Guards), and (on the King's left) the Duke of Connaught (in that of the Grenadier Guards). Following them came a line of four, including the Duke of York (in Air Force uniform) and Prince Henry (in Hussar uniform). In the upper photograph the royal group, in this order, may be seen in the centre foreground to the right of the troops. The King is riding in front in the group of three, with his back to the camera, and the two figures close behind him are (from left to right in the photograph), the Duke of Connaught and the Prince of Wales. In the following row of four figures, Prince Henry is the second from the left, and the Duke of York the third from the left.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., CENTRAL PRESS, BARRATT, SPORT AND GENERAL, CLAIR-GUYOT, TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, COSMO ROWE (HARROW), AND RUSSELL.

BENEATH AN ARCH OF R.A.F. SWORDS: AIR-MARSHAL SIR JOHN SALMOND AND HIS BRIDE (THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL) LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

UNDER AN ARCH OF BRITISH SWORDS IN GERMANY: LIEUT.-COL. R. S. RYAN AND HIS BRIDE (THE HON. ROSEMARY HAY) LEAVING THE PALACE CHAPEL AT COBLENZ (ONCE THE GERMAN G.H.Q.) AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

SOVIET DELEGATES AT THE KING'S LEVÉE: (L. TO R.) MM. BITNER, RAKOVSKY, BERZIN, AND BERENS.

THE FRENCH RADICAL LEADER EXPECTED TO FORM A GOVERNMENT: M. HERRIOT (SPEAKING).

JAPANESE AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S.A.: MR. HANIHARA.

SHOT AT IN VIENNA: DR. SEIPEL, THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT, AGAINST WHOM THERE HAS BEEN A POLITICAL MOVEMENT: M. MILLERAND (LEFT), WITH HIS FAMILY.

ARCHITECT, ORGANIST, AND WRITER: THE LATE MR. H. H. STATHAM, F.R.I.B.A

A MAKER OF THE ENTENTE: THE LATE M. PAUL CAMBON.

MADE A PRIVY COUNCILLOR IN THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

ONE OF THE NEW BARONETS IN THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS LIST: SIR HUMPHRY D. ROLLESTON.

GIVEN THE ORDER OF MERIT: SIR CHARLES SHERRINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

The wedding of Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond and the Hon. Monica Grenfell, daughter of Lord Desborough, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on June 2.——Lieut.-Col. R. S. Ryan, D.S.O., British Deputy High Commissioner in Rhineland, married the Hon. Rosemary Hay, daughter of Lord Kilmarnock, the High Commissioner, at Coblenz, on May 29.——Among the guests at the King's Levée on June 2 were the Russian Soviet delegates, M. Christian G. Rakovsky (Chargé d'Affaires), M. Jean A. Berzin (Counsellor), M. Anatole V. Bitner (First Secretary), M. Eugene Berens (Naval Attaché).——Mr. Hanihara, Japanese Amb[illegible]hington, recently presented Japan's official protest against the n[illegible] Act involving the exclusion of Japanese.——Dr. Seipel, the new[illegible] was shot and dangerously wounded at a Vienna station on Au[illegible]st railway employee.——A resolution against M. Millerand Ju[illegible] remaining President of France was passed by 307 Deputies. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) M. Millerand, his son Jacques and daughter Alice, Mme. Millerand, and another son, Jean.——As a result of the recent French elections, followed by M. Poincaré's resignation, M. Herriot was expected to form a Government.—— Mr. H. H. Statham, Editor of the "Builder" for twenty-five years, was an architect, organist, and writer.——M. Paul Cambon was French Ambassador in London from 1898 to 1920.——Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the "father" of the House of Commons, was the only new Privy Councillor in the Birthday Honours List. The two new Baronets are Sir Humphry Davy Rolleston, President of the Royal College of Physicians, and Mr. Alexander Grant, chairman of Messrs. McVitie and Price. The Order of Merit was conferred on Sir Charles Sherrington, President of the Royal Society, and Mr. Francis Herbert Bradley, the eminent philosopher.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

CURRENT fiction is to a large extent the reflection of revolt and unrest. It takes many forms, from the frankly defiant unconventional that is becoming by usage itself a convention, to the statement of special and specialised problems called, in the jargon of minor criticism, "slices of life." Too close attention to the episode has shorn the novel of part of its virtue, and has reduced many works in themselves excellent to the level of glorified short stories. They miss the breadth and sweep of the really great novel, which is great because it presents a complete picture of life.

. . . . . .

The episode has found favour because of the modern impatience with long-windedness—and for this there is a good deal to be said—but there are signs that a return to a complete picture is not inconsistent with fashionable brevity. Of late years our novelists have learned an admirable economy of mere words, and have shown that a condensation of vivid phrase, almost French in its method, lies within the scope of the English language. In several notable instances this has enabled them to write novels, relatively short, which seem nevertheless to take all life for their province and to run the whole gamut of human emotion. Two of the newest novels come very near performing this feat, when one considers them in retrospect, although at first it may appear that they, too, are concerned only with a single episode. But, for all their apparent restriction of field, they envisage a wider world and analyse fundamental passions.

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One is the second effort of an author whose first novel made a palpable hit. It came rather gradually into its own, and its vogue is not yet nearly exhausted. In fact, the demand for "Fombombo" is still steady at the libraries. It was a powerful story of South America; a novel of good length, rather picaresque in form, and perhaps not very closely woven. But in his new work Mr. T. S. Stribling has drawn all his threads tighter: he has a definite aim, and makes every word, every incident, subserve his main purpose. He has also been content to introduce fewer characters, and has thereby gained in intensity. Nothing of light or shade seems to have escaped him, with the result that his picture of a part of the world seems, when all is said and done, to represent a universe.

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As far as its immediate setting goes, "RED SAND," by T. S. Stribling (Nisbet; 7s. 6d.), is a story of the Venezuelan bull-ring, and its central figure is a popular *torero*. If the book had done nothing else, it would have been welcome as one of those novels which bring the reader into touch with new scenes, and with persons whose way of life is unfamiliar. But it goes far beyond the intimacies of bull-fighting. The descriptive parts, managed with a few deft touches, seem to leave nothing unexplained; but mere description of the Circus and its contests is only the framework of a much larger encounter—a struggle between two classes of society, their thought and their institutions.

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The theme is in the air at present. Something of the same kind supplied the main motive of that very successful novel which pitted the ideals of Puritan America against the decadence of the old French nobility. Here a North American writer, influenced by his country's democratic principles, has set himself to analyse and expose the conventions of the old Spanish aristocracy of South America. But for foil to these he has not come to the Eastern hemisphere. He had no need to do so, for the institutions he anatomises are themselves descended from the Old World. It is in the West that he finds his foil—the despised peons of South America; and among these the *torero* Angelito is at once the instrument of the anatomy and the victim of the very conventions he is used to expose.

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For this hero, known to the Circus as Angelito (his own name was utterly plebeian), and brought up in the slaughter-house, where he studied the ways of bulls from his boyhood, had ambitions to put his peon origin behind him and take his place before the world as a caballero. Success in his profession had brought him wealth and the friendship of Rafael Jiminez, amateur bull-fighter, poet, and son of one of the proudest and most exclusive families in Caracas. That in itself would not have precipitated the tug-of-war between class and class, but Angelito fell in love with Rafael's sister, Socorro, and she with him. It is probably the most flaming episode of primitive passion that recent fiction has given us. Socorro's sophistication and high breeding were blown away like chaff before her infatuation for the champion of the bull-ring. But if the appeal was first of all brutal, Angelito was no brute. He had the soul of an artist, not in his profession alone.

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Had he been mere showy bull-fighter and nothing else, he would hardly have persuaded us of this island as he does. But Mr. Stribling has contrived an interlude of Angelito's wooing that lifts it into the region of romantic poetry. Its romance is so charming that we do not stay to ask whether it is credible, in a peon of Angelito's antecedents. Possibly it is not, but no matter. True or false, it is the right stuff of story-telling that the lover, come in orthodox fashion to court his lady at her barred window, should find her playing Rimsky-Korsakov's "Hymn to the Sun," and should improvise on his guitar "a surprising harmony around the piano score." That did Socorro's business. A few minutes later the lovers, forgetful of all Castilian etiquette, are together in the garden under the tropical night. "Socorro had a curious impression that somehow the man and the night had changed places."

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There they were discovered by Socorro's brother Rafael and her all-but betrothed, Señor Montauban, the dry, formal, wealthy little editor of the *Sol y Ombra*, the bull-fighter's journal. Follows a passage of tragi-comedy—an immediate interview with Socorro's mother, a devastating scandal, and an enforced betrothal of the compromised daughter to her "detrimental" suitor. Rafael, poet and democrat at heart, supports his sister with his odd philosophy, delivered after the Socratic manner. It is all very bewildering to his mother. There is more to it even than that. Angelito's aspiring road is full of thorns, but he develops in Socorro's hands into something fine and chivalrous, although his peon traditions give his chivalry a cast that pure-bred caballeros cannot recognise. But the situation, for all its glowing romance, is radically impossible, and this Mr. Stribling recognises. It necessitates his ending the story as he does. We may regret the necessity, but we are forced to acquiesce. Anything else would have cheapened the effect of one of the most thrilling and colourful romances it has been my good fortune to read these many weeks.

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I would have said *the* most thrilling romance, had not another new novel fallen into my hands at the same time as "Red Sand." This other book hit me harder while I was actually reading it, and it wrought me to a higher—an almost torturing—pitch of immediate excitement, but its effect may not be so lasting. For its view of life conforms more to the prevailing pessimism. While Mr. Stribling has dared to risk the accusation of being sentimental—that is, he still believes in the better side of humanity—Mr. Dale Collins, in "ORDEAL" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), effects no purifying of the passions by his grim tragedy, out of which he brings his chief actors no better than when they first came on the scene. At the fall of the curtain they are still, after an unparalleled experience of pity and terror, conforming to convention, a little cowardly, compromising and tacitly conspiring to hush up disagreeable facts. It may be hopelessly old-fashioned to expect that they should come out of their amazing and even appalling ordeal with a new attitude towards life, and perhaps the author regarded his people as hopeless incorrigibles; but such a tremendous drama as that in which he has chosen to involve them seems to miss its point if it leaves the actors just where they were at the outset. It seems, however, to be the practice of much current fiction to regard human character as static, and to neglect the vital question of development, either for better or worse, in the course of the story. This neglect is holding the novel down to a sordid and despairing view of life which carries no promise of permanence. To say this is not to demand a happy ending, or any concession to sentimentality. It is only to ask for that artistic consistency which postulates some reason for the setting up of any given situation. Otherwise the work is so much dead tissue, however interesting that may be as a "preparation" for the microscope.

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But, leaving out of account the question of what may be assumed to precede and follow the narrative in the reader's mind, "Ordeal" is, within its own sphere of action, an extraordinary piece of nightmare fiction. It is the story of a ship's company afloat on the Pacific in a crazy old schooner, the *Spray*, with only one competent navigating officer on board. The vessel had been chartered by a company of five highly civilised globe-trotters—a man of science, Thorpe, and his wife Viola; an elderly woman, Lady Delany; her niece Dorothy; and a pleasant, frail young man of the world, Vazey Howard. Thorpe and Howard are by way of being amateur sailors; they stand their regular watches and take their trick at the wheel.

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For a fair-weather cruise this might have done very well, but the *Spray* lost the Trades and fell into thunder-weather and stifling calm, which broke the nerves of all on board. From that time the ship became a hell, the more complete that she carried a fiend in the person of Ted, the steward, a megalomaniac with a long score against society who finds his opportunity in the general breakdown of morale. Thorpe, titular "owner" of the vessel, is a weakling; the mate—a skilful seaman, master-mariner, but under a cloud, for he had lost a former vessel and forfeited his master's ticket—is a victim of "dope." For deck-hands the vessel was shamefully undermanned. Never was there such a sorry *Argo* afloat on the Seven Seas.

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Ted, the steward, a subtle wretch with Sultanic imaginings, went to work to get the upper hand, and got it with surprising success. He murdered the drug-sodden mate, but at first represented to his shipmates that it was a case of suicide. Then he declared to the bewildered company that he had enough knowledge of navigation to pull them through. They had no choice but to resign themselves to his will, and immediately he put on the screw. Calm was succeeded by tempest, which struck the *Spray* when the amateur Thorpe was at the wheel, and, of course, the masts went by the board. When stifling calm again followed the hurricane, Ted, now supreme ruler of the derelict, docked his helpless passengers of food and water and brought them abjectly to heel. The horrors of the Ancient Mariner are tame before those endured by these spoiled children of society at the hands of their steward.

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Mr. Dale Collins has given a new and sinister setting to an old situation. Hitherto it has been handled humorously. The one competent humble person getting the upper hand in time of stress has been shown in a purely benevolent, if despotic, light, in "The Admirable Crichton." And the inconsiderate and careless ship-owner brought to book and made to taste the hardships of the fo'c's'le has been drawn with a touch of inimitable grim comedy in Mr. Morley Roberts's "The Blue Peter." But in these stories the laugh is the chief thing. Mr. Dale Collins treats us to the starkest and most uncompromising realism. He makes us hold our breath as Ted strides from outrage to outrage in his attack on that little section of hated society which Fate has delivered into his power.

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Nor are Ted's enormities the only source of torture. Causes of suffering are discovered in the weaknesses and the passions of his victims themselves. Mr. Dale Collins seems to have asked himself what would happen to ordinary civilised people if all the barriers and restraints of a conventional society were suddenly removed, and he has found a dreadful answer. Viola Thorpe, at heart a wanton, gives an exhibition of wantonness that might be doubted, had one not heard authentic tales of things that have happened when great ships go down suddenly and human beings realise that their time is short.

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In that ghastly crew there is one steady head, old Lady Delany, who finds a way of escape by her loyalty to the prejudices of her class. While the others grovelled, and the younger women, or the better of them, at least, would have been overtaken by the steward's malicious and elaborately pondered lust, Lady Delany never forgot that Ted was, after all, only a steward, and, treating him as such, she found the joint in his apparently impregnable harness. It is an ingenious reversal of a situation that seemed to offer no ending except one too horrible to bear thinking about. "Ordeal" is a hair-raising but compelling story—not a book for babes, but, although it shirks certain issues, a book that reflecting men and women should read.

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"Red Sand" and "Ordeal" offer an effective contrast in treatment. In the one a plebeian yields to the glamour of aristocracy, and tries to make himself one with it: in the other a plebeian yields to the glamour of power for what it may bring him of personal gratification, mental and physical; but, so far from seeking to merge himself in aristocracy, he grinds its representatives under his heel. Both stories present powerful studies of the elderly aristocratic woman in Señora Jimnez and Lady Delany, one Latin, the other British, but "sisters under th skins."

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"THE ART OF MICHAEL HASLETT." *(Hodder and Stoughton; 7/6.)* By F. E. Mills Young.

"BRICKS AND MORTALS." *(Fisher Unwin; 7/6.)* By Herbert Tremaine.

"THE DESERT'S PRICE." *(Hodder & Stoughton; 7/6.)* By William McLeod Raine.

"THE PLAY BOX." *(Heinemann; 7/6.)* By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

"A RAJAH'S HONOUR." *(Cecil Palmer; 7/6.)* By Pearl Weymouth.

"THE RED LACQUER CASE." *(A. Melrose; 7/6.)* By Patricia Wentworth.

"RUST OF MURDER." *(Hurst and Blachett; 7/6.)* By Jermyn March.

"WANDERLIGHT." *(Cassell; 7/6.)* By Ernest Raymond.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"HAUNTED HOUSES." *(Fisher Unwin; 12/6.)* By Camille Flammarion.

"THE SOUL OF A CRIMINAL." *(Hutchinson; 18/-.)* By John C. Goodwin.

"THE LIFE AND LAST WORDS OF WILFRID EWART." *(Putnam; 9/-.)* By Stephen Graham.

"TO VENICE AND BACK IN A TWO-SEATER." *(Cassell; 6/-.)* By E. Halford Ross.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Here are two delightful summer hats from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. The first is of plaited straw in mixed colourings with a swathed scarf of green-and-purple crêpe-de-Chine, and the second is a shady "Bowen" straw trimmed with twisted organdie. (See page 1082.)

OUR Kings and Queens from other lands have gone, and have, we hope, as they have all with evident sincerity said, enjoyed themselves. The sun shone on King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena, and the skies were almost as blue as those of their own Italy. They had a strenuous time, but were both as full of life and energy as if they had only one engagement a day. Princess Mafalda was vivacious, bright, and full of interest in everything, and the Crown Prince confirmed the delightful impression he made when here unofficially two years ago. The friendship between Italy and Great Britain, which was strong, is now stronger. No member of our Royal Family knows Italy better, or loves it more, than Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, who used to go about to little-known but exquisite and interesting parts of it, travelling unattended and as Lady Sundridge. The Prince of Piedmont is a very handsome man, with a delightful boyish smile, and a boyish manner that makes him at once a favourite.

Flowers are one of the greatest joys of life, and the memory of them as they were grouped at the great Flower Show will never leave those who saw. The Queen, never expansive or indiscriminating in her praise, said how beautiful it was, and went from one beauty to another appreciating each to the full. The King, too, was full of interest, and showed how ever thoughtful he is for others by sending back to the officials at the entrance to ask that those who possessed the necessary tickets should be admitted, and not kept waiting until the royal visits were over. Queen Marie of Roumania found adjectives too weak and limited to express her admiration, and simply gasped with joy over the beautiful orchids, expertly explained to her by two such celebrated growers as Colonel Sir George Holford and Sir Jeremiah Colman. The Infanta Beatrice took a back seat, as it were, to her vivacious and queenly sister, and walked along in the rear of her Majesty and those explaining special beauties to her, but very apparently enjoying the flowers no whit less. As to the Duke of Connaught, he looked the spruce, erect soldier, and greeted many friends as he went round, spending some time with Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who is a great garden lover, and whose gardens at Capri are the joy of her life.

A long tunic of broderie anglaise is introduced in this graceful hom[illegible]ed frock, which hails from Debenham and Freebody. (See page 1082.)

The wedding of Prince Viggo of Denmark to Miss Eleanor Margaret Green, on the 10th, is to be a quiet one because of the recent death of her father, Dr. James O. Green. There will be only one bridesmaid, Miss Emily Lewis Stevens, daughter of Mrs. Edwin A. Stevens, of Castle Point, Hoboken, N.J. Prince Waldemar of Denmark, Queen Alexandra's only surviving brother, will be his son's chief supporter, and the bride will be given away by her brother, Mr. Norvin Hewitt Green. The ceremony will be in Calvary Church, Fourth Avenue, New York, and Bishop Manning, of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, will officiate, assisted by the Rev. Theodore Sedgewick, rector of Calvary parish. Only near relatives and a few very intimate friends have been invited, and the reception after the wedding will be held at 9, Lexington Avenue, the residence of Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt and Miss Eleanor G. Hewitt, the bride's aunts, with whom she has lived when in New York. Miss Green has been over here a great deal, and is well known as a fine rider to hounds. The young people have, it is said, decided to live in Denmark. As they will be wealthy and love going about, we shall probably have them often here, and they will make long stays in Canada, where Prince Viggo—known as the "farmer Prince"—has a ranch. My kind, but anonymous American correspondent has supplied me with this information.

"I'd rather scrub a floor than give a party." So said Viscountess Astor, M.P., on the eve of entertaining on a large scale. One feels that this clever lady is much better at entertaining a party than she would be at scrubbing a floor; but one always yearns to do the thing one is not doing; it is only human nature. So versatile is our first woman Member of Parliament that she would probably beat a charwoman at her accustomed job; but, having done it to a full-sized floor, I feel that Lady Astor would then prefer to give a full-sized party. Her capacity for doing the latter successfully has been well proved, never better than the big dinner and bigger reception when the Queen of Roumania, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, the Infante Alfonso, and the Infanta Beatrice of Spain were entertained. Originality marked the floral decorations. A corner in each room and recesses in the hall and on the stairway were converted into bowers under great branches of laburnum, lilac white and mauve, and guelder rose and rhododendron. All about were quantities of flowers from Cliveden. There were hundreds of guests, but no crush—the house is very spacious, and also cool and airy.

The Caledonian Ball is always a cheery affair; also, happily for the Royal Caledonian Schools, crowded. This year, for the first time within modern memory, royalty was present in the persons of the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York. Her Royal Highness is a Scottish lassie, and as Lord Strathmore was the Hon. Colonel of the Black Watch, her Royal Highness wore the tartan scarf of that celebrated regiment in shades of green and blue, with black. There is no clan tartan belonging to the Bowes-Lyon family. The Black Watch tartan was made up for the whole regiment at about 1740. Previously different companies had worn different tartans. From the sombre character of that chosen, the famous name "Black Watch" arose for a regiment which has taken part in nearly every war in which this country has been engaged. There are four Stewart tartans. The Old Stewart, known for more than a hundred years, is made up of green and blue and red in small squares. The Royal has white, pale blue, and yellow lines crossing a scarlet ground; the Hunting has a green ground crossed by black, blue, yellow, and red. There is also the Prince Charles Edward Stuart tartan, beloved of the Jacobites. It is red, blue, black, green, with narrow lines of white and yellow. The oak is the badge of the Stewarts, also the thistle, which is the present national badge; while rue was that of the Pictish kings.

A. E. L.

Embroidered white muslin and lace has been chosen by Debenham and Freebody to express this cool frock for summer days. Streamers of apple-green ribbon introduce a gay touch of colour. (See page 1082.)

Born 1820—Still going Strong!

LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES NO. 13

"ROSE & CROWN," Wimbledon:—A plain, flat-fronted inn of the 16th Century, on the edge of Wimbledon Common; associated with the great and eccentric poet, Swinburne, whose daily walks in all weathers on Heath and Common made him "a portent and a legend" thereabouts.

Johnnie Walker: "Greetings! illustrious Poet—we still enjoy your inspiring poems and ballads."

Shade of Swinburne: "The inspiration you dispense is more universally enjoyed, I am sure."

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Fashions and Fancies.

Summer Frocks and Hats. No matter what the weather may elect to do, the calendar assures us that summer is really here, and the shops are gay with delightful frocks in every hue. Sketched on page 1080 are two models destined for

A becoming coiffure which owes its charm to the skilful permanent waving of M. Eugène's famous system.

garden parties and for Henley. On the left is a charming honey-coloured frock with a long tunic of broderie anglaise falling over a plissé skirt. The low waistline is defined by quaint green leaves embroidered in wool, completed with ribbons to match. It may be purchased from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., for 12½ guineas; and 11½ guineas secures the second *chef d'œuvre*, a diaphanous affair of embroidered muslin and lace, flaunting streamers of apple-green ribbon. Then there are fascinating little frocks in flowered crêpe for 78s. 6d., trimmed with drawn thread work; and zephyr frocks in plaids and checks for 49s. 6d., finished with neatly tucked gilets and cuffs of lawn. The tennis frocks, too, are delightful, fashioned of heavy crêpe-de-Chine, pleated, and adorned with drawn thread work. They may be secured for 5½ guineas.

Hats of Every Hue. The hats pictured at the top of page 1080 are summery affairs which can be worn with equal success in town or country. The becoming little cloche with the roll-up brim is of plaited straw in mixed colours, purple and green predominating. Round it is swathed a scarf of green crêpe-de-Chine, adorned with amusing motifs of purple. It costs only 45s.; and 69s. 6d. is the price of the fascinating affair of "Bowen" straw on the right, trimmed with twisted organdie in artistic shades. They must also be placed to the credit of Debenham and Freebody, where there are Chinese Bangkoks of every hue, ranging from 45s. 9d., and fashionable shiny canvas straws for 50s.

Permanent Waving for Shingled Locks. Each summer one hears on all sides women bemoaning the fact that bathing, tennis, and golf are delights which invariably react sadly on their hair. Whether bobbed, shingled, or long, the result is always the same—an uncompromising straightness which means spending many precious half-hours at the hairdresser's. A simple solution is to visit M. Eugène, at 23, Grafton Street, W., and consult him about permanent waving. This famous expert is responsible for a system which produces a graceful undulating wave, as tight or as loose as individual taste dictates. Consequently, it avoids being either frizzy or too loose. For bobbed or shingled hair, permanent waving is almost a necessity if a well-groomed appearance is to be retained throughout strenuous sports. The two illustrations on this page depict the becoming waves achieved by M. Eugène's latest Oil Vapour process, which he guarantees neither dries nor breaks the hair, and is absolutely lasting under any conditions. One is a faultlessly shingled coiffure, and the other achieves the same effect without sacrificing the hair. Full details can be obtained from M. Eugène, who will be pleased to offer his advice to all readers of this paper.

A Lovat Fraser Painting Book for Kiddies. One would have thought it almost a foregone conclusion that painting books for kiddies should contain examples of the work of real masters of drawing and design. Yet the reverse is usually the sad case. J. C. Eno, Ltd., proprietors of the famous "Fruit Salt," are to be congratulated, therefore, on the publication in painting-book form of a series of designs made for them by the late Claud Lovat Fraser. These designs have all the fresh charm of line and colour that brought such fame to the designer of "The Beggar's Opera," and the letterpress that accompanies them is full of useful hints for the little artist. This painting book is published at 1s., but J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, E.C.4, will send a copy to readers of this paper in return for six penny stamps.

Novelty of the Week. Safety bath-mats, which adhere by suction to the bottom of the bath and obviate all danger of slipping, can now be obtained for 12s. 6d.; and corresponding sink-mats, preventing breakages and noise, are only 5s. 6d. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to give full particulars where these may be obtained.

These captivating shingled tresses have been permanently waved by the well-known expert, M. Eugène, of 23, Grafton Street, W.

GOLF AT CRUDEN BAY

BERNARD DARWIN *says*—

"Cruden Bay is in Aberdeenshire, and that sounds a very long way off; but by taking advantage of the fast East Coast Expresses from King's Cross the journey is made under very pleasant conditions. If you travel by the night train from King's Cross the greater part of the journey can be whiled away agreeably in slumber, and you arrive at Aberdeen in time for breakfast the next morning, afterwards completing the journey by a quiet, rustic little line. When you reach Cruden Bay you will think it was very well worth the getting to.

"You say to yourself at once, not merely, 'Here is good golf,' but also 'Here is amusing golf,' and, in fact, Cruden Bay does combine these two qualities in such a way as to make it ideal holiday golf. By that I mean that it is not too easy for the good golfer, let him be who he may, nor too severe for the bad one.

"The turf is as good as any I have ever seen—almost too good in fact, in that the ball sits up just asking to be hit, and so deludes the player into a belief that he has permanently improved with his brassey. He will have a rude awakening when he plays again on other links, but, meanwhile, this lovely, soft smooth turf makes him feel happier, and so love Cruden more than ever.

"Cruden Bay is a place extraordinarily difficult to keep away from for those who have once come under its spell."

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Service is designed solely to please.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

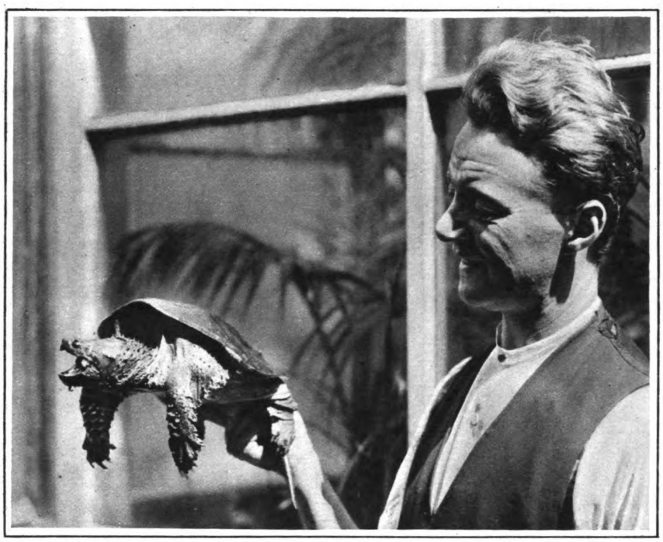
THERE was a large audience at the Scala Theatre to hear Beethoven's "Fidelio" on the opening night of the Carl Rosa Opera Company's season. It is very adventurous of the Carl Rosa Company to give a London season just now, when there is so much competition. They have to face not only the Grand Opera Syndicate's Italian season at Covent Garden, but also the British National Opera Company's season at His Majesty's Theatre. Under the circumstances, to revive "Fidelio," which has not been heard in London for very many years, was the strongest card they could possibly have played, for it will attract a great number of people who have never heard "Fidelio" and who will be anxious not to miss this opportunity.

Those unfamiliar with this opera will be immediately struck by its old-fashioned, Mozartian character. "Fidelio" was written when Beethoven was about thirty-five, and thus belongs to his middle period. According to Parry, "he took enormous pains over it, and tested and tried the various parts of it with even more than usual patience. It is said that he made as many as eighteen different versions of one famous passage, and ten of another, and similar changes and experimental improvements throughout." The result from the operatic point of view cannot be considered wholly satisfactory. Strong as was Beethoven's dramatic sense—as his orchestral symphonies prove—he nevertheless lacked the necessary gifts for opera. A certain naïveté and ingenuous idealism probably prevented him from having that sympathy with all kinds of human character, however dubious and imperfect, which Shakespeare and Mozart possessed to so marked a degree. Nothing more strikingly shows Mozart's superiority in this form of composition than a comparison of "Figaro" or "Don Giovanni" with "Fidelio." Neither "Figaro" nor "Don Giovanni" can be said to have dated as "Fidelio" dates; while they both possess a variety of musical characterisation and a vivacity with which "Fidelio" simply cannot compete.

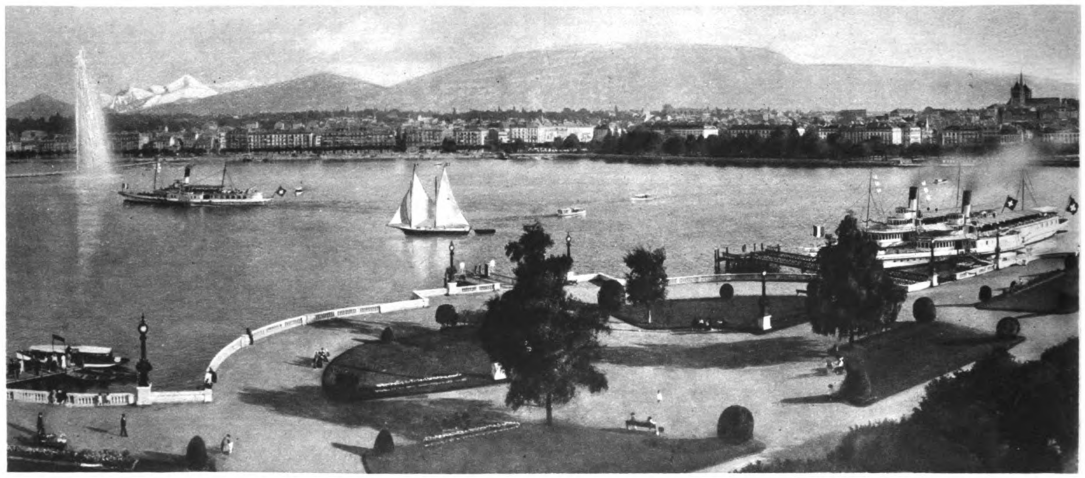
Parry in one of his books declares that "Fidelio" to modern musicians "has a unique place in the whole province of opera; and in nobility and truth of sentiment, and depth of musical feeling, and insight into the possibilities of operatic art, it is beyond rivalry among the works produced before the present generation." To me, as to most musicians and amateurs, this will appeal as a complete exaggeration. Mozart's "The Magic Flute" contains music as great and noble as anything in "Fidelio," while as an opera "Don Giovanni" surpasses "Fidelio" in every possible respect. "Don Giovanni" is a comic opera, and does not set out to compete in nobility and depth with Beethoven at his highest, but there are passages in "Don Giovanni" that are truly sublime.

The plot of "Fidelio" is a mere pretext to enable Beethoven to rhapsodise about the beauty of conjugal love and fidelity. The dialogue is often fatuous to an extreme degree, and this is heightened in the English translation used by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. But Beethoven's sincerity is such that out of this most unlikely material he produced a work which contains moments of wonderful beauty and poignancy. Leonora (the faithful wife) has a magnificently moving aria in the first act, and there are some splendid ensembles on which there is that undeniable stamp of greatness so characteristic of Beethoven. One of the finest conceptions in the whole opera is the chorus of the prisoners when they are released, through the advocacy of Leonora, from their dungeon cells to come up into the garden for a spell of air and sunlight. For this occasion Beethoven has written a chorus which can only be truly described as *inspired*. It was very well sung, and was, in fact, the item in the whole performance which did the conductor, Mr. Charles Webber, and all concerned most credit. Miss Eva Turner, who has a fine voice and a certain breadth and generosity of temperament, gave an effective performance as Leonora; and she was ably seconded by Mr. William Boland, who was Florestan. But all the singers showed that crudity and lack of finish characteristic of our native operatic vocalists, and the orchestral playing was energetic rather than polished. There is, however, seemingly no alternative open to our touring operatic companies. They cannot afford to spend the time and trouble necessary to acquire polish. They have to get their effects by energetic methods, and the enthusiasm

[*Continued overleaf.*



THE SNAPPING TURTLE: A RECENT ARRIVAL AT THE "ZOO," DISPLAYING HIS TENDENCY TO BITE AND DISCREETLY HELD BY THE KEEPER AT THE OTHER END.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]



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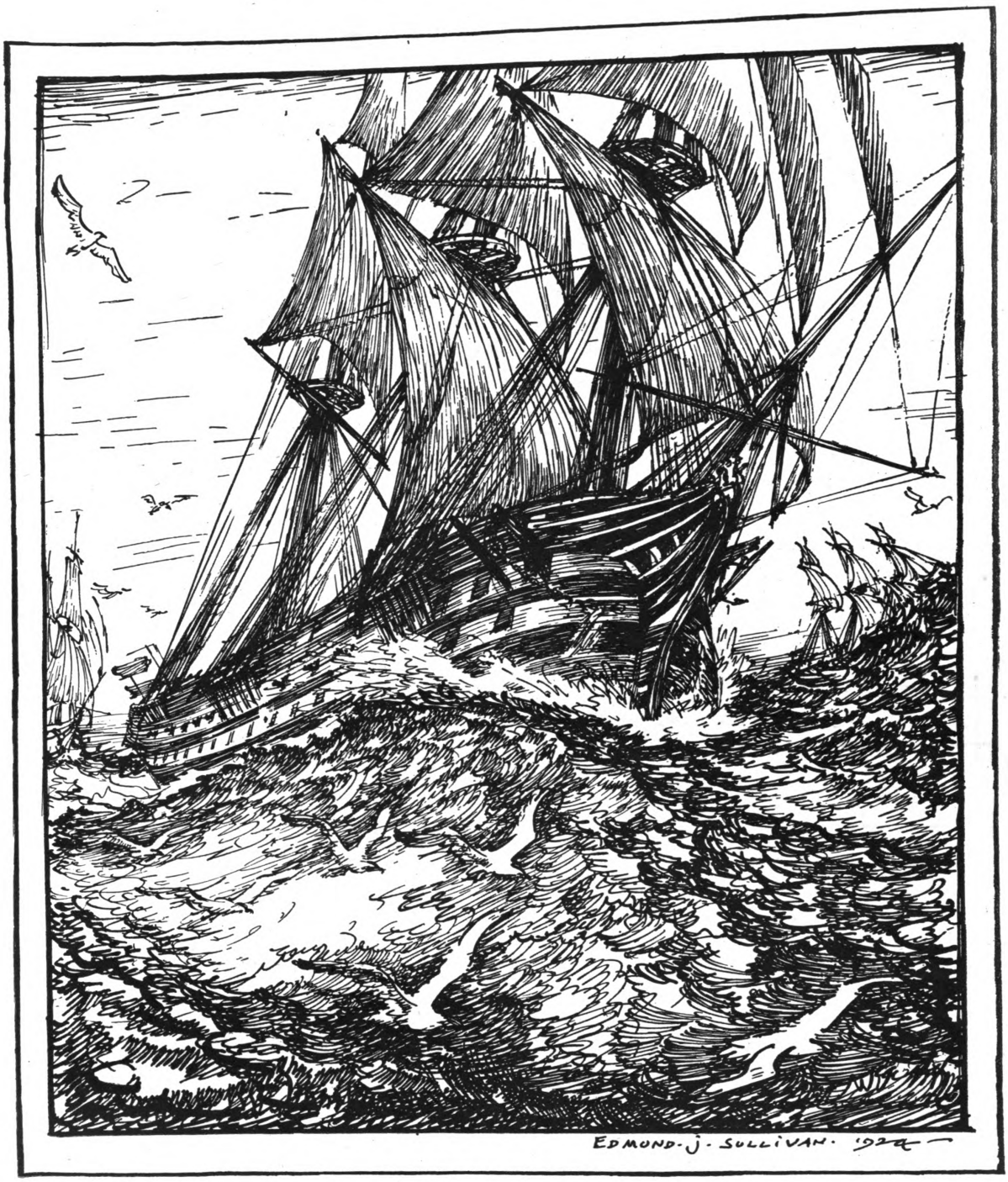

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Continued.]

which the performance of "Fidelio" at the Scala Theatre aroused on the opening night was a proof that the Carl Rosa Opera Company does not exist in vain.

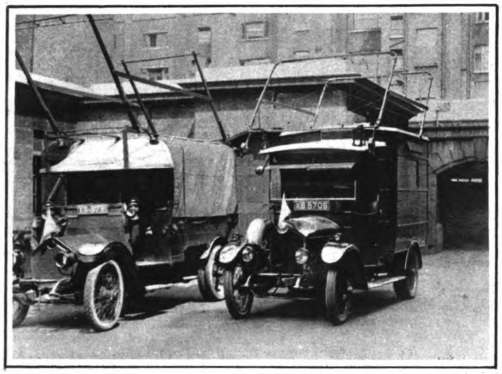
There could not be a greater contrast to "Fidelio" than Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," nor could there be a greater contrast of methods than the performances of these two operas by the Carl Rosa Company and the Grand Opera Syndicate respectively. In "Der Rosenkavalier," the German season at Covent Garden under Herr Bruno Walter reached probably its highest level. The general ensemble was practically perfect. The appearance of Herr Richard Mayr from the Vienna State Opera had been eagerly looked for, and we were not disappointed. This singer's Baron von Ochs is a quite outstanding achievement. He acts and sings with wonderful variety of expression, but he is always the aristocrat, never the clown.

Equally fine was Mme. Lotte Lehmann's Princess von Werdenberg, while Mme. Delia Reinhardt made a delightful Octavian. The Sophie von Faninal on this occasion was that beautiful singer, Mme. Elizabeth Schumann, and her famous scene in the second act when she receives the Silver Rose from the Rose-Cavalier was superbly sung and acted. So was her beautiful duet with Octavian in the third act, "Ist ein Traum." Generally the trio in the third act is considered the finest thing in the opera, and I would not quarrel with this verdict except to point out the beauty of the duet at the end of the first act, and the very individual loveliness of the Presentation of the Rose Scene at the beginning of the second act.

There is no doubt that in "Der Rosenkavalier" we have the genuine Strauss at his very best. There are few more satisfactory works in the whole repertory of opera. One feels that Strauss must have really enjoyed writing it, and one cannot feel this of those two operatic monstrosities, "Salome" and "Electra." The same is true to a lesser extent of "Ariadne auf Naxos," but the latter can never be as satisfactory an opera as "Der Rosenkavalier," because it is not so much of a piece.

In the revised version of "Ariadne auf Naxos" we do not have the preliminary Molière play, but an operatic introduction in which there is a great deal of dialogue between the operatic artists and the members of a harlequinade who are each to give a performance at a private palace. They are ultimately informed by the Major-Domo that, as there is not time for the two performances one after the other, they are to be given simultaneously. The first part is not of great musical interest, although it gave us an opportunity to hear some fine singing from Mme. Elizabeth Schumann as the composer; but in the second part the real opera begins, and in this there is much lovely music, given mainly to Ariadne. The part of Ariadne was taken by Mme. Lotte Lehmann, who sang exquisitely. The wonderful and terrifying coloratura part of Zerbinetta was sung by that amazing coloratura virtuosa, Mme. Maria Ivogün, whose singing was the occasion of a spontaneous burst of applause from every part of the house in the middle of the act. I believe this is Mme. Ivogün's first appearance at Covent Garden. I heard her some years ago in Munich, and was much impressed by her singing. She was a discovery of Herr Bruno Walter's, and, in Strauss's opinion, is the finest exponent of the extremely difficult part of Zerbinetta. It is to be hoped that we shall have an opportunity of hearing Mme. Ivogün in the Italian season. While speaking of Strauss's opera, I should like to protest against the management's illiterate use on the programme of "Strauss' opera," instead of Strauss's opera. As every educated person knows, the use of the apostrophe "'" is to indicate that the old genitive "e" is elided; the apostrophe does not stand for "s" at all; the correct form is Strauss's opera, not Strauss' opera, which is hideous, and, in fact, unpronounceable. There seems to be an increasing tendency to make this barbarous error.

W. J. TURNER.



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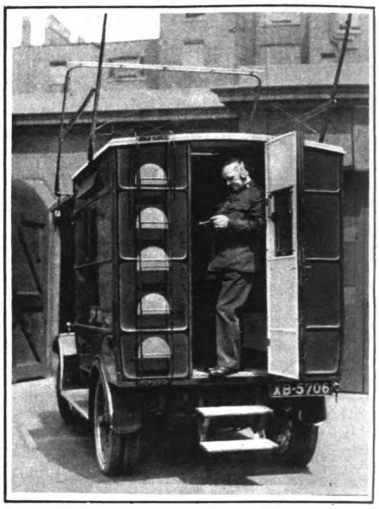
For dealing with road traffic to Epsom on Derby Day, Scotland Yard had two special control vans built, and fitted with wireless sending and receiving sets, to patrol the main routes to the course. They can "send" and "receive" by special code while travelling at forty miles an hour. These unique vans were constructed at the Putney garage of the Metropolitan Police.—[*Photographs by Topical.*]



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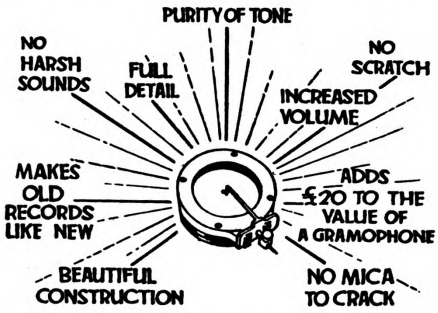

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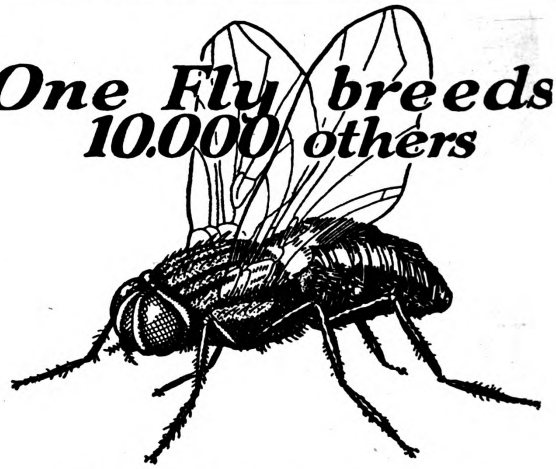

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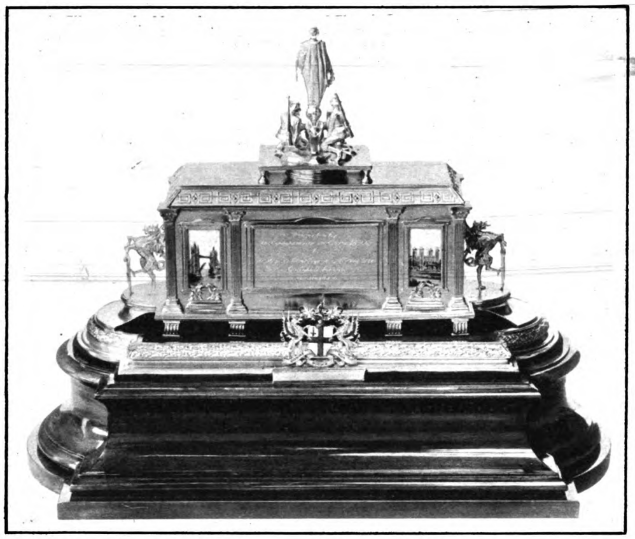
THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.— (*Continued from page 1058.*)

the churches, and plundered their valuables (Io. Monach, Rhod. *vit. S. Artemii* 23). It is said that after a futile attempt to intimidate Theodoros, the 'guardian of the treasures' in the great church, he condemned him to torture and death, and that flinging the sacred vessels on the ground he treated them to the grossest indignities—a story of very doubtful historicity. Dr. Eisen, however, accepts the tale, and even suggests that the compression of the Chalice may be the result of its sacrilegious mishandling by Julian. In that case the Chalice must have been concealed again either during the invasion of Chosroes I., who in 538 burned Antioch but spared the Cathedral, or more probably during the conquests of Chosroes II., who captured Syria in 611. The later date would account for the association of the Chalice with the objects of early Byzantine art enumerated above. . . .

"At the risk of being tedious I should like to add a further possibility anent the eagle beneath the throne of Christ. It is all very well to tell us that 'the Eagle, perched on one of the Baskets and grasping the loaves, can only symbolise the Roman Empire, now partaking of the Christian religion as administered by St. Peter and St. Paul' (p. 180). But that is to neglect a much more obvious explanation. The eagle with spread wings is frequent on imperial coins of Antioch itself, always as sign and symbol of Zeus, to whose cult the Antiochenes had long been devoted. Its occurrence on a Christian Chalice surely implies that the silversmith who made it had been trained in pagan traditions and wished to represent Christ as enthroned in the room of Zeus. As Zeus had the Dioskouroi to right and left of him, so Christ has St. Peter and St. Paul. . . . The Chalice of Antioch is certainly genuine and, as it stands, unique. There is no other exactly like it in shape and style. The shape appears to be confined to the first century. The style, so far as we can tell, would suit Greek work of the Flavian or perhaps Trajanic period. That the inner bowl was older yet is possible, is even probable, but is not—I think—conclusively proved."

[N.B.—Any of our readers who may wish to possess Dr. Eisen's work, "The Great Chalice of Antioch," should note that a limited number of copies are for sale in England at the price of £35. They are obtainable from Mr. C. J. Healey, 36, Wetherby Mansions, Earl's Court Square, S.W.5, or (from June 12 to July 19) at the Redfern Gallery, 27, Old Bond Street, where the volumes will be on view.]



PRESENTED TO THE KING OF ITALY AT THE GUILDHALL: THE GOLD CASKET CONTAINING THE CITY'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

This is the 18-carat gold casket presented to King Victor on the occasion of his visit to the Guildhall on May 27. The left-hand panel represents the Tower Bridge, and the right-hand one the Tower. The casket was designed and manufactured throughout by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of London.

MR. COCHRAN'S FRENCH SEASON AT THE NEW OXFORD.

IT was a case with the French Players, during their first week at the New Oxford, of reserving their best wine until the last. Mlle. Cécile Sorel and the Comédie Française colleagues she brought over with her on Mr. Cochran's invitation began their London season with an unfortunate choice. In staging "La Mégère Apprivoisée," the French version of "The Taming of the Shrew," they intended, no doubt, a delicate compliment to their English audiences. But the result was crude farce, with almost every redeeming touch of the original omitted. Then they fell back on Dumas *fils*—"La Dame aux Camélias" and "Le Demi-Monde"—in which they were vastly more at home, and the leading actress gave us samples of her real quality alike as emotional actress and comédienne. But with their production of a new play, André Pascal's (Baron Henri de Rothschild's) "Lorsqu' On Aime," they were again seen to lesser advantage, because this drama of a complacent husband who carries his complacency so far that he tries to bully his young wife's lover into abandoning a contemplated marriage postulates a situation that it is impossible to make credible. Only at the last, apart from their mid-week matinée, did they reach what from tradition, from training, from experience they can do superlatively well. The performance of "Le Demi-Monde" had its interesting, its amusing, its moving moments; but the revival of Molière's masterpiece, "Le Misanthrope," was a joy from beginning to end. Comedy is obviously Mlle. Sorel's *forte*, and in Molière the whole company shine, M. Albert Lambert *fils* is as good an Alceste as one could wish to see, and Sorel's art is as eloquent in its silences as in the speeches of cajolery or of sarcasm. The actress is worth watching every moment she is on the stage; she cannot give us the girl of twenty, but in the vivacity of her diction, in the mobility of her pantomime, she makes us forget that.

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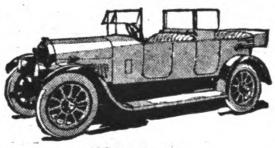

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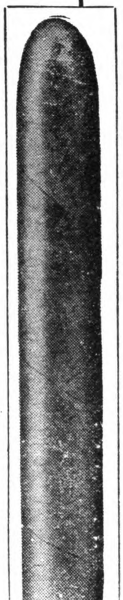

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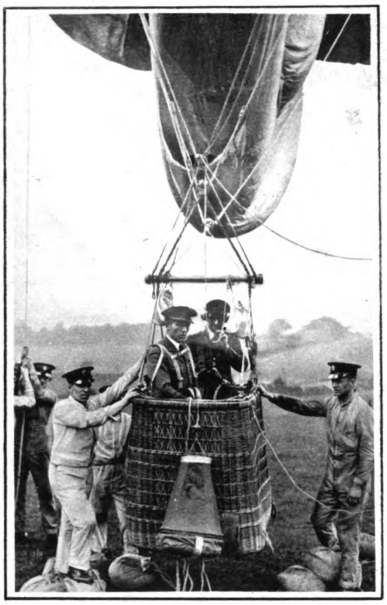
RADIO NOTES.

TO satisfy the public's demand for information, reporters seek subjects here and there with notebook and pencil, artists with their sketch-books, Press photographers with their cameras. Broadcasting has added to these kindred professions by introducing the travelling microphone-operator. His business is to pick up sounds which two million people or more are eager to hear. Unlike the work of other providers of information, the result of the microphone operator's duties is obtained by the broadcast public simultaneously and almost instantaneously with whatever it is that is being picked up. His outfit consists of a microphone, a portable amplifier, and some wire. On arrival at the scene of the "event," the microphone is placed in position, and it responds to the sounds, the electrical effect of which, after passing through the portable amplifier, is sent *via* the nearest telephone line to the broadcasting station for transmission into the homes of the public. There is no waiting for copy to be set by compositors, no printing, no development of photographic plates. The broadcast public hears the event whilst it is happening.

As to whether it is better to hear nightingales in close proximity to the birds or by radio-telephony is best answered by the fact that there are large numbers of the public who lack the opportunities for listening to the natural singing of nightingales. It is true, however, that the many thousands of people who had never before heard the song of the nightingale were enabled to do so by means of the portable microphone hung up near the birds in the country at Oxted, Surrey. The portable microphone is to be taken to the Zoological Gardens in a few weeks' time. People with broadcast receiving-sets living in range of any of the B.B.C. stations in Great Britain will, in homes as far apart as Aberdeen, Cardiff, Bournemouth, and elsewhere, hear the inhabitants of the London "Zoo"—birds, laughing jackasses, elephants, lemurs, and sea-lions.

In addition to the ordinary transmissions from the British Empire Exhibition, the B.B.C. propose to use their portable microphones for broadcasting the various sounds heard in the great Amusement Park at Wembley. Doubtless the roar of Scenic-Railway vehicles as they rush downhill at great speed, the exclamations of the passengers, band music, and numerous other sounds peculiar to the place will form a novelty of interest to many radio listeners.



DERBY DAY TRAFFIC CONTROLLED BY RADIO: "SPOTTERS" WHO TELEPHONED ROAD CONDITIONS AS SEEN FROM A KITE-BALLOON.

To cope with the enormous traffic on the roads leading to Epsom on Derby Day, spotters in a kite balloon telephoned the conditions as seen from the air to a ground station, whence instructions were transmitted to a special wireless car employed by Scotland Yard for dealing with traffic blocks. The car is fitted with apparatus transmitting 50 miles and receiving 105 miles.—[*Photo. by Barratt.*]

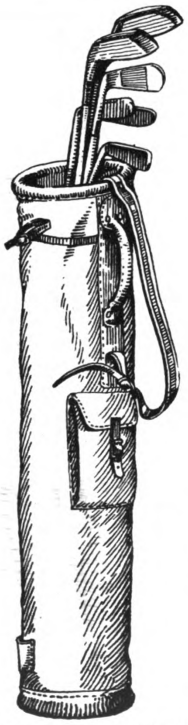
Portable broadcast receiving-sets are extremely popular this year. A modern set takes up very little space in a car, and affords much pleasure either in the country or on the river. Two Sundays ago three parties of friends arranged to motor to a delightful spot near Henely-on-Thames, and listen to "wireless" by the river-side during the afternoon. Shortly after arrival at the rendezvous heavy rain caused the picnic to be broken up, and the party decided to go to an inn close by for tea. A couple of terminals were noticed near a window. The proprietor explained that they led to aerial and earth wires, but was afraid that a mistake had been made somewhere, as he had been unable to receive broadcasts. The portable receiver, an Ethophone V. four-valve set, together with a loud-speaker brought by one of the car party, were brought in and proved quickly that the aerial and earth system was efficient, for no sooner were the connections made than organ solos, relayed by "2LO," filled the room. The chief novelty of the afternoon was "Big Ben" striking five o'clock, heard for the first time in this wayside inn, nearly forty miles from Westminster.

Readers who are interested in the wonderful archæological discoveries reproduced from time to time in *The Illustrated London News* will have the opportunity of hearing by broadcast Mr. C. Leonard Woolley's talks on recent discoveries made in Babylonia. Mr. Woolley, under the joint arrangements of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania, has discovered many objects of the greatest interest dating from five thousand years ago or longer. Many of these have been illustrated in this journal. Three talks will be given during July—"Excavations in Babylonia," "The Beginnings of History in Babylonia," and "Ur of the Chaldees."

On June 30, between 9 p.m. and 10 p.m., the famous bells of Malines Cathedral will be broadcast for British listeners. The B.B.C. announce that the ringing of the bells will be picked up by a microphone placed in the Market Square at Malines, and conveyed by telephone wire to Brussels, broadcast from there, and received by the B.B.C. on a portable set somewhere in Essex or Kent. The result of this reception will then travel by telephone line to the London Broadcasting Station, and be transmitted simultaneously from all British stations.

The new Relay Broadcasting Station at Liverpool is now finished and begins transmission this week.

W. H. S.



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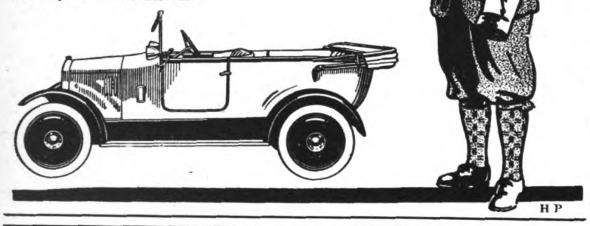

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Six Days' Trial.

The awards in the recent R.A.C. Small-Car Trial have now been issued, and are in many respects quite interesting. The various awards are as follows:

CLASS B. (Cars costing between £130 and £170.)

CAR.	DRIVER.	AWARD.
Trojan	D. Bowden	Gold medal.
Trojan	B. Woodhouse	Silver medal.

CLASS C. (Cars costing between £170 and £205.)

Rhode	B. Alan Hill	Gold medal.

CLASS D. (Cars costing between £205 and £240.)

Rhode	C. Gray	Gold medal.
Gwynne	J. F. Deverill	Silver medal.

CLASS E. (Cars costing between £240 and £275.)

Gwynne	D. Chinery	Gold medal.
Lea-Francis	H. E. Tatlow	Silver medal.

CLASS F. (Cars costing between £275 and £350.)

A.C.	V. Bruce	Gold medal.
Galloway	V. E. Leverett	Silver medal.

CLASS G. (Cars costing over £350.)

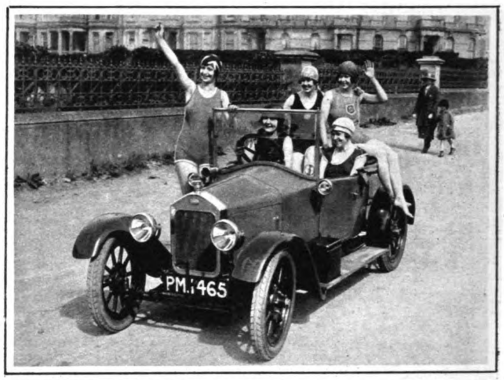
Palladium	H. F. Smallwood	Gold medal.
Lagonda	W. H. Oates	Silver medal.

SPECIAL AWARDS.

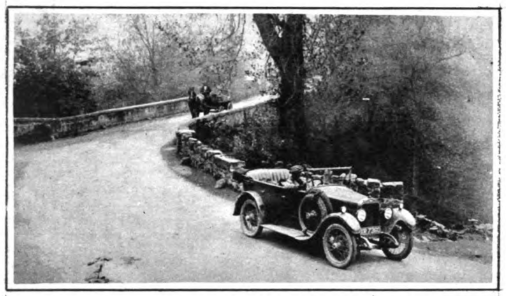
	CAR.	DRIVER.
Daily Chronicle Cup	Gwynne	D. Chinery.
The Autocar Cups	Trojan	D. Bowden.
	Rhode	Alan Hill.
Special Gold Medal	Lea-Francis	H. E. Tatlow.

The decision of the judges to award the *Daily Chronicle* Cup for the best performance in the trial to the Gwynne seems to show how easily rules, no matter how carefully drafted, may result in decisions which, while they adhere to the letter, may be quite controversial. The Gwynne is an astonishingly good little car—I have handled it on the road, and have been greatly impressed by its performance; but it actually finished the trial with a broken spring-leaf and a fractured shock-absorber arm, yet gained premier award at the expense of other cars which finished with an absolutely clean sheet. Under the somewhat complicated system of marking, each car was debited a mark for each 1½d. worth of petrol, and one mark for every four fluid ounces of oil consumed. The Gwynne used rather more than eighteen gallons of petrol against the twenty-three gallons of its nearest competitor, while the cost of replacing the broken parts did not amount to the difference in running cost. On the whole, I am rather inclined to agree with the system under which the award was made, because, after all, what interests the owner most is total cost of running and maintaining a car, always provided that, under the head of maintenance and repairs, the latter are simple and do not entail the car's being out of use for days at a time. If, let us say, one car costs £100 per annum to run—this figure including the cost of replacing small parts which wear or break—while another costs £110 for actual running costs, yet no replacements are needed, the former is, in terms of cash, the better investment. What the R.A.C. set out to discover was the most economical car in use, and on this basis the award is perfectly correct. It is being queried, but I think wrongly. If anybody objects, the figures are before him, and he has only to make his own assessment of comparative performance to assist him in making a choice. He may also reflect that no set of rules was ever perfect.

[*Continued overleaf.*



THE MOTOR-CAR ELIMINATES THE BATHING-MACHINE: A WOLSELEY "TEN" TWO-SEATER TAKING FIVE FAIR BATHERS DIRECT FROM HOUSE TO BEACH AT HOVE.



ON THE BORDER BETWEEN ENGLAND AND WALES: A 14-H.P. ALL-WEATHER ANSALDO, WITH REX MUNDY AT THE WHEEL, AT CHIRK BRIDGE.

Chirk, near Llangollen, is in Denbighshire, on the borders of Shropshire. Rex Mundy was the winner of a challenge shield in the recent London-to-Holyhead trial.

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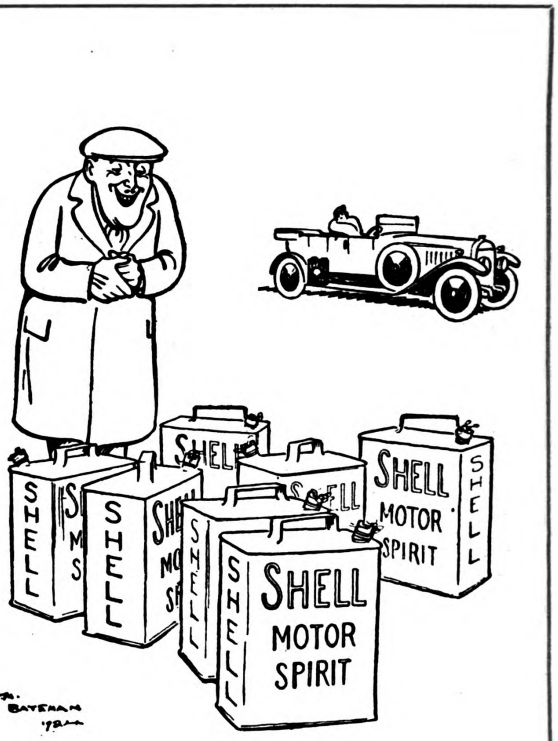

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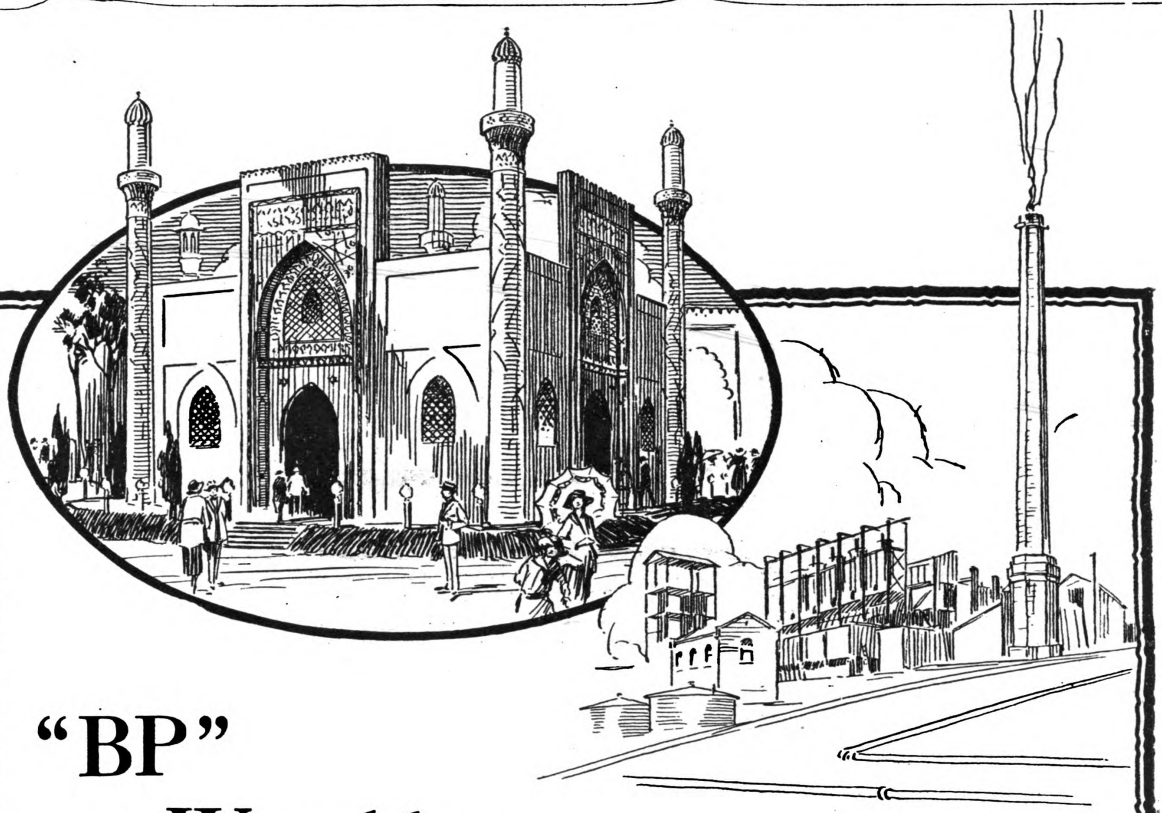

"BP" at Wembley

The "Khan" of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company with its slender minarets and its blue-and-green tiled doorways is of characteristically Persian design.

It is a reminder of the beauty and ancient splendour of the Land of the Shahs.

It is, too, a reminder of the source of the crude oil which is brought to Great Britain and refined into "BP" Motor Spirit.

The exhibits have been selected to give an idea of the engineering and chemical skill and the immense business organisation engaged in the task of production, refining, and distribution.

A visit to the building depicted—situated opposite India—will give you a wider and deeper realisation of the great importance of British Petrol, not only to the British motorist, but to the Empire at large.

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Continued.]

The Crossley "Fourteen."

Shortly before the last Motor Show I had a Crossley "fourteen" placed at my disposal for a week-end, and soon afterwards recorded my impressions, which I recollect were altogether favourable. Last week Messrs. Crossley Motors asked me again to try this model, which has been considerably improved in the meantime. I suppose I covered about a couple of hundred miles in the three days—not a great distance, it is true, but quite enough to be able to get to know all I wanted about the car. I must say I like it greatly. The engine pulls very well indeed, and is very flexible, with a speed range on "top" of from about six miles an hour to well over fifty. It pulls exceptionally well at low speeds when ascending that kind of gradient which is nearly too stiff for top, yet hardly calls for a change down to a lower gear. When the latter is called for, one discovers that the gears are comparatively quiet, while the ratios are very well spaced out — as too often they are not. One point which has always impressed me about the Crossley models is the delightfully easy steering, which makes it possible to drive all day without feeling the slightest sense of that fatigue which is so often induced by cars whose steering is on the heavy side, and with which one is constantly struggling, as it were. I have found that all the Crossleys I have tried since the war have just the same light, easy feeling under the hand, a feeling which would compensate for quite a number of minor drawbacks.

Not that this latest "fourteen" has any that I could discover. Long experience makes one very critical, while, at the same time, it does teach one that cars have to be judged on their merits in the class to which they belong. What I mean by that is that you cannot compare with justice the car costing a couple of thousand pounds with that which you can buy for two hundred—all cars have to be taken in their relation to others in the class for power and price. In its class, then, I place this Crossley model very far up. It is a really good car with some excellent points of its own. I have already spoken about its efficiency and its steering. Another appealing point is its brakes, which are really most efficient. I have tried cars costing twice the money, whose brakes were nothing like as good. As an all-round car, whether for pleasure or business, for short journeys or for long tours, I do not hesitate to say that the Crossley very adequately fills the requirements of the motorist who looks to the car of about 14 h.p. to fulfil them.

Fire at a Big Oil Depot.

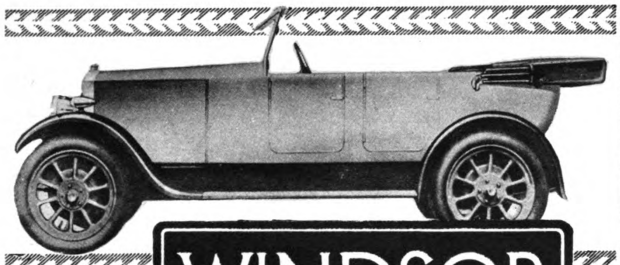
A recent outbreak of fire in the office of the Anglo-American Oil Company's Birkdale depot, Southport, would undoubtedly have resulted in serious damage to the town had it not been for the excellent construction of the depot, which prevented the flames reaching either the filling house or the main tanks. There were 16,000 gallons of Pratt's spirit and 12,000 gallons of paraffin in the tanks, and the company have cause to congratulate themselves on having planned and constructed their depot in such a way that disaster was averted. The office itself was completely gutted.

The McKenna Duties.

Quite a number of importers of foreign, and particularly American, cars write to say that the proposed abolition of these duties will make little difference in the prices of their cars. Most inform me that they are arranging to make a refund of any difference in the price paid now and any reduced prices which may come into operation when the duties have disappeared. Willys-Overland are arranging a scheme of this kind, as are also the Ford Company.

W. W.

"The Royal Academy Illustrated" (Walter Judd, Ltd., 2s.) for this year, is now on sale and, as usual, offers a splendid pictorial review of the Burlington House exhibition. The reproductions are excellent, and the selection of pictures illustrated includes nearly all the most interesting works of art exhibited. The frontispiece this year is, naturally, the much-discussed portrait of the King by Charles Sims, R.A.; and other portraits reproduced include Gerald Kelly's paintings of Viscount Cave and Lady Berwick; two of the Munnings equestrian portraits, and the John picture of Princess Antoine Bibesco; the Duke of Westminster by Orpen, and many others. The subject pictures in the "Royal Academy Illustrated" include Sir John Lavery's "The House of Commons, 1924," and Mr. W. Russell Flint's "The Lemnians,"—a picture of special interest, as the artist is one of the new A.R.A.s—many of the best landscapes exhibited, and a good selection of the sculptures.



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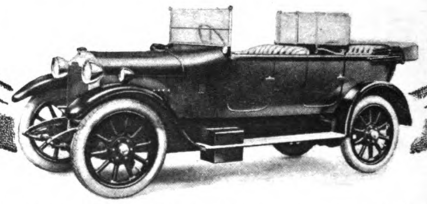

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An extract from "The Aeroplane" of May 22, 1924

"ON THE AUSTRALIAN TRIUMPH"

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"On their arrival at Melbourne on May 19 they had covered **8,568** miles in 44 days, an average of about 200 miles a day, **in 90 flying hours,** or **only a little less than 100 miles an hour** over a course which faced every point of the compass. But they were not out to break records or to 'put up a stunt,' as the modern phrase has it. Their task was to make a rapid survey of the coast of Australia with a view to judging where coast-defence air stations may best be placed.

"They were not able to devote their time ashore to overhauling their machine and resting; they had to make notes, write reports, and interview local people as to the topographical and meteorological peculiarities of each locality. They had no prepared aerodromes. They had no prepared bases with spares and facilities for repairs. They just pushed off from Melbourne on a **three-year-old Fairey seaplane with a Rolls-Royce 'Eagle' VIII engine,** flew round Australia and did their job.

"Without in any way detracting from such performances as the trans-Atlantic flight or the England-Australia flight, or the England-South Africa flight, or the more recent flight by M. Pelletier d'Oisy to Indo-China, one can say unhesitatingly that **the Australian flight is a better piece of work than any of them.** It has called for a more prolonged effort than some of the great flights of the past, and it has been done without the external assistance and vast preliminary organisation which alone have made the others possible. It was a plain two-man job, and it has won for the Royal Australian Air Force the admiration of all the World's aviators.

"Also, the durability and reliability shown by the Fairey seaplane and the Rolls-Royce engine (both of war-time design and largely of war-time production so far as material is concerned) under the stress of this continued work in tropical sun and rain have **established once more the reputation of English aircraft design and material in the esteem of the aeronautical authorities of foreign nations,** a reputation which must have been considerably shaken by the meteoric success of M. d'Oisy."

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

E J GIBBS (East Ham).—We suppose we must congratulate you on your jubilee, although it is more than the half-way mark.

G PARBURY (Singapore).—The error to which you call attention was corrected in our issue following its appearance.

CONTRO MERCANTIL (Seville).—There is something wrong with the position you submit. The Black King and a black Pawn are both placed on K 4th, and the solution given will not work. Can you not let us have a diagram?

BARON DE REUTER (Turin).—You gave as your solution of No. 3925, Q to B sq, and we pointed out where it failed. Your arguments in reply can only hold good if the Q is on Kt sq, which is, of course, the right solution. Problem No. 3931 cannot be solved by Q takes Kt. As regards other matters, we have passed your letter on to the proper quarter to deal with them.

L W CAFFERATA (Newark).—Thanks for the three-mover, which shall receive attention.

CHARLES H BATLEY (Providence, R.I., U.S.A.).—If the problem you send is your own composition, and has not appeared elsewhere, we shall be pleased to give it publication.

JOHN RANSFORD (Clinton, Ontario).—Your study of our problems seems too casual to justify your trouble in writing or ours in replying. In 3930 if 1. —— P to Q B 5th, 2. Kt takes P mates; and if 1. —— K to K 2nd, 2. Q takes P mates. In No. 3928, 1. Kt to K 6th (ch) is met by Kt takes Kt, according to the problem we published.

HOWARD STAUNTON (Kolar Gold Fields, India).—We are sorry we are unable conveniently to go back so far as No. 3710; but if you send the position, we will endeavour to find a solution.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament, at New York, between Messrs. R. RETI and E. D. BOGOLJUBOFF, to which was awarded one of the brilliancy prizes.

(Zukertort's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
2. P to B 4th	P to K 3rd
3. P to K Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th
4. B to Kt 2nd	B to Q 3rd
5. Castles	Castles
6. P to Kt 3rd	R to K sq
7. B to Kt 2nd	

White has now developed what is really a variant of the English opening into a double Fianchetto attack, and waits for opportunities.

7.	Q Kt to Q 2nd
8. P to Q 4th	P to B 3rd
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to K 5th

One of which is here afforded. The result of this move forces Black to break up his centre Pawns, and ultimately to leave his King seriously exposed.

10. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
11. Kt to K 5th	P to K B 4th
12. P to B 3rd	P takes P
13. B takes P	Q to B 2nd
14. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
15. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
16. P to B 5th	

The strength of White's attack steadily reveals itself, and the tactical power of his Bishops becomes more and more felt.

16.	B to K B sq

A fatal mistake, as the sequel shows. B to K and would have saved the subsequent disaster.

17. Q to B 2nd	P takes Q P
18. P takes P	Q R to Q sq
19. B to R 5th	R to K 4th
20. B takes P	R takes P
21. R takes R	B takes R
22. Q takes B	R takes B
23. R to K B sq	

It is instructive to study the positional value of each side at this point. With forces precisely equal in material strength, White's pieces are combined in effective union, while Black's are isolated from each other, without possible co-operation. The end comes, nevertheless, with dramatic suddenness.

23.	R to Q sq
24. B to R 7 (ch)	K to R sq
25. B to K 8th	Resigns.

Because by no possible defence can mate in three more moves be averted.

JOSEPH T BUNTING (Secane, Penn., U.S.A.).—Whatever your preliminary difficulties may be, you have a knack of always "getting there" at last. We are quite sure, however, the composer of the problem never dreamt he was setting so strenuous a task.

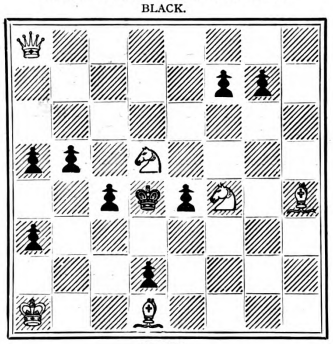
R W HILL (Melbourne).—Your usual accuracy in solving has failed you with No. 3926, but many experts made the same mistake. We shall report on your problems in our next column.

HORACE F. MCFARLAND (St. Louis, U.S.A.).—We regret we have had no room for any comments on the new notation you bring under our notice; but *cui bono?* You yourself have very concisely summed up the objections to the system, and why trouble to alter what is to us the mother tongue of chess?

We hope to report on a good many problems submitted for our acceptance in our next issue.

PROBLEM No. 3933.—BY J. M. K. LUPTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3931.—BY L. W. CAFFERATA.

WHITE	BLACK
1. B to Q 8th	Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.	

A problem limited in range of ideas, but with one subtle and sufficient defence that gives it character. Not a few of our solvers have failed to notice this.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3924 received from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3925 from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3927 from Howard Staunton (Kolar Gold Fields, India), Horace E McFarland (St. Louis, U.S.A.), G Parbury (Singapore), and Gordon Fraser (Bloemfontein); of No. 3928 from H. H. the Maharana Saheb of Porbander, G Parbury (Singapore), Horace E McFarland (St. Louis), Gordon Fraser (Bloemfontein), and Howard Staunton (Kolar Gold Fields); of No. 3929 from Joseph T Bunting (Philadelphia); of No. 3930 from Rev. W Scott (Elgin), H Heshmat (Cairo), R S I (Cairo), and Rev. A D Mearns (Baltimore, U.S.A.); and of No. 3931 from J M K Lupton (Richmond), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), E M Vicars (Norfolk), E J Gibbs (East Ham), L W Cafferata (Farndon), W N Powell (Ledbury), H Heshmat (Cairo), A Edmeston (Worsley), R B Pearce (Happisburg), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), C H Watson (Masham), and W C D Smith (Northampton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3932 received from R B N (Tewkesbury), W C D Smith (Northampton), G S K (Wellington College), J Hunter (Leicester), L W Cafferata (Farndon), S Caldwell (Hove), J McRobert (Crossgar), A Edmeston (Worsley), W N Powell (Ledbury), J C Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), A S Brown (Paisley), C B S (Canterbury), C H Watson (Masham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J P Smith (Cricklewood), P Cooper (Clapham), O Newbold (Surbiton), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), H W Satow (Bangor), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), R B Pearce (Happisburg), J M K Lupton (Richmond), and A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter).

The death is announced from New York of **Mr. G. E. Carpenter**, in his eightieth year, who was once one of the foremost problem-composers in the United States. His chief claim to distinction, however, is that it was largely due to his efforts that problem-composition became subjected to the rules and regulations which definitely fixed its standards, and gave the art an organic unity it did not previously possess. During the 'seventies of the last century he was the first to undertake an active campaign against the admission of duals in solutions; and his trenchant criticism proved so triumphant that within two or three years no more fatal flaw could be urged against a problem than the possession of such defects. Much has happened since then in which he had no part; but due credit must be given to him as a pioneer in that work of constructive criticism by which the modern problem has been moulded and developed.

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

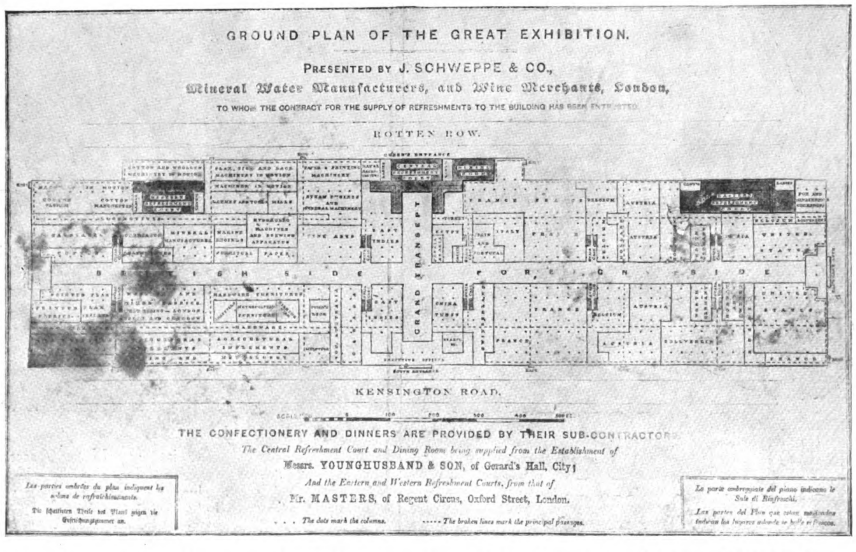
STILETTO. By ERNEST GOODWIN. (Collins; 7s. 6d. net.)

The scene of this novel, which purports to be the history of an old stiletto in a modern Englishman's collection, is laid in Venice, in that decadent period when she was losing her hold over "the gorgeous east," and libertinage was rampant in the city. "Into this whirl of debased pleasure a girl-wife was plunged. . . . Her husband kept the pack [*i.e.*, of her pursuers] off, but from two quarters threatened danger. The son of the Doge had marked her down. A beautiful youth (more dangerous still) knelt before her as to the divinity, adoring, idealising." The plot moves to a grim climax when all four—the husband, the wife, and her two lovers—are gathered one night under the same roof. For the purposes of fiction, the stiletto may be quite as effective a weapon as the sword.

MONSIEUR DESPERADO. By JOHN MELBURY. (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is an exciting cloak-and-sword romance of the days of Cardinal Richelieu, and it gives a vivid picture of Parisian life during the early days of his ministry. The hero is an engaging adventurer of the type which many stories of seventeenth-century France have made familiar in modern fiction. Love, intrigue, and fighting are the ingredients of an adventurous tale which is a good example of its kind, and no one will be surprised to find that, in the end, "beauty subdues the beast."

PLAN OF THE 1851 EXHIBITION HELD IN HYDE PARK



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MASK AND THE FACE." AT THE CRITERION.

THAT delightful comedy which Mr. C. B. Fernald has adapted from the Italian under the title of "The Mask and the Face," and recently produced at Everyman's, is now given a chance of making a wider appeal at the Criterion, and happily Miss Athene Seyler, whose primacy among English comédiennes can only be challenged by Miss Marie Tempest, is still available to Impersonate the roguish Countess who attends her own funeral, and so makes her "playboy" husband ridiculous. That husband, you may remember, pretended to have killed his wife for reasons of jealousy, stood his trial as a murderer, and was made a popular hero on acquittal. In the hour of his triumph, amid the solemnity of the obsequies, his supposed victim comes back from Paris and tumbles the braggart from his pedestal. Mr. Brember Wills, Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, and Mr. Cellier, replacing Mr. Franklin Dyall, all catch the true spirit of comedy. But it is Miss Seyler's accomplished and unflagging virtuosity which gives the play its charm and makes it the best light entertainment we can boast of just now in London.

A YOUNG JULIET AT LAST.

Too long we have accustomed ourselves to the idea that no actress was capable of playing Juliet until she was too old to look the part, with the consequence that no modern presentation of Shakespeare's tragedy of young love has ever as a rule been satisfactory, and we have almost come to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable lack of illusion, and learnt the trick of listening to the music of the immortal duets with eyes close-shut on the instruments. With Mr. Barry Jackson's revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Regent, that unhappy tradition has at length been thrown overboard: here, to our joy, we have youth interpreting the ardours and transports of youth, and the gain is immense. It is much to be able to contemplate a Juliet who looks and acts and speaks like the girl, like the child just budding into adolescence, of the playwright's conception. It is a rarer pleasure still to have the speeches of the Balcony Scene and the bridal morn delivered with adorable felicity by a young couple who seem to catch the very accents of nature, and to suggest without strain the language of untutored passion. For this effect we have to thank primarily the beautiful art of Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, an ideal Juliet in what matters most of all—the indication of childish ingenuousness and sincerity. This Juliet is just a simple, unaffected girl as she thinks aloud on the balcony, and she is candour itself in her response to love. And the Romeo of Mr. John Gielgud is a fit match for such a Juliet. A little awkward in appearance at his first entry, perhaps because of his youth, he wins grace and warms up under the influence of his partner, so that his share in the lyrical antiphons has hardly less eloquence and fervour than her own. This pair can touch the note of pathos as well as of romance; both are at their best in their scenes of grief over the sentence of banishment pronounced on Romeo; and the Juliet's emotional strength carries her far enough to permit her to handle the Potion Scene with marked success. Neither the new Romeo, however, nor the new Juliet can reach as yet the tragic possibilities of their rôles; they were least impressive in the culminating moments of the play. But for once we have had youth in its right place, and, oddly enough, the Juliet and her Romeo score almost by themselves in this revival, the only outstanding performance, apart from theirs, being the Friar Laurence of Mr. Campbell Gullan. Miss Barbara Gott's Nurse was a sound performance, but had less humour than might have been expected; and Mr. Scott Sunderland's Mercutio was noisy rather than gay, theatrical instead of being spontaneous. A plain setting, throwing up the colour of the costume, served.

"THE PUNCH BOWL." AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Have you heard it said: "Too many cooks spoil the broth"? Don't believe it—at any rate of revue, or at any rate of the new revue at the Duke of York's, which is styled "The Punch Bowl." An amazing number of authors is credited with having had a finger in this bowl, and, far from ruining the mixture, they have made it uniformly appetising. The score is charming, and, apart from a "Punch and Judy" mime-ballet, which is lengthened out a little too much, the show is a succession of short, bright turns that have the appearance of ending all too soon. Mr. Alfred Lester, whether interfering with the footlights or burlesquing an Apache dancer, or being hypnotised into love, is as screamingly funny as ever. Mr. Billy Leonard seconds his brother comedian admirably. Miss Gwen Farrar and Miss Norah Blaney have turns which will delight their admirers. And it is interesting to watch Miss Hermione Baddeley in the new atmosphere of revue; she cannot hide her talents even there; but she shines more in "straight" acting than in burlesque.

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(4) Every picture entered *must have been taken on Kodak 3¼ × 2¼ Film Pack* by the Competitor, though he or she need not have done the development, printing or mounting.
(5) Entries must be addressed to Photo Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, and must arrive not later than August 30, 1924. The result will be advertised in the *Daily Mail* on September 30.
(6) The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap reserve to themselves the right of purchasing the copyright of any of the photographs sent for £2 2s. each.
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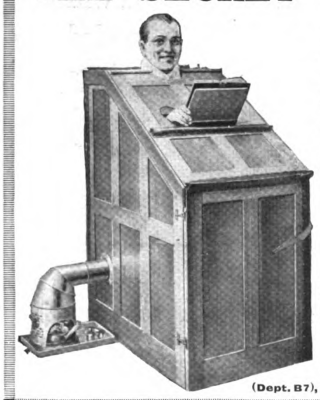

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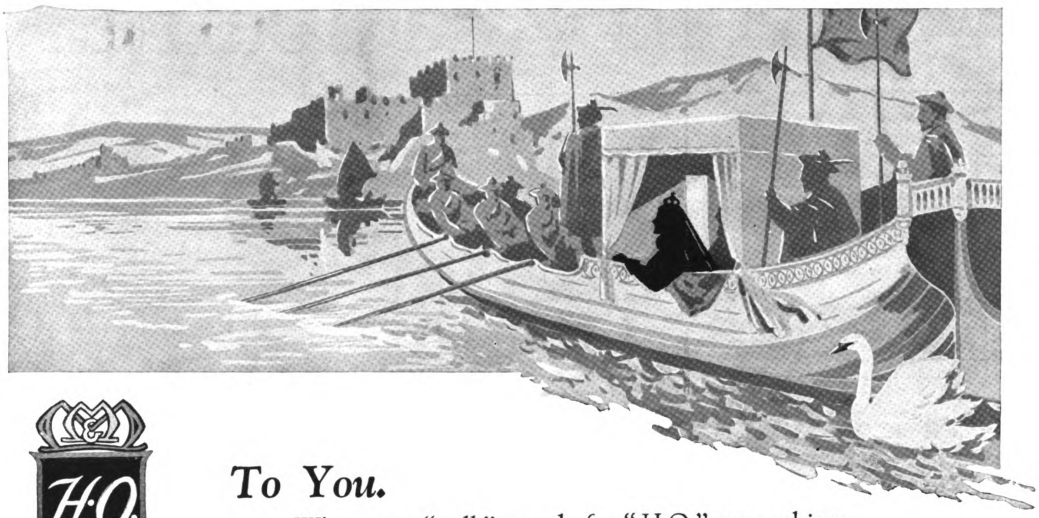

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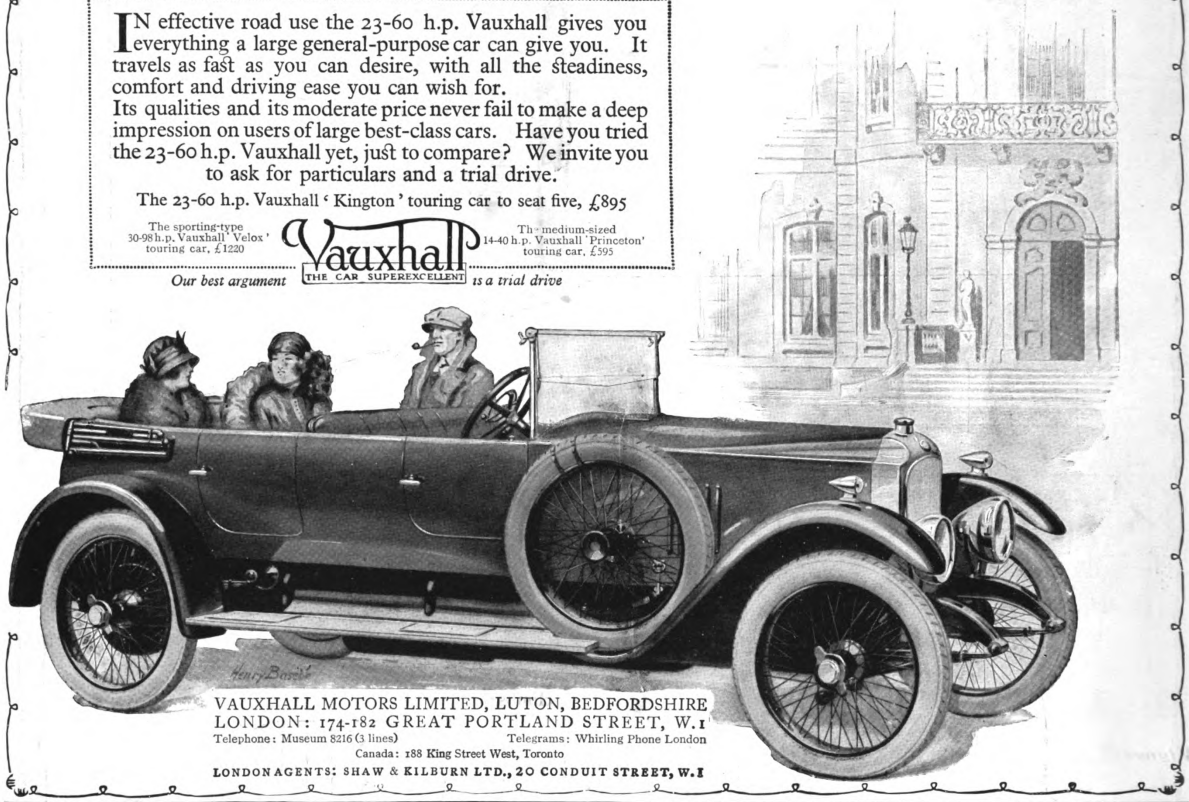

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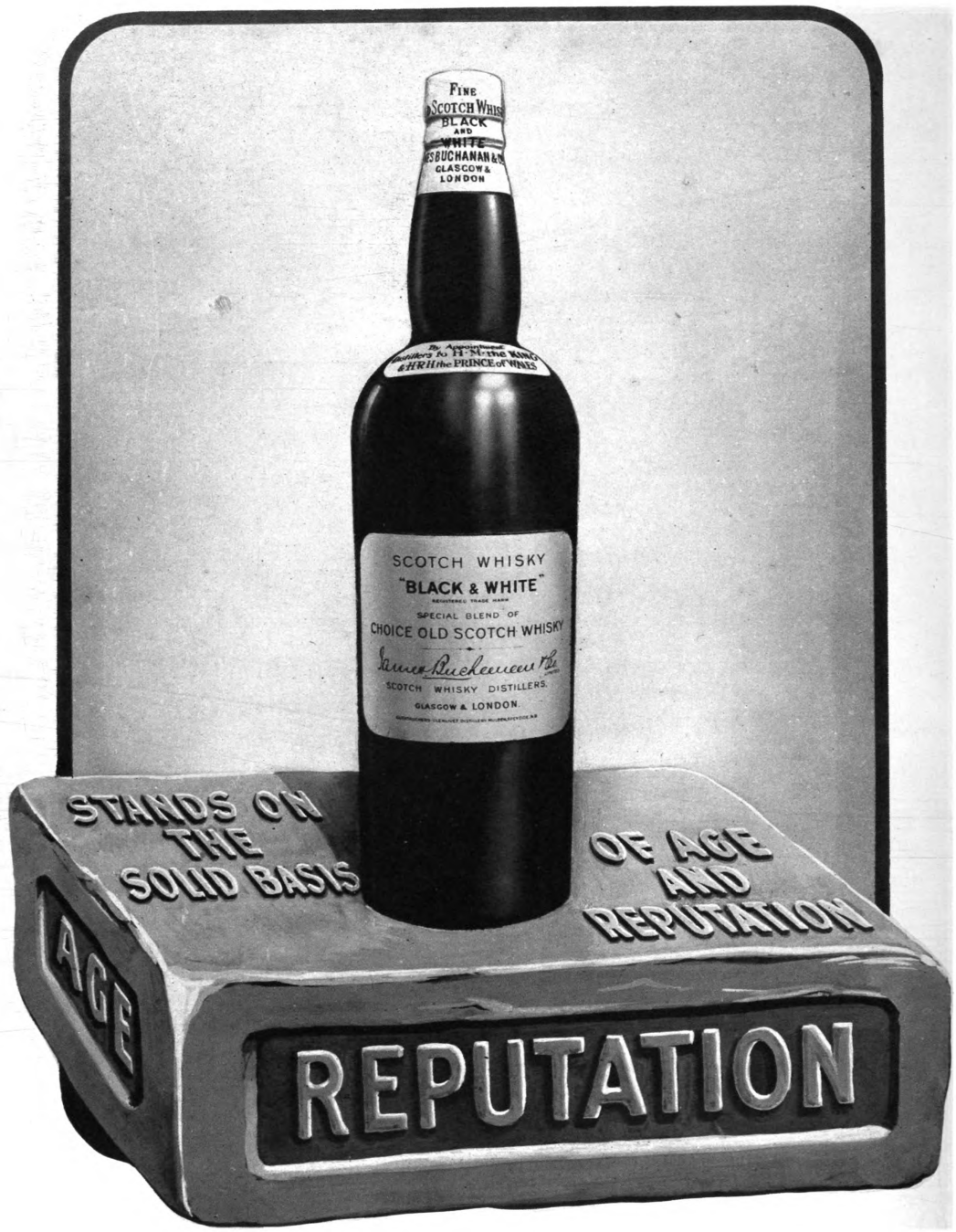

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1924.

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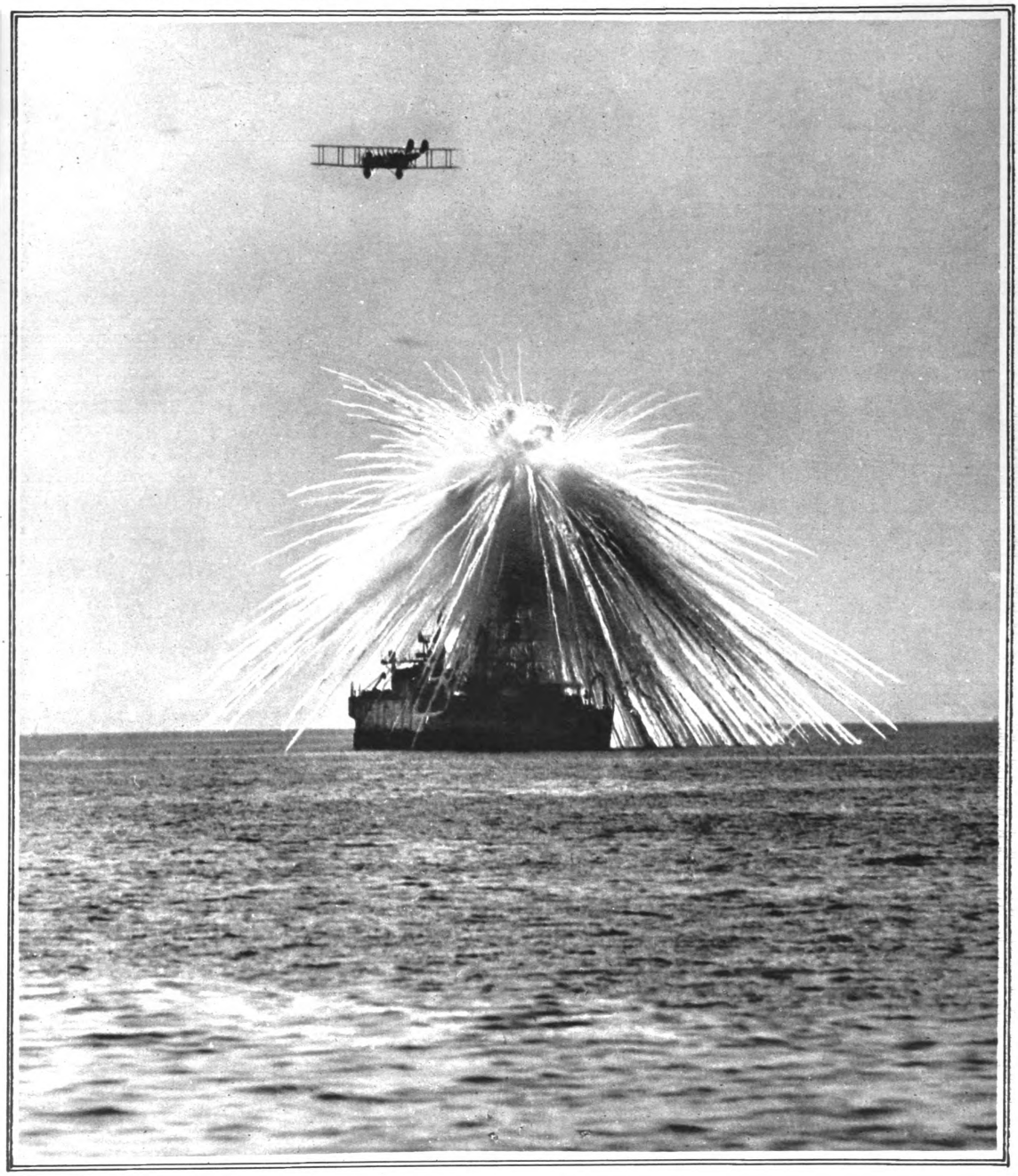


A BATTLE-SHIP DELUGED WITH PHOSPHORUS FROM A 100-LB. BOMB DROPPED BY AN AEROPLANE: A DIRECT HIT ON THE FIRE-CONTROL PLATFORM DURING U.S. BOMBING TESTS—PROOF OF THE AIR MENACE TO CAPITAL SHIPS.

The devastating effects likely to be produced by modern air-bombs on capital ships in any future war were described in a recent number of the "Scientific American," which said: "Above all, it must be remembered that bombers can now operate at *low altitudes*. . . . The bombing tests off the coast of North Carolina opened the eyes of observers who saw it. The smoke-screen and smoke-bombs now make it possible for a fleet of airplanes to attack a fleet of battle-ships from the extremely low height of 500 ft. at point-blank range. . . . Two or three fast and small airplanes . . . may circle the targets with smoke-screens or curtains. . . . The bombers following up could . . . drop the bombs and disappear behind the smoke-screen. The anti-aircraft gunners have to sweep their pieces through an arc of about 180 degrees within a few seconds, amidst bursting shells, and probably with burning phosphorus running down their necks."

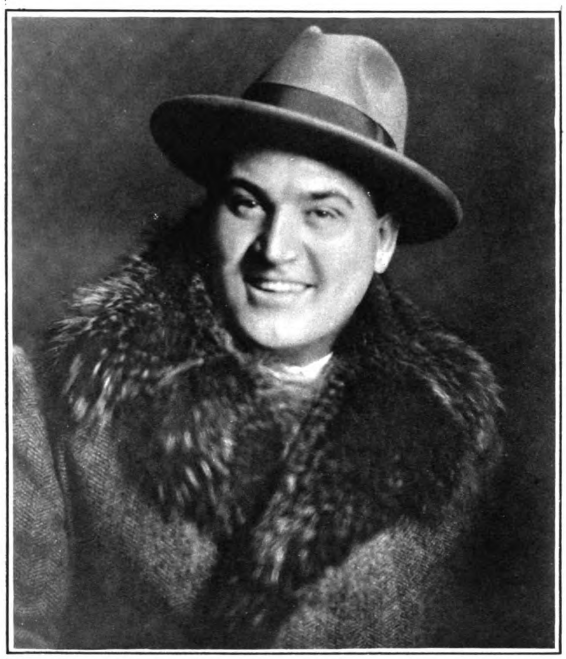
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE U.S. ARMY AIR SERVICE PHOTO SCHOOL. BY COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is not easy to differ from so sound a critic as Mr. John Freeman, especially when his criticism is in many respects only too complimentary; but he has made some remarks on my view of history to which I will respectfully take exception here. He appears to represent me as a mere romantic reactionary with a passion for the past as such; one who makes a religion out of the mood of memory. "*Gone, gone, gone!* mutters Time in his ear, and not the faintest sardonic note in the voice; and *I love, I love, I love* breathes our 'G. K. C.' in unending antiphon." My daily conversation would seem from this to be a little monotonous; but I hardly think that Mr. Freeman has heard my murmurs aright. The first fact that strikes my simple mind about the past is that it is not one thing but twenty thousand things, and that it would be rather difficult for me to murmur that I love them all. All such comparisons of to-day and yesterday are falsified by the simple fact that there really is only one to-day, while there are any number of yesterdays—and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. That very phrase implies that there were more yesterdays than we can ever number, and possibly more fools than we can easily love. I do not love the past in any sense whatever. The past is full of deadly quarrels in which both sides cannot be right, of crucial questions to which one or other answer must be wrong. It contains any number of these evil triumphs and these false philosophies. I do not love the fires of Moloch, or the power of Tyre and Sidon, or the oligarchy of the Spartans, or the human sacrifices of the Druids, or the venal republic of Venice, or the despotic Treaty of Vienna, or the Press Gang, or the cat-o'-nine-tails, or the Blue Laws of New England. If Time points to Louis XI., or to one of the feudal lords who crushed the Peasants' Rising, and murmurs, "Dead, dead, dead," I shall cheerfully reply, "Delighted to hear it." If I suddenly see the face of Castlereagh, I shall not be heard to murmur, "I love, I love, I love." No such murmur will Mr. Freeman be able, with the most anxious attention, to detect on my lips. Indeed, the opinion that Castlereagh is better dead is almost the only opinion in which I should have found myself finally in agreement with Castlereagh. The truth is that, if I had lived through the last hundred and fifty years at least, I should have found myself in nearly all, though not quite all, of the questions on the side of the reformers, and even the revolutionaries. But what I wish to emphasise is that the whole of this way of judging men as partisans of the past or the present is an utterly unthinking and unworkable way of describing them; and is only false in my case because it is false in any case. I have praised certain things in the past, such as the mediæval guilds and fraternities. But I like mediævalism when it was fraternal, and not merely fraternity when it was mediæval.

I suppose, for instance, that if Mr. Freeman found me seated in the ruins of Melrose Abbey (by moonlight, of course) with my head bowed upon my hands, he would imagine that this was just the sort of situation in which Time would be muttering in my ear, "Gone, gone, gone." But he would be mistaken. Time might be reminding me that such sacred ruins were once put up to a vulgar auction, which went rather to the tune of "Going, going, gone." But auctioneers, as well as literary critics, are sometimes mistaken. And when I lifted again the face that I had buried convulsively in my hands, Mr. Freeman would be surprised to note that I was not weeping, but laughing—a ghastly spectacle in the moonlight. I should be laughing to think how much more likely it is now than it was a little while ago that these ruins may, after all, come back into the right hands. The squires who stole them are in a much weaker position than they were. The religious orders who lost them are in a much stronger position than they were. The whole view of life they represented, the whole society to which they belonged, with its guilds and its just prices, its local patriotism combined with international idealism, its parochial limitations and its links with all Christendom, is more popular to-day than it ever has been since the day it was destroyed. It is ten times better understood than it was ten years ago; twenty times better understood than it was twenty years ago. The millionaires who made their money in the vulgar and unhistorical interregnum do not understand it yet; and therefore it is nowhere to be found in their newspapers. But they are the most ignorant part of the population; and the bewilderment of their faces is delightful to watch. All sorts of other people, in all sorts of other ways, are beginning to understand that there was a good deal to be said, not for the past (which is nonsense), but for the only things in the past that I have ever praised. Therefore, Time is not murmuring in my ear, "Gone, gone, gone," but rather, if I may use the refrain of a ballade I once wrote, "We shall be ready when the gods return." At any rate, some of us will be ready when the guilds return, which is more practical. And therefore, if Mr. Freeman will listen more intently, he will realise that I am not murmuring in unending antiphon: "I love, I love, I love," but something more like: "I laugh, I laugh, I laugh."

In short, as I have said, I do not like the past; I like certain particular things in the past. I should like them even more in the present. I think it highly probable that I may live to like them in the future. Anyhow, I have very little doubt that other people will live to like them in the future; and that Time, so far from sobbing to a plaintive lute that they are gone, gone, gone, is much more likely to announce with a trumpet that they have returned. But I am not such a fool as to suppose that they will reappear in the future precisely as they appeared in the past; nor do I in the least desire them to do so. There were a great many mediæval faults or limitations that clogged the clear working of the best mediæval ideas, and these I should be the last to wish to restore. There were a great many mediæval accidents and fugitive chances and mischances which nobody could possibly restore. But that distinction applies quite as much to any other social ideals as to the ideal of guilds or religious brotherhoods. A man who calls himself an Imperialist is using a Roman word; but he does not necessarily mean that King George ought to ride through Wembley with a train of captives and a slave perched behind him whispering: "Remember that you are mortal." A man who calls himself a democrat is using a Greek word; but he does not necessarily mean that all the householders in Hammersmith ought to vote with oyster-shells, or copy any other detail of the Athenian democracy. These men mean that they believe that the imperial principle or the democratic principle is not dead, but rather is all the more young for being old. It is equally absurd, or even more absurd, to accuse us of wanting to restore all the decorations and details of the Middle Ages. As a matter of fact, it is generally our opponents who do restore those decorations and those details; and then suggest that there was nothing more in the Middle Ages than decorations and details. The mediæval externals have been revived at every modern fancy-dress ball, at every modern pantomime or pageant. But it is the men who make fun of monks who dress up as monks. It is the man who does not believe in Robin Hood who says he is Robin Hood. Those who see nothing but fun in the costume of Crusaders are naturally those who see nothing but folly in the idea of Crusades. The very contrary is the case with those who are mediævalists in the only sense in which I am a mediævalist. We know better than they do that it is not the habit that makes the monk. We know better than they do that a man might have the virtues and vows of St. Francis in a billycock or in a Turkish turban. The only thing we value in the Crusade is the only thing which the romantic revivalist is rather apt to leave out of it—that particular decorative detail of the Crusade that is called the Cross. We desire to create a certain social system upon certain intellectual principles, different indeed from those of the modern world, and perhaps more resembling those of the mediæval world. But it is the principles we care about and not the period. And as we can defend those principles on their merits, we expect them to be attacked on their merits; and with something more cogent than the notion that, in our eyes, the only merit of mediævalism is in being dead, when we only love it for being so much alive.



THE ENGLISH TENOR WHO MADE A BRILLIANT DÉBUT AT COVENT GARDEN IN "LA TOSCA": MR. ALFRED PICCAVER.

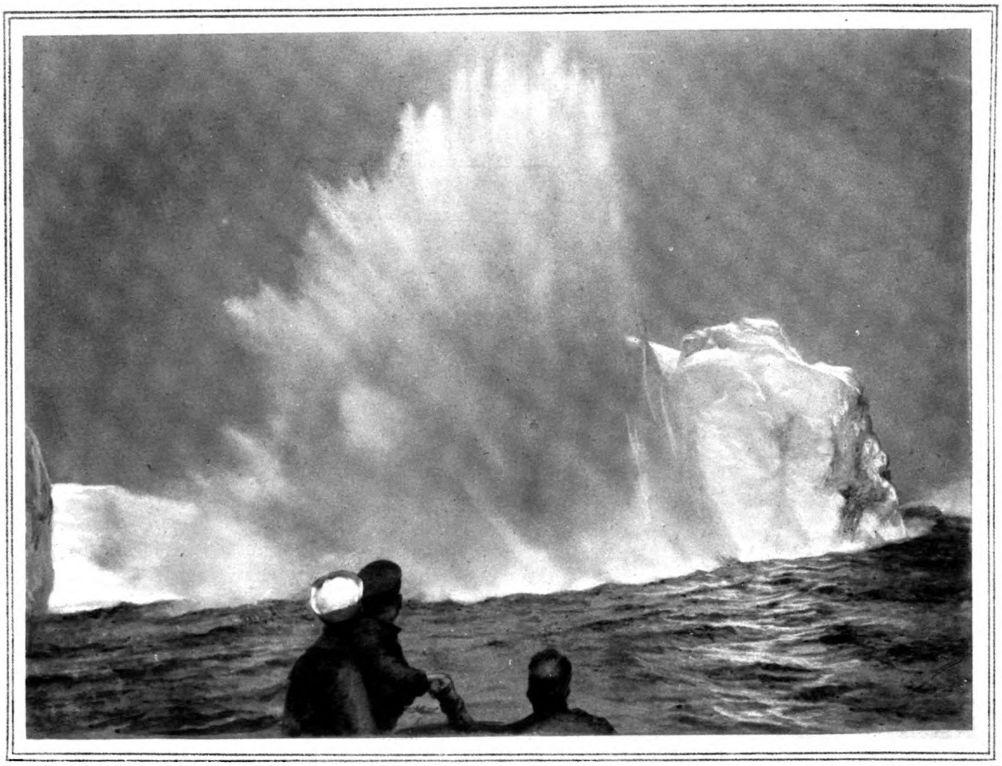
Mr. Alfred Piccaver's rendering of the part of Mario Cavaradossi in "La Tosca" at Covent Garden, his début at that theatre, revealed him as a singer of the first rank. He is an Englishman, having been born at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, in 1888, and although when he was a boy his father emigrated to Albany, New York, he has retained his British nationality. Originally trained as an electrical engineer, he declares that he first studied singing only "as a joke." Then he took it up seriously, went to Milan for tuition, and joined an Italian company in Prague in 1910. There he stayed three years, until he became the chief tenor of the Vienna Opera, the first Englishman to hold that position, which he still occupies.—[*Photograph by Ernst Förster, Vienna.*]

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

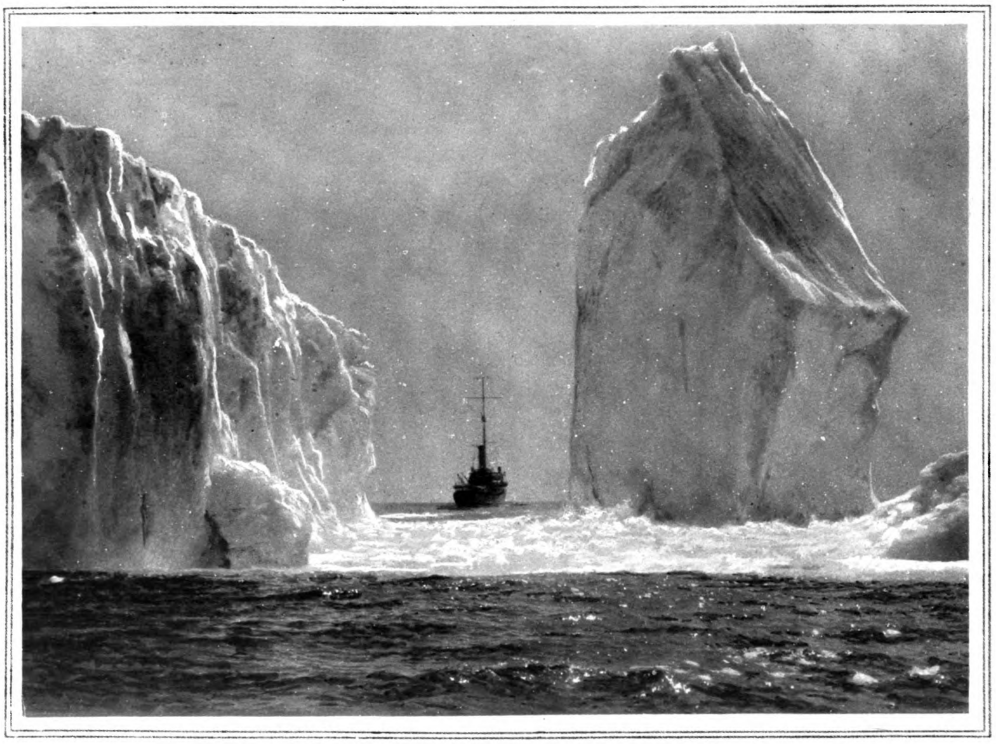
Owing to the necessity of advancing our Editorial arrangements on account of Whitsuntide, we have been unable to prepare any further Anaglyphs for immediate publication, but our readers may expect to see further interesting Anaglyphs in an early issue. Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 1139, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

TO PREVENT ANOTHER "TITANIC" DISASTER: BLOWING UP ICEBERGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. CHARLES E. MUNROE, PRESIDENT OF THE WASHINGTON ACADEMY OF SCIENCE COMMITTEE ON EXPLOSIVES INVESTIGATIONS.



EFFECTED BY TWO MINES OF T.N.T. AT THE END OF A CABLE WHICH WAS SHOT OVER THE TOP OF THE ICEBERG AND LOWERED AGAINST ITS OPPOSITE SIDE 30 FT. UNDER WATER: THE EXPLOSION.



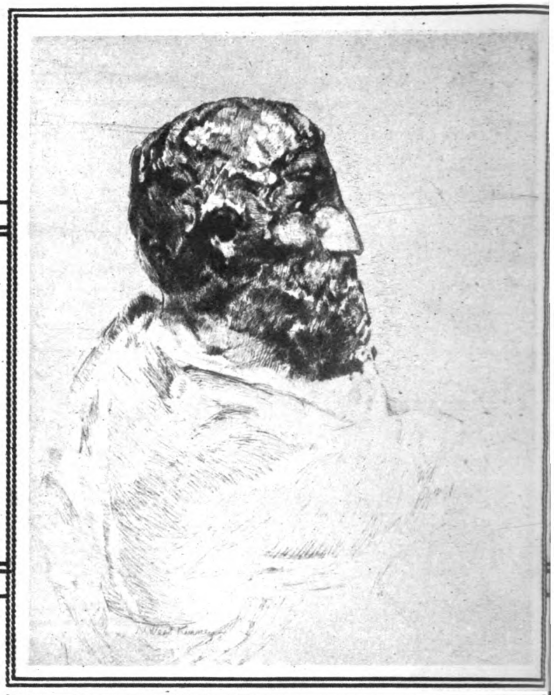
AFTER THE EXPLOSION: A THIRD OF THE ICEBERG SHATTERED INTO FRAGMENTS AND THE REMAINDER SPLIT VERTICALLY INTO TWO SEPARATE BLOCKS, WHICH BROKE UP AND DISAPPEARED WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

After the disaster to the "Titanic" on April 15, 1912, through collision with an iceberg, an international scheme was devised for the destruction of icebergs in the North Atlantic, and in 1913 two United States cruisers were employed in warning ships by wireless of the approach of icebergs and in attempts to destroy them by gunfire. The task has recently been renewed, in the light of war experience with explosives, by an American cruiser, using mines of T.N.T. The first attempt failed, as the mines were not sunk deep enough, and the berg was protected by an outer mass of floating fragments of ice. The second time, however, a cable was fired right over the top of the iceberg, by a special gun, and the two mines were attached to the end of the cable and lowered to a depth of 30 ft., so as to come in contact with the actual berg. (Only about a ninth part of an iceberg, it should be remembered, rises above the surface; the bulk of it is submerged.) When the explosion occurred, a mass of ice broke away, and the berg began to rise visibly in the water. Then it suddenly divided into two blocks, by a clean and almost vertical split. Twenty-four hours later these two masses had disappeared, completely disintegrated, for the shock had driven deep cracks through them.

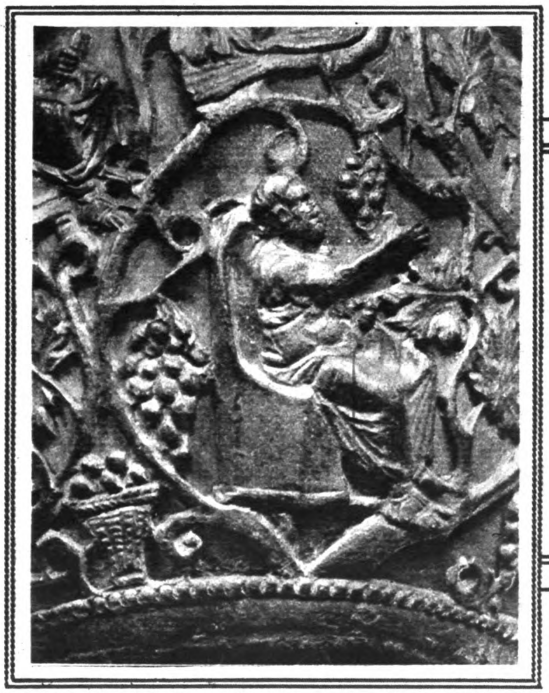
"TRUE PORTRAITS" OF THE AUTHORS OF THE GOSPELS

REPRODUCED FROM "THE GREAT CHALICE OF ANTIOCH," BY GUSTAVUS A. EISEN. INTERNATIO

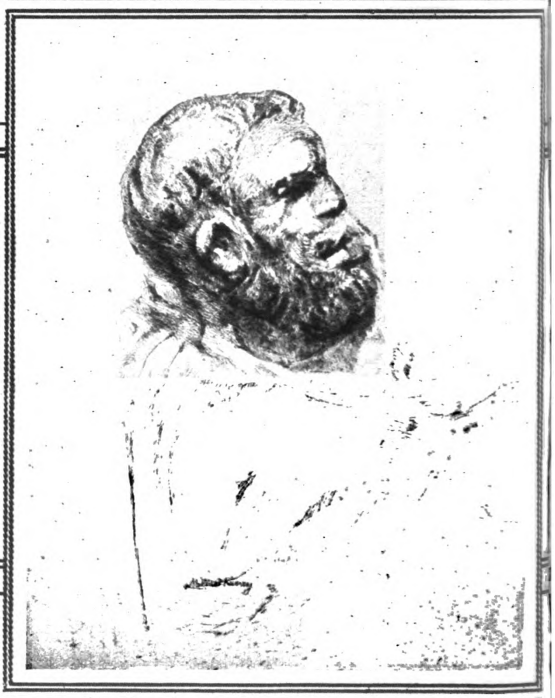
IDENTIFIED BY HIS DECIDEDLY GREEK FACE, THE HEAD-BAND, AND THE ABSENCE OF A HAIR-LOCK: ST. LUKE (FIGURE 6) ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.



A MODERN STUDY OF THE HEAD OF ST. LUKE, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE: AN ORIGINAL ETCHING ON COPPER, BY MARGARET WEST KIRMEY.



IDENTIFIED BY HIS RUSTIC FACE AND MASSIVE BUILD, ACCORDING WITH THE TRADITION THAT HE WAS A WATER-CARRIER: ST. MARK (FIGURE 7) ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

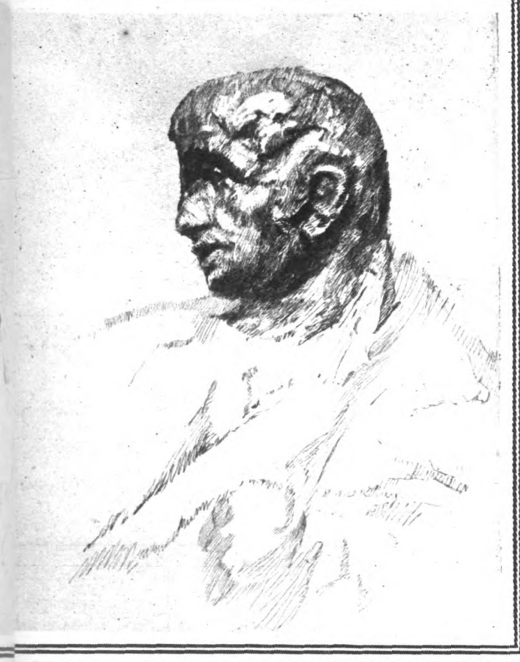


A MODERN STUDY OF THE HEAD OF ST. MARK, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE: AN ORIGINAL ETCHING ON COPPER, BY MARGARET WEST KIRMEY.

The incomparable interest of the silver Chalice found at Antioch (described and illustrated in our issue of June 7) resides in the claim that it was made in the early part of the first century, while most of the personages represented on it were still alive, and that the figures are consequently true portraits, the work of an artist who probably saw the originals. The 12 figures are identified and numbered for reference as follows: (1) Christ the Saviour; (2) St. Peter; (3) St. Paul; (4) St. Jude; (5) St. Andrew; (6) St. Luke; (7) St. Mark; (8) Christ as a Youth; (9) St. Matthew; (10) St. John; (11) St. James the son of Zebedee; and (12) St. James the Less. They are divided into two groups of six, with Christ as the central figure in each. In one group Christ as a Youth, holding a scroll of the Law, is surrounded by the four Evangelists, with St. James the son of Zebedee, near his brother, St. John. The Chalice is considered to throw new light on the vexed question of the authorship of the fourth Gospel. In his monumental work, "The Great Chalice of Antioch" (Kouchakji Frères, New York. 2 vols.), Dr. Gustavus Eisen says: "The Chalice figure undoubtedly decides this question once

HE FOUR EVANGELISTS ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

RIGHT BY KOUCHAKJI FRÈRES, NEW YORK. ETCHINGS BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.



A MODERN STUDY OF THE HEAD OF ST. JOHN, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE: AN ORIGINAL ETCHING ON COPPER, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.

"THE CHALICE FIGURE DECIDES THIS QUESTION (THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL) IN FAVOUR OF ST. JOHN THE APOSTLE": ST. JOHN (FIG. 10) ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

A MODERN STUDY OF THE HEAD OF ST. MATTHEW, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE: AN ORIGINAL ETCHING ON COPPER, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.

"ON HIS CHAIR IS SCRATCHED THE REPRESENTATION OF A GATE, THE CITY GATE AT WHICH HE COLLECTED TOLL": ST. MATTHEW (FIGURE 9) ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

l for all in favour of St. John the Apostle." Of Dr. Eisen's various arguments, "the most important," he states, "is based upon the testimony of Muratorian Canon, which says: 'It was revealed to Andrew, one of the Apostles, that John should relate all things in his own name.'" "This statent," continues Dr. Eisen, "explains satisfactorily the presence of the Apostle Andrew on the Chalice. . . . St. Andrew died November 30, 60 A.D., a rtyr. . . . Having thus received a command from the Holy Spirit to compose a Gospel, before 60 A.D., it is absolutely inconceivable that John could re delayed his writing many days, much less many years. . . . We must conclude that he began his work at once." Of the other figures shown above, Eisen says: "The band around (St. Luke's) head characterises him as a Greek, and the lack of a hair-lock supports this theory. His face is also tinctly Greek. . . . St. Mark's rustic face and mouth, his enormously developed shoulders, hips, legs and feet, support the statement . . . that he was water-carrier in his youth. . . . St. Matthew's face is that of a man of business. . . . On his chair is scratched a representation of a gate."

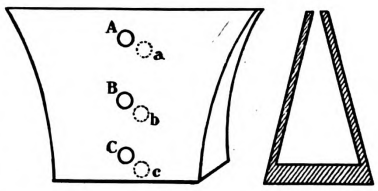
NATIVE AFRICAN "TELEGRAPHY": SIGNALLING BY DRUMS AND GONGS.

THE signalling drums at the Gold Coast village at Wembley have reminded people that long before telegraphy had been invented the benighted heathen of Africa were able to transmit messages with great rapidity and accuracy. How did they do it?

The two drums at the Exhibition—one of which, the natives will tell you, is "male" and the other "female"—are used by people whose art of signalling is still in its infancy; their messages are like bugle calls—*i.e.*, certain combinations of sounds and rhythm conventionally convey certain ideas; each signal stands for a sentence. The natives of some parts of the Belgian Congo are far in advance of this: they have developed a syllabic alphabet which permits them not only to transmit any word in their own language, but even those of a foreign tongue. The advantage of the one process is that even a stranger can learn the signals, whereas for the other it is indispensable that signaller and receiver should be acquainted with the same language; even if the dialects they speak differ but slightly, the message will not be understood.

No people enjoy, and deserve, more fame for their signalling than the Batetela, a warrior tribe of the Central Congo. As auxiliaries of the Arabs during the anti-slavery campaign they rendered their masters great service by keeping them informed of the movements of the Belgians. They use gongs, suspended from the neck of the signaller, cut out of a solid block of wood, wedge-shaped, not unlike the blade of a hatchet.

The "edge" of the hatchet is three to four feet long, and nearly twice as long as the "back": about three inches wide, it shows a slit of about one inch from end to end, which is the opening of the gong's cavity. The back is about six inches wide; the top and bottom of the "hatchet" are slightly concave. The sides are of equal thickness from top to bottom, and it is not an easy job for the carver to produce the V-shaped cavity from the narrow slit at the top; the back is considerably thicker than the sides. The sticks used are headed with balls of raw rubber. By hitting the gong at the spots marked *A B C* on one side or *a b c* on the other, six different sounds can be produced; *A* and *C* as well as *a* and *c* form octaves. With these six sounds, used singly or in doubles, in various combinations with different rhythms and accents, a syllabic alphabet can be produced which every tribesman understands, though it requires a long apprenticeship to produce a message at the speed of slow talk.



SHOWING SIX SPOTS (LETTERED) WHICH, WHEN HIT, PRODUCE SIX DIFFERENT SOUNDS: A DIAGRAM OF THE BATETELA SIGNAL-GONG, ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE (SIDE VIEW AND CROSS SECTION).

As explained in the article on this page, by hitting the gong at the spots marked *A, B, C* on one side, or *a, b, c* on the other, six different sounds can be produced. *A* and *C*, as well as *a* and *c*, form octaves. With these six sounds, used singly or in doubles, in various combinations with different rhythms and accents, a syllabic alphabet can be produced.

As all Bantu syllables end with a vowel, foreign words are naturally slightly distorted in transmission, and the name of Captain Simpson, with whom I made my trials, became "Shimishono." We used to send each other messages which the drummer and the interpreter transmitted with astonishing exactitude. The best test we made was the following: someone in a village had told us that a special kind of arrow, with twisted feathering, used to be made of old, and that he believed that such an arrow might still be found in the village of Mokunji. We asked the local telegraphist to "wire" a request for it to Mokunji, several miles distant. He did so; meanwhile, we noticed at a distance a stranger coming to the village. As he arrived we asked him if he had heard the message, and he was able at once to repeat it to us. Later on, a man came from Mokunji telling us that the chief was trying to get us what we wanted; and he succeeded soon after in doing so.

Except the Bapinji, who sometimes use drums, nearly all Congo people use gongs for signalling. Those of the Bakongo are simply round blocks of wood, hollowed out with a slit on the top; they lie on the ground. The Babunda gong is longer, more slender, with a handle, and is held vertically by the artist. The Malela, who are famous all over the country for their skill, use quaint little round gongs suspended from the waist. The people inhabiting the Ubangi and the Uelle districts shape their gongs like fantastic animals.

A good gong can be heard at about three miles in day time, five to six at night; if beaten on elevated ground, and if there are no woods to intercept the sound, its range is still more extended. Any person on the road or in the field will pick up the message and carry it in haste to the nearest village. When a chief goes on a journey he leaves relays of drummers on his way, so as to be able to communicate with his people at any time. The European traveller is not only announced at his destination before he starts for it; but, should he have made himself objectionable, his reputation will run in front of him, and he will meet with deserted, or possibly hostile, villages on his way.

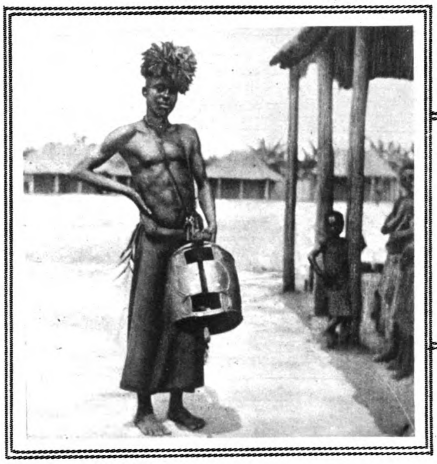
E. TORDAY.

SCOUTS LEARNING THE "DRUM LANGUAGE" AT WEMBLEY FROM AN ASHANTI PRINCE: KWAKU PREMPEH DEMONSTRATING ON THE "MALE" (LEFT) AND "FEMALE" (RIGHT) DRUMS, WITH CAPTAIN RATTRAY AS INTERPRETER.

At the suggestion of their chief, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Boy Scouts are studying the Ashanti "drum language," as demonstrated at Wembley by Kwaku Prempeh, son of the late King, in order to adapt it to the Morse Code, and a successful test was recently made by transmitting a hundred-word message to Sir Robert. Captain R. S. Rattray is the officer in charge of the Gold Coast native village. Ashanti is a tone language, and the drummers have two drums, called "male" and "female," set in different tones. They can reproduce the number of syllables in a word, and also its tone quality. The sound carries over a mile, and in the stillness of the African night as far as three miles.—[*Photograph by Central Press.*]

FAR OLDER THAN TELEGRAPHY: SIGNAL DRUMS AND GONGS OF AFRICA.

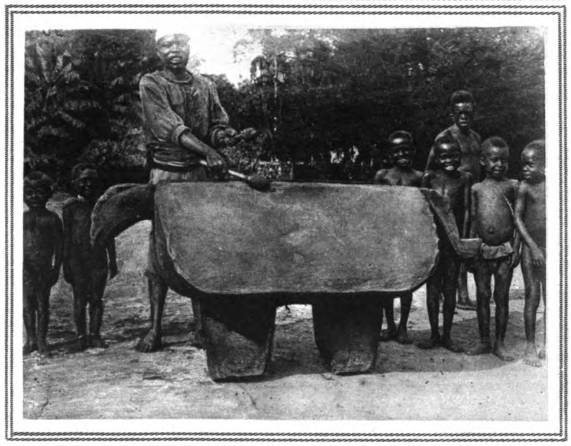
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. E. TORDAY.



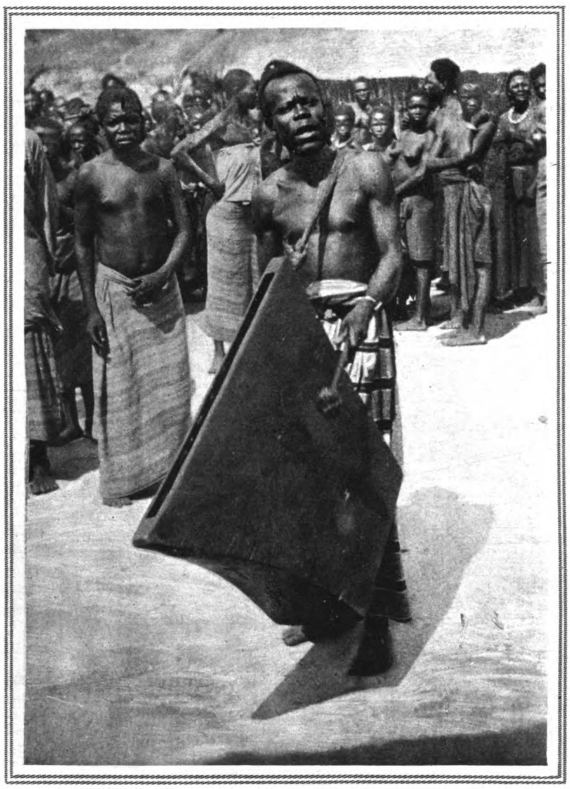
1. OF A TRIBE FAMOUS FOR LONG-DISTANCE SIGNALLING: A MALELA, WITH A CURIOUS GONG SUSPENDED FROM THE WAIST.

4. "LONGER, MORE SLENDER, WITH A HANDLE, AND HELD VERTICALLY": THE USUAL TYPE OF GONG USED BY THE BABUNDA.

2. WITH HIS GONG ON THE GROUND: A SIGNALLER OF THE BABUNDA TRIBE, WHO ALSO USE GONGS AS SHOWN IN NO. 4.

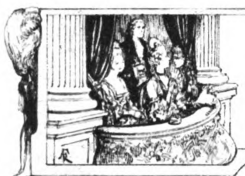


3. BEATING A GONG SHAPED LIKE A FANTASTIC ANIMAL: A SIGNALLER WITH THE TYPE OF INSTRUMENT USED IN THE UBANGI AND UELLE DISTRICTS.



5. PRODUCING A SYLLABIC ALPHABET BY COMBINATIONS OF SIX SOUNDS: THE HATCHET-SHAPED BATETELA GONG (SEE DIAGRAM ON OPPOSITE PAGE).

In the earlier days of exploration and pioneering, it was often a mystery to travellers and colonists how primitive tribes were able to communicate with each other rapidly over long distances. In Africa, at least, these mystifying results were obtained by the use of signal drums and gongs, which, as Mr. Torday points out in his interesting article on the opposite page, were employed by the natives long before the invention of telegraphy. He describes various kinds of drums and gongs (as illustrated in the above photographs) used in different parts of the Belgian Congo. Some of them, especially those of the Batetela, a warrior tribe of the Central Congo, afford a far more elaborate method of communication, it appears, than the "male" and "female" drums from Ashanti exhibited at Wembley, as shown in the photograph opposite. The above illustration of a Batetela gong (No. 5) should be compared with the explanatory diagram that accompanies Mr. Torday's article. The whole subject is one of great fascination, and it is no wonder that the Boy Scouts, at the instigation of their chief, Sir Robert Baden Powell, have taken advantage of the means that Wembley affords for studying the Ashanti "drum langauge."



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE CRITICS' CIRCLE.—MME. PASCAR.

A PROUD man was Mr. Herman Klein, the distinguished critic and master of singing, when he presided over the annual banquet of the Critics' Circle. It was a feast without formality and with inspiriting oratory. Two of the principal guests were Mr. C. K. Munroe, that dramatist of such promise that the apt description of one of his admirers, who called him "G.B.S. II.," does not sound an exaggeration; and Lord Olivier, the Secretary for India, who gladly remembered the Ibsen battles of the 'nineties, when he with Bernard Shaw stood in the forefront and wrote plays that took time by the forelock—plays that should be heard of again now that the Censorship grants greater freedom to the dramatist. To me, Lord Olivier's address, spontaneous, flowing glibly, and with sparkling humour, conjured up a picture and echoes of those turbulent days when the drama was divided into two camps—the Scottites, led by Clement Scott; and the Ibsenites, with serried ranks of Fabians behind them, with Archer, Shaw, and Olivier as bannermen. There is a strange likeness between G.B.S. and Lord Olivier. Now that they are both tinged with grey, we could take them for brothers. Nor does the similarity end there. There is the same inflection of voice, the same assurance of speech, the same nimbleness of mind and caustic way of handling serious matters with a bland face. Closing my eyes, it was as if I heard G.B.S. riling good-humouredly the public, the critics, the Censor, and turning the laugh on himself. The State's gain has been the drama's loss. Had Lord Olivier not sought politics, what plays could he not have written! For he is a master of dialogue and diatribe.

Another luminous speaker of the occasion was Mr. E. A. Baughan, the calm, sane, common-sense reviewer of music, plays, and cinema. He confessed himself in so many words to be an emotionalist: to some it gave surprise, but those who read him know full well that under the serenity of his judgment burns the flame. He loves the drama ardently, but he never forgets that too much outward manifestation is un-English. So, as in the case of still waters, his strength lies in his depth and in the conciseness of his verdict. He said many sound things about the drama which I should have liked to take down verbatim, things the more brilliant for the quietude of their utterance. Had he not been one of us we should have frequently applauded him. But, as one of the colleagues said, we are a "funny lot": we never "enthuse" over our brethren; it seems as if our etiquette not to applaud in the theatre makes for shyness. Yes, in a sense we are a "funny lot." Would you believe it that I, one of the elders of the fraternity, know but a tithe of our members except by name? In my young days, when we became recruits, we deemed it an honour and a pleasure to seek acquaintance with the Mandarins. We grouped around the doyens in the spirit of the disciples: an encouraging word, a pat on the back, acted like a spur. Thus in good time we became real confrères; the "respect for record" wore off; friendship, camaraderie, helpfulness took its place. There is nothing of that sort to-day. When new members are elected or foregather at annual meetings, there is no introduction, no seeking of better acquaintance. We become passers-by; we do not even nod; the welcoming eye of the elder meets with no response. So there is hardly any *esprit de corps*. There are birds of a feather who vaunt their mutual plumage, but there is little regard of record, little of the collective spirit. Even our past presidents hold aloof when the year of office is over. E. F. Spence, the distinguished former critic of the *Westminster Gazette*, and the writer were the only ex-presidents "supporting" our present chief, Mr. Herman Klein. I wonder how many of his ex-colleagues Mr. Spence knew—whether any came to him to let him know that his great work of the past dwells in remembrance.

Now and again, when a colleague is in trouble, we may interfere and mediate; but on the whole we form rather a professional society than a club. The spirit of Masonry is not in it. Perhaps our new president, Mr. Herman Klein, himself an ardent Mason, will foster it and thereby shed lustre on his year of office.

. . . . . .

Mme. Pascar, the great Russian actress, is among us, full of plans and dreams. For years, despite turmoil and penury, she has conducted a State Theatre in Moscow, well protected by the leaders of the Soviet. Much of her momentous work is chronicled in Huntly Carter's remarkable book, "The New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia." But one must hear her own account—how with small means she achieved great things; how she trained men of the people to become actors. A devotee of England and the English language, she had some of our authors translated into the Russian and made them household words. Hers is a leading spirit: she is a manager of men; she produces; she designs costumes; she acts and in her spare time she writes essays in French, which, despite her Roumanian descent, she writes as perfectly as any French author, with melody in her language and such profusion of thought that in a few pages she opens a world of stimulating reflections for her readers. She is essentially modern, a born reformer, ever in the van of progress to attune histrionic art to idealised nature. In her productions she crystallises all that is beautiful in the "isms" of new artistic movements. In acting she exacts purity of diction and, above all, naturalness. Thus she cultivates individualities. To her, each performer is a separate entity to be studied in detail—of gifts, of character, of temperament. She believes in the principle of Henri Becque: "The ensemble is the welding of heterogeneous elements into a homogeneous whole." If all the units are perfect there is harmony as well as symphony. In one respect her methods differ from our own. In her observation she finds that the policy of our managers is to give the public what it wants; that leads to compromise, often to bad art. In her opinion the manager should impel the people to accept what he thinks they should want. In other words, the manager leads; the public is to be led. It is a question of the survival of the fittest, and the end can only be successful if the leader is sufficiently endowed to carry on without regard to the box-office.

It would take time to reform our public as well as our methods—time and money. All depends on "backers" providing sufficient capital and granting a free hand, or on State aid. If bankrupt Russia (and Germany) helps the theatre, why not solvent England? Echo answers—why?

Now Mme. Pascar has come to London, drawn by family ties and by the recognition that here is a great field yet to be tilled and fructified. She is studying English assiduously to become an English actress. Did not Princess Bariatinska make the attempt with a fair measure of success? Why not Mme. Pascar, who in her own country is acclaimed as an artist of genius, and whose assimilation of foreign languages is amazing? But that is by the way. Her great ambition is to create in London a theatre on the same basis as the Theatre of Art in Moscow—a theatre where Art for Art's sake shall be cultivated in the widest sense of the word—a theatre perfect in production as well as acting—a theatre where nationality of plays is no consideration, where "open sesame" is writ large over the portals. "Art is a great neutral," said Talleyrand — that should be our motto. Collaterally to the Art Theatre there would be the Children's Theatre. This is the country of precocious childhood.

Compare the child-acting of to-day with past generations. It is a new world of youth. And how acting will form, ripen, kindle them! How they will revel in the beauty of the word; how their imagination will be stimulated; how they will develop grace of form and eloquence of gesture!

Anon Mme. Pascar will go forth and proclaim her ideals in public addresses. Already "names" have promised her support, and promises of the wherewithal are proffered. With perseverance, of which her fund is boundless, she will succeed. For hers is a remarkable personality. She is fired by conviction, and to hear her is to yield to the persuasion of enthusiasm.

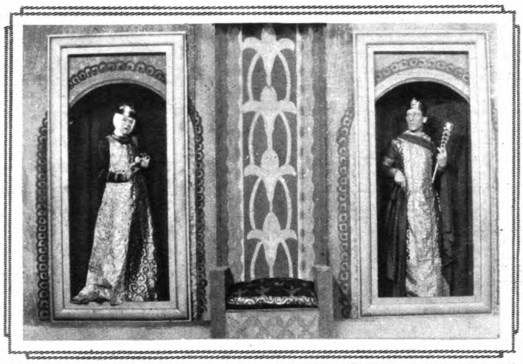
AS THE WIFE WHO ATTENDED HER OWN FUNERAL: MISS ATHENE SEYLER AS SAVINA GRAZIA IN "THE MASK AND THE FACE," AT THE CRITERION.

Miss Athene Seyler is delightful as the wife whom her husband pretends to have killed (on the supposed ground of infidelity) in fulfilment of a vow, while in reality he has only smuggled her out of the country. She turns up at her own funeral in order to tear the "mask" of vanity from his face. The play is an Italian comedy by Luigi Chiarelli, adapted by Mr. C. B. Fernald.—[*Photograph by Bertram Park.*]

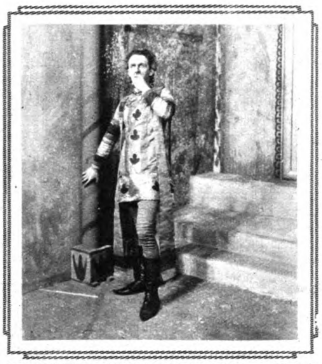
PIRANDELLO'S "HENRY IV." AT CAMBRIDGE: THE ENGLISH *"PREMIÈRE."*

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

AS THE MARCHIONESS MATILDA SPINA MASQUERADING AS MATILDA OF TUSCANY: MR. CECIL BEATON.



IMPERSONATING THE PORTRAITS TO RESTORE "HENRY IV." TO SANITY: FRIDA (MR. W. D. A. WILLIAMS, LEFT) AND DI NOLLI (MR. D. JAMES).



CAUSED BY AN ACCIDENT AT A PAGEANT TO BELIEVE HIMSELF THE CHARACTER HE TOOK: "HENRY IV." (MR. D. D. ARUNDELL).

THE production of Pirandello's "Henry IV." by the Cambridge University Amateur Dramatic Club (commonly called the A.D.C.), at the New Theatre, Cambridge, from June 7 to 14, was memorable as being not only the first production of that play in England, but only the second production of any play by the famous Italian dramatist. The previous play of his produced here was "Six Characters in Search of an Author," given by the Stage Society, but afterwards banned at Oxford and Birmingham. Luigi Pirandello was born in 1867, but up to the age of fifty had written only novels and romances. At Cambridge all the female parts were played by men undergraduates.

WITH UNDERGRADUATES AS WOMEN: THE A.D.C. PRODUCTION OF "HENRY IV."—THE TRAGIC ENDING IN ACT III. (L. TO R.) BELCREDI (MR. E. L. GANDER DOWER), DI NOLLI (MR. JAMES), THE DOCTOR (MR. D. H. BEVIS), MATILDA (MR. BEATON), THE FOUR "SECRET COUNSELLORS" (MESSRS. E. V. REYNOLDS, D. S. HUNT, W. L. MILNER BARRY, AND G. F. A. BURGESS), "HENRY IV." (MR. ARUNDELL), AND FRIDA.

BEFORE DRESSING UP AS THE PORTRAITS: FRIDA (MR. W. D. A. WILLIAMS) AND MARQUIS CHARLES DI NOLLI (MR. D. JAMES).

AS FRIDA (IN THE DRESS HER MOTHER WORE AT THE PAGEANT TWENTY YEARS BEFORE AS MATILDA OF TUSCANY): MR. W. D. A. WILLIAMS.

WITH HER NEW LOVER, BARON BELCREDI (MR. E. L. GANDER DOWER): MARCHIONESS MATILDA SPINA (MR. CECIL BEATON).

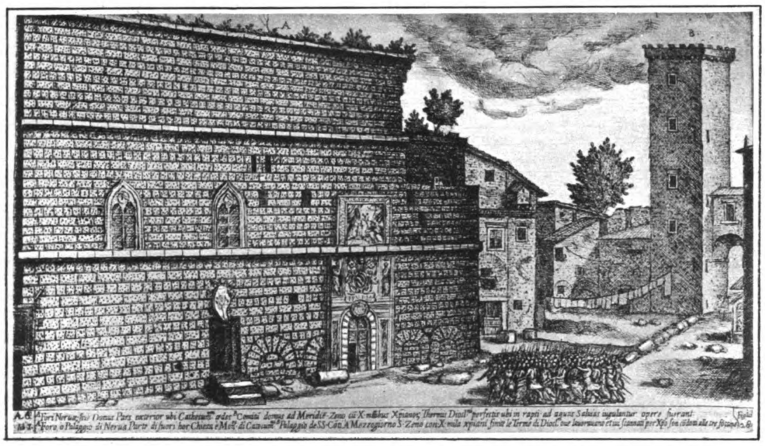
The time of the play is to-day, but the situation arises from events twenty years ago, when a set of young Italian Society people got up a pageant, and one girl appeared as Matilda of Tuscany, while one of her admirers figured as the Emperor Henry IV. (1050-1106), in order to be near her. During the carnival he was thrown from his horse and stunned. When he came to, he was mad and believed himself to be actually the Emperor Henry IV. His friends, to help out his mania, set him up in a country house in eleventh-century style, with four young men in contemporary costume carefully coached to keep up the delusion. There he held his "court," and his relatives, when visiting him, assumed historical characters. Meanwhile the Matilda of the pageant had married, becoming the Marchioness Matilda Spina, and had a daughter, Frida. The Marquis Spina had died, and his widow had consoled herself with a lover, Baron Tito Belcredi. The mad Henry's sister also died, committing him to the care of her son, the Marquis di Nolli, engaged to Frida (now 19). At this point the play opens. In the hope of curing Henry by a sudden shock, di Nolli and Frida impersonate portraits in his room representing Henry and Matilda as they appeared at the pageant, and suddenly step out of the picture frames, while the real Matilda (Frida's mother) likewise appears in the pageant costume, in order to reveal to the patient the lapse of time. He has meanwhile confessed to his four "secret counsellors" that he has really been sane for eight years, but preferred to continue the masquerade. The picture trick, however, drives him again to the verge of insanity, and tragedy ensues when he seizes Frida and cries: "You 're mine, mine, mine, in my own right!" The play lends itself to a historical setting, and the striking dresses and scenery were designed by Mr. Cecil Beaton, who plays the Marchioness Matilda. The 11th-century German costumes were based on illustrations in old German MSS. in the British Museum.

NOW TO BE COMPLETELY EXCAVATED: THE FORUM AT ROME.

By DR. THOMAS ASHBY, D.Litt., F.S.A.,
Director of the British School at Rome.

AS soon as the small early communities on the Palatine, Capitol, Quirinal and elsewhere were fused into one whole — the City of the Seven Hills — the new Rome found the necessity of establishing what in modern language is called a "civic centre." And this was placed in a valley surrounded by hills, except where a stream entered it from the north and issued towards the Tiber on the south. It was traversed from end to end by the Sacred Way, along which the triumphal processions passed on their way up to the temple of Jupiter on the Capitol.

The space thus set aside sufficed for its various uses for many centuries; but in process of time, with the growth of Rome into the capital of a mighty empire, and as such into the centre of the ancient world, it became all too small. And here, as in so many other things, Julius Cæsar saw the need, and did what he could to meet it.



AS IT WAS IN THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: THE ENCLOSURE WALL OF THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS AT ROME. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

Besides commencing the reconstruction of many of the buildings surrounding it, he removed the assembly of the people by their tribes to the Campus Martius, where an immense covered voting hall was constructed on the west side of the "great north road," the Via Flaminia, the modern Corso. The Senate House, which fronted on the Forum (not that in which he met his death: that was some distance away), owed its reconstruction to him; and behind it he built the first of the Imperial Fora. It was a rectangular space, surrounded by colonnades, with the temple of Venus Genetrix, the fabled ancestress of the Julian *gens*, in the centre. Only scanty traces of the temple were discovered in Renaissance times, and nothing is now visible but a small portion of the surrounding wall and a few rooms built against it.

Augustus continued and completed in this, as in so many other cases, the work which his predecessor's assassination had interrupted. He built another and a larger Forum to the north-east, dominated by the splendid temple of Mars Ultor, the Avenger of Cæsar's death, which occupied the centre of the north-east side. It was flanked by two large hemicycles, or *exedræ*, one of which was excavated some thirty years ago. The niches on one side contained statues, with eulogistic inscriptions, of those who had won triumphs for victories in war—some of the ancestors of the Julian line, beginning with Æneas, and many of the great men of the Roman Republic, among them Caius Duilius. Caius Duilius was the first admiral of the Republic, who still gives his name to an Italian war-ship, and who was expressly honoured by being given a torch-bearer and a flute-player to precede him when he went out to a banquet.

The whole Forum was surrounded with a massive wall of stone, which is one of the finest monuments of Imperial Rome that exists, and still towers above the surrounding houses. It is pierced by an arch, the only exit on that side, leading to the higher quarters of the city. Above it we see the three columns of the temple, admired by generations of architects.

They are all that is actually visible of the superstructure; but a good deal more of the temple will soon be visible. For the City of Rome, under the Royal Commissioner, Signor Cremonesi, is now about to realise a long-cherished project, and to bring to light the remains of the Forum as far as they are preserved. The Basilian Nuns, whose convent occupied the actual site of the *cella* and of the north-western hemicycle, are to receive another dwelling in exchange, and thus all of the Forum that the ravages of time have spared will be brought to light.

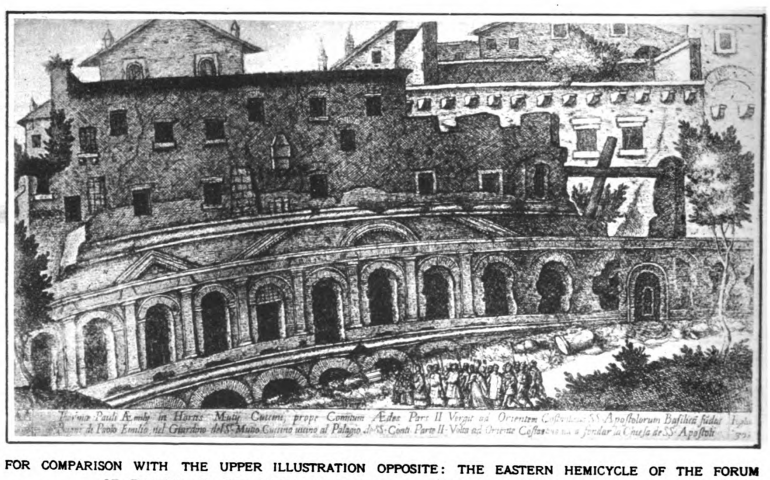
Under the temple there are massive vaults, which may have served to contain the *ærarium militare*, the special treasury which Augustus founded for giving bounties to soldiers of twenty years' service or over. Attached to the hemicycle there is a hall surrounded by arched porticoes, in a very fine state of preservation. The aspect which the whole group of monuments may be expected to present is well shown in a drawing by Signor Ludovico Pogliaghi, who was responsible for the scenery of Boïto's "Nerone," recently produced with such success at Milan. (See *The Illustrated London News* of May 17, 1924). His drawing (reproduced opposite) shows the northern and most important part of the Forum of Augustus (the southern portion, where was once an open space, will probably, with the Forum Julium, have to be sacrificed to the exigencies of the traffic of modern Rome). The temple stands in the centre, with its lofty base preserved, but with no more than fragments of the other columns; the apse is, however, preserved. On the right we see the *exedra* which is already visible, and on the left the corresponding one. Behind are the remains of an elegant Renaissance colonnade, built by Cardinal Marco Barbo, cousin of Pope Paul II., about 1470, as the Priory of the Knights of Rhodes—the famous knights of St. John who passed from Rhodes to Malta.

But the scheme as outlined goes further even than this. On the right is the Forum Transitorium of Domitian, with the temple of Minerva, fairly well preserved till 1600, then destroyed by Pope Paul V. for building material. On the left is the eastern hemicycle of the great Forum of Trajan, the last of the Imperial Fora; and these, too, it is hoped eventually to clear.

Trajan finally solved the problem of communication between the centre of ancient Rome and the Campus Martius, which became the centre of the mediæval city. Why it had for so long baffled his predecessors it is not altogether easy to say. Perhaps they too, like Augustus, did not dare to turn out the owners of houses; perhaps the expense was thought prohibitive.

Trajan built his huge Forum (the internal decoration of which, as has recently been discovered, was identical with that of the Forum Transitorium — columns projecting slightly in front of the enclosure wall) in the bottle-neck between the Capitol and the Quirinal, with the great Basilica Ulpia, the Greek and Latin libraries, and, above all, the Column, with its marvellous representations in relief of his Dacian campaigns. What obstacles he had to overcome we do not altogether know; that up to his day there was a continuous ridge between the two hills we now know to be an erroneous idea; but the meaning of the inscription on the column is not yet clear, though it certainly relates to the excavation works necessary for the preparation of the site. What is interesting is that modern Rome is faced with precisely the same traffic problem as that which confronted the Emperors, and it will have to be dealt with in the same drastic way as that which Trajan took. *Nihil novi sub sole.*

A last word to answer a question which is often asked: "How do you account for the burying of all these buildings? Why is the Roman level 20 or 30 feet below the modern?" We may reply in the first place that the earthquake of Leo the Fourth's time caused the sudden collapse of a large number of buildings, and that the phenomenon is not peculiar to Rome, but may be noted in such cities as London and Winchester, which have been continuously inhabited since Roman days. The accumulation of débris from ruined buildings—which no one troubles to clear away—has always led to a gradual rise in level; and when the interior of a church becomes so damp that people are tired of going down several steps into it, they raise the level of the floor.

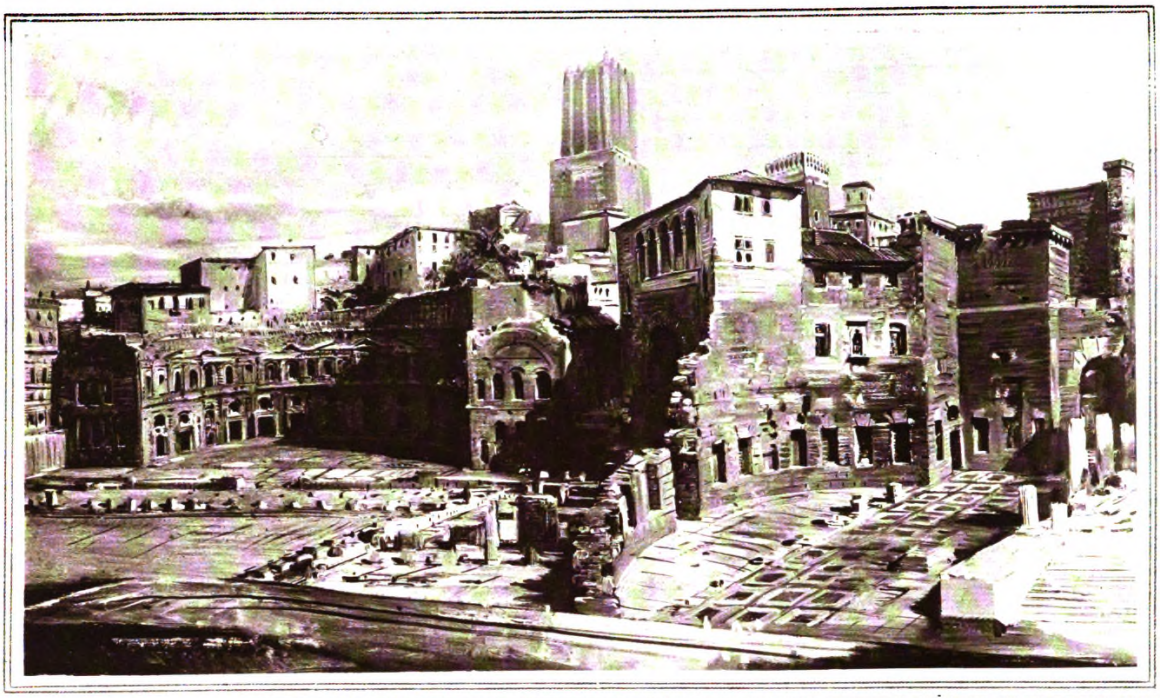


FOR COMPARISON WITH THE UPPER ILLUSTRATION OPPOSITE: THE EASTERN HEMICYCLE OF THE FORUM OF TRAJAN, IN THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

[An article by Professor Federico Halbherr of Rome, the well-known archæologist, giving further details of the new scheme for excavating the Forum, will be published in our next issue.]

A GREAT EXCAVATION SCHEME AT ROME: A PICTORIAL FORECAST.

FROM A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY PROFESSOR LUIGI POGLIAGHI. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



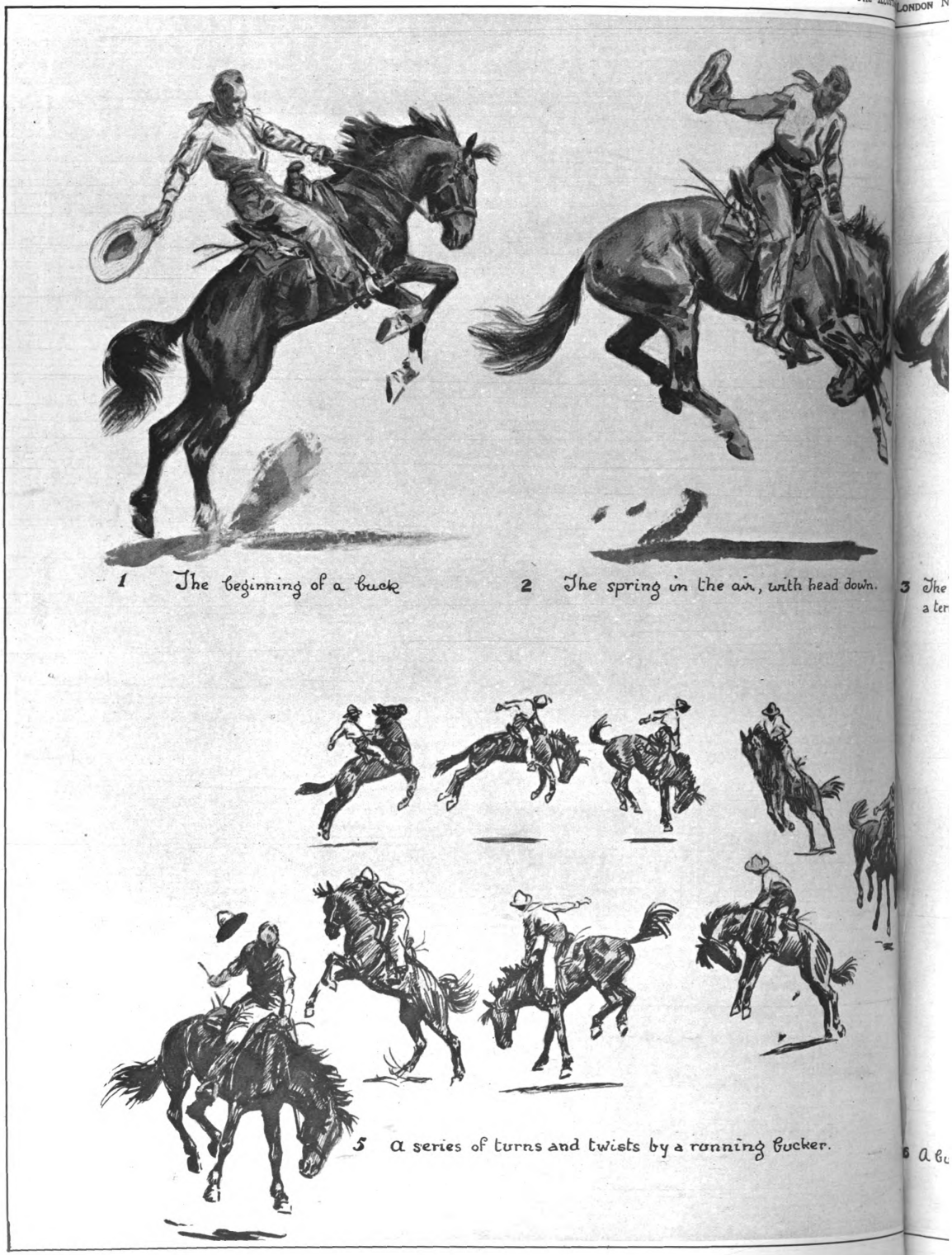
AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETELY EXCAVATED: THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS (RIGHT), SHOWING THE EASTERN HEMICYCLE OF TRAJAN'S FORUM (LEFT), THE LOGGIA OF THE RHODIAN KNIGHTS (RIGHT FOREGROUND) AND "TOWER OF NERO" (CENTRE BACKGROUND)—THE LEFT HALF OF A PANORAMA CONTINUED BELOW. »»→

THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS WITH THE TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR (LEFT), AND THE FORUM OF NERVA (EXTREME RIGHT), AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FULLY EXCAVATED: ←«« A CONTINUATION OF THE UPPER ILLUSTRATION ON THIS PAGE—THE TWO TOGETHER FORMING A PANORAMIC VIEW.

As mentioned by Dr. Thomas Ashby in his article opposite, the authorities of Rome are about to realise the long-cherished project of bringing to light all the remains of the ancient Forum that still exist. Work has begun in the Forum of Augustus, which, it is expected, will be completely cleared by the end of this year. The above two photographs, if placed side by side, with the upper one on the left, form a panoramic view of the site as it will appear when the work is completed. The whole panorama is a reconstruction drawing by Professor Ludovico Pogliaghi, the eminent archæologist who, as Dr. Ashby recalls, designed the setting of Boïto's opera, "Nero," recently produced at Milan. In sending us the above two photographs of the drawing, Professor Federico Halbherr says: "It shows a general view of the Forum of Augustus, the Temple of Mars, and the eastern hemicycle of the Forum of Trajan. The elegant Renaissance building above the best-preserved part of the hemicycle of the Augustan Forum, looking towards that of Trajan, is the Loggia built for the Priory of the Rhodian Knights by Cardinal Marco Barbo, of Venice, in 1470. This hitherto almost unknown jewel of architecture will be spared by the demolitions. The Torre delle Milizie (or Tower of Nero, as it is popularly called, from a mistaken idea that it was the tower from which Nero watched the burning of Rome), was really built about 1200 A.D. It is one of many mediæval strongholds scattered amid the ruins of ancient Rome."

TWISTING, TURNING, LEAPING, AND FALLING BACKWARD WILL

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON N



TO BE SEEN IN THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL RODEO, OR COWBOY CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST AT W

Horsemanship of a highly spectacular kind is to be seen in the first International Rodeo, or Cowboy Championship Contest, which is due to open to-day (June 14) in the Empire Stadium at Wembley, and to continue until June 28. The subject was described and illustrated, by photographs taken at previous contests held in America, in our issue of March 29 last. We have since asked Mr. Lionel Edwards, the well-known sporting artist, to give us his impressions of one of the most thrilling events in a rodeo—namely, bronk-riding, and the result is here reproduced. Mr. Edwards supplies the following explanatory notes on
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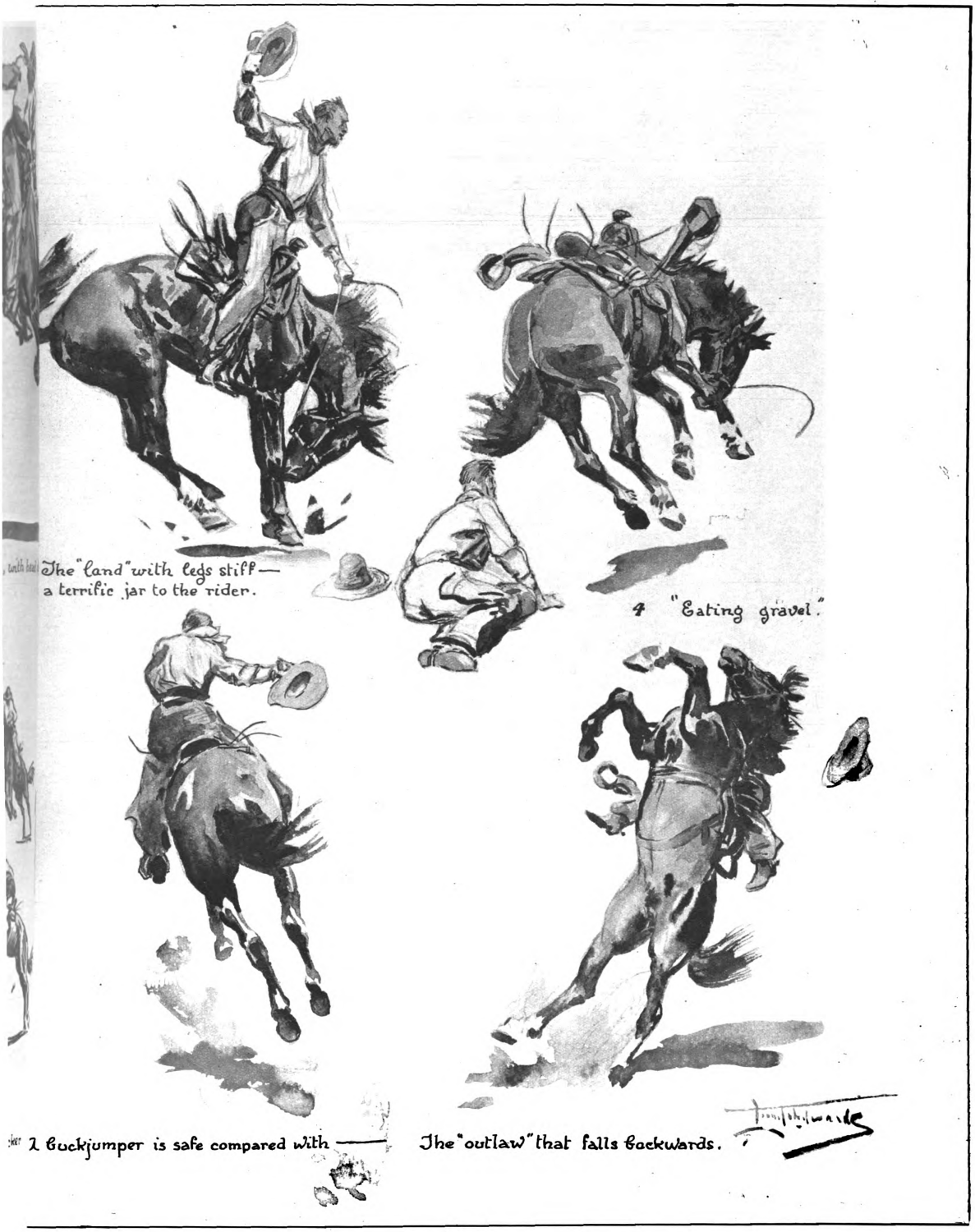
ILES OF THE BUCKJUMPER, AS IN THE WEMBLEY RODEO.

ON NEWS" BY LIONEL EDWARDS.



WEMBLEY: THRILLS OF BRONK-RIDING ILLUSTRATED BY A FAMOUS SPORTING ARTIST.

tes on the various drawings, numbered as above: "(1) The commencement of a buck. (2) The spring in the air, simultaneously throwing down the head tween the knees. (3) The 'land,' with back arched and legs stiff and together; so great is the concussion that a series of these jars often causes blood flow from the nose and ears of the rider. (4) Even more frequently they cause him to 'eat gravel' (*i.e.*, fall). (5) A running bucker 'filmed' by the artist. But the buckjumper is a 'patent safety' compared to (7) the outlaw who adopts these tactics!"—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]*

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

"NOTHING in the papers" is a venerable cry of the breakfast-table and the railway-carriage, but even in the cry itself there is always something. It gave a former contributor to this journal the title for his weekly column, and enabled him to write pleasantly, if not altogether beautifully, about a broomstick. And lately the grumble, "Nothing in the new books" has been heard from the mourning lips of a taster of publishers' lists. But the old reversal held good. The mourner began to jot down a few notes on recent publications which seemed at the first glance rather barren, but before the essay came to an end, this complaining scribe was bound in fairness to acknowledge that, after all, the little catalogue was rather attractive.

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It is ever thus. Even when great works refuse to appear and the lists may seem arid enough, there is compensation. The mere volume of output—appalling enough in all conscience—almost precludes a universal dulness, just as hugely prolific poets, not of the highest inspiration, must now and then stumble on a good thing. And so many people are busy exploring life in every conceivable phase that some of them must have something to say. The really big thing may tarry obstinately, in spite of sanguine predictions of what the reaction of war would be sure to produce in great literature, but a dip into the booksellers' current lucky-bag brings up a few minor prizes. They may be ephemeral things, but they serve their day, and are worth a day's consideration.

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Glancing over the heaped-up library table I see certain volumes that fall into more or less related groups. If the link is geographical in the widest sense, books that come together are two about Africa, one about China, one about Palestine, and a little cluster about the United Kingdom, this last touching the historical and the purely literary. Under the heading of France are two new and very interesting studies in biography. These ought to make a useful suggestion for your next library list.

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"Out of Africa," said the Roman proverb, "always something new." The new things in African books of the day are concerned one with the East and the other with the North of that continent. "WHITE AND BLACK IN EAST AFRICA," by Hermann Norden (Witherby; 15s.), is the record of an American's first impressions of the African Crown Colonies. It is like all first impressions, a very fresh and vivid record. All is, wonderful to the observer, and much will be wonderful also to most of his readers. He has visited people whose way of life in the caves of Mount Elgon is still that of the Stone Age, and he recalls for one curious moment the once notorious but long-departed King M'tesa, the wholesale slaughterer, the many-wived. For him survivors among his wives still mourn, and they sit in the dark keeping watch over his tomb. So they have sat for forty years.

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Such fatalistic patience in seclusion finds its parallel in the book about North Africa. The hero of the story, seeking to explain fatalism to a European visitor, quoted the case of women of the harem, who had never seen the day (*i.e.*, gone out). "They live in one room, where they sleep and eat and bear children. They never leave the house until they go out to be buried, yet they are content. Do you understand their lives?"

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The speaker is a man still notable in his own country, and one whose exploits were formerly very notorious in the columns of the British Press. He is that most lively brigand who nearly twenty years ago had the audacity to kidnap Mr. Walter Harris, the *Times* correspondent in Tangier. To say that is to recall Raisuli; but his name appears in a slightly altered form on the title-page of his biography, which is written, appropriately enough, by that most adventurous lady, Mrs. Rosita Forbes, for whom the desert has no terrors. She made a special journey by motor to Tazrut to take down Raisuli's story from his own lips; and she has succeeded in her task, for "EL RAISUNI, THE SULTAN OF THE MOUNTAINS" (Butterworth; 21s.), is a most fascinating book, full of character and incident, as is to be expected from the subject. The theme is one after Mrs. Forbes's own heart. It is a true chapter in that "desert" literature which has at present so great an attraction for women writers and readers.

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This attraction has been explained by a friend of Dr. Johnson's, with the kind aid of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who collected this late Boswellism on a recent evening at the Thrales' and published the information in *John o' London*. The Johnson Club may doubt the authenticity alike of the speaker and the remark, but both bear the stamp of truth. The Doctor's friend's name was Sir Elijah Worgle, a most discerning man, evidently hull-down in "desert" fiction. "Many virtuous females," said Sir Elijah, "have been bitten by Sheiks." The thing is obvious, and the result the making of many books, good and bad; but Mrs. Forbes's "Raisuni" is among the good.

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One may note, still on the authority of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, that a little earlier in the Johnsonian dialogue recorded by that artist with pen and pencil, Bozzy had quot[illegible]tain Lord Whinberry (a traveller to Grand C[illegible]t that "though the Sheiks inspire horrour in the breasts of travellers, they lead gentle domestick lives." This will hardly apply to Raisuni in all his aspects, although he is, when off the war-path and not persuading his adversaries in the torture-chamber, a philosopher and scholar. Yet there is that about him which might very well inspire Mrs. Thrale's wish "to be carried off by a Sheik." (Mr. W. L. is yet again our authority for this giddy desire on the part of the brewer's spouse.) Luckily, Mrs. Forbes was not carried off. Contrariwise, she has carried Raisuli, or Raisuni, off, and has made him known to the world, as he has never been known before, in a most intelligent, penetrating, and picturesque piece of literary portraiture.

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The next book is also by a woman, and it deals, like the last, with a phase of Orientalism, an Orientalism threatened by Western ideas, yet in the end promising to keep its integrity. "A SPRINGTIDE IN PALESTINE," by Myriam Harry (Benn; 15s.), is a study of the present state of the Zionist movement. It gives a glowing account of Palestine of to-day, all the more glowing that the writer is a convert to the feasibility of Zionism. At first she was sceptical, but now she believes that the scheme has a prosperous future. Apart from its discussion of this question, the book will attract many readers by its mere charm of descriptive local colour.

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Still with a woman writer for guide, the next book takes us to the Far East, as far as China, and the reader's way is lighted for him with something that Rabelais recommended to every seeker after truth. The Curé of Meudon advised the use of "good lanterns," and this writer has provided us with some that are certainly both good and illuminating. "CHINESE LANTERNS," by Grace Thompson Seton (Lane; 12s. 6d.), is a book that arose out of a sudden impulse, a wild curiosity. One day at home in California, Mrs. Thompson Seton heard that the ex-Emperor of China was to be married. She resolved to see this piece of strange Celestial ritual, which no European eye had looked upon, and, being determined, made the long voyage across the Pacific, and persuaded the right people to admit her to the inner sanctities. She saw them, and survived to tell the tale, and much else besides. Women interested in the future of womankind will find a great deal of valuable information regarding Chinese emancipation in a book that had its origin in immemorial feminine curiosity about a rite involving the Chinese woman's bondage and subjection.

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Returning to the United Kingdom, we find books on subjects old and new. One, in the antiquarian class, makes a most useful addition to a subject that still awaits its full unfolding. I have long wished to see this department of knowledge fully explored, but it will not be in our time. Much, however, has been done in recent years to extend our information about Roman Britain, and the picture grows steadily in richness and interest. As a side study in the life of the period, a familiar and favourite volume, "Puck of Pook's Hill" is invaluable. The new book before me specialises in the early history of one of our most romantic cities, which it reconstructs, as far as is possible at present, as it appeared during the Roman occupation. "ROMAN YORK," by Gordon Home (Benn; 12s. 6d.), is concerned chiefly with York as a military station. It was the headquarters of that Ninth Legion which was blotted out by the British about the year 119 A.D., and was succeeded by the Sixth. At York two Emperors, Severus and Constantius Chlorus, died. These events alone invest York with romance; but there is much more of the romantic in Mr. Home's acute and knowledgeable study. He has examined all the known remains, and is anxious to see what further relics may be unearthed. That much still lies hidden is beyond doubt, and Mr. Home would be a happy man if the Dean and Chapter would allow excavations to be made within the Minster precincts.

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Not at York alone, but in many parts of England, rich fields lie unexplored. Just before the war, archæologists had a thrill when it was announced that extensive digging was to be begun at St. Albans, but nothing more has been heard of the project. Few people know of the Roman villa at Latimer, although it lies close to the highway, and every year thousands pass within a few yards of the site without suspecting its existence. The Romans are always with us, and when the full story of their works and days in Britain comes to be told, it will be a record of endless fascination. Meanwhile, every instalment, such as Mr. Home's, is welcome. We are apt to forget that there were Romans to whom these islands became a second fatherland, and British-born Romans who knew no other country—to whom Italy was only a name. That part of the romance of Roman Britain has been recaptured for us already in Mr. Kipling's poem about the Centurion who, when ordered back to Rome after forty years, embarked his cohort and then came to his superior officer with the request, "Command me not to go."

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By way of contrast take now a book about present-day England, as it appears to American eyes. You might think, from the title, that the subject was this country in a former age, but "OLD WORLD ENGLAND," by Albert Osborne (Nash and Grayson; 12s. 6d.), is a picture of the life around us, with side-glances at our survivals of the past, such as our Cathedrals and Universities, and other venerable institutions. For the most part, Mr. Osborne is charmed, and his lightning tour of England makes most agreeable reading.

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We return frankly to the spacious days of great Elizabeth in some posthumous essays of that modern Elizabethan, the late Mr. A. H. Bullen, whose "ELIZABETHANS" (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d.), will delight everyone who likes to explore the less-known by-ways of Elizabethan literature. With this, readers of a similar persuasion will welcome Mr. Richard Aldington's "LITERARY STUDIES AND REVIEWS" (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.), which deals as much with France as with England of the sixteenth and later centuries. There are studies of Ronsard, Hugo, Joachim du Bellay and Landor, Sigogne, St. Evremond and Cowley, with a perfect little imaginative ancient classical sketch, "Theocritus at Capri." This, like Mr. Bullen's, is a most companionable book by an author who has not only knowledge, but the gift of admirable discursive talk.

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France and England again make touch in an account of the adventures in this country of a notable French Revolutionist. It is rather a shady record, for the Editor of *L'Ami du Peuple*, during his residence among us, contributed more to police news than to polite letters. In fact, he was rather an impostor, and in one case, at least, a convicted thief. His fraudulent career in our midst is known already in outline, but it offered an excellent field for patient research, and in "JEAN PAUL MARAT, HIS CAREER IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.) Mr. Sidney L. Phipson has cleared up many obscure points (the whole affair is most obscure), and has brought to light much fresh and interesting material. Marat, in addition to his other distinctions, had a surprising number of aliases.

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The story of another French Revolutionist not so notorious and a better character, is retold by Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn in "BENJAMIN CONSTANT, HIS PRIVATE LIFE AND HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF LIBERAL GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE, 1767-1830" (Heinemann; 21s.). Constant was a kaleidoscopic character, not always sympathetic, and in some ways grotesque, but this book is described by M. Fernand Baldensperger, who writes an "Introduction," as "the first sympathetic study of Benjamin Constant in English." The description is deserved, for, with all his contradictions and follies, the man was sincere, and for that he must have credit, although he is, in the end, more curious than admirable. His biographer has tackled Constant in all his aspects, and the book is excellent, were it for nothing else, as a reflection of society in the period. It throws new light on Madame de Staël, and for that alone it is welcome. The story of Benjamin Constant's serio-comic attachment to the daughter of Necker makes piquant reading in connection with the portrait of Madame which is contained in the "Letters and Journals" of an English poet, whose name I lately promised not to mention again on this page until a sufficient excuse is provided by a new book that still tarries on the way.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"AND FIVE WERE FOOLISH." *(Ward, Lock; 7/6.)* By Dornford Yates.

"GENERAL BELINDA." *(Herbert Jenkins; 7/6.)* By Ethel Holdsworth.

"ISLAND PRINCESS." *(Jarrolds; 7/6.)* By A. Safroni Middleton.

"LITTLE NOVELS OF NOWADAYS." *(Hutchinson; 7/6.)* By Sir Philip Gibbs.

"A PASSAGE TO INDIA." *(Arnold; 7/6.)* By E. M. Forster.

"TWENTY-ONE." *(Hutchinson; 7/6.)* By Countess Barcynska.

"UKRIDGE." *(Herbert Jenkins; 3/6.)* By P. G. Wodehouse.

"WAVES OF DESTINY." *(Hodder and Stoughton; 7/6.)* By Margaret Pedler.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"C." *(Heinemann; 15/-.)* By Maurice Baring.

"POLICY AND ARMS." *(Hutchinson; 18/-.)* By Colonel Repington.

"TWELVE YEARS AT THE IMPERIAL GERMAN COURT." *(Nisbet; 15/-.)* By Count Robert Zedlitz-Trützschler.

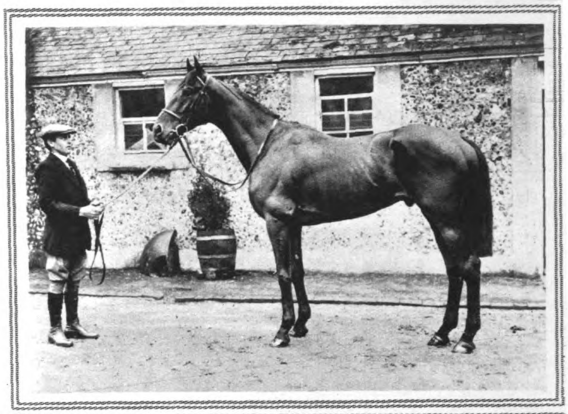
"MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS." *(Hutchinson; 21/-.)* By Mrs. E. M. Ward.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

AT EPSOM: MUD, THE OAKS—AND SANSOVINO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.

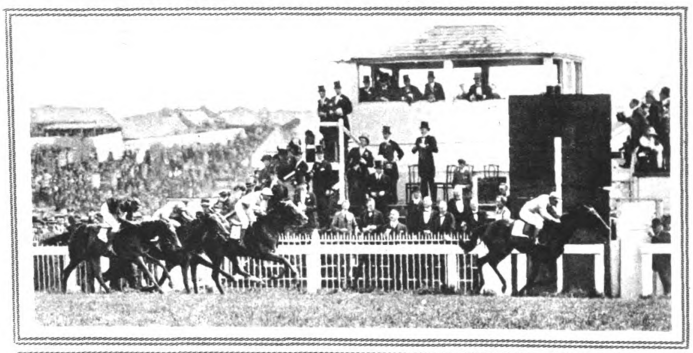
THE WINNER OF THE OAKS: SIR EDWARD HULTON'S FILLY STRAITLACE (F. O'NEILL UP).



THE WINNER OF THE DERBY (ILLUSTRATED IN OUR LAST ISSUE): THE EARL OF DERBY'S COLT, SANSOVINO.

MUD AND THIN SHOES AT EPSOM: A TYPICAL SCENE SHOWING THE BAD CONDITION OF THE GROUND OWING TO THE RECENT RAINS—LORD BLANDFORD PILOTING LADIES TO THE PADDOCK.

TYPICAL OF PERFECTION IN RACEHORSE BREEDING: THE HEAD OF STRAITLACE, WINNER OF THE OAKS.



THE FINISH OF THE OAKS: STRAITLACE (F. O'NEILL UP) AN EASY FIRST, WITH PLACK (E. C. ELLIOTT UP) SECOND, AND MINK (R. A. JONES UP) THIRD.

After Derby Day, when Lord Derby won for the first time the great race founded by his ancestor, with his colt Sansovino (as illustrated in our last issue), the weather at Epsom improved, and the race for the Oaks, on "Ladies' Day," was run in pleasant sunshine. The mud, however, remained, and made heavy going for spectators. The Oaks, described officially as "the 142nd renewal of the Oaks Stakes," was won by Sir Edward Hulton's Straitlace (F. O'Neill up), which came in well in front. Lord Rosebery's Plack (E. C. Elliott up) was second, with Mrs. S. Whitburn's Mink (R. A. Jones up) a close third. Straitlace has been described as "a very lovely filly and a very good one." She may be taken as typical of perfect breeding in racehorses, and from this point of view the excellent photograph of her head given above is published as likely to be of especial interest.

MECHANICAL WARFARE IN ITS LATEST FORM: THE KING AND QUEEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, CENTRAL PRESS

REHEARSING FOR THE GRAND MILITARY TATTOO AT ALDERSHOT: A TANK TAKING THE "WATER-JUMP."

THE NEW FAST TANKS CLAIM THEIR MAJESTIES' INTEREST: THE KING (EXTREME LEFT) AND THE QUEEN (RIGHT) INSPECTING A TANK WITH A ROOMY TURRET CONTAINING A 3-POUNDER AND SIX MACHINE GUNS.

THE KING AND QUEEN INTERESTED IN ONE OF THE NEW ARTILLERY "DRAGONS": THEIR MAJESTIES INSPECTING ONE OF THE CATERPILLAR TRACTORS THAT DREW THE GUNS OF THE 28TH BATTERY INTO ACTION AT THE "BATTLE" OF CHOBHAM RIDGES.

On the first day (June 7) of their Whitsuntide visit to Aldershot the King and Queen spent a long morning in the field inspecting troops under campaigning conditions. Their Majesties motored to Chobham Ridges, where they watched the operations of a mimic attack and counter-attack, conducted by methods that are new even since the war. The principal feature of the counter-attack was the advance of four tanks of the latest type. They are not unwieldy monsters like th[illegible] on the Somme, but smaller and faster, capable of getting over the ground, at a pinch, at something between 20 and 25 miles an hour. They [illegible]y turret containing one three-pounder gun and six Hotchkiss and Vickers 303's. They left cover and trusted to their speed.

THE KING AND QUEEN SEE NEW TYPES OF TANKS, TRACTORS, AND BRIDGES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRESS, C.N., AND THE "TIMES."

SUPPORTED BY PONTOONS CONSTRUCTED OF EMPTY PETROL-TINS AND VERY PORTABLE: A NEW TYPE OF MILITARY BRIDGE.

THROWING AN ASSAULT BRIDGE OVER A "STREAM": AN INCIDENT OF THE OPERATIONS DURING THE VISIT OF THEIR MAJESTIES TO THE TROOPS AT ALDERSHOT.

THE QUEEN IN A CITROËN "CATERPILLAR" CAR: HER MAJESTY TRIES A NEW TYPE OF VEHICLE BELONGING TO A "MECHANICALIZED" BRIGADE.

THEIR MAJESTIES CROSSING A PONTOON BRIDGE OF THE NEWEST TYPE: THE KING AND QUEEN ON THE FINISHED BRIDGE, WITH PONTOONS MADE OF EMPTY PETROL-TINS, THE BEGINNING OF WHOSE CONSTRUCTION IS SHOWN IN THE THIRD PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE.

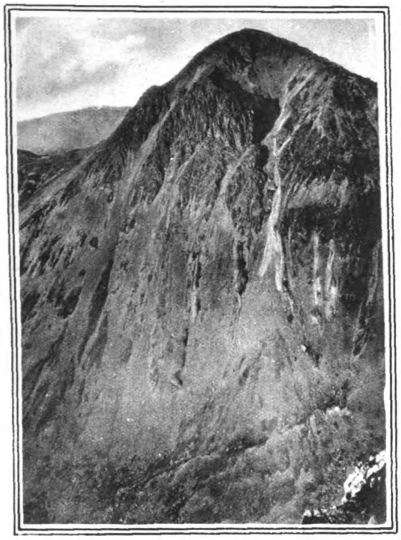
The King and Queen also inspected one of the Artillery's new caterpillar tractors, known as "dragons," used to draw guns of the 28th Battery into action, and crossed a pontoon bridge constructed with pontoons ingeniously made of empty petrol-tins. During the "battle" of Chobham Ridges, the King followed the operations on foot, but the Queen watched them while travelling from point to point in a Citroën car with "caterpillar" wheels adapted to crossing rough country. It belongs to the 9th (Mechanicalized) Brigade, and was driven by Major A. Block, of that unit. Her Majesty returned in it from the scene of the operations to the royal car waiting at a roadside.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS (APPLEDORE), L.N.A., ABRAHAM (KESWICK), I.B., AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

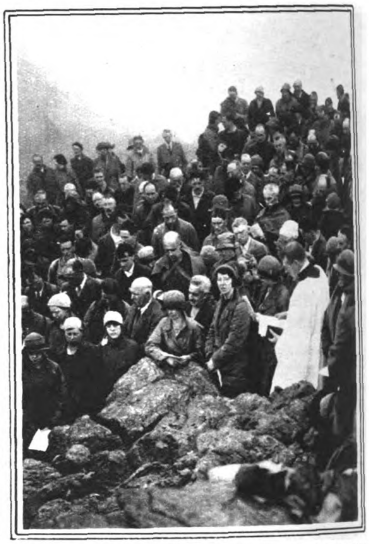
ANOTHER OF ENGLAND'S "WOODEN WALLS" DOOMED: THE OLD LINE-OF-BATTLE-SHIP H.M.S. "REVENGE," AT APPLEDORE BEFORE BEING BROKEN UP.

THE CESSION OF JUBALAND TO ITALY UNDER THE NEW AGREEMENT: THE TOWN OF KISMAYU, THE ADMINISTRATIVE CENTRE AND ONLY PORT OF THE PROVINCE.



MOUNTAINS AS A WAR MEMORIAL: GREAT GABLE, ON WHOSE SUMMIT A TABLET HAS BEEN PLACED TO THE MEMORY OF CLIMBERS.

IN HONOUR OF MEMBERS OF THE FELL AND ROCK-CLIMBING CLUB WHO DIED IN THE WAR: THE TABLET UNVEILED ON GREAT GABLE.



DEDICATING THE LAKELAND PEAKS ACQUIRED AS A WAR MEMORIAL: THE IMPRESSIVE SERVICE ON THE SUMMIT OF GREAT GABLE AT THE UNVEILING.

THE KINGSTON PAGEANT ON THE MILLENARY OF ATHELSTAN'S CORONATION: PRINCE EDWARD (MAJOR ALFRED KEENE) AND HIS BRIDE (MISS INA COX).

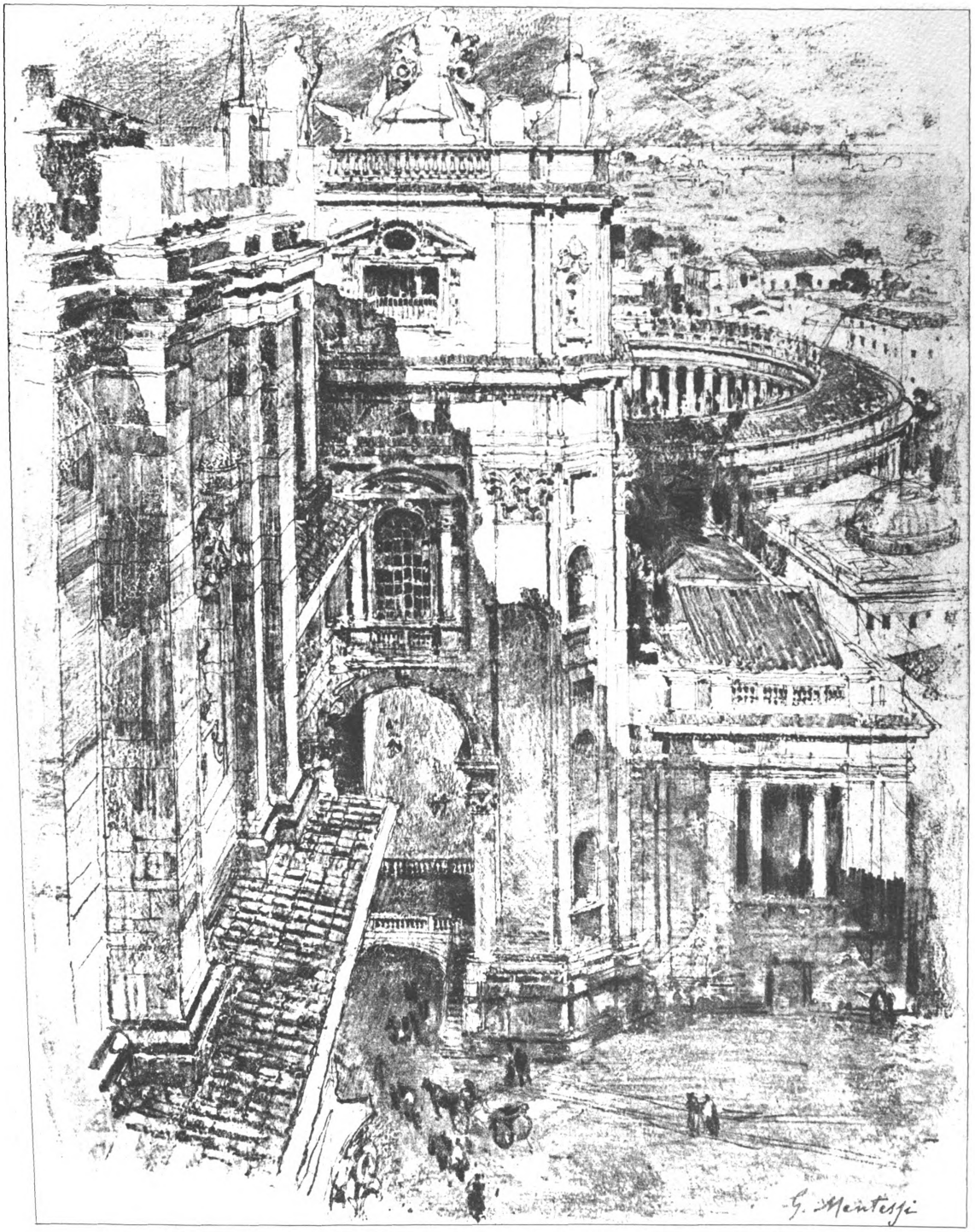
The old wooden ship of the line "Empress," formerly H.M.S. "Revenge," which has been used as a training-ship on the Clyde, was recently brought to Appledore, in Devon, and thrown open to the public for a time before being broken up. She was one of the last wooden battle-ships built, and was laid down at Pembroke in 1855. At one time she was flag-ship of the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets.——It was announced on June 10 that an agreement transferring Jubaland, hitherto part of Kenya, in East Africa, to Italy had been initialled by the British [illegible]lian experts in London, and would shortly be signed by plenipotentiaries. [illegible] the only port of Jubaland and its administrative centre.——The Fell [illegible]limbing Club of the Lake District have acquired the central group of

THE FIRST HORSE TO TRAVEL IN AN AEROPLANE: A YOUNG FRENCH RACEHORSE ENTERING A MACHINE AT LE BOURGET TO BE TAKEN BY AIR TO AMSTERDAM.

mountains, and vested them in the National Trust for public use, as a war memorial to twenty of their members who died in the war. A bronze tablet bearing their names, with an inscription and a relief map of the Fells, was unveiled on the summit of Great Gable (nearly 3000 ft.) on June 8, by Dr. A. W. Wakefield, President of the Club, and dedicated by the Rev. J. H. Smith, of Huddersfield. The impressive ceremony was attended by over 500 people, including many women, in spite of thick mist and heavy rain.——A pageant took place at Kingston-on-Thames on June 9 in honour of the millenary of the Coronation of King Athelstan. One of the incidents was the wedding of Prince Edward the Elder to a shepherd's daughter.

Rome Past and Present: By a Well-Known Italian Artist.

FROM A SERIES OF 150 DRAWINGS OF ROME, BY GIUSEPPE MENTESSI, TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM, WITH TEXT BY LUCA BELTRAMI.



AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME: PART OF THE FAÇADE (SEEN FROM THE BACK) OVERLOOKING THE PIAZZA.

The Italian title to this drawing is "Dalla Balaustrata dell' Attico di San Pietro," and no further details are given. From a comparison with a plan of St. Peter's, the drawing would appear to show the back of the right-hand end of the façade, which fronts the Piazza di San Pietro. Part of the circular colonnade surrounding the piazza may be seen in the right background. At the top of the picture, in the centre, are the backs of several statues. The façade of St. Peter's, which was erected by Pope Paul V. in 1612, is surmounted by a balustrade with statues of the Saviour and Apostles, 19 ft. high.

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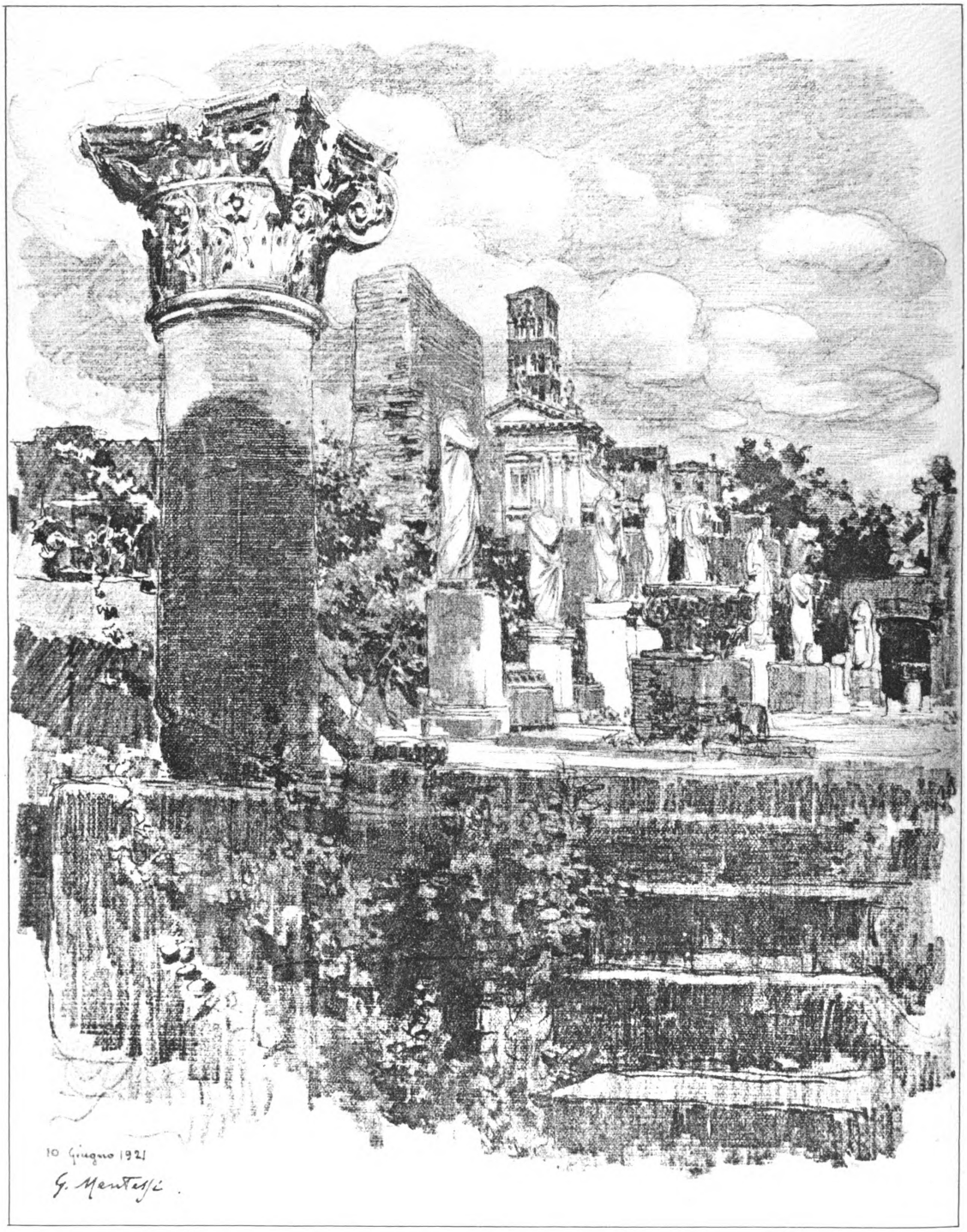

HOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS PAGAN RELIGIOUS ORDER FOR WOMEN: THE ATRIUM VESTÆ, OR PALACE OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS.

The Vestal Virgins were a religious order of women associated with the Temple of Vesta, in which it was their special duty to keep burning the sacred fire. The drawing shows part of the large court (220 ft. by 25 ft.) which was the principal feature of their palace. It was adorned with statues of the Head Vestals, of which eleven remain in varying states of preservation. Inscriptions on the bases of some of the statues show that they were erected by grateful relatives, or others, who had secured good appointments through the powerful influence of the Vestals. The names recorded belong to the third and fourth centuries A.D.

Rome Past and Present: By a Well-Known Italian Artist.

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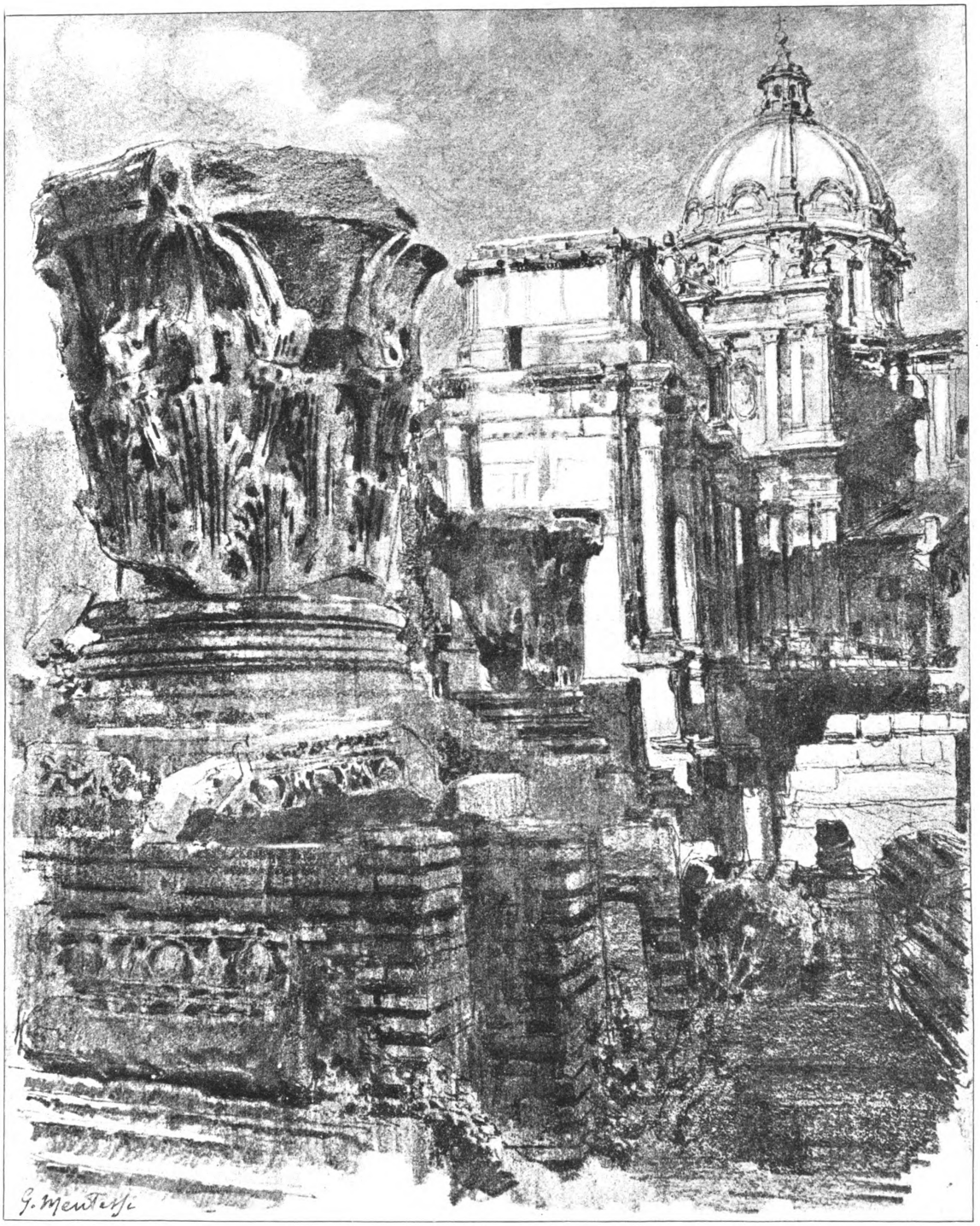


RUINS OF IMPERIAL ROME: THE BASILICA JULIA, WITH THE ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS—SHOWING THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARTINA IN THE BACKGROUND.

The great Basilica Julia, founded by Julius Cæsar to enlarge the Forum, was inaugurated in 46 B.C. It was extended by Augustus, but was burnt down before he could see its completion. The triumphal arch of Septimius Severus was built in honour of that Emperor and his sons, in A.D. 203, to commemorate victories over the Parthians and Arabians. It is 75 ft. high, 82 ft. wide, and built entirely of marble. Santa Martina e Luca consists of a lower church and an upper church. The latter, seen in the above drawing, is a handsome domed building in the form of a Greek cross, dating from about 1640.

Rome Past and Present: By a Well-Known Italian Artist.

FROM A SERIES OF 150 DRAWINGS OF ROME, BY GIUSEPPE MENTESSI, TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM, WITH TEXT BY LUCA BELTRAMI.

ERECTED MORE THAN 1700 YEARS AGO: THE ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS (IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND)—ANOTHER VIEW.

The full title of this drawing, in Italian, is as follows: "L'Arco di Settimio Severo verso i plutei istoriati di Trajano." No further details are given, but from a comparison with the other drawing of the arch (on the previous page in this number) it would appear to be a closer view of it, showing the same church (Santa Martina) in the background. When the arch was erected, in A.D. 203, the names of Septimius Severus and his sons, Caracalla and Geta, all appeared in the inscription. Later, Caracalla murdered Geta and erased his name, filling up the gap with words describing both himself and his father as "Father of his country; best and bravest of princes."

THE VOGUE OF PAGEANTRY: "BRISTOL" AT WEMBLEY; ELTHAM'S "FAYRE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.

TRANSFERRED TO WEMBLEY FROM BRISTOL WITH ALL ITS 2500 PERFORMERS: THE "CRADLE OF THE EMPIRE" PAGEANT OF BRISTOL'S HISTORIC PAST—EPISODE IV.—QUEEN ELIZABETH (MISS NANCY STEADMAN) ARRIVING AT LAWFORD GATE.

THE Bristol Pageant consisted of seven episodes, beginning with the year 1216, although the history of the city dates back some centuries earlier. The first episode represented the boy King, Henry III., confirming Magna Carta (extorted from his father, King John) at the gate of Bristol Castle. The second scene (as described in the "Times") pictured "the dramatic story of King Edward IV., while the guest of the city, at the banqueting table, ordering the execution of Lancastrians for causing a disturbance during his visit. Cabot's

[*Continued opposite.*

KENTISH PAGEANTRY: THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS IN "MERRIE ENGLAND," FOR "YE OLDE ENGLISH FAYRE" AT ELTHAM, WHICH MRS. BALDWIN ARRANGED TO OPEN A FEW DAYS AGO.

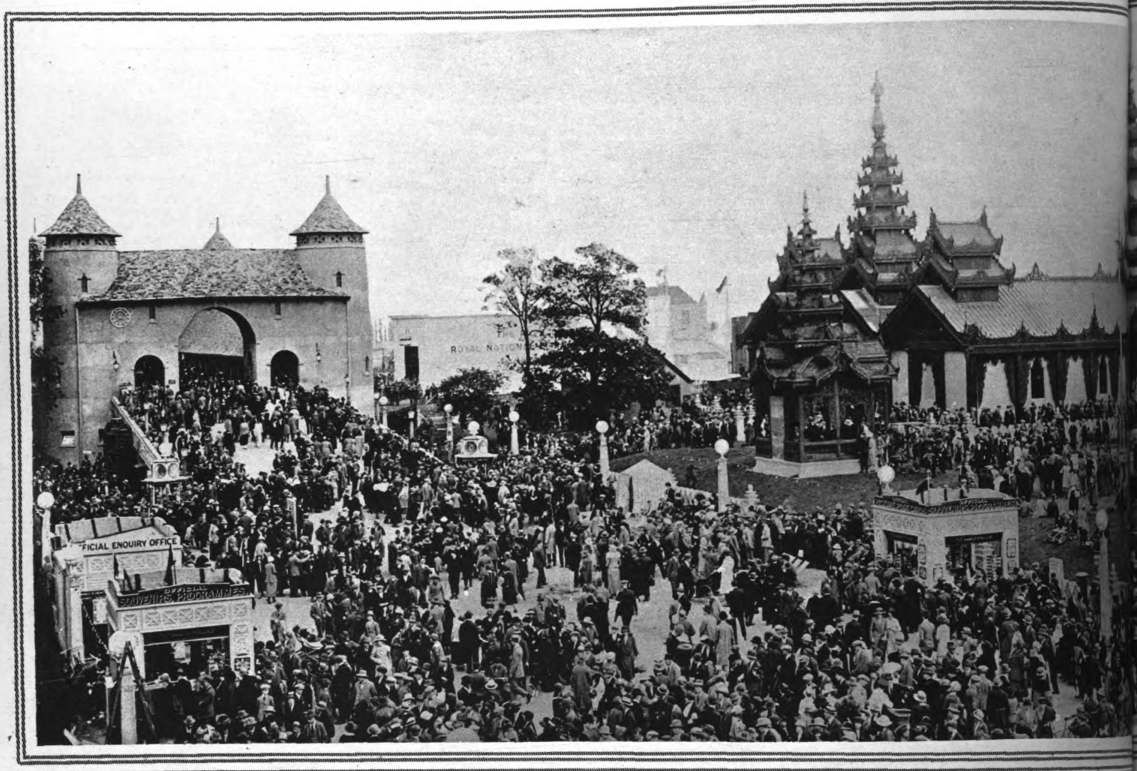
Continued.]

triumphal return to Bristol from the discovery of Newfoundland, the year before Columbus claimed to have discovered America, was the third episode, and Queen Elizabeth's visit in pomp and power formed the fourth, with an amusing portrayal of the Queen receiving washerwomen and granting them a perpetual drying ground on Brandon Hill as compensation for their ugliness. The fifth episode dealt with Bristol merchant venturers, introducing Admiral Penn." The sixth episode depicted a Royalist invasion; and the last the election of Edmund Burke.

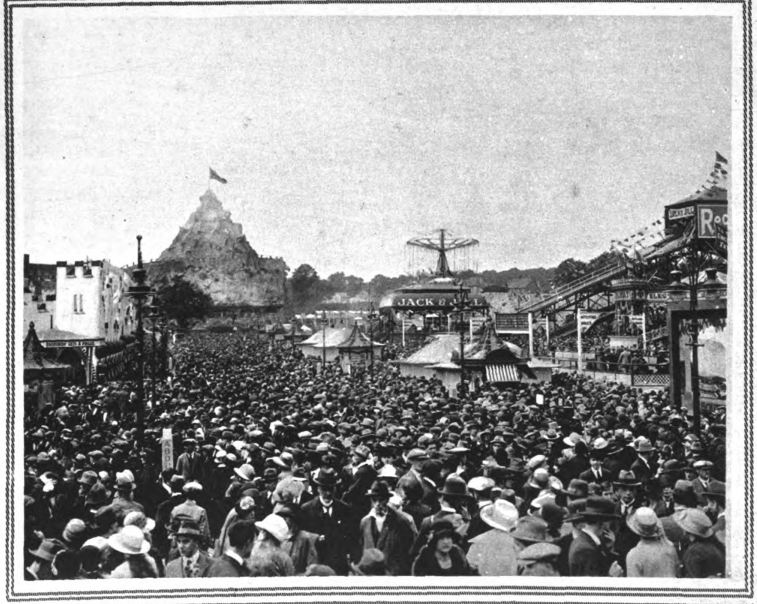
Pageantry is much in favour this year in all parts of the country, and we illustrate above two notable examples. The great pageant recently given at Bristol, which claims to be the "Cradle of the Empire," as having sent out Cabot to found the first British colony, Newfoundland, and other famous voyagers, was described, with photographs, in our issue of May 31. By remarkable enterprise on the part of the city, it was later brought to Wembley, with all the 2500 performers, partly to make Bristol's history better known, and partly to raise funds for a new civic hall. The first performance at Wembley was given in the Stadium on June 7, when the number of spectators was disappointingly small, but there were better attendances later. The Duke and Duchess of York arranged to see it on the 10th. Our other illustration shows the company of players in a pageant entitled "Merrie England," organised in connection with "Ye Olde English Fayre" at Eltham in Kent, which Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the ex-Premier, arranged to open there on June 13. Among the characters are Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex. Eltham formerly had a royal palace, which was destroyed during the Commonwealth.

WEMBLEY BEATS THE ATTENDANCE RECORD OF EVER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.N., AND S.



PART OF THE HOLIDAY CROWD THAT EXCEEDED BY 75,000 THE NUMBER WHO ATTENDED THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN HYDE PA



WHERE QUEUES WERE THE ORDER OF THE DAY AND THE ATTENDANTS COULD HARDLY TAKE MONEY FAST ENOUGH: THE DENSE CROWD IN THE GREAT AMUSEMENT PARK.

WHEN ENTRANCE WAS OBTAINED NOT ONLY THROU DOORS: A SECTION OF THE CRO

Despite the somewhat threatening nature of the weather, and a certain dislocation of arrangements due to the unofficial Tube strike, the attendance at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley on Whit Monday beat all records, and it was officially announced at midnight that 321,232 people had visited it during the day—the biggest crowd ever seen at any exhibition in the world. Some idea of the total may be gathered when it is said that it represents 75,000 more visitors than the number who went to the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park during the whole of the first week of June 1851. The arrivals formed

HER EXHIBITION: THE WHIT-MONDAY CROWD—321,232!

D S. AND G.

THE FIRST WEEK OF JUNE IN 1851: OUTSIDE THE BURMESE SECTION AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION ON WHIT MONDAY.

EGULATION TURNSTILES, BUT THROUGH THE "EXIT" NG TO GET INTO THE EXHIBITION.

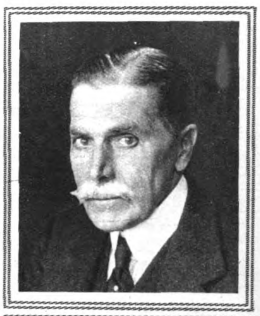
THRONGED WITH SIGHTSEERS WITH "RAILODOK" CARS THREADING THEIR WAY BETWEEN THEM: A MAIN AVENUE OF THE AMUSEMENT PARK ON WHIT MONDAY.

eat orderly queues at the various entrances, and, before long, it was decided to admit by exits as well. There were queues, indeed, for everything: for ntering the various buildings, for the restaurants, for the "Railodoks," for the Amusements, and so forth. It was said, indeed, that a mile-an-hour was the reatest progression-rate. At ten o'clock at night a maroon gave the signal for the joining of hands in a "Link of Empire" handshake. The festivities ontinued late into the night, with music, dancing, and fireworks, and the illuminated lake looked very beautiful.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

CHAIRMAN OF A FAMOUS FIRM: THE LATE MR. H. F. ELKINGTON.

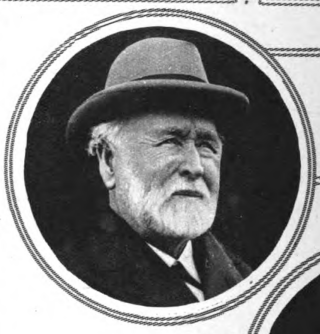
KILLED BY A MID-AIR COLLISION: FLYING-OFFICER L. G. LUCAS.



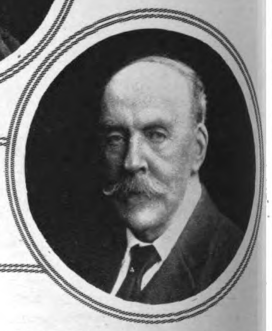
FORMER CONSERVATIVE M.P. FOR MID-ARMAGH: LORD ARMAGHDALE.

A DISTINGUISHED MILITARY ENGINEER: MAJ.-GEN. SIR GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

THE GREAT PARIS-TOKYO FLIGHT OF LIEUT. PELLETIER DOISY: THE FRENCH AIRMAN (CENTRE OF THE THREE OFFICERS; WITH GOGGLES) AND HIS MECHANIC (IN THE AEROPLANE) NEAR ALEPPO.

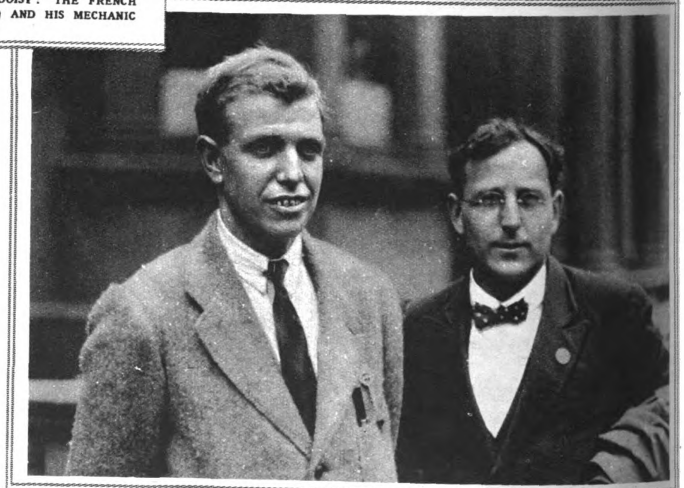


A GREAT SHIPBUILDER AND SHIP-OWNER: THE LATE LORD PIRRIE.



A FAMOUS ADMINISTRATOR: THE LATE SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND.

THE "STOP-GAP" FRENCH PREMIER: M. FRANÇOIS MARSAL.



CAUSERS OF GREAT PUBLIC INCONVENIENCE: MR. DAN CREED AND MR. L. AKEHURST.

Mr. Herbert Frederick Elkington, who died at the age of seventy-three, was chairman of the famous firm of goldsmiths and silversmiths, Messrs. Elkington and Co., which was established in 1830. While at Oxford, he rowed in the Brasenose eight, and was in the same college's cricket and football teams.——Flying-Officer L. G. Lucas was one of the three victims of a collision in mid-air during formation flying near Grantham.——John Brownlee Lonsdale, first Baron Armaghdale, sat as Conservative Member for Mid-Armagh from 1900 until 1918, when he was raised to the Peerage. For many years he was Whip of the Irish Unionist Party.——Major-General Sir George Scott-Moncrieff was formerly Director of Fortifications and Works at the War Office.——Lieut. Pelletier Doisy arrived at Tokorozanda, near Tokyo, on the morning of June 9. He left Villacoublay Aerodrome, near Paris, on April 25, on a Breguet sesquiplane. His route was over 11,500 miles. At Shanghai Lieut. Doisy wrecked his machine. He continued on a Breguet biplane lent by the Military Governor of Chekiang.——The first Viscount Pirrie entered Messrs. Harland and Wolff's in 1862, and eventually became chairman. He held various official positions in Ireland, and he was appointed Controller-General of Merchant Shipbuilding in March 1918.——Sir (Henry) Mortimer Durand held various important positions, amongst others those of Foreign Secretary in India, Minister at Teheran, Ambassador at Madrid, and Ambassador at Washington.——M. Frédéric François Marsal became the French Prime Minister on June 8. It was understood that the Cabinet was only a stop-gap, to enable a message from the President to be conveyed to Parliament.——Mr. Dan Creed, leader of the unofficial Tube strike, is Secretary of the West Brompton District of the N.U.R. Mr. L. Akehurst is Joint Secretary of the Strike Committee.

ALFRED'S "MINT," AND TO-DAY'S, AT WEMBLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI.

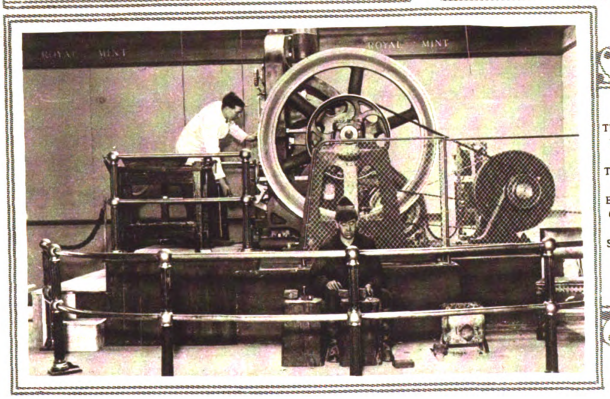
MINTING A KING ALFRED "SILVER PENNY" BY THE METHODS OF HIS DAY: TAKING THE CRUCIBLE FROM THE CHARCOAL FIRE.

MAKING A "SILVER PENNY" OF ALFRED THE GREAT (A.D. 871-901) AT WEMBLEY BY THE ANCIENT METHOD: THE NEXT OPERATION—POURING MOLTEN METAL INTO A MOULD.

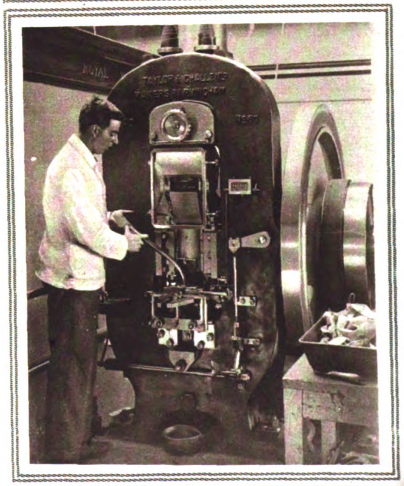
THE NEXT STAGE IN MAKING AN ALFRED THE GREAT "SILVER PENNY": FLATTENING THE COOLED METAL ON A BLOCK.

STRUCK AT WEMBLEY: AN ALFRED "SILVER PENNY"—OBVERSE (HEAD) AND REVERSE (MONOGRAM OF LONDON).

WITH THE METAL DISC BETWEEN THE DIES READY FOR STRIKING: A LATER STAGE IN THE MINTING PROCESS OF KING ALFRED'S TIME.



THE ROYAL MINT 1000 YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY: THE SAXON COINER AND HIS PLANT BESIDE A MODERN COIN PRESS THAT TURNS OUT SOUVENIR MEDALS AT 105 A MINTE.



A CONTRAST TO THE OLD MANUAL METHOD: THE PRESS THAT TURNS OUT HUNDREDS OF SOUVENIR MEDALS DAILY—FEEDING BLANKS INTO THE SLOT.

The Royal Mint section of the Government Pavilion at Wembley has one of the most interesting exhibits in the British Empire Exhibition. It shows a coiner, dressed in the costume of the ninth century, making replicas (in base metal) of a "silver penny" of King Alfred the Great (A.D. 871-901) by the primitive manual methods of his day. The metal is heated in a crucible over a charcoal fire, beaten flat with a hammer, cut out into blank discs, and then stamped between two dies. The coins bear on the obverse the head of King Alfred and on the reverse the monogram of London. Each "Alfred penny" thus produced bears in minute figures the date 1924, so that it may not afterwards be taken as genuine. In contrast to the slow hand process of a thousand years ago is the modern minting machine, which stamps souvenir medals of the Exhibition (in two varieties) at the rate of 105 a minute.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE PASSING OF A GREAT PALÆONTOLOGIST.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE world of science is the poorer to-day by the death of Dr. Charles W. Andrews, and it is but fitting that tribute to his memory should be paid on this page. For wherever men are charged with the task of interpreting the dry bones of creatures of bygone ages his loss will be deplored, inasmuch as he was one of the greatest authorities of his time on all that pertained to the study of the higher fossil vertebrates. He was, moreover, a man of singular charm, who at all times willingly placed his great knowledge at the service of those who needed it.

The readers of *The Illustrated London News*, indeed, were more often indebted to him than they wot of, for he always held himself ready to serve this journal, even though it did not always appear that he was the source of the information given, for he could seldom be induced to write non-technical essays.

Dr. Andrews died on May 25 at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, after a long illness borne with great courage and cheerfulness. For long years, indeed, he had lived under the shadow of death. But this was known only to his intimate friends, among whom it was my privilege to be reckoned. And we marvelled at his courage. A graduate of the University of London, he was appointed in 1892 to the staff of the Geological Department of the British Museum of Natural History, and he died in harness.

To a profound knowledge of his subject he brought to bear a singularly clear vision and power of interpretation. This was the leaven, indeed, which imparted to all his restorations of extinct animals that

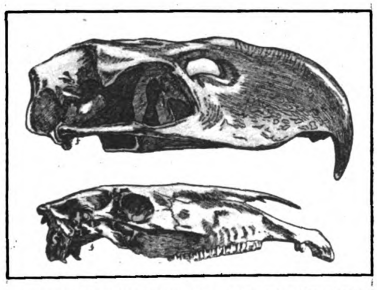


FIG. 1.—BIGGER THAN THAT OF A MODERN RACEHORSE: THE SKULL OF THE GIANT CRANE, *PHORORHACOS*, FROM THE SANTA CRUZ FORMATION, PATAGONIA.

brilliant, pulsating sensation of reality which so few can achieve. But before these restorations could take shape a vast amount of laborious work had to be done, even though he was equipped with a knowledge of what most people would call "uninteresting details" that was both wide and deep, embracing, as it had to, the anatomy of both fossil and recent forms. His ability to name even fragments of bones was almost uncanny—and I speak from an intimate knowledge of his work. It would be impossible here to give an adequate survey of all that he wrote during his two-and-thirty years of active work, even if this were expedient. It will suffice to give a broad survey of his labours such as will show the great range of his knowledge.

On the subject of fossil reptiles he wrote much. And perhaps his "Descriptive Catalogue of the Marine Reptiles of the Oxford Clay," published by the Trustees of the British Museum, represents his greatest achievement in this field. Only those who know something of the difficulties which confront any attempt to interpret the bones of fossil reptiles can properly appreciate the brilliant manner in which he fulfilled this task. For he not only reconstructed their complex skeletons, but he conjured up vivid mental pictures of the mode of life of these creatures to account for their structural peculiarities. Much of this fine memoir is concerned with those old sea-dragons the Plesiosaurs, of which there were short and long-necked types. One of the latter had a neck no less than twenty-three feet long, which had to be supported by a nine-foot body! [illegible]s creature, he pointed out, after a study of [illegible] contents of the stomach, must have [illegible]-necked swans do, tilting the tail up [illegible]ch their food at the bottom of the water. It has more than once been suggested that the oft-described sea-serpent may be one of the last survivors of this extraordinary creature.

On the subject of fossil birds he also wrote a number of memoirs. The most interesting, and perhaps the most important, of these was that on the gigantic predaceous crane, *Phororhacos*, whose skull (Fig. 1) was bigger than that of a modern racehorse! During 1897-98 he carried out a most exhaustive

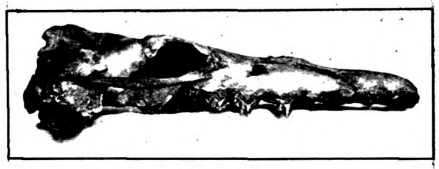


FIG. 5.—EVIDENCE THAT THE FAYUM REGION WAS NOT ALWAYS A DESERT: THE SKULL OF *PROZEUGLODON* FOUND THERE—A CONTRAST TO EXISTING CETACEANS.

survey of Christmas Island, Indian Ocean, which down to a few years ago was probably the only existing tropical island of any extent that had never been inhabited by man, civilised or savage. No more

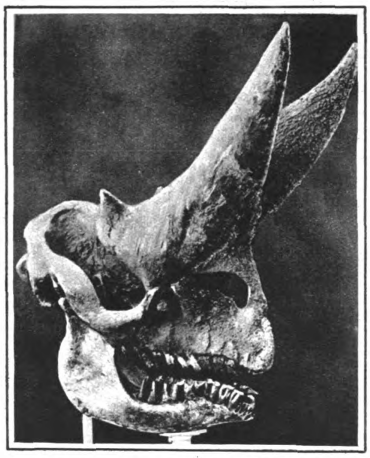


FIG. 3.—ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE OF EXTINCT MAMMALS: THE SKULL OF *ARSINOITHERIUM*, DISCOVERED BY DR. ANDREWS IN THE FAYUM, EGYPT.

suitable explorer could possibly have been chosen. He had to fulfil the double rôle of naturalist and geologist, and he amply justified his mission. He

FIG. 2.—DISCOVERED BY THE LATE DR. C. W. ANDREWS ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND: THE NATIVE ISLAND RAT, LATER EXTERMINATED BY THE BROWN RAT INTRODUCED BY TRADING SHIPS.

Photographs by E. J. Manly.

brought back specimens of every kind of living creature and plant to be found on the island, as well as an extraordinarily complete account of its geological formation. A monograph of the results of this visit was published by the Trustees of the British Museum. His vivid field notes in this volume are a delight to read. I still recall the thrill of pleasure which was mine when I first read his descriptions of the habits of land-crabs which climb the trees for coconuts, and of the courting habits of the frigate-bird. He brought back with him specimens of the native rat (Fig. 2), a species peculiar to the island, but since exterminated by the brown rat. This latter species made its way to the island from the vessels owned by the company formed to exploit the rich deposits of phosphates discovered and located by Andrews's careful survey. He used whimsically to refer to the vast revenues derived by that company as a consequence of his work there—he got the kudos, the company took the cash!

His greatest achievement, undoubtedly, was his wonderful monograph on the Tertiary vertebrata of the Fayum, Egypt. This was written after his expeditions there in 1903 and 1904. Every page of this work bears testimony to his ripe judgment, fine descriptive powers, and rare gifts of interpretation. To these qualities we owe the singularly minute, though nowhere trivial, account of that extraordinary creature the Arsinoitherium, the skull of which is shown on this page (Fig. 3). Africa, even to-day, harbours some strange beasts, but they pale into insignificance before this and the scarcely less remarkable Mœritherium, the pigmy ancestor of the elephants (Fig. 4). He traces for us here the several stages in the evolution of these proboscideans, and with the firm hand of a master. Here, too, he describes ancestral forms of the Sirenia—the halicore, dugong, and manatee—and of the whales. The skull of

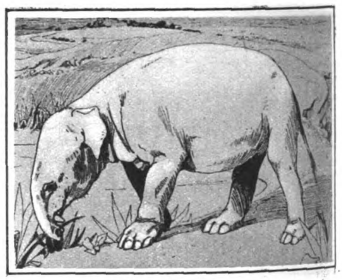


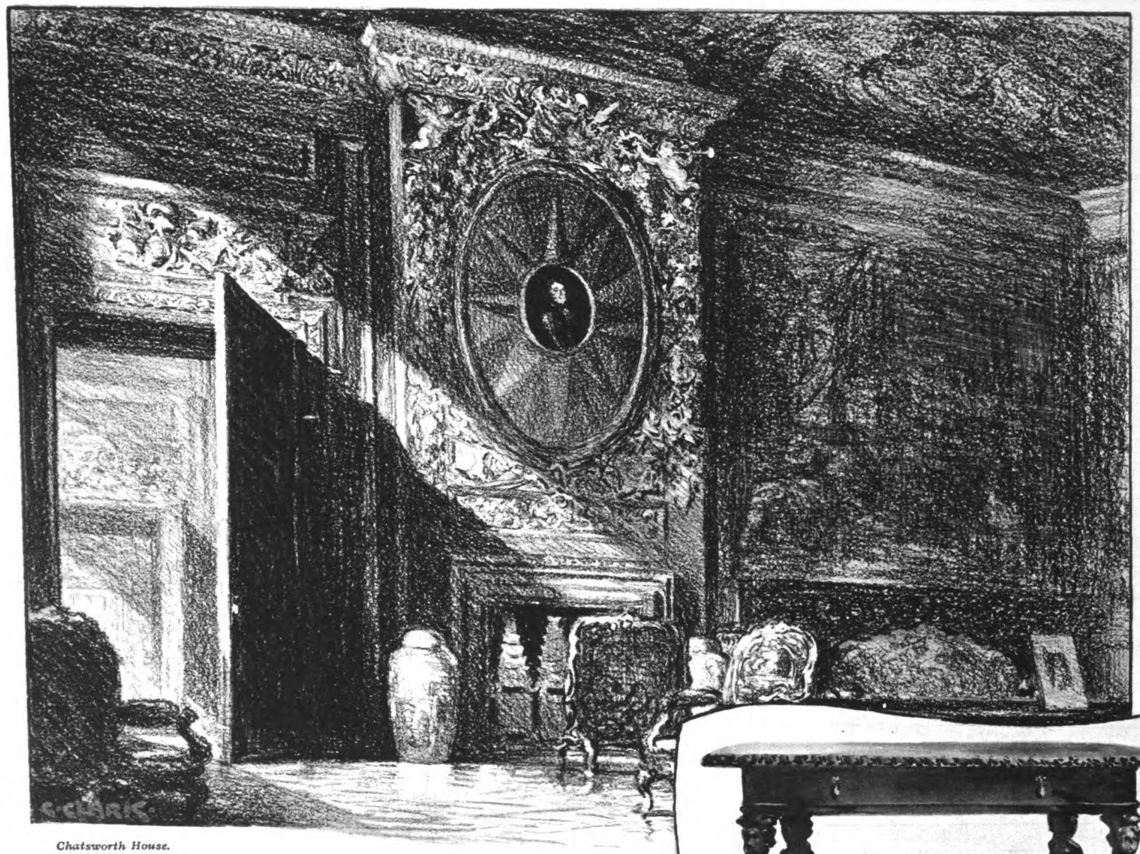
FIG. 4.—THE PIGMY ANCESTOR OF THE ELEPHANTS: *MŒRITHERIUM*, AN EXTINCT PROBOSCIDEAN THAT ONCE INHABITED THE FAYUM (A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING).

Though now a desert, the Fayum must have supported a rich vegetation at the time these strange creatures lived.

"Prozeuglodon," figured in this monograph, is shown in the annexed photograph (Fig. 5). How different it is from that of existing cetaceans, not only in the matter of shape, but also in the form of its teeth, will be seen at a glance. The gaps which yet remain to make the chain complete will doubtless come to light in the course of time.

A new species of ostrich-like bird, and several new species of fossil crocodiles and tortoises, are also described here. And these all furnished important additions to our knowledge of these groups. Soon after the appearance of this "Descriptive Catalogue," as it was officially called, he was elected to the Fellowship of the Royal Society. Never was that distinction more merited.

In 1916 he was awarded the Lyell Medal of the Geological Society, and later was elected to the Athenæum. But these were not the only proofs of the esteem in which he was held among men of science; for on more than one occasion he was selected as President of the Geological Section of the British Association, but his health made acceptance impossible. One cannot but regret that this should have been so, for his Presidential Address would have given, we may safely say, one more illustration of his profound wisdom and remarkable ability. Posterity will endorse the appraisement of his contemporaries, but they will lose much in having been born too late to know the man. For his quiet, pungent humour was a part of himself, to be enjoyed only by his colleagues and his intimate friends, of whom he had a wide circle. To us his loss is irreparable.



Chatsworth House.

MAPLE TABLE, late 17th Century

A Quarter-Mile Frontage

IN "Peveril of the Peak," Sir Walter Scott has perpetuated the name of that powerful family which formerly owned the beautiful expanse of woodland, hill and river, in which is set the private palace most modestly named Chatsworth House. Since the 16th century the estate has been in the possession of the Cavendish family, but the present edifice of classic design was built at the end of the 17th century by William Cavendish, first Duke of Devonshire.

Chatsworth is famed for many features. It has a wonderful façade which, with the terraces, is nearly a quarter of a mile in length ; the conservatory, unequalled in Europe, covers nearly an acre ; the gardens and park are almost incomparable, being rivalled only perhaps by Versailles. Adequately to describe the interior in a few words would be impossible. Every department contains exquisite works of art, pictures and sculptures by famous old masters, furniture and furnishings, all full worthy of their place in such a mansion. Perhaps, however, the elaborately carved woodwork of doors, mantel-pieces and panelling may be singled out for special mention, for research attributes this beautifully executed 17th century work, not to Grinling Gibbons as formerly supposed, but to a local craftsman, Samuel Watson. The seventeenth century will live in history for many remarkable productions, including, we may add, the famous John Haig Scotch Whisky, which steadily maintains its three hundred years' reputation for perfection of quality and maturity.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

By Appointment

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The World of Women

THERE was certainly an air about the wedding of Lord and Lady Desborough's elder daughter. The Air Force did its Marshal, Sir John Salmond, every honour. There was the band, a guard of honour of fourteen officers in review-order uniform, and men standing shoulder-to-shoulder to line the path from the west door of St. Margaret's to the rails where cars waited. There were many officers of the force, including Air Marshals in mufti as guests; altogether, it was an airy, if not breezy, affair. The reception at Hampden House was very jolly, the boy pages and the girl rose-petal scatterers dancing and playing and laughing and shouting on the hard tennis-court outside the dining-room windows. Many elders sat eating ices and sandwiches and looking on, while others viewed the pretty scene from the downstairs windows or from the balcony of the ball-room. Happily, the weather kept up just for the wedding, which was meteorologically courteous of it. Dame Margaret Lloyd George was there, and so was Mrs. Asquith. They smiled at each other, perhaps as amicably as could be expected. Mrs. Asquith was quite charmingly dressed in ivory foulard printed almost all over with a design in beaver-grey. At the reception all coats and cloaks were laid aside, and the very pretty dresses worn could be appreciated. The Duchess of Portland wore a lovely one of moiré Nottingham lace, very silky and ethereal-looking, and such a pretty copper-red tissue hat! The Duchess of Sutherland wore a pale fawn-coloured dress, with lines of jade-green on the bodice, and a black hat. The Marchioness of Hartington was in dark blue, and wore a long coat embroidered in many colours. Lady Mary Fox-Strangways, the principal bride of this week, looked very attractive in soft red. It was a very pretty wedding, charmingly arranged, so that it may be recalled even so far after the event.

Miss Barbara Murray, who is engaged to Lord Doune, belongs to a family socially important in New York. She left America last March, and was present at the marriage of her cousin, Miss Iris Margaret Cutting, to the Marquis Antonio Origo, which took place, it will be remembered, at the Villa Medici, near Florence, the home of the bride's mother, Lady Sybil Scott, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Desart. The Villa was lent to Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles for their honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Murray and their daughter are now back in New York, as Miss Barbara Murray was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Barbara Whitney to Mr. W. Barklie Henry on the 5th, and will next month be bridesmaid again to Miss Joan Whitney when she marries Mr. Charles Shipman Payson on the 5th. Miss Murray's sister is the wife of Mr. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler jun. Her father is a retired New York lawyer, and her mother was Miss Alice Rathbone. My kindly American corespondent, whose name I do not know, has supplied me with this information about this newest American recruit to our nobility. As all the bride-elect's friends are in America, her wedding will almost certainly take place there.

Brigadier-General Cornelius and Mrs. Vanderbilt have taken Spencer House from Earl Spencer for the rest of the season, and will probably entertain there rather extensively. I do not know if they intend to have their big ship-rigged, three-masted auxiliary motor yacht at Cowes this year, but should think it likely, since the Regatta weeks on the Solent appeal to them much. Miss Grace Vanderbilt enjoys the sea and all the social intercourse of Cowes season. She dresses well and looks smart, and is a good dancer and fair tennis player. Spencer House is a fine one, and many fine parties have been given in it. The late Princess Christopher of Greece, the American-born Mrs. William Leeds, had Spencer House until she died. Lord and Lady Spencer will be of the Governor of Northern Ireland and the Duchess of Abercorn's party at Clandeboye to meet the Duke and Duchess of York. Clandeboye is a delightful place at Helens Bay, on Belfast Lough, belonging to the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, who has lent it to the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn until their own official residence, within easy reach of the capital, is ready for them.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne have gone to Kerry. It is brave of them, for their beautiful house, called Derreen, ideally situated near the sea in the Kenmare country, was burnt; and all its treasured contents destroyed. They are now about to start the rebuilding of it. Lady Lansdowne greatly loves the place, and also loves the people and is loved by them. They are even more distressed than the owners at what has been done: the point is, will they ever have the courage to prevent its being done again? There is not the same danger now that gunmen and guns are scarce.

In June furs should be out of season; but this particular showering June they are not. Long chinchilla and moleskin coats have not seemed out of place. For the most part, ostrich feathers are used to simulate fur, and are lighter in weight and lighter to look at. A favourite way to use this trimming is to border draperies now more elaborately than ever. The Queen has taken quite a liking to this feather fur, and so have a few of the Duchesses and other leaders of our dress and our nobility; so we shall meet it at Ascot.

A. E. L.

Two fascinating wraps for the races which hail from Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. The short coat on the left is of black marocain enriched with embroidery and plissé, and on the right is a graceful cloak of black lace with a collar of black and scarlet ostrich feathers. (See page 1134.)

Gaily coloured chintz outlined with gold and scarlet thread has been chosen by Gorringe's to decorate this attractive summer coat. (See p. 1134.)

HEALTH DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS

A Tonic Food Beverage. Warm weather is responsible for a general feeling of lassitude and loss of appetite. There is little to please in the accepted dietary, but it is essential that sustenance in some form be taken, otherwise the health will suffer, the first signs of which is a feeling of irritation with everything. Now there is nothing better for preserving the health and conquering the feeling of nervous irritability than "Ovaltine," which builds up nerve, brain, and body. It is an excellent substitute for the early morning cup of tea, or it may be taken during the morning, after a strenuous turn of professional or social engagements; and there is no more effective sleep-wooer at the end of the day. It supplies a reserve of strength with which to face the work of the forthcoming day.

Ovaltine" Rusks are perfectly delicious, is the opinion of the members of the older as well as the younger generations, especially in alliance with a cup of "Ovaltine."

Nature's Tonic Foods. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it is prepared from Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk, and eggs, and flavoured with cocoa, only the vitalising and reconstructive elements being retained. It is so easily assimilated that it carries at once to the worn-out cells just those necessary food elements which restore and maintain vitality.

Simple to Prepare. Among the many advantages of "Ovaltine" is that it is perfectly easy to prepare with milk or with milk and water. Should the latter method be adopted, take a quarter of a teacupful of hot or warm milk and fill up with boiling water. If desired, unsweetened condensed milk may be used. Then take two or more teaspoonfuls of "Ovaltine" and stir gently into the liquid until dissolved. Add, if necessary, sugar to taste. The beverage should not be boiled, but heated only to just above drinking temperature.

"Ovaltine" Rusks. All and sundry are unanimous in their opinion that "Ovaltine" Rusks are perfectly delicious; but a fact that is not nearly as widely disseminated is that they were introduced to meet the requests of a large number of medical men and users of "Ovaltine" tonic food beverage for a rusk possessing a higher nutritive value than ordinary rusks or biscuits. They are made from the finest wheaten flour, with which is incorporated a suitable proportion of "Ovaltine." They are delightfully crisp, slightly sweet in flavour, and sold by all chemists in 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. tins. They are as warmly appreciated by members of the older as the younger generation, and are specially recommended for children when teething and for invalids. A cup of "Ovaltine" with an "Ovaltine" Rusk forms a satisfying meal.

A tin of "Ovaltine" Rusks sold by all chemists.

Pleasant and Palatable. Cristolax, of which A. Wander, Ltd, are the manufacturers, is sold by all chemists. It is a pleasant and palatable laxative, nutrient, and digestive. It is invaluable for infants, children, invalids, and the aged. It is not a secret remedy, but is an ideal combination of the finest and purest medicinal liquid paraffin with "Wander" malt extract. The disagreeable oiliness of the paraffin is entirely disguised. Not only is it a laxative, but its regular use improves nutrition and bodily vigour. Another point to be noted is that it can be taken over prolonged periods without the necessity of increased dosage. For babies Cristolax should be added to several of the bottle feeds or given separately dissolved in a little water. Besides keeping the bowels in a healthy condition, it makes the milk feeds more easily digestible.

This small personage wishes to help in the making of her mother's cup of "Ovaltine," as she knows she will have her share.

The HOME of GOOD HEALTH

ENGLAND is at its fairest in the beautiful country district where delicious "Ovaltine" is made.

Soft wooded hills look down upon meadows deep in luscious grass. Here and there are quaint, old-fashioned villages and lovely verdant parks. Leafy lanes and rippling streams of purest water—the Gade, the Chess and the Colne — run through its valleys. The fresh country air is sweet with the scent of Nature's countless flowers.

Fitting indeed it is that the National food beverage which gives health and strength to young and old should be made in such a healthy environment.

And the factory itself is the ideal of what a factory should be. Spotlessly clean, full of sunshine and sweet country air, and surrounded by gardens and playing fields to make a happy and healthy staff—such is the home of "Ovaltine."

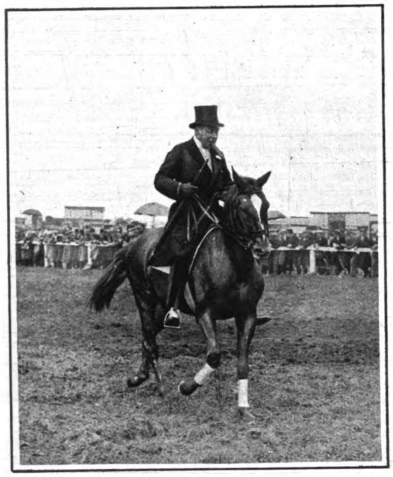
The 'Ovaltine' Factories at King's Langley, Hertfordshire

P. 258

THE PLAYHOUSES.

AN ARNOLD BENNETT HERO AT DRURY LANE.

YEARS ago, when "Milestones" was a new thing in the theatre, some of us used to speculate as to whose was the bigger contribution to this play of joint authorship—Mr. Arnold Bennett's or Mr. Knoblock's; our decision was that probably the stage-craft was Mr. Knoblock's and the ideas came from Mr. Bennett. Once more the two playwrights are to be found collaborating—this time over a spectacular drama for Drury Lane, their new association coinciding with Mr. Basil Dean's assuming control at the famous house—and here there can be little doubt about Arnold Bennett's share in the partnership. Of his devising, obviously, is the hero of "London Life," if not also the major part of the story. This breezy and ambitious Five Towns solicitor who wants more scope than he can obtain in the Midlands and so comes to London, where he soon makes headway in Parliament, loses his bearings in more senses than one, and becomes a Cabinet Minister, only to fall from greatness as the result of scandal and intrigue and the mixture of his own vices and virtues, has the Bennett hall-mark all over him—a true blood brother of "The Card"; and equally to be set down to Mr. Bennett's account is the note of admiration for pushfulness and the cult of success which runs through the tale. Where Mr. Knoblock's work comes in is less easily identified, but the collaborators between them have furnished the scenic artists with occasions for producing those replicas of familiar spectacles which Drury Lane audiences love—*e.g.* the Terrace of the House of Commons at the tea-hour, an interior of the Colonial Office, and an Italian ballet staged at a country house—and all are done on a fine big scale. Moreover, they have added a sufficient dash of love and villainy to the well-spiced fare they provide. It must be admitted that the hero's love-passages are not always innocent, and that Miss Lilian Braithwaite for once is asked to figure as a married woman whose morals are sadly speckled. But the Five Towns sinner atones for much when, on being faced with the choice of marrying his daughter to a blackguard or tumbling to ruin, he chooses ruin and begins his climb all over again. Who could help forgiving such a father? Surely no one at Drury Lane. Mr. Basil Dean therefore would seem to have started his Lane management with a "certain winner," and he has gone far to deserve his luck in the selection of his cast. Mr. Ainley, of course, with his resonant voice and his sense of character, is the ideal actor for such a rôle as that of the Five Towns worthy. Miss Mary Jerrold, again, could not be bettered to play the part of a domesticated and pardoning wife. Miss Braithwaite serves as an admirable foil, and is no less charming. And successes are also scored by Mr. Frank Cochrane, Miss Helen Spencer, and Miss Olive Sloane.



AFTER THE DELUGE ON DERBY DAY: LORD LONSDALE, UMBRELLA IN HAND AND CIGAR IN MOUTH, INSPECTING THE CUT-UP RACE-COURSE.

As a result of the deluge on Derby Day, various vehicles so cut up that part of the race-course over which there is right-of-way near Tattenham Corner, that the first race on June 5 had to be abandoned, and the third was postponed until the Friday. Lord Lonsdale, a Steward of the meeting, made a personal inspection, and came to the conclusion that racing could not be held on the five-furlong course. Those races that were decided took place on the round course.

Photograph by L.N.A.

MISS ELSIE JANIS "AT HOME" AT THE QUEEN'S.

Miss Elsie Janis is back in London after three years' absence, and "at home," as she promises to be for some time to come, at the Queen's Theatre, shows very pleasantly that she has lost none of her piquancy and high spirits, and can still do what she likes with West-End audiences. On her shoulders falls most of the hard work involved in the new programme she presents; they are well able to bear the burden. Whether she is giving negro turns or contrasting

[Continued on page 1136.

STRANDED IN A SEA OF MUD AFTER DERBY DAY; BUSES AND OTHER VEHICLES ON THE HILL BELOW TATTENHAM CORNER.

Many vehicles, including a large number of buses, sank so deep in the mud that it was extremely difficult to extract them, and, in a number of cases, they had to remain all night.

Photograph by L.N.A.

Your smoking will cost you less

if you choose your tobacco with one eye on its price and the other on the length of time a pipeful lasts.

Three Nuns is a truly economical tobacco, because it is entirely free from dust, burns slowly, and leaves no unsmokeable "refuse" at the bottom of the bowl.

Cool and fragrant in the smoking, Three Nuns gives more hours per ounce and more pleasure per hour than almost any other tobacco.

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Sold everywhere in the following packings:

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THREE NUNS CIGARETTES of Pure Virginia Tobacco

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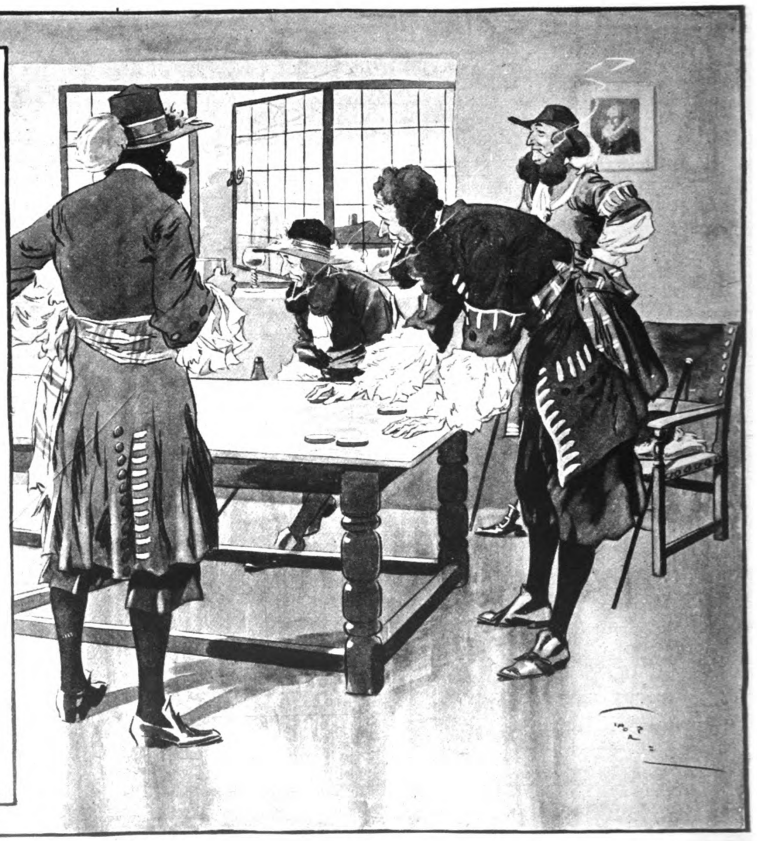

Prattitudes for MOTORISTS by a MOTORIST

Motorists and Public Garages

by W. BOYLE
Editor of The Garage

SOMETIMES motorists complain that their instructions for repairs or adjustments to be carried out to their cars are not attended to by public garages. The fault is not always that of the garages. Motorists are inclined to regard any mechanic or other employee whom they first encounter in a repair works as competent to receive orders direct from customers. In any well-managed garage this is not so, for it is obvious that instructions must pass through the office if they are to be properly recorded and executed under supervision.

It is, therefore, important to ask for a member of the staff of a garage who has authority to accept instructions, and advisable to see that he makes a written note of the details, so that there may afterwards be no difference of opinion as to what was ordered to be done.

Many up-to-date garages now make a point of confirming all instructions for repairs, an acknowledgment form being made out while the motorist is giving the order, which he is then asked to sign. This system is obviously to the interests of all concerned, for a copy of the form is retained by the garage, and there cannot be any subsequent misunderstanding.

If a car has to go into a repair works and remain there for longer than a day, all loose articles should first be removed and left at home. Odd tools and other articles lying about in the door pockets and under the nest cushions are a source of much worry to garage proprietors; not because of pilfering, but because such oddments easily become mixed up with their own or other customers' property. The owner should, if the car is likely to be in dock for two or three days, go over all the detachable equipment that is on the vehicle, with one of the garage staff, and agree a written list with him.

This system is greatly to the advantage of both parties, for not only does it enable the garage people to have everything ready when the vehicle is to be fetched away, but it also prevents the owner himself from making the mistake of insisting that a tool has been misappropriated when, in fact, the tool was not on the car when it was sent in. Of course, any special implements, such as valve and hub-cap spanners, should accompany the car on its going into dock.

A garage proprietor has a lien on any car for work that he may do to it; that is to say, he is entitled to retain possession of the vehicle until his account has been paid. When dealing with a garage where one is unknown the usual banker's or other substantial reference should be given, if credit is desired, so as to avoid delay in delivery when the repairs are finished.

Practically every garage concern disclaims, by notice and by conditions printed on their stationery, all responsibility for damage caused by fire, theft, or road accidents. Motorists need not worry much about this, for their own insurance policies, if those policies are on standard lines, cover these risks. If, however, a car is not insured, the owner should ask the garage management to have it covered temporarily, and should at once pay the appropriate premium; it will not be a great sum. The disclaimer does not relieve a garage proprietor of responsibility for damage caused by the negligence of his men; what is "negligence" is a question depending on the circumstances of any given case, but, roughly, it means failure to take such care of property in his charge as a reasonable man would take of his own goods.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Toilettes for the Races. The fashionable racing season is now in full swing, and several of the lovely wraps which have been created for it are pictured on page 1130. They may be studied in the salons of Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. In the centre is a diaphanous cloak of black lace and georgette, boasting a collar of scarlet and black uncurled lancer ostrich plumes. With it is worn a large black hat trimmed with a magnificent black-and-white pouffe of cross osprey. The graceful wrap on the left is of black marocain, richly embroidered, edged with a wadded border of plissé. It may be obtained for 14½ guineas. The *chic* little hat is adorned with a striking cross osprey mount springing from an ornament of galolith. The remaining model is of black silk marocain, lined with crêpe-de-Chine, and is reinforced with decorative motifs of chintz, the pattern being boldly outlined in gold and scarlet thread. The price is 12½ guineas.

Hats for Every Occasion. There are delightful hats of every description to be found at Gorringe's. Beautiful models trimmed with osprey and bird-of-paradise plumes vie with Bangkoks of every hue, ranging from 59s. 9d. upwards. Woven hemp hats which have almost the same appearance are only 27s. 9d., and picturesque affairs of raffia worked with flowers and birds in gaily coloured bass are obtainable for 30s., ideal hats for midsummer sunshine.

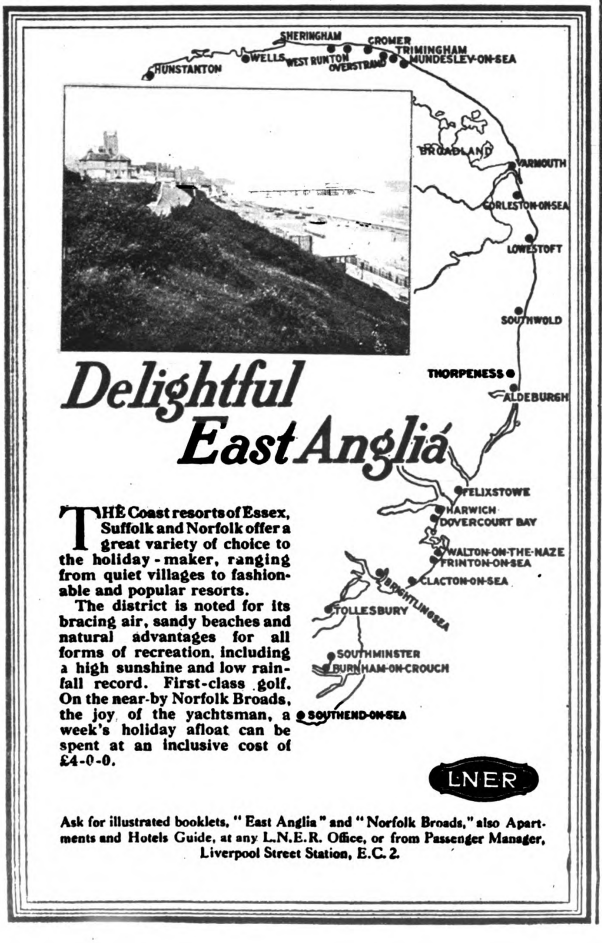
Inexpensive Bathing Suits. June is the month for seriously considering the important question of an attractive bathing outfit. The true swimmer likes her suit to be neat as well as pretty, and the two sketched on this page are sure to win universal approval. The one on the right, completed by a fascinating beach cape to match, is of black-and-yellow stockinette, the two colours joined in an effective vandyked pattern, and may be secured for 25s. 9d. from Gamage's, Holborn, E.C. The second suit is of the same material, and costs only 12s. 6d., available in several colour schemes. Plain regulation suits may be obtained from 1s. 9½d. upwards; and those edged with a contrasting colour and completed with a skirt from 4s. 6d. Gay caps of every hue can be secured from 2s. 6d., some decorated with brilliant butterflies, others with captivating rubber flowers and bows; while for enthusiastic divers there are workmanlike helmets of red rubber for 3s. 6d., or for 2s. 9d. in white. For the kiddies, nothing could be jollier than a little suit decorated with an amusing embroidered rabbit. It is in yellow stockinette bordered with black, and costs only 2s. 7½d. Children's tunic suits range from 2s. 11d. and plain ones from 1s. 9d. upwards.

Two attractive bathing outfits from Gamages', Holborn, E.C. The neat suit on the left is of navy stockinette edged with scarlet; and the second, of the same material, is expressed in black and yellow, with a gay cloak to match.

"A Festival of Fashion." It is welcome news indeed that Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., have just issued a well-illustrated summer catalogue, appropriately christened "A Festival of Fashion." Among its pages are found delightful frocks of Celes silk for 6½ guineas, in striped and Paisley designs; and well-tailored coat-frocks of washing crêpe-de-Chine, completed with cuffs, collars, and pockets of a contrasting colour, for 84s. For river and sports wear there are cool zephyr frocks for 32s. 6d., finished with collars and cuffs of finely tucked voile; while tennis frocks of pure Irish linen adorned with hand-drawn thread-work are only 33s. In the domain of hats there are some fascinating affairs made entirely of silk and velvet petals in artistic colourings for 45s. 9d., and shaded feather hats of every shape are from 17s. 9d. upwards. Long stoles of the fashionable clipped ostrich feathers can be obtained for 45s. 6d., and useful collarettes, which can also be arranged as a fichu, are only 23s. 6d., in several shades. It is impossible to do justice to the multitude of attractive possibilities in so small a space, and all readers should apply for a copy without delay. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

Hairdressing While You Wait. It is a distinct comfort in these busy days to be able to visit the *coiffeur* and to shop extensively under one roof. It should be remembered, therefore, that at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., there is a luxuriously appointed hairdressing saloon where every attention is available, from ordinary shampooing (price 2s. 6d.) and waving and dressing (3s. 6d.) to expert permanent waving and scalp massage. In addition, there are manicure and chiropody departments. The children have their own hairdressing salon under the charge of skilled assistants, and can be safely left there while parents complete their purchases. Full details can be obtained from the hairdressing brochure, which will be sent gratis and post free to all readers of this paper.

Novelty of the Week. The "Beach Compactum," price 15s., is a wonderful innovation made of Terry towelling which is designed to fulfil with equal success the missions of a bathing wrap, a towel, a beach rug, and a hold-all (complete with straps), while afterwards it may be used as a dressing-gown. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to give the name and address where it may be obtained.



Delightful East Anglia

THE Coast resorts of Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk offer a great variety of choice to the holiday-maker, ranging from quiet villages to fashionable and popular resorts.

The district is noted for its bracing air, sandy beaches and natural advantages for all forms of recreation, including a high sunshine and low rainfall record. First-class golf. On the near-by Norfolk Broads, the joy of the yachtsman, a week's holiday afloat can be spent at an inclusive cost of £4-0-0.

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Ask for illustrated booklets, "East Anglia" and "Norfolk Broads," also Apartments and Hotels Guide, at any L.N.E.R. Office, or from Passenger Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C. 2.

The Gramophone advance of the Century.

The NEW Columbia Grafonola

Sir **HENRY J. WOOD** *says*:—**"I consider this instrument the greatest contribution to the advancement of music since the original invention of the gramophone itself."**

Dame CLARA BUTT *says*:—**"This invention easily places the Grafonola several years in advance of any other known gramophone."**

Art Catalogue of the New Columbia Grafonola with 140 pp. Catalogue of Records and name of nearest dealer post free.—COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. 1.

Prices from £5 10s. to £85.

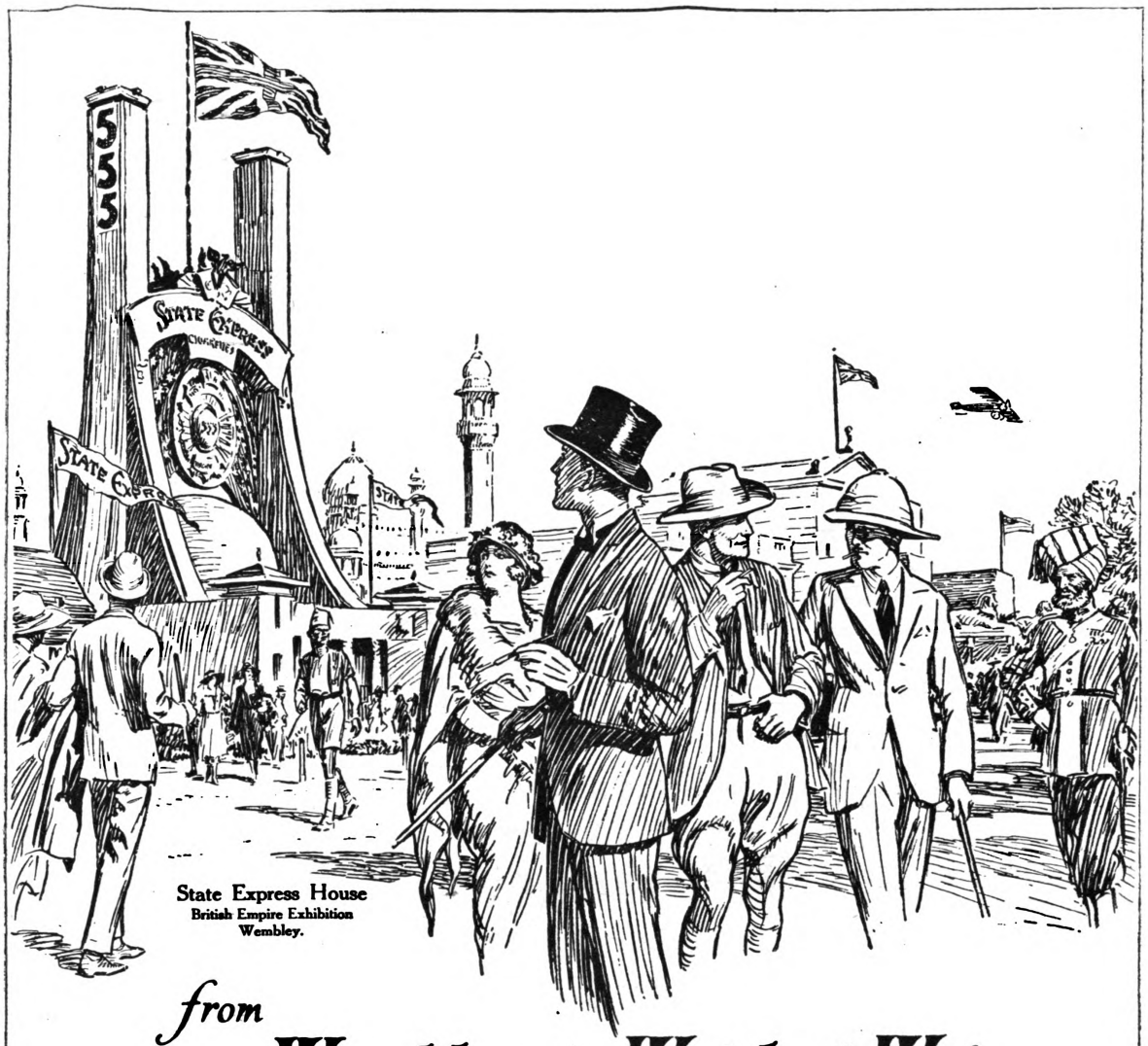
The Great NEW British Gramophone Invention.

Every reader of this paper owes it to himself to hear the new British gramophone, the NEW Columbia Grafonola.

It is not enough to know that "Everybody's talking about it"—not enough to be satisfied with the gramophone standard that has served up to now.

The TONE of the NEW Columbia Grafonola has shaken many "settled convictions."

It is a common occurrence for owners of long-cherished and costly gramophones to scrap them and instal a NEW Columbia.



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British Empire Exhibition
Wembley.

from

Wembley to Wei-hai-Wei

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An Invitation

Every smoker is invited to State Express House, Wembley. There he will see the made-by-hand method in actual process, and leave this unique exhibit knowing exactly why "State Express" is so frankly regarded all over the world as the one *best* cigarette.

In every sphere of culture and refinement discerning men smoke State Express exclusively, as the one way to make sure that the next will be as perfect as the last.

STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTES

Ardath Tobacco Co., Ltd., London.

THE PLAYHOUSES—*[Continued from page 1132.]*

Cockney and French and Italian types, or mimicking well-known actors and actresses, or travesty-ing the too-well-known song about bananas, she brims over with vitality and fun; while it is a nice point if she is not a better dancer than burlesque artist, which is saying much. She has supporters—a rag-time band; a Canadian baritone, Mr. Walter Pidgeon, who has a neat, quiet style; two coloured vocalists, Leyton and Johnstone, who also make good; two capital dancers in the persons of Mr. Ted Trevor and Miss Dinah Harris; and "Our Palace Girls," of whom the first-night playgoers would gladly have seen more. Fortunately, Miss Janis gives herself plenty of turns, not one of which could be spared.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE" REVIVED AT THE HAYMARKET.

It is a pleasure to renew acquaintance with "The Great Adventure." The piece is too long, of course. But, despite its dragging last act, it easily ranks as the most attractive of Arnold Bennett comedies: so rich is it in wit, so ingenious is its vein of fantasy, so refreshing in her matter-of-fact charm is the Barrie-ish heroine, with whom the author pairs off his admirably studied artist-hero. What better start could you have for a play of humour and satirical intent than the idea of a great painter accepting the legend of his death, and the farce of a sham funeral at Westminster Abbey! Other men might have been content to work mere sensationalism from such a beginning. But Mr. Bennett, still youngish, had a thousand things he wanted to say about art and the artist, and wanted to show the artist's life as it really is. He succeeded in both his aims, with the result that his dialogue abounds in entertaining sallies, and his Ilam Carve is a joy to watch and to hear. Moreover, choosing for hero a man indifferent to all other considerations but his work, and therefore exhibiting some of the qualities of a child, he had an object to serve in making his idealist turn instinctively for helpmate to such a mothering, managing type of woman as Janet. A mixture of insight and exuberant improvisation, the play seems still as gay in spirit as when first written. And it is acted well at the Haymarket. Not that Mr. Leslie Faber can banish memories of Henry Ainley in the part of Carve. The childish, irritable, perverse side of the hero evidently appealed to Mr. Ainley's sense of character, and helped him to perhaps the greatest triumph of his career. Mr. Faber hardly gives us the "naughty boy" aspect of the artist; yet his performance is quite agreeable, if on somewhat heavy lines. Miss Hilda Trevelyan's reading of Janet differs from Miss Wish Wynne's, notably in scarcely suggesting in speech the plebeian origins of the little woman. Her Janet might have walked out of the pages of "What Every Woman Knows." But she is delicious notwithstanding, and fully worthy of the author and the play.

A NOTABLE LANDMARK IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION: "STATE EXPRESS HOUSE" AT WEMBLEY.

Standing 150 ft. high, on 16,000 sq. ft. of space, State Express House is one of the first buildings to arrest attention as one approaches Wembley by road or rail. Inside, there is an interesting series of technical exhibits, and in the main hall a demonstration is given of the process of making "State Express" cigarettes by hand—one at time.

"IN THE NEXT ROOM." AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

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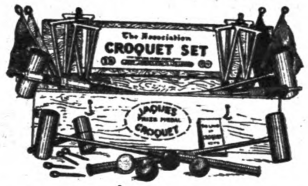

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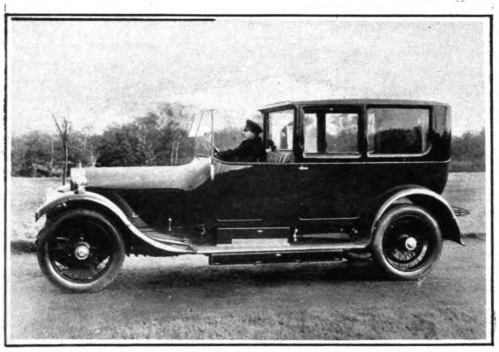
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

On Super-charging.

The terrific speeds attained last year by the super-charged Fiat racing cars, combined with the fact that many, if not most, of the cars to take part in this year's Grand Prix race will be equipped with some sort of super-charging device, has led to much speculation as to whether or not the super-charger is likely to become a component part of the touring car of the future. Before attempting to find the answer to this question, it is useful to regard the reasons which have led designers to employ devices for forcing the last cubic inch of combustible mixture into the cylinders. Obviously, the basic idea is to get as much power as possible out of small-bore motors which turn at immense revolution speeds. Most of the small racing engines of to-day have a normal revolution speed of some five thousand per minute, which sounds almost fantastic to those of us who can remember when an engine turning at fifteen hundred was regarded as a high-speed motor. I recollect an eminent engineer saying in my presence that the motor-car designers of the period were all wrong, and that to attempt the standardisation of an engine which turned at more than five hundred revolutions per minute was asking for trouble. He is dead now, else I have no doubt his opinions on current practice would be worth having.



ON VIEW IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY: A SIX-CYLINDER 40-50 H.P. NAPIER LIMOUSINE.

It can be laid down as a general principle that power is obtainable from an internal-combustion motor by way of two roads. In one case, the cylinder dimensions may be of ample size, as in American motor-car practice, and the motor may be run at a relatively slow speed. In the other, the cylinder capacity may be small and the power be obtained by running the engine at very high speed. To-day the small-car engine which is worth while at all habitually turns at nearer three thousand than two thousand revolutions per minute, and it is a poor one that will not exceed the former figure when it is asked.

The Influence of Rating.

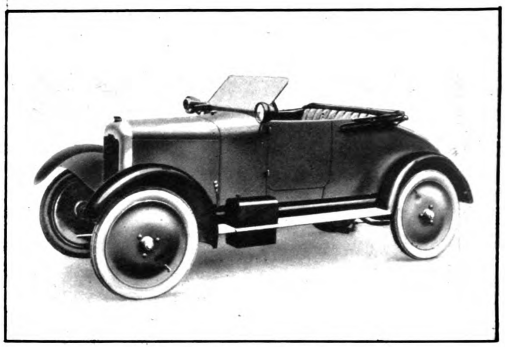
It is perfectly clear that the higher the revolution rate, the less time there is during the working cycle for the cylinders to fill completely with mixture. It is possible to conceive a speed—in fact, it is even now being reached—at which the cylinders will be rather less than half full at the end of the suction stroke. Therefore, the designer is driven to experiment towards some device which will force the charge in and ensure a full cylinder at the moment of firing. Hence we have come to the super-charger, which at present usually takes the form of a blower-fan worked by the engine. So far, with the single exception of the German Mercédès, the super-charger has not figured on any touring car of note—it has practically been confined to racing practice.

It is now pertinent to inquire what has prompted this striving for the last ounce of power output from the small-dimensioned motor. Without hesitation, I should ascribe it mainly to the present system of rating engines for taxation. Ever since the Treasury formula was adopted, designers have been trying to defeat it—quite legitimately, of course. They have been wonderfully successful, too, and have given us a small engine which certainly has the merit of being super-efficient and has astonishing qualities of standing up to its work. In one way this is all to the good, and I am not among those who decry the formula as being an unmixed evil. Against the trend of development indicated there is this to be urged—that the small-engined car, while it is an excellent vehicle for use in countries with good roads, does not succeed as well as the American car, with its big "woolly" engine, in undeveloped lands, where the roads are merely tracks on which ample power at slow engine speed is the great desideratum. There is very little doubt that the Treasury rating has militated a great deal against the development of overseas trade in the British motor-car.

Revenons à Nos Moutons.

To return to the question of the super-charger as an integral part of the future touring car, my own opinion is that it is bound to come unless the present system of rating for taxation is amended. Nor will

[*Continued overleaf.*



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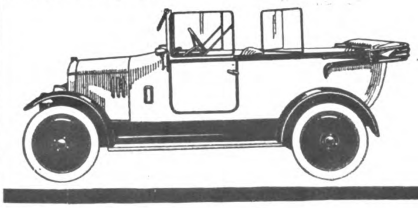

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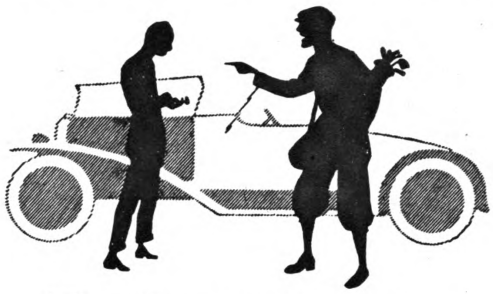

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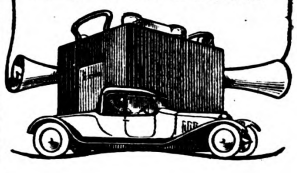

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it be sufficient merely to amend it. Supposing, as has been suggested, the Treasury were to adopt the system of rating by cubical contents, we should still be up against the necessity of producing engines that would defeat it by developing more horse-power than the formula indicated. To my mind, the only way in which a reversion to the big engine could be induced would be through the medium of a fuel tax. To illustrate what I mean, let us take the hypothetical case of two engines—one of 1500 c.c. capacity, and the other of 3000 c.c. Supposing we adopt the formula which has been advocated and rate each 100 c.c. at 1-h.p., then, obviously, the former would pay half the tax of the latter, and we should see designers striving to get as much power out of it to-morrow as the 3000 c.c. engine delivers to-day. But if we reverted to the fuel tax only, the main temptation would be removed, and we should see a move made towards the engine of about this size, which has very obvious advantages over the smaller motor. As we do not seem at all likely to see any such reversion, it logically follows that designers and constructors will continue to follow up their success in extracting more and more power from tiny cylinders. We have got to a stage when it seems that the only method of so doing is through the use of the supercharger. *Ergo*, it equally seems to follow that we are destined to see the super-charger as much a part of the touring car of commerce as the magneto.

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THE ARMS OF THE SUN. By LADY DOROTHY MILLS. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

Although the Dark Continent is not so dark as it was when Rider Haggard wrote "King Solomon's Mines," it still keeps up its reputation in fiction for always producing something new in the way of marvels and mysteries. Indeed, the more Africa is opened up, the more marvellous and mysterious are its hidden secrets which imaginative novelists reveal. This is the day of the woman traveller, and it was fitting that a writer well known herself in that capacity should make her heroine a kindred spirit. Lady Dorothy Mills's book "is the story of the most weird and thrilling adventure of Rose Caryll, the beautiful and fashionable young widow, who was also a famous explorer," and tells "how she came to Krao ('the City where Men are Made'), what things of terror and wonder she saw there, for what fate she was destined, and how she was rescued by the pluck of two Englishmen who loved her." It is as though Mrs. Rosita Forbes had embarked upon a quest even more thrilling than an interview with Raisuli, and had fallen into the hands of a potentate more subtly cruel than the Rajah in "The Green Goddess," one who is planning to conquer the world with a Robot-like army of semi-human gorillas, produced by a transfusion of serum.

PELLUCIDAR: BEING THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF DAVID INNES IN THE LAND UNDERNEATH THE EARTH'S CRUST. By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)

Even stranger than the adventures of Rose Caryll up the Niger are those of David Innes underneath the Sahara, for they cross the border of realism into the realms of fantasy, and the book traces descent rather from "Gulliver's Travels" and the romances of Jules Verne. "Pellucidar" is the name of a wonderful world in the interior of our globe, and the story is a sequel to "At the Earth's Core," by the same writer, who, it may be recalled, is the author of the famous Tarzan tales. The framework is ingenious. A traveller in the Sahara discovers by accident a telegraph instrument buried in the sand, and ticking out a message which, being ignorant of the code, he is unable to understand. Later, he returns to the spot with a telegraph operator, to whom David Innes, from the subterranean land, relates his new experiences, in his quest of Dian the Beautiful and the recovery of his former empire. As readers of the previous story will remember, Pellucidar is a vast continent of 124,000,000 square miles, with a perpetual midday sun, and inhabited by weird creatures, human and otherwise. The hero reached it in a huge burrowing machine which he calls a subterranean prospector.

THE TIGER OF BARAGUNGA. By J. INMAN EMERY. (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d. net.)

This story, which is No. 3 of Jarrolds' Monthly "Mystery" Novels, brings the reader back to the world of human experience, though not experience of a conventional kind, for it is full of exciting and extraordinary events. The "Tiger" of Baragunga is a famous emerald, carved in the shape of a tiger's head, which brings dire misfortune on all but its lawful owners. Needless to say, it disappears, and with its disappearance is involved a sinister German plot against the British Empire, at the time of the great Durbar at Delhi. The Maharajah to whom the jewel belongs is suspected by a Government official of a share in the conspiracy, but the task of elucidating the mystery and exposing the culprits devolves upon the official's scapegrace but amiable son, who in the process encounters many adventures both in England and India. Naturally, there is a romantic element, closely concerned with the hero and the pretty daughter of an Anglo-Indian Colonel. Out of these materials the author has woven a very readable story.

AN OUTPOST WOOING: A ROMANCE OF EAST AFRICA. By NORA K. STRANGE. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d. net.)

India, in its social and not its adventurous aspect, here provides a setting for the prologue, as it were, to the life-story of a well-connected orphan girl. She is sent out by her relatives to find a husband, but with marriage in sight she breaks off her engagement and returns. "As Walter Broke failed to arouse her love, so India failed to awaken her imagination. All Joan Hervey asked of life was—freedom." So she qualified as an accountant and, after a few home billets, accepted an invitation from a friend of her mother's to join her in a suburb of Nairobi. At this point the real business of the book begins, and the bulk of it concerns Joan's experiences there. East Africa is not an overcrowded country in the world of fiction, though other parts of the continent have been well exploited by novelists. A story of life there has consequently a welcome freshness and interest, and this one, it may be added, is well told. It has an air of actuality and deals sincerely with the problems that face a modern young woman seeking to "make good."

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE. By MARY HARDY. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

Here also is a study of actual life as it affects modern womanhood, but, unlike the last book, it tells the heroine's life-story after, and not before, marriage. She is a young and sensitive Irish girl wedded to an eminent author, from whom she is gradually estranged through ill-health, money troubles, and an increasing mutual aversion. Both in its title and some of its incidents, the situation suggests a comparison with Miss Clemence Dane's play, "A Bill of Divorcement," for it presents the same question of insanity as a reason for divorce. Incidentally, mention is made of a man whose wife secured her freedom while he was in an asylum. Later, he was discharged, cured. "When he came back to the world, he found no place for him; no welcome; no home; no fireside." Matrimonial quarrels, and the spectacle of a literary man's irritable mind giving way, in fits of berserk rage, do not make very cheerful reading; but the painful subject is handled with sympathy and a poignant sense of pathos.

ONE WHO PASSED BY. By THOMAS COBB. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is another tale of a woman's unfortunate marriage and its consequences. In this case it was drink, and not insanity, that was the destroyer of domestic happiness; but though the trouble may be more common, it is certainly no less trying. Family influences led Ernestine Latimer to marry a son of titled county people, who turned out to be not only a drunkard but a bully into the bargain. Disillusionment soon comes to the wife, and, of course, there is a former lover on the scene to sympathise with her distresses. Nemesis steps in, as often happens in fiction, to solve the complicated plot, but in doing so causes the lover to believe himself guilty, if not of having actually killed, at least of not having striven "officiously to keep alive," as Clough's version of the Decalogue puts it. An unquiet conscience prevents him from taking possession of what might now be his, until the revelation of certain hidden events at length sets his scruples at rest. It is a story of a not uncommon type skilfully told by a practised hand, without going very deeply into character.

THE DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN. A TALE OF YOUTH AFTER THE GREAT WAR. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. (Collins; 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Williamson's work has often been compared to that of Richard Jefferies, and in the "local colour" of his new story, there is much to justify the comparison. It is, indeed, the sense of beauty in nature, and the sympathy with wild life, running through it that give it originality and distinction. Its sub-title is borne out by the fact that it shows the unbalancing effect of the war on the minds of certain young men in matters of love and ethics. The scene opens at a North Devon village inn, and we are presently introduced to the hero, a young ex-officer living a hermit life beside the sea. Into it comes the inevitable woman, a peasant-born girl who has married "above her" and is gifted with more charm than principle. Tragedy comes for more than one of her lovers, when her inborn tendency to promiscuity is revealed. This is a crude summary of a book that is difficult to analyse. It is the third in the author's "quadrilogy" of novels under the general title, "The Flax of Dream." The first two were "The Beautiful Years" and "Dandelion Days." The fourth and concluding book, now in preparation, will be called "Smoking Flax."

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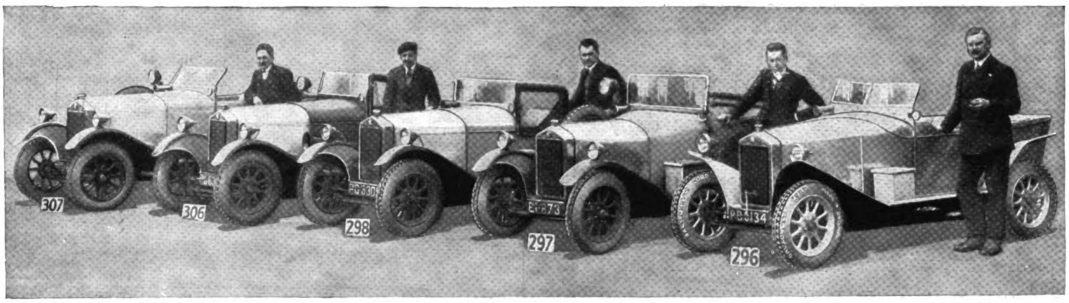

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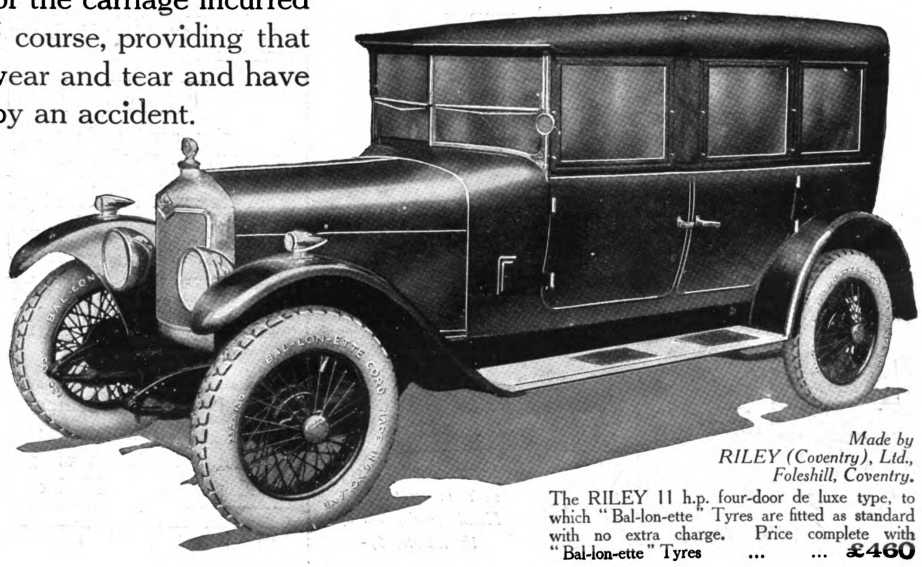

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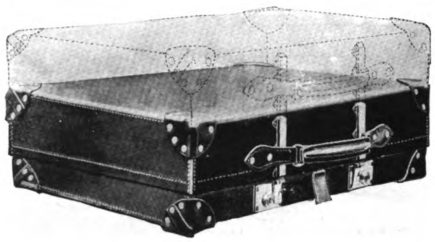

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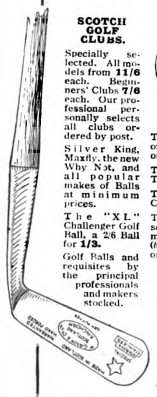

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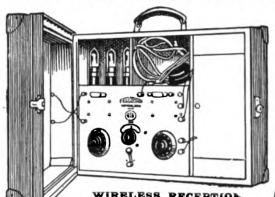

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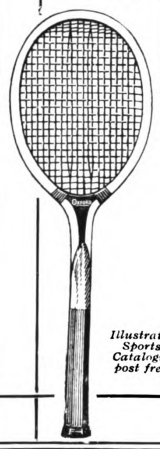

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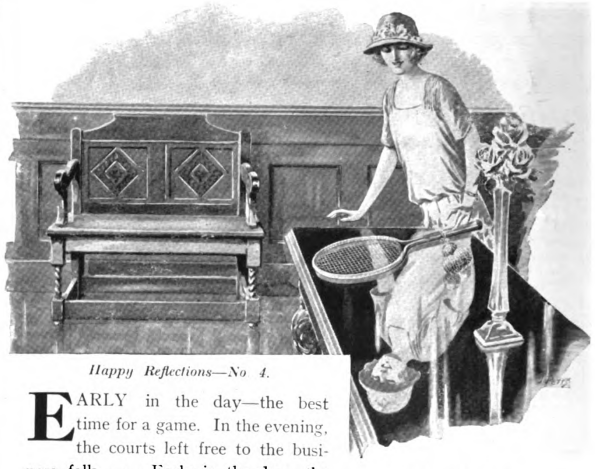

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(To be continued)

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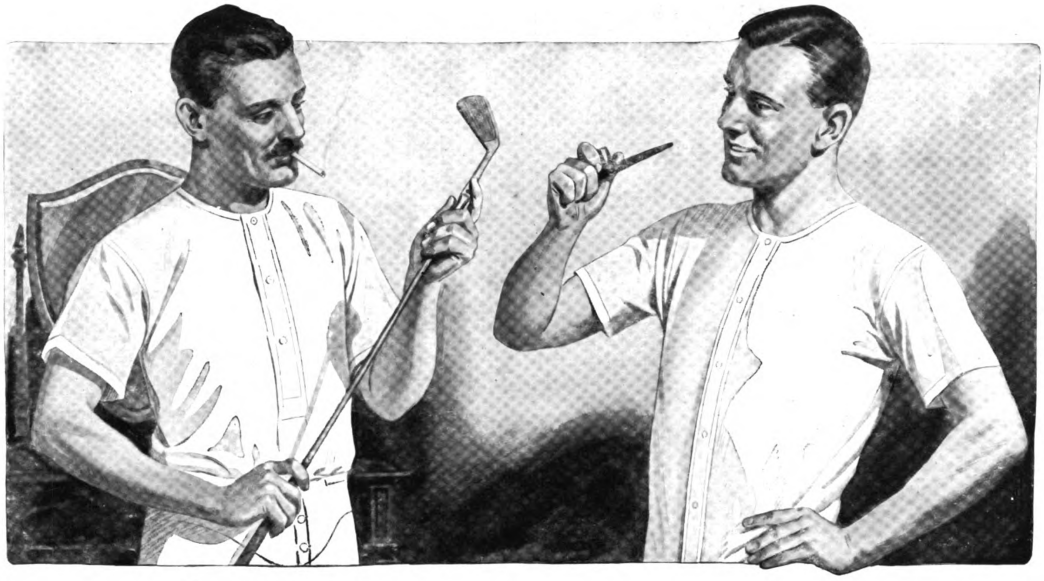

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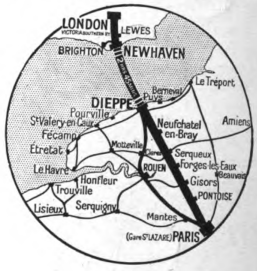

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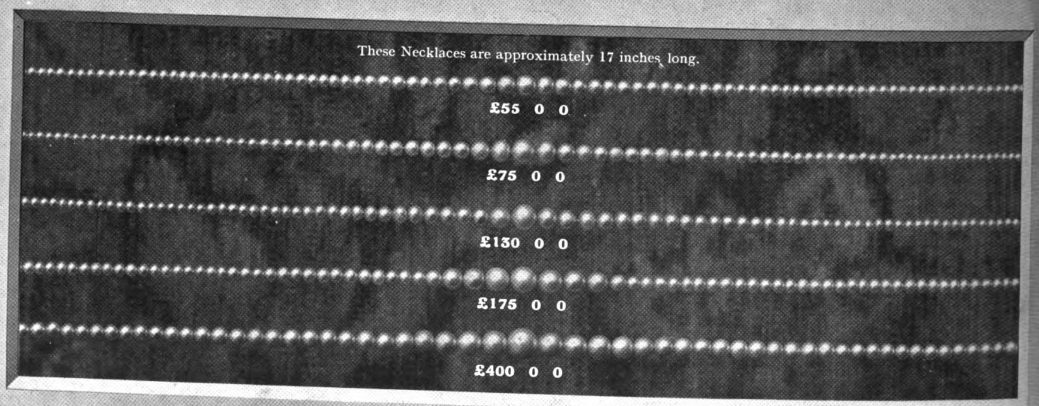

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1924.

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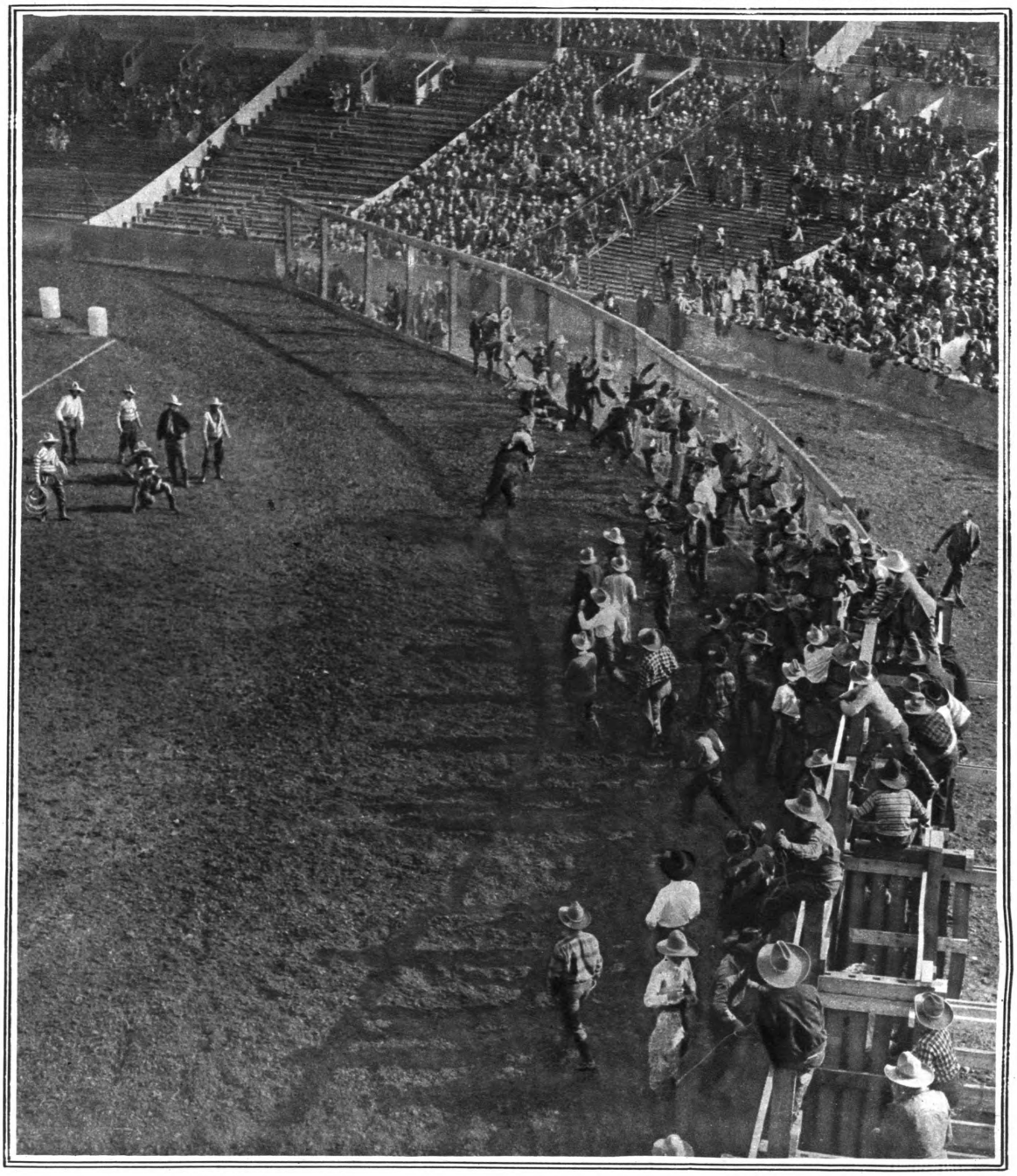


CAUSING THE COWBOYS ON FOOT TO SCRAMBLE UP THE WIRE FENCES AS HE PURSUES HIS MAD CAREER: A WILD-STEER RIDER GOING AT FULL GALLOP DURING THE RODEO AT WEMBLEY.

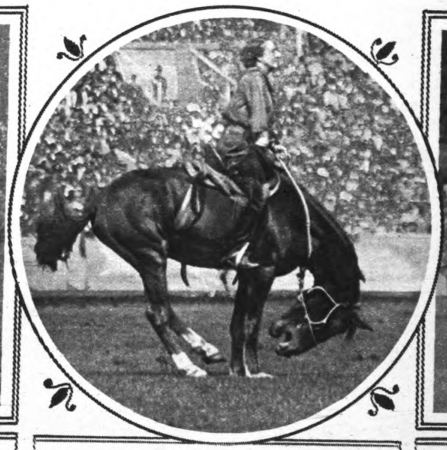
The first International Rodeo, or Cowboy Championship sports meeting, began in the Stadium at Wembley on June 14, before a crowd of over 80,000 people. The spectators were thrilled by the wonderful displays of horsemanship and (if we may coin a word that seems to be required)—cowmanship. The latter art was most excitingly demonstrated by the wild-steer riding contest, one of the competitors in which is shown above pursuing his mad career round the arena. As the steer rushed past close to the wire railings, numbers of cowboys standing by hastily scrambled up the netting out of danger, coming down again after the animal had passed. As the programme says, "Riding a wild steer is dangerous sport. . . . A steer body offers a poor seat for a rider, who must maintain his precarious hold with one hand grasping the surcingle (a band round the steer) while he waves the other hand."

PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.U.

"RIDING THE WHIRLWIND" IN THE WEMBLEY RODEO

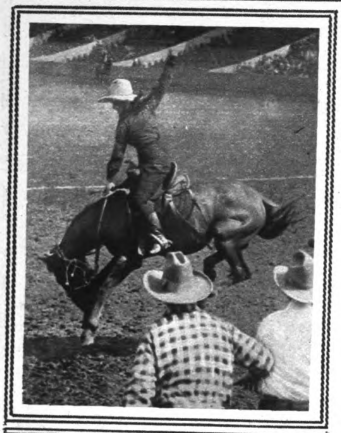
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO CO.

OUTGUESSING AN "OUTLAW": A COWBOY IN THE BRONK-RIDING CONTEST.



A COWGIRL BRONK-RIDER: THE HORSE GIVES HER A JAR BY LANDING WITH LEGS STIFF.

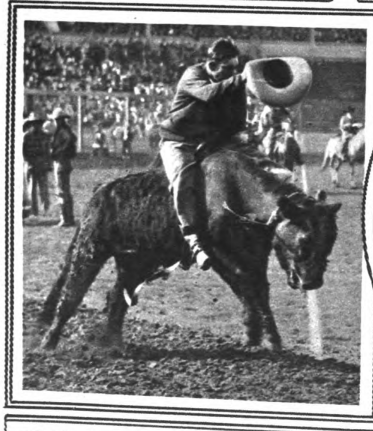
ANOTHER HORSE TRIES THE STIFF-LEG[S] A COWGIRL IN THE BRONK-RIDING CON[TEST]



RETAINING HER SEAT IN SPITE OF HER MOUNT'S BUCKING TACTICS: A COWGIRL BRONK-RIDER.

BAREBACK BRONK-RIDING BY COWBOYS: A COMPETITOR LEANING FORWARD AND WAVING HIS HAT.

WAVING HIS HAT AS HE KNEELS ON TO[P] BACK: ANOTHER BAREBACK [RIDER]



BAREBACK STEER-RIDING: A DIFFICULT PERFORMANCE ON A VERY UNCOMFORTABLE SEAT.

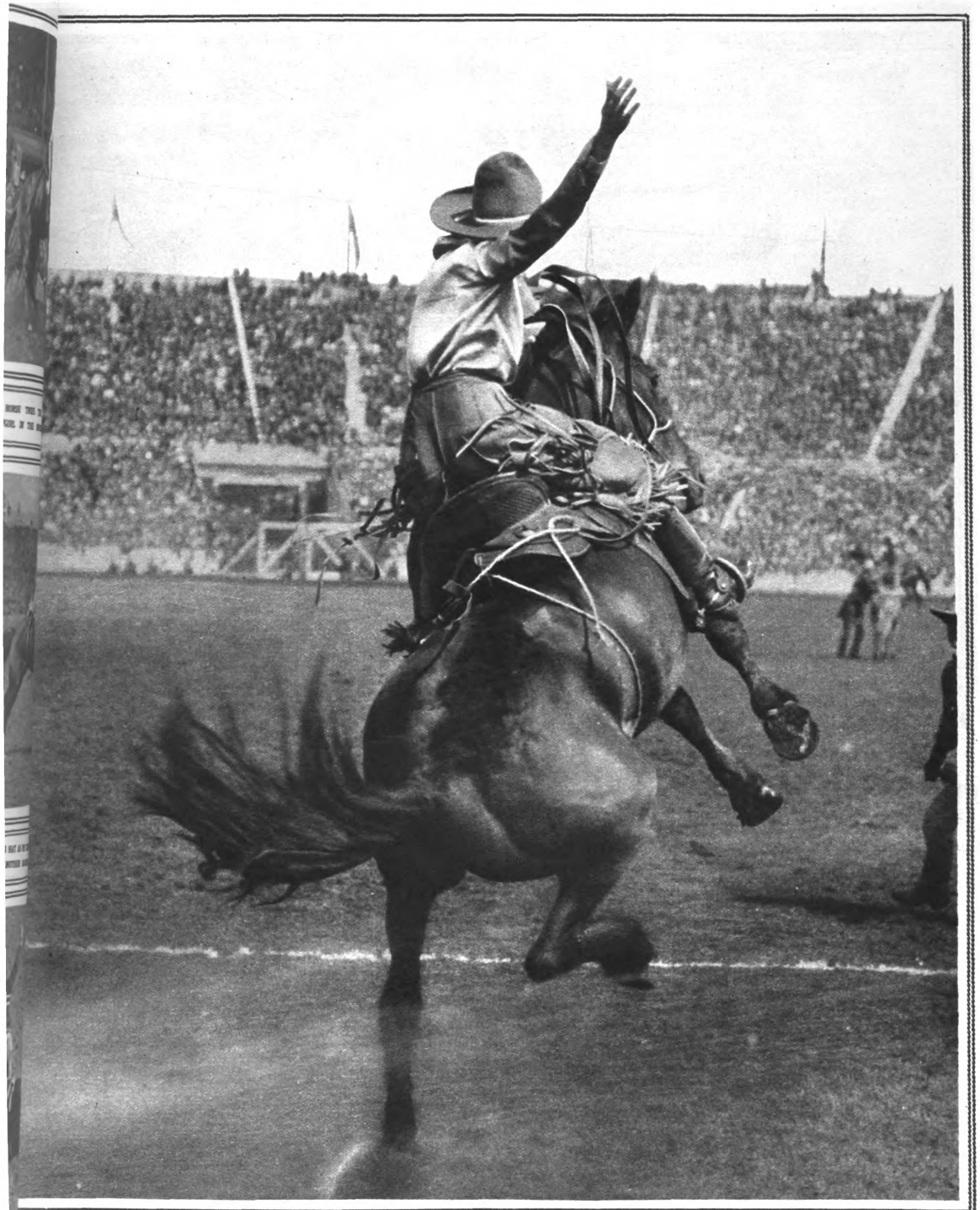
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WILD-STEER RIDING CONTEST: A COMPETITOR WITH ONE HAND ON THE SURCINGLE AND WAVING THE OTHER.

AMUSING TO WATCH BUT DANGEROUS TO PE[RFORM]: STEER-RIDING—A COMPETITOR WHO HAS LET GO ONE-HAND HOLD ON THE SURCINGLE.

The acme of riding is surely reached by the cowboys and cowgirls taking part in the Rodeo at Wembley, the first international championship meeting of its kind. The wonderful feats performed are well illustrated in the above photographs. "Winning a Bronk-Riding contest," says the Rodeo programme, "means more than clinging to the saddle of a bucking horse. It means giving the bronk every advantage and still riding him skilfully and doing it better than all of the other contestants. Strict rules govern the rider. He must not cheat the bronk, but must give him all the best of it. The rider is only allowed a halter with one rein and a regulation saddle. He must not touch the saddle with his hands. He must not cling to the mane. He must not [be] punished with a whip. But he must keep one hand in the air and keep his feet moving in a kicking motion to show that he is not holding with

WEMBLEY BOYS AND COWGIRLS GIVE WONDERFUL DISPLAYS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY [illegible] GENERAL, G.P.U., AND I.B.



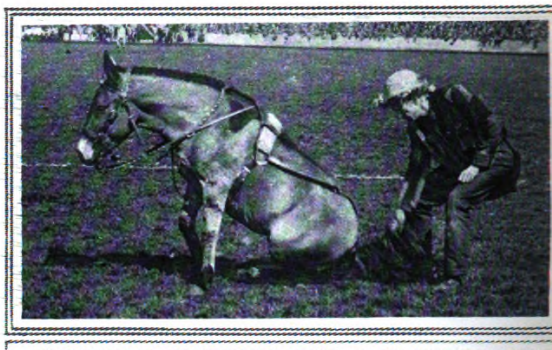
N "UNTAMABLE MAN-HATER" CONQUERED BY A WOMAN: A WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF DARING HORSEMANSHIP IN THE BRONK-RIDING CONTEST FOR COWGIRLS—KEEPING HER SEAT DESPITE THE REARING AND SWERVING OF HER FURIOUS MOUNT.

The rider must outguess the horse, and must balance himself accordingly. The highest class of horsemanship and reckless daring are needed by the tant in this event. He risks being thrown, dragged, or having his mount fall on him. . . . The bucking horses have reputations as the greatest outlaw of the West. They are not trained show buckers, but untamable man-haters, skilled and experienced in throwing riders." The conditions for the rls Bronk-Riding Contest state: "Riders may use their own saddles, but forks over 16 inches will be barred. Riders will be allowed two reins a use hobbles if desired, but credit will be allowed if they are not used. Otherwise the same rules as in Cowboy Bronk-Riding will apply." Wild , as mentioned on another photograph of it on our front page, is a dangerous sport, though very amusing to the spectators.

RODEO THRILLS AND PERSONALITIES: A CLOWN; COWGIRL TRICK-RIDERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., G.P.U., C.N., AND L.N.A.

THE START OF A WILD-HORSE RACE IN THE RODEO AT WEMBLEY: THE "JOCKEY" WITH TWO ASSISTANTS HAS TROUBLE IN SADDLING HIS REFRACTORY MOUNT.



COMIC RELIEF TO THE SENSATIONAL EVENTS OF THE WEMBLEY RODEO: A VERY AMUSING CLOWN WITH HIS EQUINE ACCOMPLICE, OF CONTEMPLATIVE HABITS.

THE MOVING SPIRITS OF THE RODEO: (L. TO R.) TEX AUSTIN (MANAGER AND DIRECTOR) AND CHARLES B. COCHRAN (ORGANISER).

RODEO PERFORMERS ABOARD THE "MENOMINEE" BOUND FOR ENGLAND: A MERRY GROUP OF COWGIRLS AND AN EXPERT WITH THE LASSO.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPION BRONK-RIDER WHOM THE PRINCE OF WALES MET IN CANADA: PETE VANDERMEER ABOARD THE "MENOMINEE."

STANDING UP ON HER HORSE'S BACK: A COWGIRL TRICK RIDER AT WEMBLEY.

THE FEMININE SIDE OF THE WEMBLEY RODEO: A COWGIRL TRICK RIDER.

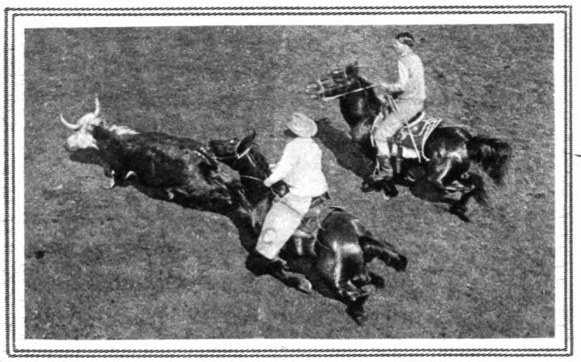
WITH HER LEGS IN THE AIR: A COWGIRL GIVING A WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF TRICK RIDING.

WITH HANDS IN THE AIR AND NO HOLD BUT HER FEET: A COWGIRL TRICK RIDER AT WEMBLEY.

The start of the wild-horse race in the Rodeo at Wembley was an exciting affair. Two men held each animal by a rope while the rider essayed the difficult operation of saddling him. Comic relief to this and the other sensational events is provided by an excellent clown, who is accompanied by an equine mirth-maker of a meditative turn of mind, addicted to sitting down. A large number of the Rodeo competitors, including 130 cowboys and cowgirls, with 240 horses, crossed the Atlantic from America to England in the S.S. "Menominee," which landed them at Tilbury. Among them was Pete Vandermeer, the famous Canadian bronk-rider, who was introduced to the Prince of Wales when he visited Canada. One of the most popular events with the crowd at Wembley, on the first day of the Rodeo, proved to be the trick-riding contest for cowgirls, who gave an amazing display of daring and graceful horsemanship. The competitors, who furnish their own mounts, are asked to write down their ten best tricks, and are then advised how many will be required at each performance. The judges take into consideration ease and gracefulness, general skill, the speed of the horse, and the number of straps used.

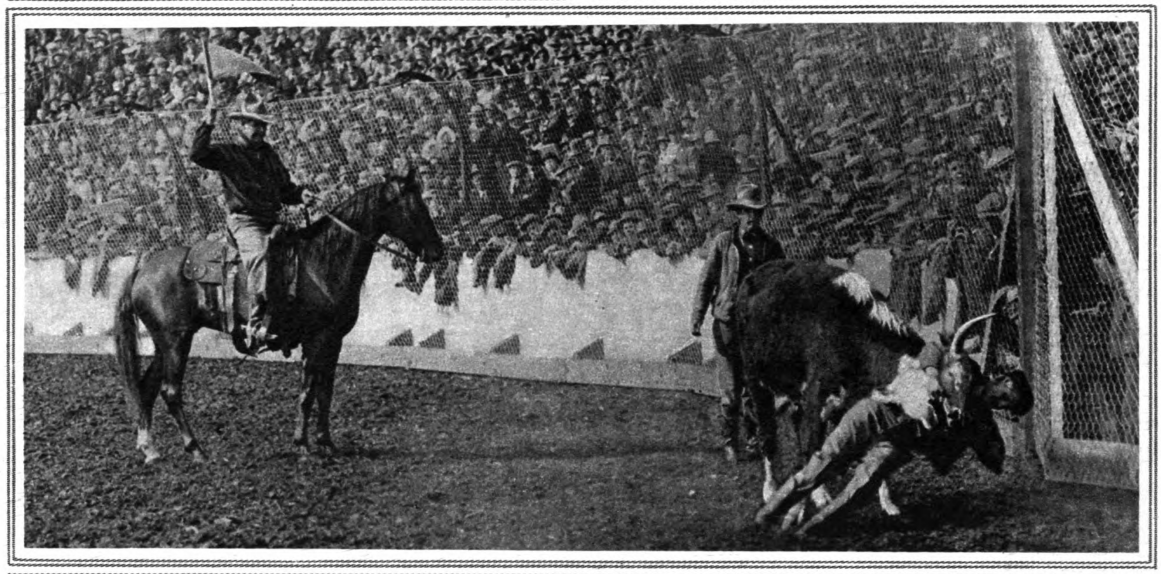
THE MOST DANGEROUS OF THE RODEO EVENTS: STEER-WRESTLING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., "DAILY MAIL," C.N., AND TOPICAL.

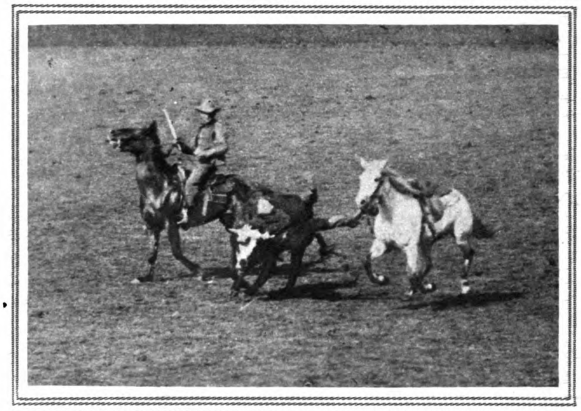


THE START OF A STEER-WRESTLING PERFORMANCE: THE WRESTLER AND THE "HAZER" IN PURSUIT OF THE STEER TO BE THROWN.

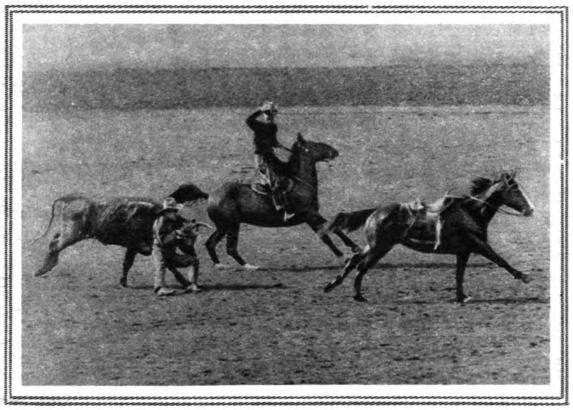
THE NEXT STAGE—A CRITICAL MOMENT: THE WRESTLER IN THE ACT OF JUMPING OFF HIS HORSE WHEN AT FULL SPEED AND SEIZING THE STEER BY THE HORNS.



THE FINAL PHASE OF A STEER-WRESTLING PERFORMANCE IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY: THE WRESTLER, HAVING STOPPED THE GALLOPING STEER, STRUGGLING TO THROW IT DOWN ON TO ITS SIDE, HOLDING THE LEFT HORN IN HIS LEFT HAND, AND WITH HIS RIGHT ARM ROUND THE STEER'S NECK.



AFTER THE WRESTLER HAD LEAPT FROM HIS HORSE ON TO THE HEAD OF THE STEER AT FULL SPEED: A STEER-WRESTLING PERFORMANCE IN THE WEMBLEY RODEO.



ANOTHER PHASE OF A STEER-WRESTLING PERFORMANCE AT WEMBLEY: THE WRESTLER HOLDING THE STEER BY THE HORNS, WITH THE HAZER AND THE WRESTLER'S HORSE CLOSE BY.

The steer-wrestling contest is one of the most exciting in the Rodeo at Wembley. At the opening performance, here illustrated, there were twelve competitors, of whom all but three succeeded in bringing down the steer, the quickest time (that of Jim Massey) being 27 2-5 seconds. The record, held by Mike Hastings, is seven seconds. The time is counted from the moment of crossing the dead-line until the steer is down. "Steer wrestling," says the Rodeo programme, "is, by far, the most dangerous sport in which cowboys indulge. They risk their lives when they try it, and some have paid in full. A wild steer is turned into the arena with a wrestling rider behind him, but forbidden to touch the animal until it has crossed the dead-line. The wrestler leaps from his saddle to the neck and withers of the steer. Grasping the steer's horns, he thrusts his own feet ahead of the animal, using them as a brake to bring the steer to a stop. Then, by using the horns as levers in scientific wrestling holds, he throws the steer upon its side." The duties of the "hazer" (the other rider) are not defined in the programme, but appear to consist of keeping the steer in the required direction and signalling with a flag when the steer is down.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOST of our current journalism is written in a dead language. It is a language full of florid but faded conventions, like Chinese etiquette. One of the worst, for instance, is the application of the terrible terminology of war to all the pettiest purposes of politics. Everybody who is ready to stand up and be voted for at a by-election is making "a gallant fight." Sometimes a man actually announces his acceptance of a large salary for some Government office by saying that he has agreed to go "over the top." After the Westminster election, I remember, the papers published portraits of Mr. Winston Churchill smoking a cigar, with a fur coat and a broad smile and the legend: "Defeated but undaunted." Why on earth should he be daunted, and what in the world was there to daunt him? Mr. Churchill, to do him justice, has been at least near enough to the real thing to be ashamed of this nonsense. If we must have all this militaristic mythology about banners and battlefields, I do not see why it should not be carried a little further, and find at least a few fresh applications. We might talk about the lateral communications of Mr. Churchill, or the interior lines held by Mr. Nicholson. We might say that the Labour candidate deployed *en échelon*, or that the Liberal candidate effected a flanking movement by the open-strategic square. It would not be any more meaningless and monotonous than talking about a courageous attack on a safe seat. All that way of talking will look very queer and dead and distorted in a hundred years. We smile when we read elaborate inscriptions and dedications of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in which some noodle of a nobleman or royal prince, who lived and died on the cushions of a Court, is described as vanquishing all his enemies like Hannibal, and conquering the whole world like Julius Cæsar. But at least the poor little prince did put on a cuirass, and often even visit a camp, in order to have his portrait painted in this absurd posture. He did not call his card-playing a European campaign, or his tiffs and flirtations a series of stricken fields. His marshals won his battles for him; but they were battles and not by-elections. If the hyperboles which compared him to Hector and Hercules seem to us merely swollen and hollow, they are nothing to the extravagant emptiness of our own political language, as it will seem to our own children. If it seems absurd to us to call a man a hero because he sat in a tent while other people were killed, what will it seem to them to call a man a fearless warrior because he sat at a polling-station while other people counted a vast number of scraps of paper?

But the most amazing fact of all is this: that, while we are using all the metaphors of military courage that are not needed, we cannot get even the ordinary civil courage that we really need. These men who boast the valour of a battlefield that does not exist show no valour at all in the political forum that does exist. So far from saying that a Parliamentarian is "defeated but undaunted," it is generally true of him to say that he is in that sense successful but very thoroughly daunted. It has passed into a proverb that he generally does very little in Parliament even compared with what he did outside Parliament, not to mention what he offered to do outside Parliament. At the best he seems generally to be silenced—indeed, it is the mark of some of the best modern Parliamentarians, the most honest and the most intelligent, that they simply became silent soon after they got into Parliament. Fewer and fewer speeches came from Mr. Birrell or from Mr. Burns; and I should not wonder if a similar silence ultimately descended on Mr. Baldwin. These men, if not daunted, must at least have been very much depressed. Meanwhile, of course, the men in whom nobody has any sort of confidence are demanding votes of confidence from everybody. The old star speakers on platforms continue to make speeches on platforms; even in Parliament they are not speechless, but only fruitless. But the point for the moment is that, for some reason, we seem to have entirely lost the idea of a man going directly into Parliament in order to do something. There is not even much of the old idea of an opinion now outside Parliament penetrating Parliament with a single representative, like the thin end of the wedge. So the first Free Traders entered Parliament; so the first Socialists. By the analogy of intellectual history there ought to be by this time a representative of the Distributists—the upholders of that case for a more equalised private property which I have often urged in these columns.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: M. GASTON DOUMERGUE.

M. Gaston Doumergue, who was elected President by the National Assembly at Versailles, on June 13, had been President of the Senate since February 1923, and has had a distinguished career. He was Premier from December 1913 to May 1914, and during the war was Minister for the Colonies until 1917, when he went on a mission to Russia. The Pact of London of September 5, 1914, by which the Allies agreed that none of them should make a separate peace, was largely due to him. He has always been a good friend of the Entente, though he supported M. Poincaré's policy in the Ruhr. Born at Aigues-Vives, in the Gard Department, son of a farmer, he became a barrister, and for ten years held magisterial posts in the colonies, first in Cochin-China and then in Algeria. He entered Parliament over thirty years ago, and became in succession Minister of the Colonies (1902-5), Commerce (1906) and Education (1909-10), and in 1910 Senator for the Gard Department. He is a bachelor, a Calvinist, and the first Protestant to become President.

Photograph supplied by C.N.

Frankly, I am rather surprised that no active and ambitious politician does come forward to propose a policy of small property. I do not mean to carry it out as I should like to carry it out—that is, perhaps, too wild a hope. I mean, propose it as politicians propose a thing, and carry it out as they carry it out. I mean, that he should devote himself to it as ardently as a Labour leader does to Socialism; that he should introduce as sweeping, logical, and successful a policy of property as Mr. Baldwin's policy of Protection. I suggest that he might even fight for it as Lloyd George did for the pro-Boers or Galloper Smith did for the Orangemen—in other words, that he might at least get some fun out of it. And when the time came in due course for him to break his promise and explain away his policy, he would at least be able to look back at an intelligent interlude passed in a discussion worthy of an educated man. Surely it would be better to break bright and intelligible promises than always to be breaking blind and stupid ones. Surely it would be more interesting to explain away serious and significant facts than always to be looking for one falsehood as an escape from another. Surely even now a politician might make something more like a splash, with something more like a policy, even if he were too much of a politician ever to carry out his policy. Granted that to-day the politician is at best an adventurer, is there no adventurer left with any sense of adventure? Granted that the politician is at best a cynic, is there no such thing left on earth as an amusing cynic?

A few facts about modern monopoly, a few facts about building rings or gigantic trusts, would be a relief to all of us from interminable repetitions about the wickedness of Russian Bolshevism on the one side or the wickedness of French militarism on the other. Such a man would have an entertaining time telling us about a place that is nearer to us than France or Russia—a place called England, a place called London, a place called Westminster, where most amazing things happen that nobody ever hears of. He would at least bring a little freshness into our jaded journalism. He would at least work one happy revolution; he would not change the world or change the social system or change the national doom; but he would do something. He would change the subject.

Why will none of our adventurers have that adventure and none of our cynics that amusement? When we have answered that question we have come to grips with the great problem and peril of England to-day. It is because this policy of small property does no good to anybody except the whole people. By its nature it does not offer big prizes to anybody, precisely because it offers small prizes to everybody.

The great difficulty is that work for an ideal that is purely distributive must for the present be purely disinterested. That is, there is no way in which any man can get one of the big modern prizes in profit or power by working for a better balance of property in the commonwealth. For he will be literally working for the commonwealth, and it is the only wealth that will be increased. This is where it differs both from Capitalism and Collectivism. Suppose there are six farms in a row and we are talking to a very cynical politician about them, and trying to interest him in their development. He may be interested if they are all in the hands of one rich man, who contracts to supply the Government with the milk or grain or what not; the politicians can take tips on contracts or otherwise gain benefits by benefiting the contractor. And he may be interested if they are all to be turned into one State farm, for he can put in his son or somebody connected with him as an official at a high salary. The first may be called individualism in the sense that he is looking after himself; the second may be called Collectivism in the sense of the tax-collector. But the politician cannot benefit in any way from the six farms becoming the separate property of six farmers. That will not give him either a bribe from a patron or a job for a placeman. It will do nothing at all except save the world.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

In this issue we give further examples of our remarkable Anaglyphs—Flowers at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, and Famous Amateur Golfers. Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 1150, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

SOLD FOR TWO-AND-A-HALF MILLION FRANCS: A FRANS HALS.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. DUVEEN BROS., LTD. PHOTOGRAPH BY R. GAUTHIER, PARIS.

SAID TO BE A CONTINENTAL RECORD: "A PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN," BY FRANS HALS, BOUGHT AT THE DE RIDDER SALE IN PARIS BY SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN FOR 2,500,000 FRANCS. (3 FT. 8 IN. HIGH BY 2 FT. 9 IN. WIDE.)

The fame of Frans Hals, as one of the foremost of the old Dutch masters, has been growing of late years in the critical world, with a corresponding effect upon the value of his work in the art market. This reached a culminating point at the sale of the de Ridder Collection, at the Galerie Georges Petit in Paris on June 2, when his "Portrait of a Young Woman," here reproduced, was bought by Sir Joseph Duveen, the well-known art dealer, for 2,500,000 francs, a sum which, at the rate of exchange for that day, works out at about £30,000. The amount in francs is said to be a record for Continental auction sales. It would certainly have astounded Frans Hals himself, who died in poverty and debt, at Haarlem, in 1666. He was born about 1580, probably at Antwerp, and became the rival of Van Dyck. His first marriage (about 1610) was evidently unhappy, for five years later he was summoned for ill-treating his wife, and was reprimanded for drunken habits and violence. His wife died a few weeks later, and the next year he married again. With his second wife he lived happily for about fifty years, and brought up a large family, but, as already indicated, he did not make a fortune.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THE identification of localities in Dickens's London is one of the most pleasing of games, but one is tempted to wonder whether it spoils the illusion. With the places about which Dickens himself has left us in no doubt, this penalty does not follow, for the novelist's magicianship has created for them a new illusion, and has actually peopled them with the characters who frequented them. There are inns and taverns, still existing, where mine host shows us in all good faith the rooms in which the Pickwick Club did this or that, and we never stay to reflect that the Pickwickians are themselves a figment. Such associations arouse no uncomfortable questionings of the kind awakened at Elsinore by the alleged Grave of Hamlet, and the Pool where Ophelia was drowned.

But when the ardent Dickensian sets out laboriously to discover places about which the Master himself left us in some uncertainty, while we admire the research-student's ingenuity and learning, and spend a pleasant hour accompanying him on his quest, we are apt to feel that we have not, after all, got much forrarder. The place which Dickens created out of more or less disguised materials remains in the end greater, more real, and more impressive than any actual building or group of buildings that can be shown to us as certainly the original.

This is not, however, to disparage or deny the charm of such exercises in Dickens lore. Even if they do not always convince, they add to knowledge on side issues, if not on the main issue. Consequently, Mr. Beresford Chancellor's new book, "THE LONDON OF CHARLES DICKENS" (Grant Richards; 15s.), is very welcome, and a book that no lover of Dickens can afford to miss. For me it may not have quite the charm of his former volume, "The London of Thackeray," for that was, in the nature of things, less speculative. There Mr. Beresford Chancellor reconstructed an actual London, in which he invited us all to walk arm-in-arm with Thackeray's characters, whose local habitations are less nebulous than many of those which, however vague, are quintessential Dickens. The Thackeray localities are an actual London; the Dickens localities are often, at their best, the stuff of romance, and in the region of romance we prefer them to remain. They represent, it is true, a real enough London, but the picture is generalised, and to pin it down to detail seems to break the spell.

Todgers's, for instance, is an individual entity. We know it to the last particular and accept it. The house is a sublimation, a type, just as so many of Dickens's characters are types. There is about it a singular remoteness, upon which Dickens himself was careful to insist. It was terribly difficult to find. "You couldn't walk about in Todgers's neighbourhood as you could in any other neighbourhood." Dickens found it and made it explicit for all time, but he intended to keep his discovery secret, for he knew that in the atmosphere of mystery and elusiveness he had created, lay the secret of the forbidding fascination of Todgers's. He did not mean us to walk about in that neighbourhood on any Paul Pry's errand. For that would be to import fact into fiction, with disconcerting results. Todgers's localised would cease to be Todgers's. Luckily, however, even the attempt to localise the lodging-house cannot be divorced from uncertainty, and that in itself preserves something of romance. So great have been the changes in that Monumental region, that reference to existing buildings is no longer possible. Mr. Chancellor, therefore, has been forced to rely upon old plans, and although he argues very acutely in order "to hazard a guess" (he goes no further) that the house was No. 5, Pudding Lane, one feels that such precision makes no addition to the sum of human knowledge as far as the essential Todgers's is concerned. But the reference to Howard's map does add to our curious knowledge of that part of London, and it is pleasing to reflect that Dickens may have known, very likely did know, the little court "lying back from the thoroughfare"; consequently the enquiry is not useless. If so, "then the churchyard into which old Martin Chuzzlewit looked on his way to Todgers's, may well have been that of St. George's, Botolph Lane." Thus one surmise leads to another, and romance begets romance.

My contention that some Dickens localities are better left unlocalised, except in general terms, is merely a private notion, perhaps a fad. Many will take the opposite view, and it is to these that Mr. Chancellor's book will make its strongest appeal. But nobody who cares at all for Dickens can fail to find this excellent volume a source of delight and a mine of information. And the more sceptical will admire even when they may doubt the conclusions set forth with such richness of knowledge, ingenuity, and charm of friendly talk.

The note upon the original of Miss Mowcher recalls, by the way, a note by Mr. Edgar Browne, the son of Hablot K. Browne, Dickens's illustrator. Mr. Edgar Browne remembers the lady, who was both in appearance and style of conversation entirely Dickensian. Mr. Browne is one of the few people who have seen a real Dickens character "complete with their own eyes." The presentation of Miss Mowcher in the earlier chapters drew a remonstrance from the original, Mrs. Seymour King, the chiropodist, and in deference to this Dickens gave the portrait a more amiable turn as the story proceeded. Mr. Browne once saw the prototype of Miss Mowcher fall down stairs. The dwarfish lady had slipped on some peas, the spent munitions of a pea-shooting battle in which Browne and two young friends had been engaged. [illegible] stored her with a glass of sherry as she sat on th[illegible] rocking her body to and fro, saying as a sort of refrain between the sips, 'You see the body is so long and the legs so short, and stairs are difficult'—all quite in the genuine Dickens manner."

Friendly controversy is the life of Dickensiana to many Dickensians, and in Mr. Chancellor's book they will find endless cues for discussion. Did Mr. Dombey live in Mansfield Street and Miss Tox in Little Mill Hill Place, at the back of Harcourt House? Mr. Chancellor does not dogmatise, but his guesses have much plausibility. He does not mention the late Mr. Austin Brereton's theory that the little public-house where the Micawbers spent their last night in England was the Fox-under-the-Hill. He favours the White Swan near Hungerford Bridge. Dickens connects the house definitely with the Adelphi Arches, but existing pictures of the Fox-under-the-Hill show no trace of "protruding wooden rooms overhanging the river." These were a feature of the White Swan. Possibly Dickens described the Swan, removing it for the purposes of his story to the site of the Fox-under-the-Hill, below the Adelphi.

This is only one of the innumerable hares of conjecture which "The London of Charles Dickens" starts for the reader, who, however he may doubt the necessity of strict identification, cannot resist joining in the chase, as witness the foregoing digression of a sceptic. It is all most engaging and great sport. I hope that my statement of personal and private doubts will not seem like black ingratitude to Mr. Beresford Chancellor, who, all misgivings apart, has given me generous entertainment and instruction. His learning makes me almost ashamed to take up any position other than that of a humble disciple, but then, the humblest disciple may ask questions, for these usually lead to the master's opening up new avenues of information.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

FICTION.

"THE BOOK OF BLANCHE." *(Fisher Unwin; 7/6.)* By Dorothy Richardson.

"GNATS AND CAMELS." *(Hurst and Blackett; 7/6.)* By Sybil Campbell Lethbridge.

"INTERPRETER'S HOUSE." *(Hodder and Stoughton; 7/6.)* By Struthers Burt.

"LONDON MIXTURE." *(Collins; 7/6.)* By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.

"THE MERCIFUL DARKNESS." *(John Long; 7/6.)* By Edmund B. d'Auvergne.

"THE NINE UNKNOWN." *(Hutchinson; 7/6.)* By Talbot Mundy.

"STAIRWAY OF THE SUN." *(Hutchinson; 7/6.)* By Robert Wellon Ritchie.

"THE TURNING POINT." *(Hodder and Stoughton; 7/6.)* By Louis Tracy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"STUDIO AND STAGE." *(Nisbet; 12/6.)* By Joseph Harker.

"THE TRUTH AT LAST." *(Thornton Butterworth; 21/-)* By Charles Hawtrey.

"SIMS REEVES: FIFTY YEARS OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND." *(Stanley Paul; 16/-)* By Charles E. Pearce.

"BEFORE THE MAST—AND AFTER." *(Fisher Unwin; 12/-)* By Sir Walter Runciman, Bt.

The question of the inter-relations of fact and fiction has been suggested lately by several books, notably "C," Mr. Maurice Baring's elaborate study of a personality (Heinemann; 15s.) It is presented as an actual memoir but still as a novel, and between the two presentations one is somewhat at a loss. It is not easy to surrender oneself here to the pure illusion of fiction, as one does in Mr. Baring's shorter works, but as a picture of late Victorian society and as a reflection of the thought of a period, it has documentary value. It contains several portraits where the disguise is so thin as to be no disguise at all.

The appropriateness of disguise of place in fiction has been frankly discussed in the opening paragraph of Mr. E. F. Benson's "DAVID OF KING'S" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.). There Mr. Benson confesses the inefficacy of veiling the scene in a novel of University life. He will have nothing to do with the threadbare old conventions, "Oxbridge" or "Camford," and he is quite right, for such composite names deceive nobody and they lead only to confusion. Oxford cannot be described in terms of Cambridge, nor Cambridge in terms of Oxford. We have a right to be told frankly to what University the hero goes up. Here the concession to fact is a gain to the reality of fiction.

Reality in the University novel is one of the hardest things in the world to achieve. Competent authorities have said in so many words that no true and final picture of college life is possible, for every man sees it from a different angle. There is a tendency to be too lurid or too outrageously comical. Men, said Lang, who do these things don't write about them, and those who do write about them never did them. Then there was at one time the University novel by women writers, who had enjoyed a fleeting glimpse of, say, Cambridge, and straightway used the material to draw a picture of Oxford. Characterisation, as well as scene, came to grief in these cases; witness an old novel (by a woman) which described an impossibly naughty Don who was respected till the end of his days and was found out only after he was dead. The author had the audacity actually to name the college to which this reprobate belonged. In fact, his name and college form the title of the book. Feats like these have brought stories of academic life into disrepute. It is difficult to hold a just balance.

The picture at the best can only be partial, but Mr. Benson has come as near striking a just balance as any recent writer on this precarious subject. The story continues the history of our old friend David Blaize, who is very much the boy David of Marchester School, not yet full grown, but making great progress towards the fulfilment of his early promise. Perhaps the Dons who appear err somewhat on the side of oddity. Such persons exist, but "A. G." and Mr. Crowfoot would have been none the worse of a foil to their ultra-mercurial temperament. But for this, "David of King's" seems to depict University life fairly and completely. It is sufficiently strenuous and, at the same time, sufficiently daft to be credible. As the book has left this impression on one who belongs to the "other shop," and whose knowledge of the lands of Cam is limited, it looks as if Mr. Benson had achieved some element of universality in his story.

The struggle between the life practical and the life theoretical, which is suggested if not elaborated in Mr. Benson's quaint Dons (not omitting the slighter sketch of the Scot, Mr. Mackintosh), finds a very different and more explicit setting in one of two plays by the author of "Anna Christie." Mr. Eugene O'Neill's dreamy character, Robert Mayo, is academic only in retrospect. He has spent a short time at an American college, where his contemplative and imaginative nature has been confirmed in its impracticability, but we see nothing of his actual student life. He enters the scene at his home, an American farm, when he comes into conflict with his business-like brother, Andrew, a farmer complete. Both are in love with the same girl, and the discovery leads to their changing places. Robert, who is allured by dreams of fairyland, far countries, and "the horizon beyond," gives up the idea of long voyage and settles down to marry and run the farm, while Andrew goes to sea. The results are disastrous. That is the first and least powerful of the two plays in "'THE HORIZON BEYOND' AND 'GOLD'" (Cape; 7s. 6d.).

The second play, "Gold," is altogether a more vigorous and dramatic piece of work. One has an impression that "The Horizon Beyond" is better suited to the study than to the stage. But "Gold," the story of a whaling captain's supposed discovery of buried treasure and his consequent infatuation that drives him to murder and thence to madness, would have in the theatre almost a Grand Guignol impressiveness. Captain Isaiah Bartlett, for all his forbidding qualities, is a study of tremendous power and of grim reality. He may be unrelieved in his abandonment—he has hardly one touch of humanity in his whole composition, but his creator makes us believe in him, and when that is said, all requirements are satisfied. Although "Gold" is clearly for the theatre, if it is to attain its full effect, the play is singularly free of that baldness which makes so much modern dramatic writing hard to read. Both Mr. O'Neill's plays can, in fact, be enjoyed as reading alone, and the effect they produce is closely akin to that of the novel. Perhaps "The Horizon Beyond" would have been better if cast as a novel, but "Gold" leaves us in no uncertainty about its possibilities for the stage.

These writings are in the later vein of imaginative work, that vein which dwells on the darker side of humanity, and fears to hint at anything better, lest the hard-headed race of young critics, all "gesture" and "complex," waive the story aside with the sneer of enlightened and disillusioned youth. America is presenting us with much melancholy anatomy of this sort, and the manner of the demonstration is for the most part noisy and not a little crude. For the moment it passes for "strength," or, to speak in the exalted vernacular of current criticism, "strong stuff"—perhaps even "hot stuff," full of those sovran virtues, "punch" and "pep." Those of an older school, who, after much brow-beating, feel a trifle weary of the bludgeoning of the naturalists and the realists, look back with gratitude to an America that sent them something different in fiction, and they are glad to remember that even in these iconoclastic days they need not look in vain. Mary Johnston, at any rate, is still with us, restoring the imaginative romance of the early Colonial days, and her new story of the settlement and the wilderness, "CROATAN" (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.), is a veritable oasis in the desert of hectic fiction. Those who are not above escaping into the region of idealism and the poetry of the forest, who have still an ear for a fine cadence in an English sentence, and a sense of what life was in the Golden Age of Elizabeth, should not miss this romance of the first-born English daughter of Virginia, of her nurture and life among the Indians, and her strange love-adventure. It is a story of refreshing charm, nowadays somewhat rare.

"TRUE PORTRAITS" OF APOSTLES: ANTIOCH CHALICE FIGURES.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE GREAT CHALICE OF ANTIOCH," BY GUSTAVUS A. EISEN. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BY KOUCHAKJI FRÈRES, NEW YORK. ETCHINGS BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY.

ST. PETER: A MODERN ETCHING, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

ST. JUDE: A MODERN ETCHING, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

ST. ANDREW: A MODERN ETCHING, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

SEATED ON THE RIGHT OF CHRIST ON THE CHALICE: ST. PETER.

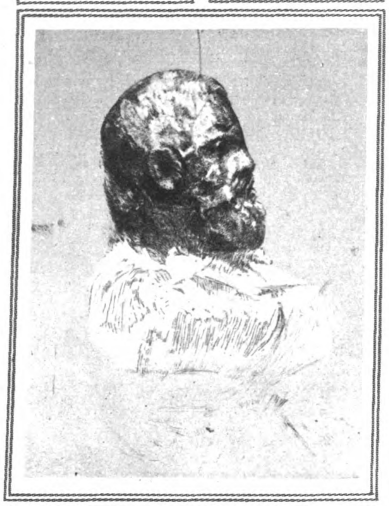
ONE OF "THE TWO NEAREST RELATIVES OF CHRIST": ST. JUDE.

BROTHER OF ST. PETER, AND THE FIRST APOSTLE CALLED: ST. ANDREW.

IDENTIFIED BY HIS DRESS, ALWAYS OF LINEN: ST. JAMES THE LESSER.

BROTHER OF ST. JOHN: ST. JAMES THE GREATER, SON OF ZEBEDEE.

IN HIS OWN EYES "NOT WORTHY TO BE CALLED AN APOSTLE": ST. PAUL.



ST. JAMES THE LESSER: A MODERN ETCHING, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

ST. JAMES THE GREATER: A MODERN ETCHING, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY, FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

ST. PAUL: A MODERN ETCHING, BY MARGARET WEST KINNEY, MADE FROM THE FIGURE ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.

We need make no apology for returning once more to the subject of the now famous silver Chalice of Antioch (already described and illustrated in our issues of June 7 and 14), in view of its paramount interest as containing carved figures which are believed to be "true portraits" of Christ and ten of his followers, made early in the first century during the lifetime of most of the originals, by an artist who had seen them. The six figures shown above, along with modern etchings of their heads, are those which we have not previously illustrated in this enlarged form. (The whole Chalice, it may be noted, is about seven inches high, and slightly less in diameter across the top.) The twelve figures on the Chalice are divided into two groups, with a figure of Christ in the centre of each. In one group Christ appears as a youth surrounded by the four Evangelists, SS. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, together with St. John's brother, St. James the Greater. The other (anterior) group shows Christ the Saviour (as a man) surrounded by SS. Peter, Paul, Andrew, Jude, and James the Lesser. St. Jude, who was not an Apostle, is said to have been included because he and St. James the Lesser were "the two nearest relatives of Christ on earth." St. Paul, was not one of the Twelve, and he speaks of himself as "not worthy to be an Apostle," although he is generally given that title. The figure of St. the Lesser was identified by the difference of drapery, bearing out the state of Eusebius that he always wore linen, and never wool.

WITH A KODAK AT THE "ZOO"—A PARADISE FOR AMA

PHOTOS. J. E. SAUN

THE HIPPOS ON HONEYMOON: BOB AND JOAN—A PICTURE OF CONJUGAL CONTENTMENT IN THE HIPPOPOTAMUS HOUSE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

SITTING UP AND HOLDING HER TOES: NELLIE, TH BEAR, IN A FAVOURITE ATTITUDE.

A "REGULA MOO

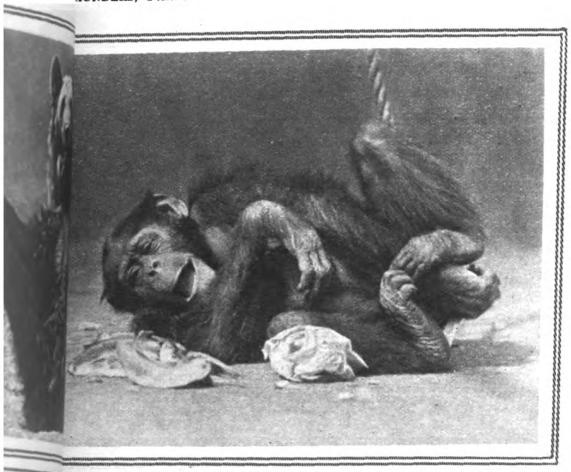
THE EYE OF THE EPICURE, AS HE GRAVELY PONDERS ON A MATTER OF TASTE: A BABOON EATING A PEAR.

"ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH!" SAM'S BIG MOUTH—THE PRI OF WALES'S YOUNG TIGER YAWNING ON A WARM DAY.

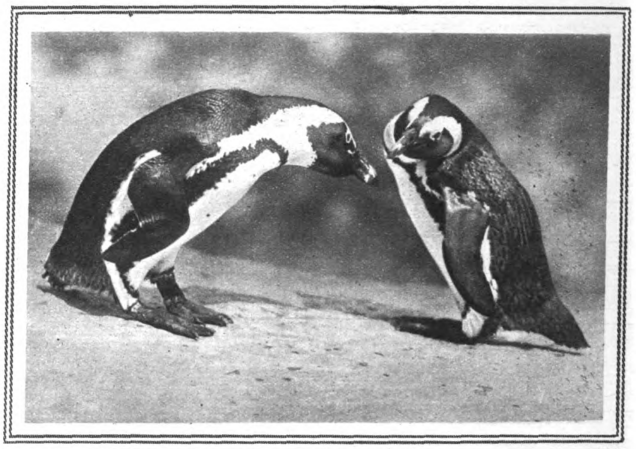
It is no exaggeration to say that the "Zoo" is a perfect paradise for the amateur photographer. Where else can be found such a variety of unusual "sitters" gathered from every clime and every element? For the "Zoo" is thoroughly cosmopolitan—a Wembley of the animal world. "It is full of subjects which make interesting and fascinating photographs," writes Mr. J. E. Saunders, F.Z.S., whose own work represented here fully bears out his statement. "Some of them tinues, "it is true, are hard to take, but others are easy; and, in many instances, the easy ones make the prettiest pictures. Everyone who ow hould take it to the 'Zoo,' for here he can get pictures which will win pride of place in his album. . . . So much is the amateur with be welcomed that there is a Dark Room provided at the 'Zoo' for the use of visitors. This is next door to the Wolf House, and the Keeper is

RADISE ATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER: STUDIES IN ANIMAL EXPRESSIONS.

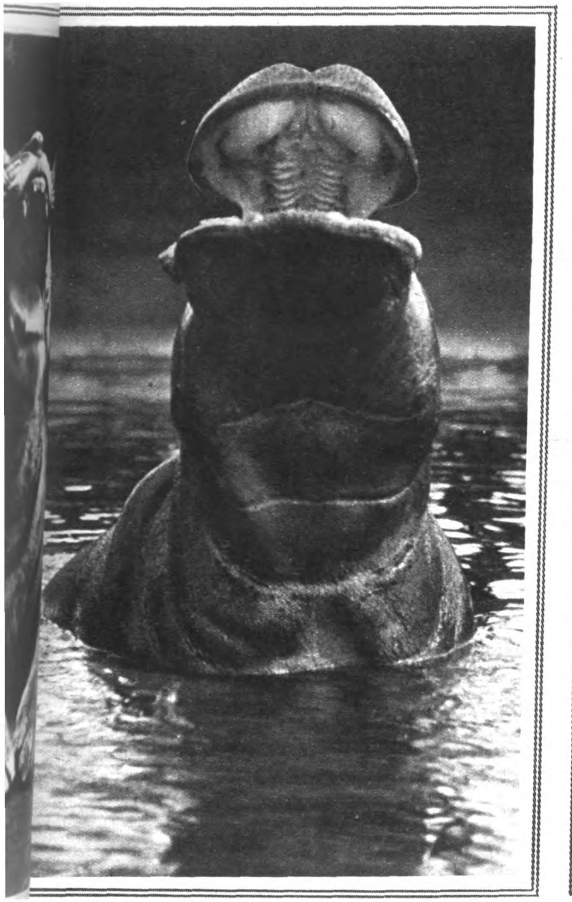
AUNDERS, F.Z.S.



EGULAR LITTLE MONKEY": DAISY THE CHIMPANZEE, IN FROLICSOME MOOD, POSES FOR HER PORTRAIT IN A RECUMBENT POSITION.



AN EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES, OR MERELY IDLE GOSSIP? A LITTLE PRIVATE CONVERSATION IN THE PENGUINS' ENCLOSURE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



STONISHMENT—OR HUNGER? AN OPEN-MOUTHED PORTRAIT OF BOB, HE THREE-TON HIPPOPOTAMUS, HARD TO TEMPT OUT OF HIS POND.

CHIN-CHIN! OR, MAKING FRIENDS WITH MARY: A CHARMING INTERVIEW WITH THE BABY CHIMPANZEE PRESENTED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

harge of the wolves has the key." Flashlight apparatus and cinematograph cameras must not be taken into the Gardens, and there are certain restrictions s to the use of stand cameras which might interfere with other visitors, but apart from these regulations the way of the amateur is made easy. Among the asiest subjects Mr. Saunders mentions Lions, Tigers, and Monkeys in outdoor cages, Hippos, Chimpanzees, Baboons, Bears on the Mappin Terraces, and Penguins. Nellie (the blind Bear) and Gipsy, the Bear of lighter tone, will sit still and hold their toes with their paws for five minutes at a time. . . . When they re out of doors the Rhinoceros and the Hippopotamus are slow-moving and easy subjects. Bob, the three-ton Hippo, who comes out of doors in summer, nakes a fine picture, but it is not easy to tempt him out of his open-air pond."

THE ANCESTOR OF THE GIRAFFE: THE OKAPI, SPECTRE OF THE FOREST.

"BIG GAME AND PYGMIES." By CUTHBERT CHRISTY, M.B., C.M.*

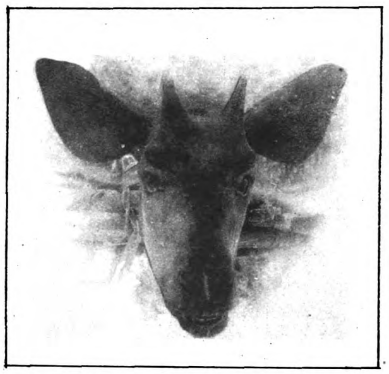
TO see the okapi you must cultivate the Little People, the primeval, pygmy Bambutes who rove the dank depths of the Ituri Forest. Without their willing aid, no white can hazard wisely that he will even glimpse the elusive ancestor of the giraffe, so shy is it, so spectre-like are its comings and its goings, so well is it protected by that natural, broken-outline "camouflage" which savage man daubs himself to mimic when he would be lost in the sunlight and the shadows and "civilised" man has learnt to use in time of war.

Then "weeks of hard work, searching, and tracking have to be endured, often on hands and knees with a heavy gun, sometimes in waist-deep swamps, for the forest is not all uniform in character. Months have to be spent in practising forest-craft with the little trackers, and in learning to interpret the meaning of every noise, of every stick-crack, for the hunter, like the animals, is wholly dependent upon his ears. The smallest sound may mean elephants, the biggest only a monkey or a squirrel. The tiny Pygmy, moving as silently and as stealthily as a cat, passes beneath or between branches without touching them, and knows at a glance which way to turn to find the easiest passage. The big white man steps on sticks that break, has to bend double, and creep and crawl, and it is long before he learns the art of passing through the underwood without bringing down a shower of drops upon the dead leaves below, making noise enough to be heard by every animal within several hundred yards." Says Dr. Christy: "I have frequently been so exhausted and cramped after several hours of this kind of tracking that I have been obliged to lie flat upon my back for some time before I could proceed."

And after that the trouble begins! The quarry is well "disguised." The chocolate or purplish red colour of the okapi's body is admirably suited to its surroundings, and the striped hindquarters materially aid its concealment. "On two occasions," Dr. Christy confesses, "I had one in front of me at a distance of thirty yards or less in dark forest. I could see nothing but the white on the face and the legs, which I did not recognise as part of anything living, till the animal bolted and I wasted my shot."

Yet natives have killed with the spear, which means at close range. Dr. Christy hardly credited this, but he was to believe. "One day," he records, "a day of very painful memories, I found myself within a few feet of an okapi feeding and quite unconscious of approaching danger. So close indeed was it that I realised that if I had been a Pgymy I could probably have speared it easily. . . . I saw some green branches moving, then the muzzle of an okapi with the long prehensile tongue hooking down some leaves. Another few stealthy steps and we were behind a fallen tree-trunk on which tall ferns were growing with the animal directly on the other side. At first, in peering slowly over, I could see nothing through the leafy screen beyond. Presently, however, I realised that I was looking straight at the beast's ear, five or six feet above my face. So close was I that a clear recollection of its size and seeming translucency against the light above became fixed on my memory. All happened in a few seconds. The beast had by then heard or scented us, and was listening intently. Except the ear I could see nothing to give me a clue as to the position of the body. Almost before I could raise my rifle there was a swirl in the bushes, the indistinct outline of a back, and the animal was gone like a flash."

Nor is the okapi territory in favour of the hunter. "Though roaming far during the evenings and early mornings, it keeps, at any rate during the greater part of the day, almost entirely to the well-drained ridges and the higher ground in the vicinity of some babbling stream. Here the big trees are biggest, gloom and dripping moisture prevail. . . . With an unbroken canopy overhead, any sound of rustling leaves or breaking twig carries far, and makes the approach doubly difficult."



WITH FIVE-INCH SKIN-COVERED HORNS AKIN TO THOSE OF THE GIRAFFE, BUT WITH BARE BONE TIPS: THE HEAD OF MR. REID'S OKAPI.

This is the head of the old male okapi illustrated on this page.

Photograph by A. E. H. Reid. Reproduced from "Big Game and Pygmies," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

There is another potent factor. "All through the Ituri Forest, more usually in swampy areas, one meets with patches of a plant, often many acres in extent, bearing enormous ovate or lanceolate leaves a foot or two in length and about a foot broad on a stalk four or five feet in height. No vegetation is more convenient for the hunted animal, or more aggravating to the hunter, than these patches, for it is quite impossible for man or beast to penetrate them noiselessly. Elephants like spending the day in them, for the approach of man is more easily detected, and the okapi will enter them for the same reason." Sanctuary, or should one say an Animals' Alsatia?

Hence, to the uninitiated, a curious precaution on the part of the European tracker. "Forest hunting," notes Dr. Christy, "is very different from hunting in a bush country. The forest hunter soon discovers, for instance, that leather boots cannot be worn. They are far too heavy and noisy, breaking every stick that they touch, and soon becoming rotten. One cannot go barefoot like the native. Something, therefore, has to be devised sufficiently thin and flexible to allow of things being felt beneath the feet, and light enough not to impede active movements under any and all conditions. In the forest I always wore gymnasium shoes, or cheap rubber-soled tennis-shoes or boots, one or two sizes bigger than usual. With these I wore three, and often four, pairs of socks, or one thick pair with two thin ones. The many pairs of socks I found necessary to protect the feet and ankles."

No wonder Science was in ignorance of the okapi until 1900, when Sir Harry Johnston secured from some natives certain pieces of striped skin, at first thought to belong to a form of horse or zebra, but later, in conjunction with an incomplete skin and two skulls found in the same year, "read" as coming from an animal related, not to the zebras or the antelopes, but to the giraffe. *Equus johnstoni* was dethroned, and *Okapia johnstoni* reigned in its stead.

Seven years passed, even then, before a live specimen—a calf about a month old—was taken into a government post on the Ituri River. A photograph of this was reproduced in *The Illustrated London News* of the time, about a month after this paper had given pictures of okapis from the dead specimens brought home by Major Powell Cotton and Captain Boyd Alexander; some four years and five months before it published the first photograph of an adult okapi; and about thirteen years before the first live okapi was brought to Europe, to die in the Zoological Gardens at Antwerp. Rightly Dr. Christy is proud of that enterprise which made him the first white to shoot and bring home specimens, for his record has but one blemish: an English elephant-hunter anticipated him to some extent by shooting an okapi, but neither skin nor skull was preserved. Previous examples had been killed or trapped by natives.

So to the okapi, its characteristics. It is, as has been said, the ancestor of the giraffe, which is now completely dissociated from it, having changed to suit the new surroundings in which it found itself as the rain-forest shrunk and the bush extended. Its footprints are not unlike those of the donkey. It feeds mainly on leaves of the underwood and young saplings. Its tongue resembles most nearly that of the giraffe, and its larynx is very like that of its "descendant." "The attitude of the animal, as regards the line of the back, is not markedly hartebeeste or giraffe-like, the level at the shoulder being scarcely more than an inch and a half higher than at the croup. When bolting at speed it goes over rather than under obstructions, carrying the neck stretched out straight in front, if anything, slightly below the line of the back, exactly as a giraffe does under similar circumstances. . . . The 'horns' of the male okapi are entirely of bone, and resemble in no way those of cattle, antelopes, deer, or the rhinoceros. They are similar to those of the giraffe in shape and mode of development. The ossicone, or centre of ossification, of each horn is in the skin of the forehead, and does not commence to develop until after maturity. Then the two 'horns' appear as projecting cones, covered with hairy skin, and directed somewhat backwards. Some years after maturity, when, perhaps, two or three inches long, they become firmly ankylosed to the frontal bones, as do those of the giraffe. But, unlike the giraffe, instead of remaining throughout life skin-covered, they ultimately become bare at their tips." As to size: Dr. Christy's young male specimen measured 4 ft. 10 in. from nose to root of tail; root of tail to tip without hairs, 14½ in.; tip of hoof to highest point of shoulder, 4 ft. 4¼ in. His female was 7 ft. 3¾ in. from nose to tip of tail; tail without hairs, 14 in.; tip of hoof to highest point of shoulder, 4 ft. 11½ in. The late Mr. Reid's specimen was 6 ft. 9 in. from tip of nose to root of tail; and 4 ft. 11½ in. from tip of hoof to highest point of shoulders.

THE ANCESTOR OF THE GIRAFFE: A YOUNG MALE OKAPI—WITH PYGMY TRACKERS.

This okapi was the first specimen secured by Dr. Christy. The two pygmies on the right did the tracking.

Photograph by Cuthbert Christy. Reproduced from "Big Game and Pygmies," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

A FINE SPECIMEN: AN OLD MALE OKAPI—6 FT. 9 IN. FROM TIP OF NOSE TO ROOT OF TAIL, AND 4 FT. 11½ IN. FROM TIP OF HOOF TO HIGHEST POINT OF SHOULDERS.

Photograph by A. E. H. Reid. Reproduced from "Big Game and Pygmies," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

Of such was Dr. Christy's chief quest, but it must not be thought that his record deals with the okapi alone. Very far from it. It is equally interesting, equally informative, on the Pygmies, on the Central African flora, and on the fauna from aardvark to elephant, chimpanzee to bongo, white rhinoceros, buffalo, and hog, to birds and insects and fish. It is very much a book to read—and keep.—E. H. G.

* "Big Game ... mies: Experiences of a Naturalist in Central African For... he Okapi." By Cuthbert Christy, M.B., C.M. (Ed... oductory Chapter by Sir Harry H. Johnston ... rations from Photographs and Sketches, and a ... Co.; 21s. net.)

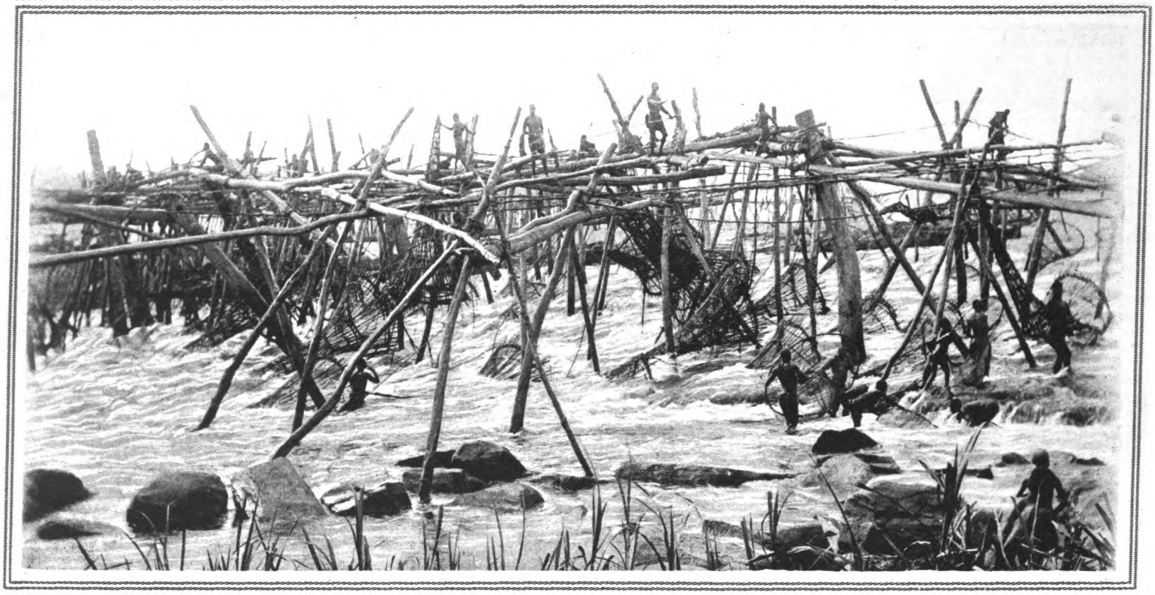
SEEN WHILE IN SEARCH OF THE OKAPI: CURIOSITIES OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. CUTHBERT CHRISTY; REPRODUCED FROM HIS BOOK, "BIG GAME AND PYGMIES."

A 14-FT. PYTHON THAT REVIVED AFTER BEING SHOT: CARRYING THE REPTILE ON A POLE.

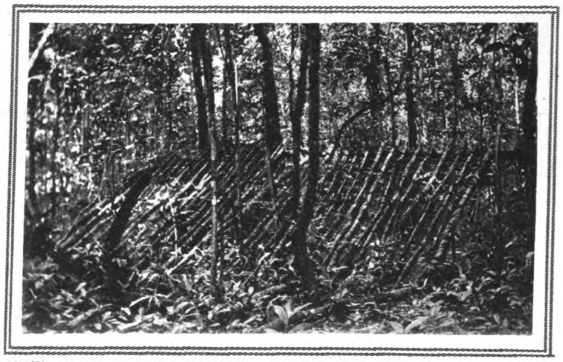
SHOWING THE WIDE-MOUTHED BASKET FISH-TRAPS: AT STANLEY FALLS FISHERIES

FROTHY "SPITTLE": A TREE-FROG'S NEST ON A PHRYNIUM LEAF.



AN ORDERED TANGLE OF TREE-TRUNKS AND POSTS SUPPORTING STAGINGS FROM WHICH THE FISH-TRAPS ARE SUSPENDED: THE STANLEY FALLS FISHERIES IN THE FLOOD SEASON—NATIVE FISHERMEN AT WORK.

A FIGURE-OF-FOUR "MOUSE-TRAP" FOR THE FOREST HOG AND OTHER ANIMALS: A FRONT VIEW OF THE HEAVY "FALL."



BAITED WITH FRUIT AND PROPPED UP FOR DAYS UNTIL THE QUARRY NO LONGER FEAR TO ENTER IT: THE TRAP—BACK VIEW.

With regard to these pictures we take the following notes from "Big Game and Pygmies": "In the flood season the fisheries of Stanley Falls are among the most wonderful sights of the great river. Towards the end of the low-water season, small tree-trunks and great supporting posts are fixed upright amongst the rocks and broken water at the falls, and at many places above them. Upon these are built elaborate stagings, lashed with forest creeper ropes. . . . Six or ten feet beneath the staging . . . are suspended conical or bell-shaped basket fish-traps, up to ten feet or more long, and several feet in diameter at the wide end, which is placed uppermost in the stream. This wide end is inverted, leaving a hole in the centre through which fish may enter but not return." The fishermen work on the staging and in the water.——The tree-frog's nest "consists of a lump of white surface-dried froth or 'spittle,' about the size of one's fist, and discoloured on the outside. Broken open, it is seen to contain a number of small tadpoles. . . . In this mass the eggs are hatched, and when the tadpoles are old enough to look after themselves they drop into the water beneath, or live amongst the leaves and moist verdure of the swamp."——The big fall-traps are of timber and often 12 or 14 ft. long . . . "They are set in the forest if ready to be sprung, but are propped up in front with a forked stick, and nightly with bananas and other fruit for many days. Then one even baiting, the forked stick is taken away and the first arrival pays the

THE HORSE IN ANCIENT SCULPTURE.

PHOTOGRAPHS: NO. 1, BY COURTESY OF COUNT C. ALEXIS BOBRINSKOY; NO. 2, BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM; NOS. 3 AND 4, TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM; NO. 5, BY MANSELL.

1. THE HORSE IN BIG-GAME HUNTING IN SOUTH RUSSIA SOME 2300 YEARS AGO: A SILVER VASE FROM THE TOMB OF A SCYTHIAN KING (THIRD OR FOURTH CENTURY B.C.) FOUND NEAR NICOLAIEFF.

2. BURIED WITH THE DEAD IN A CHINESE TOMB (PERHAPS IMPERIAL) OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY (ABOUT 700 A.D.): A GLAZED POTTERY FIGURE OF A HORSE.

3. WITH HARNESS OF CURIOUSLY MODERN TYPE: A CHINESE HORSE OF THE T'ANG PERIOD (1200 YEARS AGO) FROM AN EMPEROR'S TOMB (A CAST OF THE ORIGINAL).

4. ANIMAL SCULPTURE AT ITS BEST IN ANCIENT ART: A CHINESE FIGURE OF A HORSE FROM AN EMPEROR'S TOMB OF THE T'ANG PERIOD (A CAST FROM THE ORIGINAL).

5. THE HORSE AS BIG GAME IN ANCIENT ASSYRIA 2500 YEARS AGO: WILD HORSES HUNTED WITH SPEARS—A SCULPTURED RELIEF FROM THE PALACE OF ASHURBANIPAL AT NINEVEH (SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.).

The horse is a subject of special interest just now, in connection with various important events in the world of sport and entertainment, such as the International Horse Show at Olympia, the Rodeo (or Cowboy Championship contest) at Wembley and the race-meeting at Ascot. It is, therefore, an appropriate moment for representations of the horse in the animal sculpture of antiquity. The examples reproduced on these two pages afford a basis of comparison between the treatment of the horse by the sculptors of ancient Greece and Scythia (now southern Russia), and, in Asia, those of Assyria in the days of King Ashurbanipal, and of China, some 1400 years later during the period of the T'ang Dynasty. The beautiful silver vase shown on the left-hand page above, decorated with hunting scenes, was found a few years ago in the intact tomb of a Scythian king, on the steppe some twelve miles from Nicolaieff, in southern Russia, and

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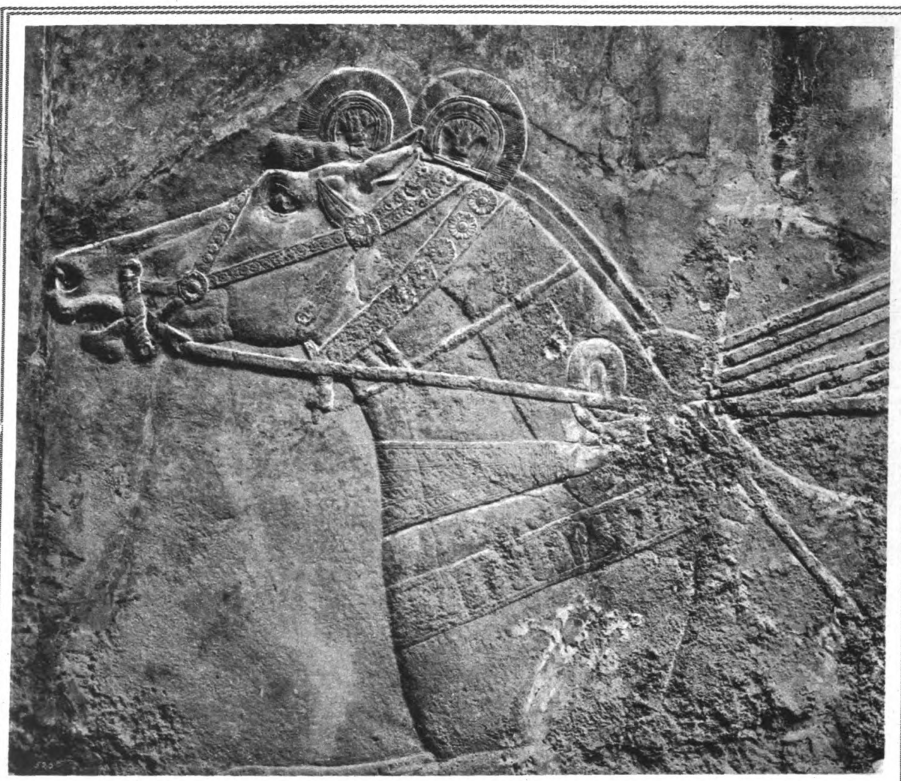
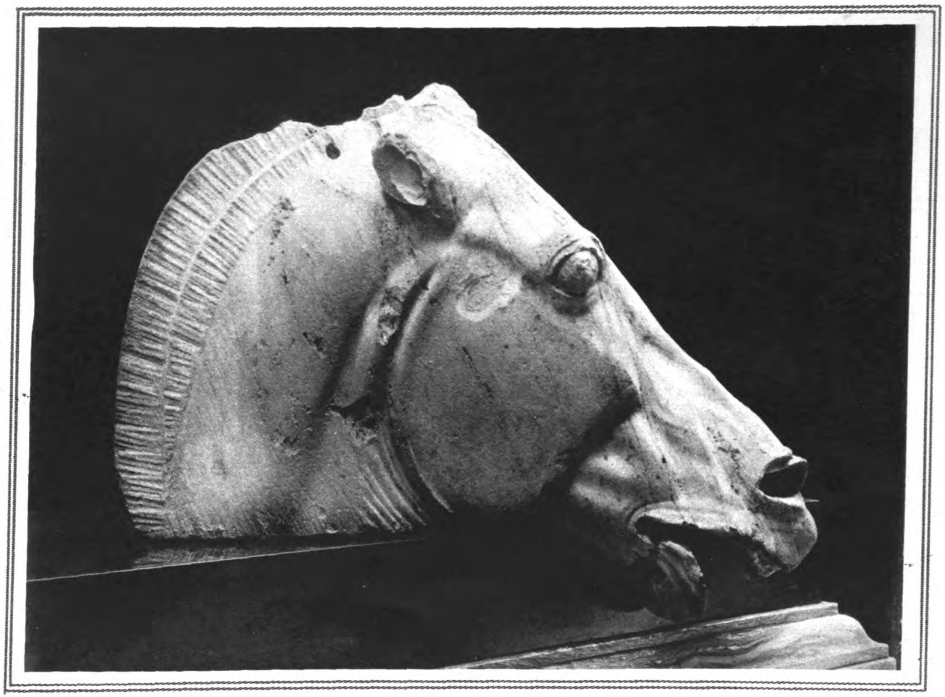
THE HORSE IN ANCIENT SCULPTURE: ART OF NINEVEH AND ATHENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. MANSELL & CO.



THE HORSE AS REPRESENTED IN THE SCULPTURE OF ANCIENT ASSYRIA: A HEAD IN RELIEF, SHOWING THE TEETH, WITH HIGHLY DECORATIVE REINS, HARNESS, AND HEAD ORNAMENTS, FROM THE PALACE OF ASHURBANIPAL AT NINEVEH (SEVENTH CENT. B.C.).



THE HORSE AS REPRESENTED IN ANCIENT GREEK SCULPTURE AT ITS FINEST PERIOD: A HEAD FROM ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL EQUESTRIAN FIGURES IN THE FRIEZE FROM THE PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS (FIFTH CENTURY B.C.).

Continued.]

dating apparently from the third or fourth century B.C. The Chinese figure of a horse shown in Photograph No. 2 was in the collection lent to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Mr. George Eumorfopoulos. The other two T'ang period figures of Chinese horses are from casts in the British Museum. In the opinion of high authorities, the Chinese animal sculpture of that time excels all early work in realism, although in imaginative beauty it may well be urged that there is nothing finer than the famous frieze of the Parthenon, wrought under the eye of Pheidias when Greek art was at its zenith. The classical art of the West is known to have exercised some influence on the later art of the East, but the Chinese figures of horses, of the T'ang period, probably owe little to Greece or Rome, but are the result of native observation of the horse in the uplands of Central Asia, its original habitat. Ancient Assyrian sculpture also treated the horse with vivid realism. The wonderful figures of wild horses, some speared by pursuers, as well as the head shown above, occur in the famous relief from the palace of Ashurbanipal (669-626 B.C.) at Nineveh. The animal sculpture of ancient Egypt is held by some to be superior to that of Assyria or

THE HORSE IN ANCIENT SCULPTURE.

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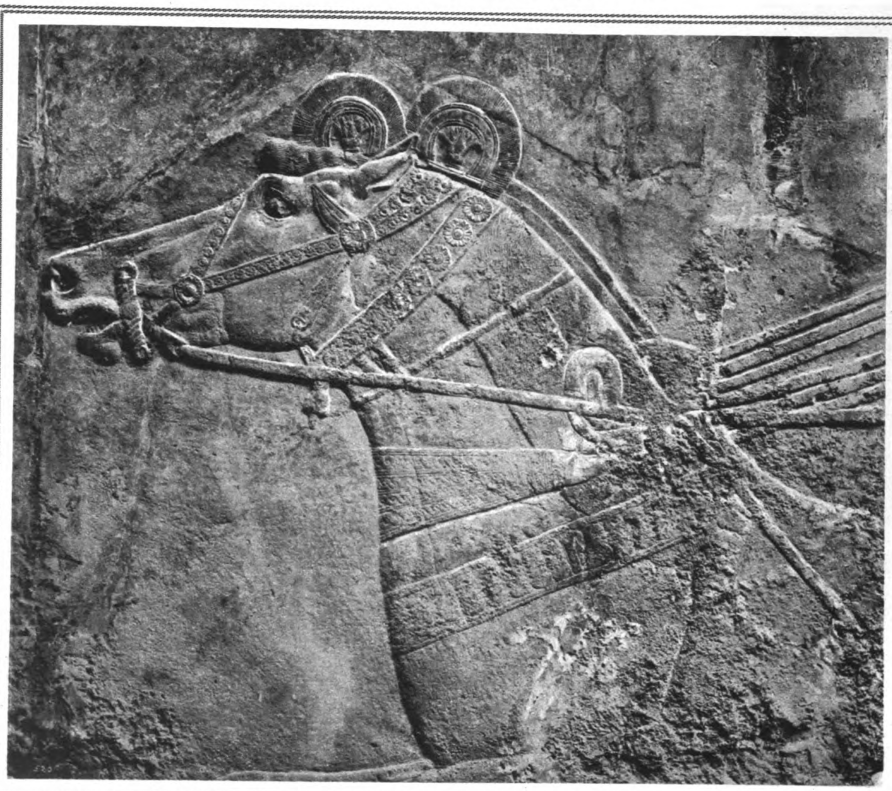
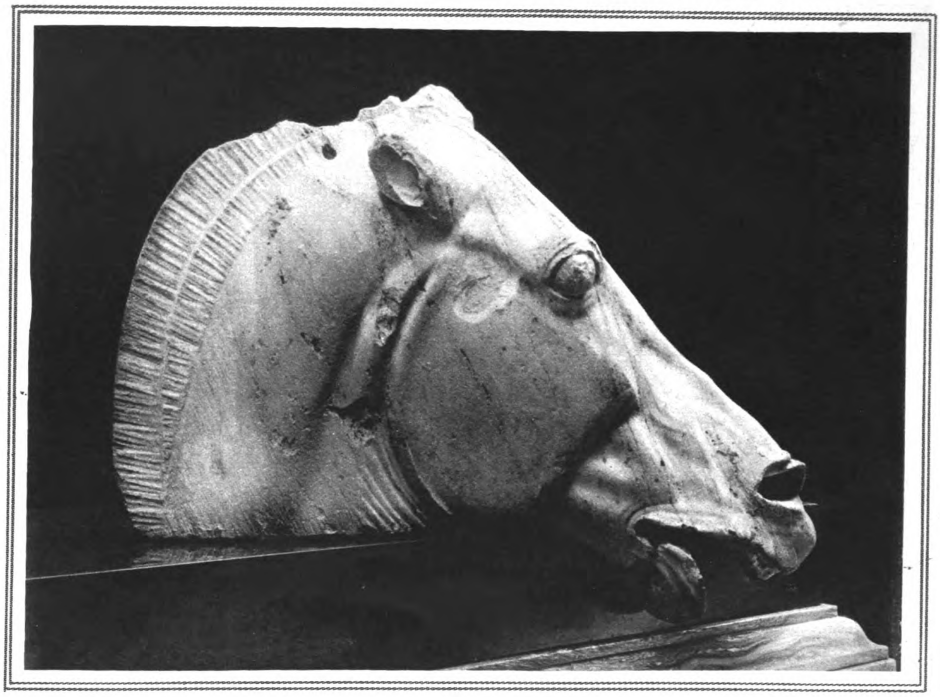
THE HORSE IN ANCIENT SCULPTURE: ART OF NINEVEH AND ATHENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. MANSELL & CO.



THE HORSE AS REPRESENTED IN THE SCULPTURE OF ANCIENT ASSYRIA: A HEAD IN RELIEF, SHOWING THE TEETH, WITH HIGHLY DECORATIVE REINS, HARNESS, AND HEAD ORNAMENTS, FROM THE PALACE OF ASHURBANIPAL AT NINEVEH (SEVENTH CENT. B.C.).



THE HORSE AS REPRESENTED IN ANCIENT GREEK SCULPTURE AT ITS FINEST PERIOD: A HEAD FROM ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL EQUESTRIAN FIGURES IN THE FRIEZE FROM THE PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS (FIFTH CENTURY B.C.).

Continued.]

dating apparently from the third or fourth century B.C. The Chinese figure of a horse shown in Photograph No. 2 was in the collection lent to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Mr. George Eumorfopoulos. The other two T'ang period figures of Chinese horses are from casts in the British Museum. In the opinion of high authorities, the Chinese animal sculpture of that time excels all early work in realism, although in imaginative beauty it may well be urged that there is nothing finer than the famous frieze of the Parthenon, wrought under the eye of Pheidias when Greek art was at its zenith. The classical art of the West is known to have exercised some influence on the later art of the East, but the Chinese figures of horses, of the T'ang period, probably owe little to Greece or Rome, but are the result of native observation of the horse in the uplands of Central Asia, its original habitat. Ancient Assyrian sculpture also treated the horse with vivid realism. The wonderful figures of wild horses, some speared by pursuers, as well as the head shown above, occur in the famous relief from the palace of Ashurbanipal (669-626 B.C.) at Nineveh. The animal sculpture of ancient Egypt is held by some to be superior to that of Assyria or Gre

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE THOROUGHBRED IN THE MAKING.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

HOW many of those who are thrilled by the very mention of the Derby and Ascot realise that it has taken somewhere round about three million years to make a racehorse? Or, again, how many have any idea of what the remote ancestors of this wonderful animal were like? Anything more unlike a horse it would be difficult to conceive, but those who will take the trouble to look into the matter for themselves will find the evidence set out for them in the British Museum of Natural History. The story begins with a little animal which, in far distant Eocene times, was roaming about the marshes of Kent, standing no more than eleven inches high at the shoulder, and resembling a carnivore rather than a hoofed animal. It had an arched back, short head and neck, a long tail, and short legs. Having no name in common speech, it must be sought for under its scientific designation, "Hyracotherium." It must have been fairly plentiful, and have had a wide geographical range, for in the similar Eocene deposits of North America its counterpart is found in Eohippus, an animal which differed from ours only in having slightly more complex grinders in the upper jaw.

Hyracotherium and Eohippus alike had four toes on the fore-foot, with a vestige of what was once a "thumb," and three on the hind-foot, with vestiges of the first and fifth toes represented by mere rods of bone or "splints," answering to the bones of the sole of the foot, the toe-bones attached to these having disappeared. The teeth were very different from those of the horses of to-day, since they had no "cement," short crowns, and short roots; while the anterior grinders, or "pre-molars," differed conspicuously from the hinder members, or "molars." Furthermore, their surfaces were marked by rounded knobs, or "cusps," which, however, were just beginning to fuse to form the complex system of crests and crescents which distinguish the grinders of the horses of to-day.

Vast changes in the earth's surface have taken place since these little creatures, with such a destiny before them, munched the lush grass of their marshy habitat. At this time Switzerland was a comparatively level plain. The Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Himalayas were yet unborn. Not only was the Himalaya not existent, but along the line of its very heart—where now the Kiang lives, at an elevation of from thirteen to sixteen thousand feet—extended an arm of the sea of no inconsiderable depth. The next stage in this story of the horse "in the making" is presented by the creatures known respectively as Anchitherium and Mesohippus, of about the size of a sheep. The first named lived in Europe, while the latter is an American genus.

In Anchitherium we find the first traces of the pits in crowns of the incisor or "cutting-teeth," which afford that all-important index of age in the modern horse. The "wolf-tooth," again, in these animals was much better developed than in the horses of to-day, and was, moreover, present in both upper and lower jaws. The "cheek-teeth" are growing more complex. The[re] still two completely separate bones [fo]rm—the radius and the ulna. In the m[o]sses, and zebras the radius alone remains, the ulna being no more than a large excrescence at the elbow-joint, answering to our "funny-bone." Similarly, there are still two separate bones in the middle segment of the hind-limb—the tibia, or "shin-bone," and the fibula, or "small-bone," of the leg. In the horses of to-day the fibula is reduced to the merest vestige. The "cannon-bones" are lengthening. But these are still represented by three bones, lying side by side, and each terminating in a toe big enough to reach the ground and take part in supporting the weight of the body. But we have now a distinctly horse-like animal. Though the "valleys" between the hard ridges of the grinders, or cheek-teeth, still show no filling of cement, the eye-socket is not yet completely surrounded by bone as in the true horses. We have passed from a marsh-dweller to a forest-browsing animal.

We pass now to the Miocene Merychippus, an American genus unrepresented in the Old World. This is an extremely interesting animal, since its permanent grinders now have the valleys filled in with cement, while the "milk" teeth have no such filling, agreeing with the earlier types. More than this, these teeth mark the transition between the older, short-crowned teeth without cement and the long-crowned, heavily cemented teeth of all later horses. The permanent teeth are, however, as yet only intermediate in the length of crown between the teeth, say, of Mesohippus and those of modern horses. The two bones of the fore-arm are beginning to fuse together, while the fibula is reduced to a mere spike, not extending half-way down the shaft of the tibia or shin-bone. The lateral toes are now reduced to the condition of mere "dew-claws."

As touching the Hipparion, opinions differ as to whether this animal should be regarded as on the direct line of descent of the *Equidæ*, or whether it represents a collateral branch. But into this matter it will be needless to enter. When doctors differ, who shall decide? It was represented both in the Old and the New World; but the American species were rather more slenderly built than those found in Europe and India. It is, however, one of the last of the three-toed horses. They were of about the size of a galloway, and it is suggested were striped like the extinct quagga, though, of course, this is but a mere guess. We come to the first of the one-toed horses in Pliohippus, an animal nearer to the modern horse in size and general proportions, standing about 12 hands at the withers. It was represented by several species, in some of which minute traces of the lateral toes persisted.

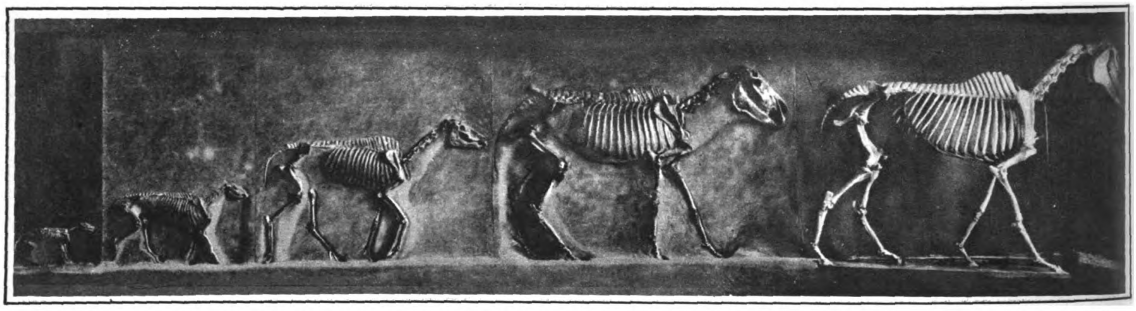
It is not to be supposed that this survey of the evolution of the horse includes all the known genera and species. This is far indeed from being the case. No more than the more important of these have been mentioned. But these serve to bring out the fact that the further we go back in time from our own day, the smaller the members of the horse-tribe become, the less complicated their teeth, and the greater the number of their toes. Those who express scorn for the Evolution theory do but express their ignorance of the evidence which has been accumulated in its support. These people do not realise the immense periods of time over which these transitions, from one type to another, take place. Professor Osborn estimates that it took one million years to eliminate the fifth digit of the horse, and two million more to accomplish the reduction of the lateral toes representing the second and fourth digits, and the consequent form of the feet of the modern horses, which, in embryo, *still* show traces of these lost digits.

The evolution in America of genera and species not found in the Old World is a matter of extreme interest. This does not imply that the horse, as we know it to-day, has had two distinct centres of origin, but that some of the Old World genera passed by overland connections into the New World, and there gave rise to yet other genera and species. All existing horses—that is to say, horses and zebras—belong to the genus *Equus*, and differ from one another in matters of size and coloration, and in comparatively unimportant details such as the development of the mane and tail and of the "chestnuts" of the legs. In the true horses, these take the form of horny excrescences above the "knee" on the fore-leg, and below the hock in the hind-limb. In the asses they are wanting on the latter. Wild horses apparently disappeared from the continent of America before the advent of man, by whom they were again introduced.

The slow transformation of the feet, by which the original five toes became reduced, at last, to but a single toe on each foot, was accompanied by, or was in response to, environmental changes. With the reduction of forest-land and the formation of prairie-land and deserts, forming relatively hard ground, more work was thrown on the central than on the lateral toes, which, from lack of use, degenerated, till to-day the only trace of these lost digits remains in the "splints" on either side of the "cannon-bone." Similarly, the transformation of the teeth was in response to the change from a diet of soft vegetable matter to the relatively hard grasses.

The evolution of our domesticated races of horses furnishes a story of surpassing interest, but too long to be attempted here. Only the "cold-blooded" type survives to-day in a wild state. And this is represented by the Mongolian wild horse, a small, heavily-built animal. From this and nearly-related extinct species, all our cold-blooded types, from the Shetland pony to the giant Shire horse, have been derived. The finer type of horse, of which the Arab is our standard, was possibly derived from the extinct Siwalik horse of India. The "thoroughbred" of to-day is a purely English product, obtained by grafting Arab stock on to our native English horses; for it has been abundantly shown that the founders of this breed—Eclipse, Herod, the Byerly Turk, Godolphin Barb—were mated to English mares, as well as to mares of Arab blood.

We may claim, then, that the first known horse, revealed to us in Professor Owen's epoch-making discovery of Hyracotherium, and the latest word in horses represented in the thoroughbred, are truly British achievements, which may well cause a glow of pride to those who make their annual pilgrimages to the Derby and Ascot meetings.



FROM LITTLE EOHIPPUS TO THE GENUS OF SANSOVINO: THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE "IN THE LAST 6,000,000 YEARS" (ACCORDING TO AN AMERICAN AUTHORITY: (L. TO R.) EOHIPPUS, MESOHIPPUS, MERYCHIPPUS, PLIOHIPPUS, AND A TYPICAL HORSE OF TO-DAY.

What with Ascot, the International Show, and the recent Derby, the horse may be called the mammal of the moment. The above very interesting exhibit, in the science library of Amherst College, Amherst, Mass., U.S.A., shows the evolution of the horse through various geological periods "in the last six million years" (to quote the "National Geographic Magazine"). The British counterpart of Eohippus was Hyracotherium, and the European equivalent of Mesohippus was Anchitherium. Merychippus was not represented in the Old World. Early types and their development are here described by Mr. Pycraft, who gives the period of the horse's evolution as about three million years. The skeleton of the modern horse was added to the Amherst exhibit in 1920, from the Bad Lands of South Dakota.

Photograph by W. E. Corbin. By Courtesy of the National Geographic Magazine, Washington.

GREAT DAYS FOR THE HORSE: PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE RICHMOND SHOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND I.B.

FIRST IN THE ROAD COACHES CLASS OF THE COACHING MARATHON: W. J. SMITH, LTD.'S "COMET," WHOSE REPRESENTATIVE WON THE HORNBLOWING COMPETITION.

SECOND IN THE CLASS FOR SHETLAND PONIES IN SINGLE HARNESS AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: MRS. PHILIP HUNLOKE'S ROSINA.

WINNER IN THE CHILDREN'S PONY CLASS: MISS NICHOLSON, ON COLONEL R. P. CROFT'S PLAYFUL, RECEIVES HER ROSETTE FROM PRINCESS ARTHUR.

WINNER OF THE OFFICERS' JUMPING COMPETITION FOR THE DUKE OF YORK'S CHALLENGE CUP: THE HON. G. W. L. JACKSON ON LINDHOLME.

WITH HER DAUGHTER, LADY MARY ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE (A COMPETITOR): THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN.

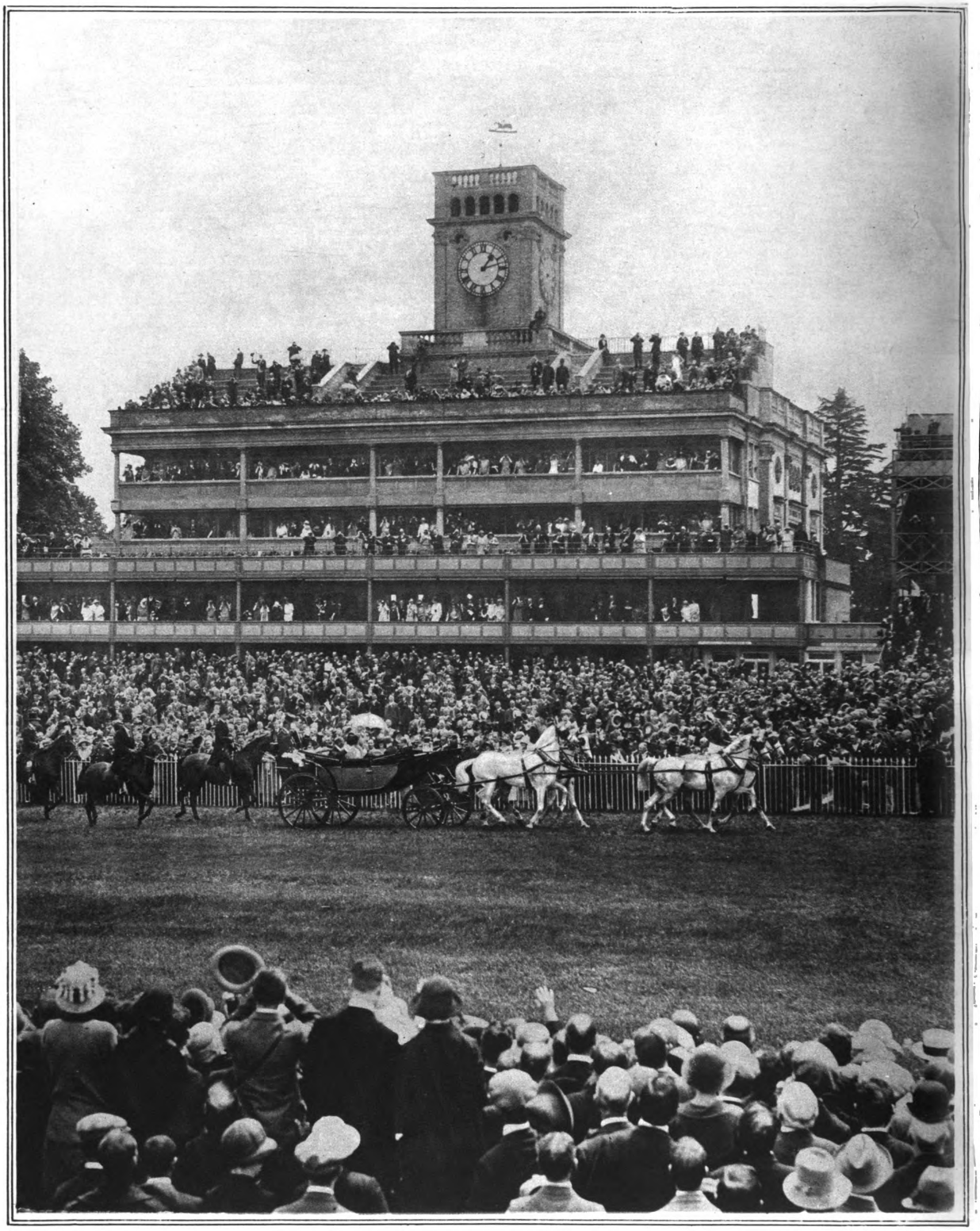
A SPECTACULAR FEATURE OF THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: THE COACHING MARATHON—THE PARADE OF COACHES IN THE OLD DEER PARK AFTER THE FINISH OF THE RACE FROM HYDE PARK TO RICHMOND.

ONLY TWO FEET HIGH: A LITTLE SHETLAND PONY FOAL IN CHARGE OF A POLICEMAN.

In spite of heavy rain on the opening day (June 12), the Richmond Horse Show was a great success, and the number of entries, nearly 900, made a record. The Duke and Duchess of York and the Marquess of Cambridge were present on the first day. Popular events of the second day were the classes for Shetland ponies and for ponies to be ridden by children not over fifteen. The winner of the latter event, Miss Nicholson, who rode Colonel R. P. Croft's Playful, received her rosette from Princess Arthur of Connaught. Both the Shetland pony events were won by Mrs. Etta Duffus, and Mrs. Philip Hunloke was second with her Rosina in the single-harness event, and Rosina and Mayvarg of Penniwells in the pairs. The great event, on the third day (the Saturday), was the Coaching Marathon from Hyde Park to the Show. For regimental coaches the Royal Artillery, Woolwich, team was first; for private coaches, Mr. W. A. [illegible]'s team of chestnuts; and, for road coaches, W. J. Smith Limited's "C[illegible]" hornblowing competition was won by W. A. Allright, of the "Com[illegible]"

ROYAL ASCOT IN ALL ITS PRE-WAR GLORY: SOCIETY'S

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT



THE ROYAL CUSTOM THAT GIVES ASCOT ITS UNIQUE DISTINCTION: THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF YORK, DRIVING ALONG THE COURSE IN SEMI-STATE ON THEIR ARRIVAL.

Royal Ascot this year renewed its former glories. The famous heath presented a brilliant spectacle on the opening day of the meeting (June 17), as the King and Queen, following traditional custom, drove up the course in semi-state, in an open landau drawn by four horses, with postillions in the special Ascot livery, and attended by outriders in scarlet. The arrival of their Majesties, with whom were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, was greeted by cheering such as even Ascot has seldom heard before. In the second carriage was the Duchess of York, with the Marchioness of Worcester, Viscount Lascelles, and the Duke of Roxburghe, and the popular young Duchess was welcomed with immense enthusiasm. In the sunshine that favoured the occasion, after so many weeks of rain, the array of summer frocks, of the bright colours that fashion has decreed this season, added much to the gaiety of the scene.

GREAT CARNIVAL OF RACING AND FASHION.

AND GENERAL AND I.B.

IN THE ROYAL BOX: A GROUP INCLUDING THE PRINCE OF WALES (LEFT), THE KING (FOURTH FROM LEFT), EX-KING MANOEL (FIFTH, AT BACK), AND THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT—SHOWING ALSO THE GOLD CUP IN THE CENTRE.

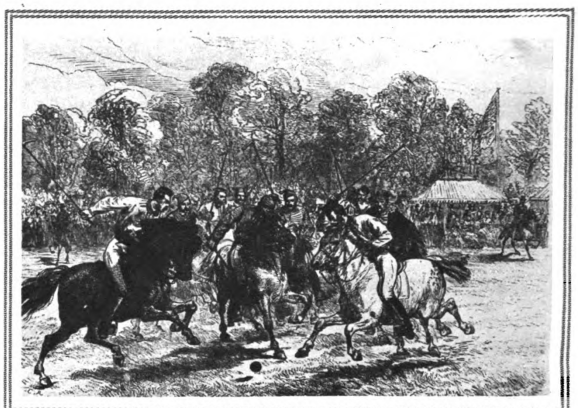
IN THE ROYAL CARRIAGE ON THEIR ARRIVAL ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE ASCOT MEETING: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE KING, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF YORK, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The crowds were swelled by thousands of visitors from the Dominions and foreign countries who have been attracted hither by the Empire Exhibition. The French contingent on the first day, it is said, was the largest on record. The King and Queen arranged to attend the meeting again in semi-state on the third day, Thursday, June 19. The association of the Royal House with Ascot, it may be recalled, has been maintained for over two centuries, since racing on the heath was inaugurated by Queen Anne. The sporting side has greatly developed since those early days. In 1711 the prizes for two days amounted only to 140 guineas, whereas this year the stakes for the week's events totalled not less than £50,000. It was arranged that, after the racing on June 17 and 19, the Royal procession should return to Windsor Castle by way of the Great Park.

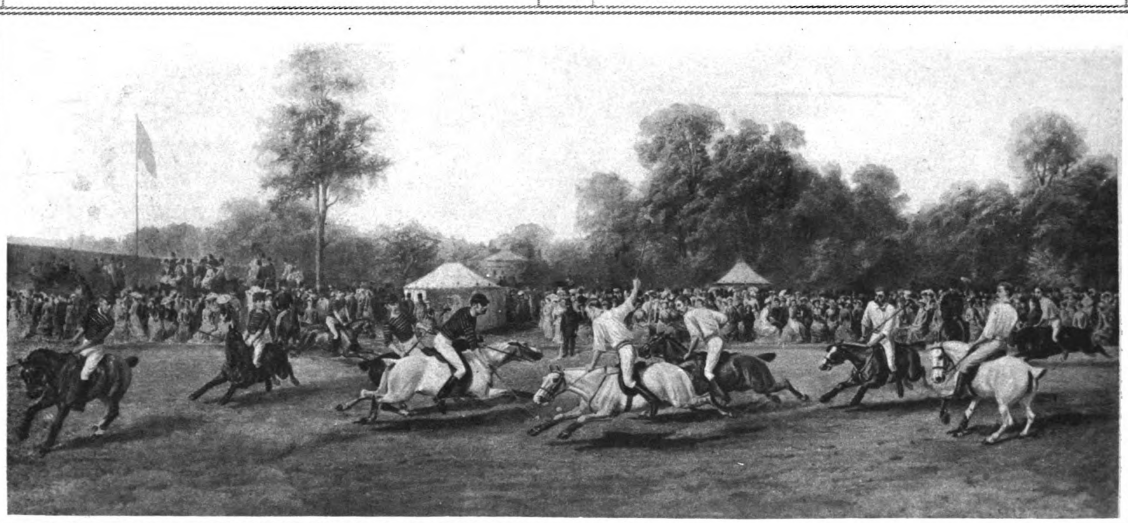
FIFTY YEARS OF POLO: THE JUBILEE OF THE GAME IN ENGLAND.

PHOTOGRAPH No. 3 BY MESSRS. COLNAGHI. BY COURTESY OF THE HURLINGHAM CLUB.

1. "OFFICERS PLAYING POLO (HOCKEY ON HORSEBACK) ON WOOLWICH COMMON": A DRAWING FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JULY 20, 1872.



2. "THE OPENING MATCH OF THE POLO CLUB AT HURLINGHAM": A DRAWING FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," OF JUNE 20, 1874.



3. WHEN POLO WAS PLAYED WITH FIVE A SIDE: "A POLO MATCH AT HURLINGHAM BETWEEN THE HORSE GUARDS (BLUES) AND THE MONMOUTHSHIRE TEAMS. 7TH JULY, 1877"—A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING.

4. "POLO AT HURLINGHAM BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES": A DRAWING FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JULY 3, 1875.

5. "A POLO MATCH BY ELECTRIC LIGHT AT THE RANELAGH CLUB": A DRAWING FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JUNE 5, 1880.

In view of the International Trial Match at Roehampton on June 16, it is interesting to recall that this year the Hurlingham Club is celebrating the jubilee of polo in England, and has issued a beautifully illustrated booklet to commemorate the occasion. The first of the above illustrations from our past issues shows that a form of polo was played at Woolwich even earlier than 1874. The other drawings show subsequent developments of the game, which was formerly played with five a side. Captain E. D. Miller's book, "Modern Polo," states: "It was in 1883 that the present system of only four players a side was adopted at Hurlingham, although in the home Inter-Regimental Tournament teams had already been limited to that number in 1881, while in 1880 the Scots Greys had won the All-Ireland Open Cup with only four men." It comes as a surprise to learn that a polo match was played by electric light as long ago as 1880, as recorded in our issue for June 5 of that year, which said: "The game did not begin till about ten o'clock in the evening. Three stands had been erected for the electric illumination. . . . The match was between the Ranelagh and the Hurlingham Clubs, the former being represented by Captain Herbert, Mr. A. Peat, Mr. T. S. Kennedy and Mr. W. Anderton, whilst the Hurlingham contingent consisted of Mr. E. H. Baldock, Mr. A. E. Peat, Mr. Howard, and Mr. Wyndham Quin."

WEMBLEY ANAGLYPHS: FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE IN VIVID RELIEF.

These Reproductions will Appear in full Stereoscopic Relief when Looked at through the Viewing-Mask and Red-and-Green Filters, many Thousands of which have been Given Away Exclusively to our Readers.—See Text.

REVEALED BY THE VIEWING-MASK AS A LOVELY VISTA OF WEMBLEY LANDSCAPE: LAKE-SIDE ROCKERIES, SHOWING IN THE BACKGROUND (L. TO R.) THE PAVILIONS OF AUSTRALIA, MALAYA, AND NEW ZEALAND.

JUST AS ONE MIGHT SEE IT FROM THE RAILINGS IN THE FOREGROUND: A PEEP AT THE MALAYA PAVILION THROUGH FOLIAGE THROWN BY THE VIEWING-MASK INTO WONDERFUL GRADATIONS OF RELIEF.

WITH EACH INDIVIDUAL FLOWER SHOWN IN VIVID RELIEF THROUGH THE MASK: TULIPS AND LUPINS IN THE GARDEN SHOWING IN THE BACKGROUND (L. TO R.) THE PALACES OF ENGINEERING AND INDUSTRY.

WITH EVERY LEAF, STALK, AND BLOSSOM SHOWN OUTSTANDING AND DISTINCT, WHEN SEEN THROUGH THE MASK: A WONDERFUL ANAGLYPH OF A TULIP BED, WITH THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY BEYOND THE TREES.

The beauty of the Wembley landscape is vividly revealed by these remarkable Anaglyphs, which, when seen through the viewing-mask, stand out stereoscopically in exquisite relief, showing every detail of flowers or foliage in the foreground, with figures, statues, trees, and buildings in due gradations of distance beyond. They produce in the spectator an illusion of being actually on the spot. As noted on the companion page of golf anaglyphs, readers who have not already got a viewing-mask may obtain one by filling up the coupon on page 1150 of this number, and sending it with postage stamps to the value of 1½d. (Inland) or 2½d. (Foreign) to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyphs), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS BY REALISTIC TRAVELS, PUBLICITY, FOR ANAGLYPH REPRODUCTION BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

"OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT INTO THE SHADOWS": PRIZ

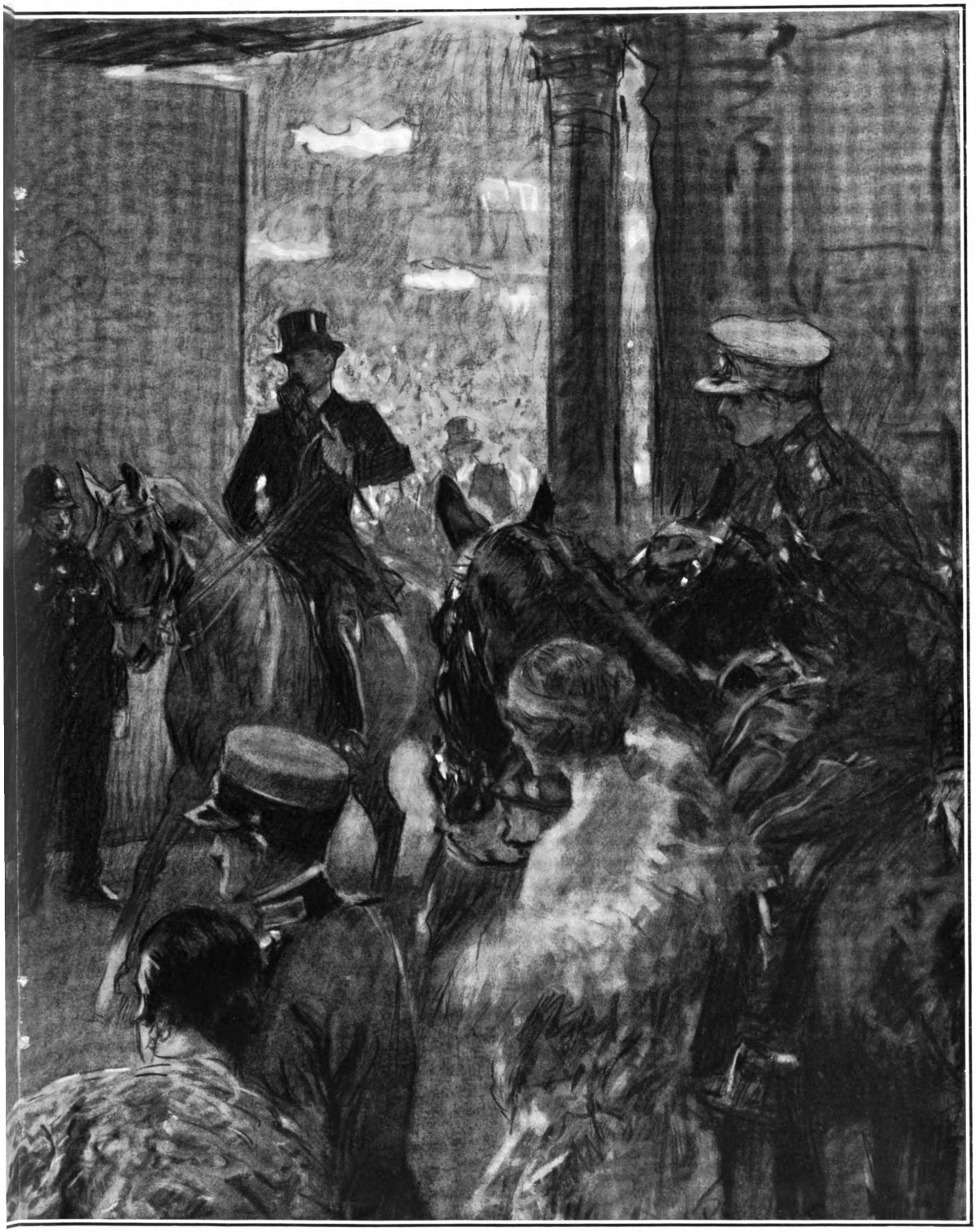
DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRA

CARRYING HIS BADGE OF VICTORY—A BLUE ROSETTE—IN HIS MOUTH RETURNING FROM THE ARENA, PRECED

This year's International Horse Show, which it was arranged to hold at Olympia from June 20 to 28, promises to be of more than usual interest and importance. The total entries were well over 2000, a considerable increase on those of last year, and there were 200 more exhibitors in the riding and harness events for amateurs, for whom several new classes were added. There have also been some notable alterations in the conditions, including the placing of entrance fees on a uniform basis, reductions in the charges for horse boxes and stalls, and the establishment of a Shareholders and Exhibitors' Club at the Princes Rooms. The International Horse Society has laid down strict rules for the amateur section, which, if generally followed at other

PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE HORSE SHOW LEAVING THE ARENA.

TED LONDON NEWS" BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.



TH: A PRIZE-WINNER IN THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA
EDED BY A SUCCESSFUL LADY COMPETITOR.

shows, ought to have a good effect both on horse-breeding and horsemanship. The programme of events includes two coaching Marathons from Richmond Park to Olympia, while the military jumping contests are, as always, an important feature. The Armies represented comprise those of Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy, Switzerland, Norway, and Poland. This is the first occasion on which the United States Army has been officially represented. Our drawing illustrates a typical scene inside one of the entrances to the arena during the Show, on the return of two successful competitors. It is often the custom of prize-winners to carry their rosettes (badges of victory) in their mouths.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada. C.R.*]

GREAT AMATEUR GOLFERS "ANAGLYPHED": TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF.

Next Week Will Appear in full Stereoscopic Relief when Viewed through the Viewing Mask with Red and Green Films, which Will be Presented Gratuitously to our Readers. (See col. 2.)

AN OUTSTANDING FIGURE SEEN THROUGH THE MASK: MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY PLAYING AN IRON SHOT TO THE FOURTEENTH GREEN AT ST. ANDREWS IN THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

ALMOST ALIVE THROUGH THE MASK: MR. TOLLEY DRIVING FROM THE THIRD TEE AT ST. ANDREWS.

THE NEW AMATEUR CHAMPION IN VIVID RELIEF: MR. E. W. E. HOLDERNESS DRIVING.

A LIFE-LIKE PRESENTMENT: THE AMATEUR CHAMPION MR. E. W. E. HOLDERNESS, PLAYING OUT OF A BUNKER.

A LIVING FIGURE WHEN SEEN THROUGH THE MASK: MR. E. W. E. HOLDERNESS A MASK: SHOT.

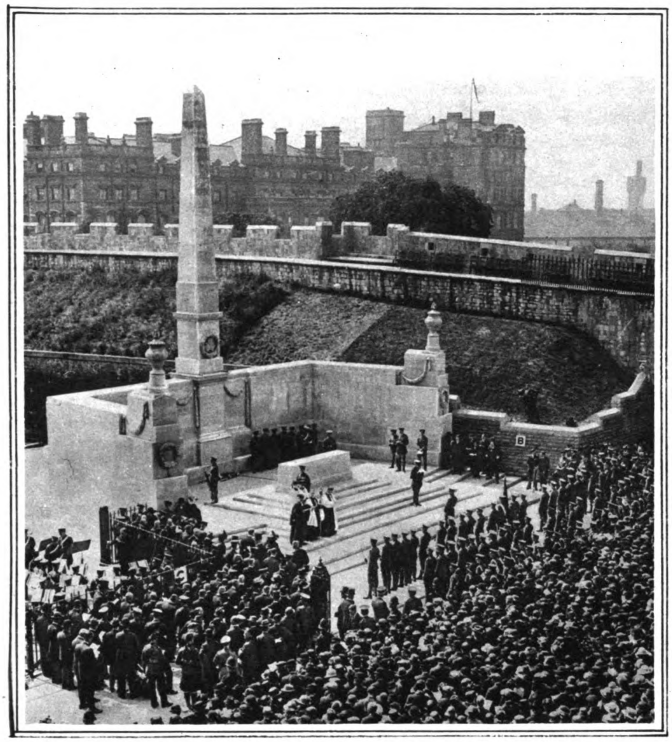
THE EXCITING FINISH AND SENSATIONAL STANDING OUT IN BOLD RELIEF WHEN SEEN THROUGH THE ANAGLYPH VIEWING-MASK: MR. ROGER WETHERED DRIVING FROM THE FIFTEENTH TEE ON THE FAMOUS OUSE AT ST. ANDREWS, SHOWING MR. TOLLEY WITH UMBRELLA, IN THE CENTRE OF THE GALLERY.

As we have already published Anaglyphs of the Lady Golf Champion in our issue of May 17, it is only fair that the Amateur Champion, Mr. E. W. E. Holderness, should be [illegible]. The above three photographs of him, as well as those [illegible], and that of our other famous golfer, Mr. C. J. H. Tolley, will appear in stereoscopic relief through our Anaglyph mask next week. Readers who have not got a mask already may secure one by filling up the coupon on page ii of this number, and sending it with postage stamps to the value of 1½d. Inland, or 2½d. Foreign, to "The Illustrated London News" Anaglyph, 15 Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

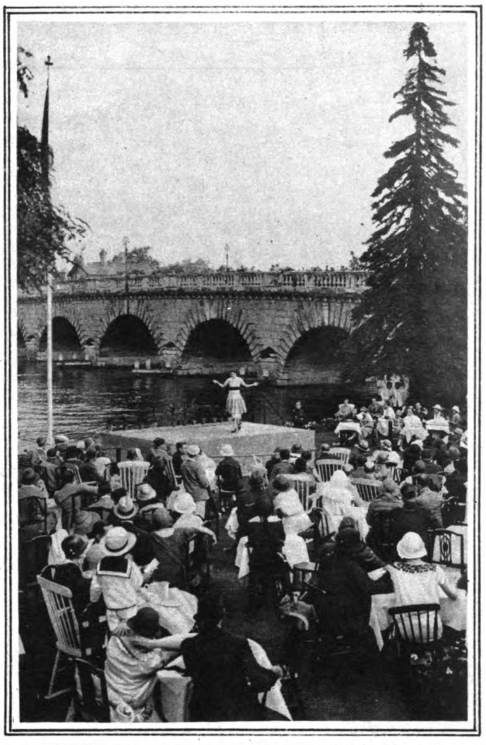
[illegible] ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GOLF CHAMPIONS. [illegible] EXCLUSIVELY FOR ANAGLYPH REPRODUCTION IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND H. F. HILL (HONOLULU, HAWAII). DRAWING BY G. D'AMATO.

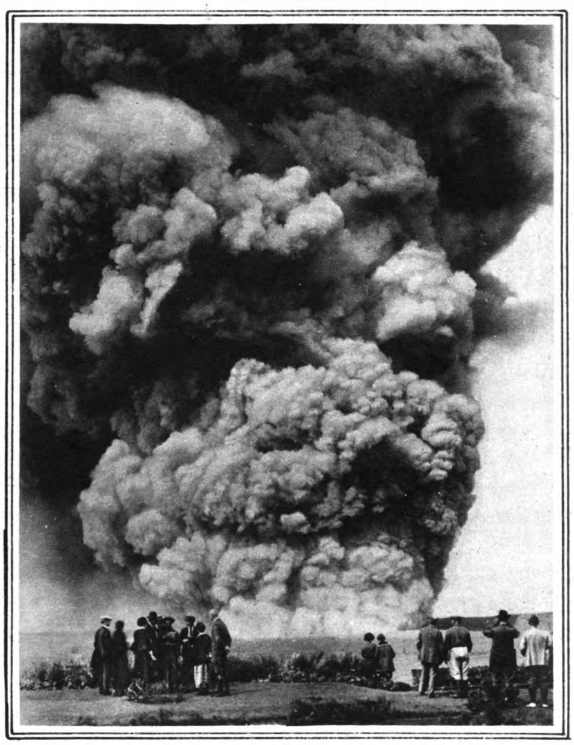


COMMEMORATING 2236 MEN OF THE OLD NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT WAR: THE N.E.R. MEMORIAL AT YORK UNVEILED BY FIELD-MARSHAL LORD PLUMER, AND DEDICATED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.



A NOVEL MANNEQUIN PARADE ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES: "CREATIONS" FOR ASCOT DISPLAYED AT MURRAY'S RIVER CLUB, NEAR MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.

PROCLAIMING THE TWENTY-SECOND HOLY YEAR (1925) FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH: MONSIGNOR WIBERT, *DOYEN* OF THE APOSTOLIC NOTARIES, READING THE PAPAL BULL IN THE PORTICO OF ST. PETER'S.



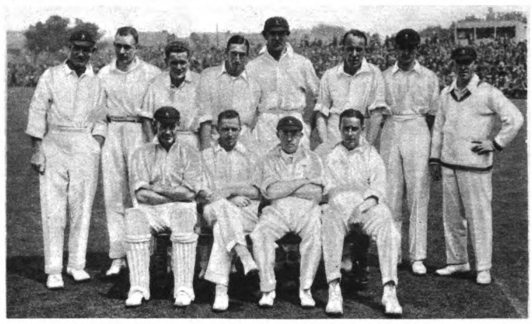
AS IT APPEARED FROM A DISTANCE OF TWO MILES TO THE SPECTATORS IN THE FOREGROUND: A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OF THE GREAT VOLCANO OF KILAUEA, IN HAWAII, ON MAY 22, HURLING ROCKS AND DUST TWO MILES HIGH.

The N.E.R. War Memorial at York, in the station approach, was unveiled on June 14 by Field-Marshal Lord Plumer. The monument commemorates 2236 men of the old North-Eastern Railway who died in the Great War. It was dedicated by the Archbishop of York.——Maidenhead Bridge and the Thames formed a picturesque background the other day for a novel mannequin display of summer frocks for Ascot, at Murray's River Club.——A Papal Bull announcing the Holy Year (from December 24, 1924 to December 24, 1925) was read in St. Peter's at Rome re[illegible]ert, the *doyen* of the Apostolic Notaries, who had received it in the Throne Room at the Vatican, in the presence of the Pope, and carried it in procession to the portico. The Pope wishes the Holy Year to be one of penitence and charity, and peace and goodwill among peoples. It will be the twenty-second of the series. The first, ordered in 1300 by Pope Boniface, is mentioned by Dante in the "Divine Comedy."——The great active volcano of Kilauea, in Hawaii, which we have illustrated at various times, recently began a series of explosive eruptions, on a scale more tremendous than any experienced for over a hundred years. They were accompanied by earthquakes.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, BASSANO, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., VANDYK, PHOTOPRESS, I.B., AND TOPICAL.

MAKERS OF THE HIGHEST SCORE (438) EVER MADE IN ENGLAND v. SOUTH AFRICA MATCHES IN THIS COUNTRY: THE ENGLISH TEAM IN THE TEST MATCH, WHICH THEY WON BY AN INNINGS AND 18 RUNS.



MAKERS OF THE LOWEST SCORE EVER MADE IN A TEST MATCH IN ENGLAND: THE S. AFRICAN TEAM, WHO WERE OUT FOR 30, FIRST INNINGS, BUT MADE 390, A FINE RECOVERY, IN THE SECOND.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA: BRIG.-GEN. SIR SAMUEL WILSON.

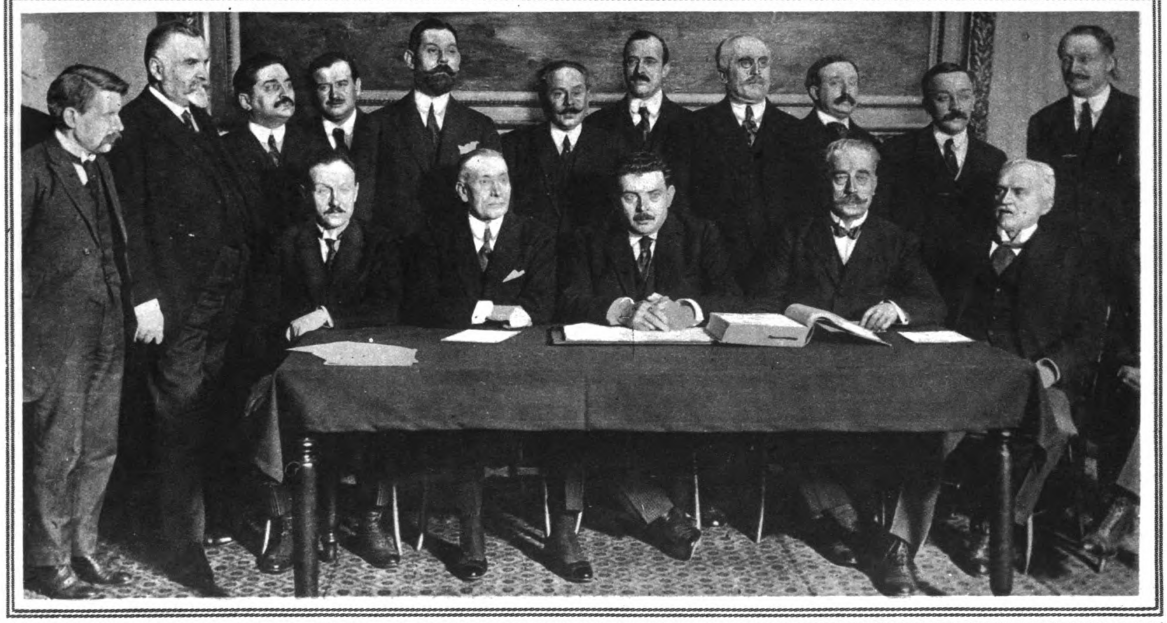
VICE-PRESIDENT, ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS: THE LATE MR. YEEND KING.

A WELSH COAL AND STEEL MAGNATE: THE LATE SIR L. W. LLEWELLYN.

"BESIEGED" IN HIS LEGATION: MR. H. A. C. CUMMINS, BRITISH AGENT IN MEXICO.

ABDUCTED AND REPORTED DEAD: SIGNOR MATTEOTTI, ITALIAN SOCIALIST DEPUTY.

PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM DUKE.

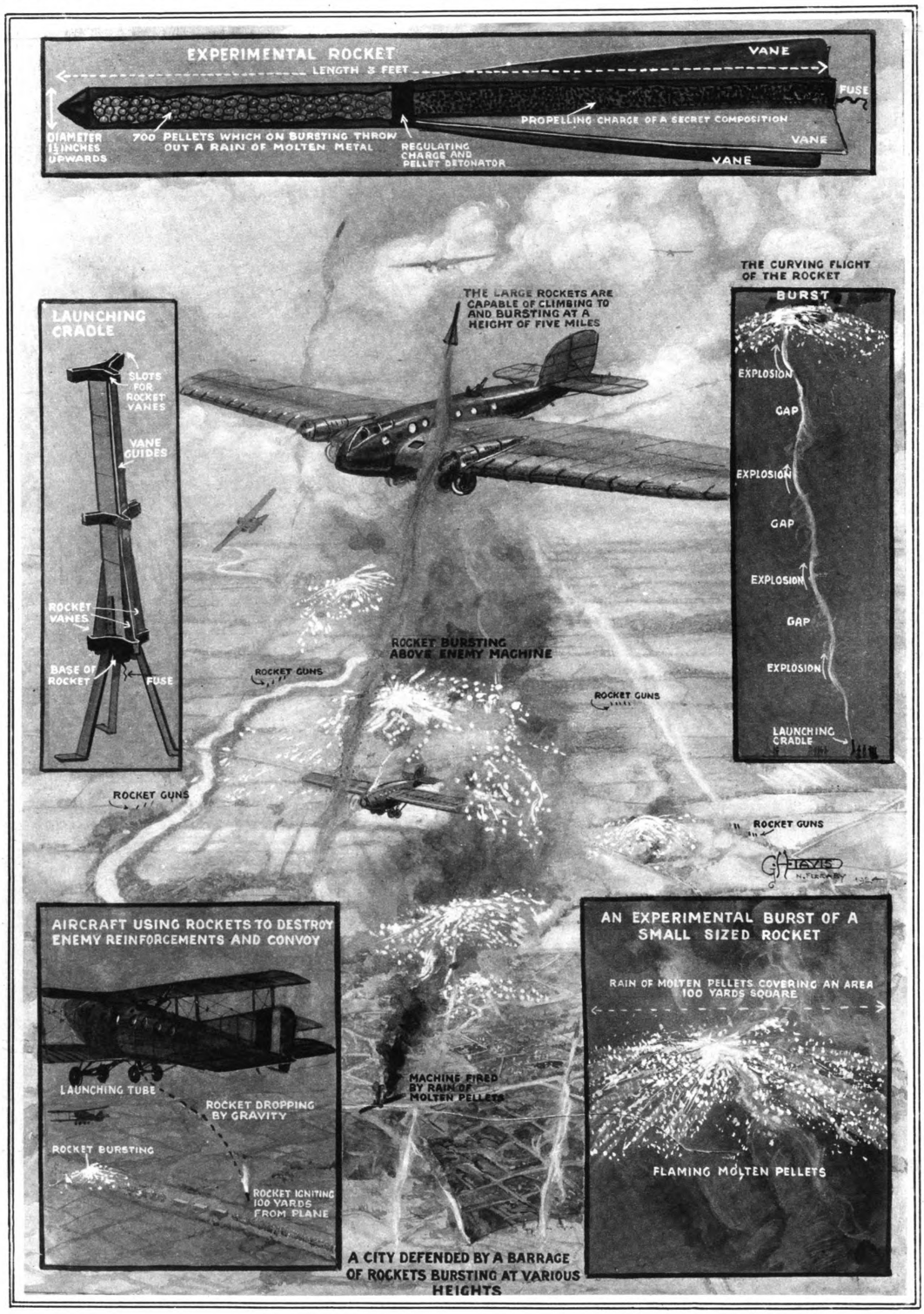


THE CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE: THE NEW PRIME MINISTER, M. EDOUARD HERRIOT (THIRD FROM LEFT, SEATED), WHO IS ALSO MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, WITH MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET, INCLUDING GENERAL NOLLET (EXTREME RIGHT, SEATED), MINISTER OF WAR.

The first Test Match, played at Edgbaston, was remarkable for the two records noted above. Our photograph of the English team shows, omitting the umpires (from left to right): standing—Kilner, Tate, Chapman, Wood, Tyldesley, Parkin, Hendren, and Sutcliffe; seated—Fender, Gilligan (Captain), Hobbs, and Woolley. The South African group shows (l. to r.): standing—Nourse, Parker, Catterall, Deane, Susskind, Pegler, Nupen, and Hearne; seated—Ward, Taylor, Commaille, and Blanckenberg.——Sir Samuel Wilson served on the General Staff on the Western Front in the War, and in 1921 became Governor of Trinidad and Tobago.——Signor Matteotti was abducted in the streets of Rome on June 10, and it was reported later that he had been stabbed to death. The affair caused intense political feeling in Italy.——Mr. Yeend King, Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, had exhibited at the Academy since 1876.——Sir Leonard W. Llewellyn was a director of steel and colliery companies, and during the war was a controller at the Ministry of Munitions.——Sir William Duke was largely responsible for the Government of India Act of 1919.——Mr. H. A. C. Cummins, whose treatment in Mexico has caused action by the British Government, has been Diplomatic Agent there since 1917.——The photograph of the new French Cabinet shows (l. to r.): seated—MM. Chautemps (Interior), Renoult (Justice), Herriot (Premier and Foreign Affairs), Clémentel (Finance), and General Nollet (War); standing—Albert (Education and Fine Arts), Raynaldy (Commerce and Industry), Laurent-Eynac (Under-Sec., Aeronautics), Daladier (Colonies), Dumesnil (Marine), Meyer (Under-Sec., Mercantile Marine), Dalbiez (Liberated Regions), Godart (Labour and Health), de Moro-Giafferi (Under-Sec., Technical Education), Queville (Agriculture), and Robert (Under-Sec., Posts and Telegraphs).

RAINING MOLTEN METAL: A NEW ROCKET FOR AIR WARFARE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM PARTICULARS AND DEMONSTRATIONS BY THE INVENTOR, MR. ERNEST WELSH, AT NORTH FERRIBY.

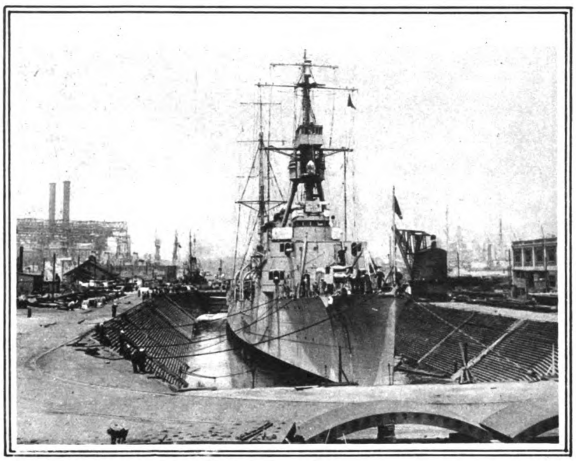


A NEW DEATH-DEALING DEVICE FOR THE NEXT WAR: A ROCKET THAT SHOWERS MOLTEN METAL.

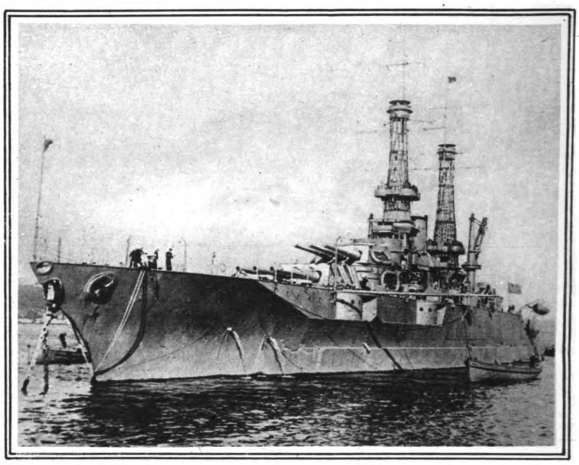
In the quiet Yorkshire village of North Ferriby, near Hull, are the works of Mr. Ernest Welsh, who invented several important war devices. His latest invention is a rocket that, on bursting, throws out a terrible shower of molten metal. His recent experiments with medium-sized rockets proved that a shower of flaming pellets can cover an area of a hundred square yards. Mr. Welsh stated to our artist that these experimental rockets can climb to five miles, and by increasing the power and size, this altitude could be easily extended. The comparatively small rockets at present being manufactured contain 700 pellets. The rocket has no stick, but at the base are three vanes which have to be carefully made and adjusted to insure perfect flight. On igniting the fuse the propelling charge sends the rocket soaring out of its launching cradle, and fresh impetus is given at regular intervals by the bursting of successive charges, so that the rocket appears to take a wobbling flight caused by the gaps between the explosions. Between the propelling and bursting charges, there is placed a secret regulating charge and detonator for the pellets. Should the rockets be used against raiding aircraft in defence of a city, batteries of rockets could be sent up in the form of a barrage. As the pellets and rocket quickly burn and disappear, the rockets could be used directly over a city without danger from falling fragments. A new type is being devised which can be used from aeroplanes, and even airships, without danger, as it falls over 300 ft. before bursting.—[*Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.*]

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: INTERESTING ITEMS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

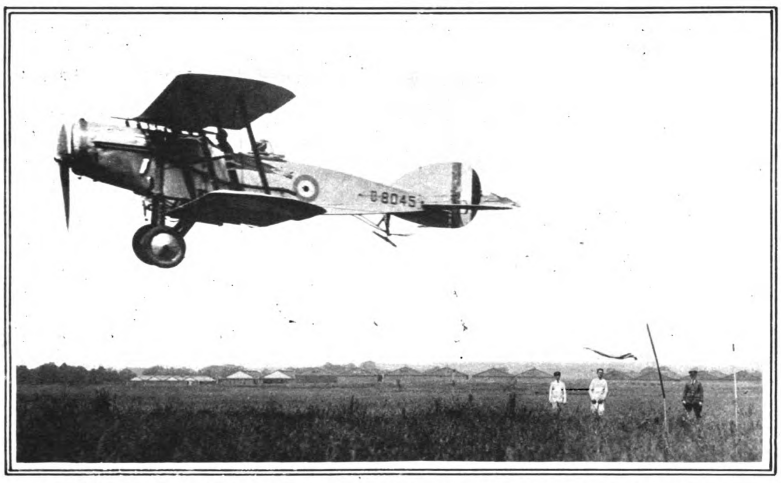
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, AND C.N.



A NEW AMERICAN LIGHT CRUISER ABOUT TO START ON A 25,000-MILE TEST CRUISE: THE U.S.S. "TRENTON" BEING FLOODED OUT OF DRY DOCK.

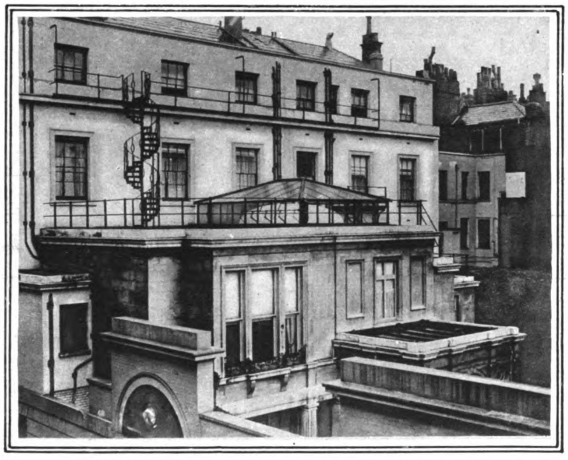


THE WORST PEACE-TIME DISASTER IN THE U.S. NAVY: THE BATTLE-SHIP "MISSISSIPPI," IN WHICH 48 WERE KILLED BY AN EXPLOSION IN A TURRET.



THE NON-STOP AIR MESSENGER: AN R.A.F. MACHINE AT FARNBOROUGH PICKING UP, WITH TRAILER AND HOOK, MESSAGE-BAGS SUSPENDED BETWEEN POSTS ON THE GROUND.

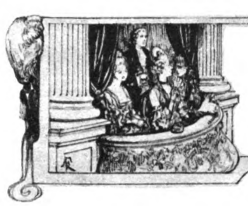
FIXING A MESSAGE-BAG (FOR AN AEROPLANE TO PICK UP) TO A CORD BETWEEN TWO POSTS: R.A.F. TESTS IN AIR COMMUNICATIONS.



REWARD, £5000: THE SCENE OF THE GREAT ROBBERY OF LADY LUDLOW'S ANTIQUE JEWELS, WORTH ABOUT £100,000—BATH HOUSE, PICCADILLY—BACK VIEW.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FIRST VISIT TO THE POTTERIES: WATCHING A GIRL-ARTIST AT THE CAULDON POTTERIES, WHERE THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE CROCKERY WAS MADE.

The new light cruiser "Trenton," just completed for the United States Navy, is 535 ft. long, and has a speed of 35 knots. She is to go on a 25,000-mile cruise to South Africa, to test her powers of long-range scouting.——A terrible disaster happened on board the U.S. battle-ship "Mississippi" on June 12, when, during target practice off the Californian coast, an explosion occurred which killed 3 officers and 45 men. An hour later, while the wounded were being transferred to a hospital-ship off San Pedro, another gun in the turret went off, the shell narrowly missing a passenger-ship.——During R.A.F. tests of air communications at Farnborough recently, an aeroplane of No. 4 Squadron, flying low, picked up, by means of a hook at the end of a trailing rope, a message-bag suspended on a cord between two posts on the ground. A similar system, used by the R.A.F. in Mesopotamia, was illustrated in our issue of November 17 last. It is to be demonstrated at the R.A.F. Pageant on June 28.——On the night of June 11-12, expert thieves broke into Bath House, Piccadilly, the residence of Lady Ludlow, and stole the best of the collection of fifteenth and sixteenth-century jewels formed by her first husband, the late Sir Julius Wernher, and estimated to be worth about £100,000. A reward of £5000 has been offered.—— The Prince of Wales visited the Potteries, for the first time, on June 12 and 13. At the Cauldon Potteries (founded 1744), at Stoke-on-Trent, he was shown a new dessert service of eighteen pieces, on each of which the firm's artist had painted a winner of the Grand National. This factory made the crockery for the Queen's Dolls' House at Wembley.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"THE FARMER'S WIFE."—"HULLO, PLAYGOERS!"

SHE has already reached a hundred, and for aught I know may grow as old as Methuselah. Nor will she ever wrinkle so long as Devon remains Devon and a well-to-do bachelor the quarry of unwedded woman. Talk of unlucky theatres—theatres out of the way! Once more the ancient notion is exploded. The Court is full night after night, and at matinées country cousins put in two happy hours before going to Wembley. I have seen "The Farmer's Wife" twice at matinées, and never have I seen such a happy lot of rubicund faces and rural portliness, never heard so many accents foreign to London's parlance. The intonations of all the "shires" of England vibrated in the house, from the dulcet tones of Zummerzet to the drawl of Devon and the broad consonants of the Border.

And the joy it was to hear the laugh in unison, or to watch their mien when, in a tender love-scene between Farmer Sweetland and his Araminta, you could hear a pin drop and behold here and there a hankie wiping a moistened corner of the eye. Frankly, I myself felt "funny"—a touch of pleasant gooseflesh with a tightening round the throat. It was so divinely human, because it was so simple and the words as solacing as a sermon welling up right from the heart.

If I were asked to name rapidly the three best comedies of middle-class life seen on the English stage since the beginning of the century, I would answer without hesitation: "The Man from Blankley's," by Anstey; "The White-Headed Boy"; and Eden Phillpotts's "Farmer's Wife." All three are real comedy—that is, they reflect the people, the morals, the manners of a period in a mirror slightly curved in satire. If "The Man from Blankley's" was a reflection of Bayswater people, the "White-Headed Boy," of Ireland, "The Farmer's Wife" is Devon, with its large-hearted folk, its uncompromising form of speech, its ever-alert eye to the main chance. These characters are lovable even for their faults. For they are right within. They call a spade a spade. They are rugged and upright. They are frankly utilitarian. To them money talks. And woman is not only a mate but a necessity: the men are still—or they imagine that they are—the cock of the walk. They strut about and think that their company is an honour conferred. And the women see through them, let them have their way, and quietly play a game of their own. Some are too artful and miss the market, as the postmistress did, who would have taken Sweetland, although he offended her to a crisis of hysterics. Some go their way quietly, as Araminta did, when she helped Farmer Sweetland to make a list of the "likelies" to relieve his widowhood. She knew all the time what would happen: she knew that he was her man, and around him she wove a net of tenderness and such minute little personal cares and attentions as would one day open his eyes. Like the rest of them, she had the heavenly gift of humour—only she kept it to herself. He did not see that, while she launched him on the bride-chase, she laughed within all the time.

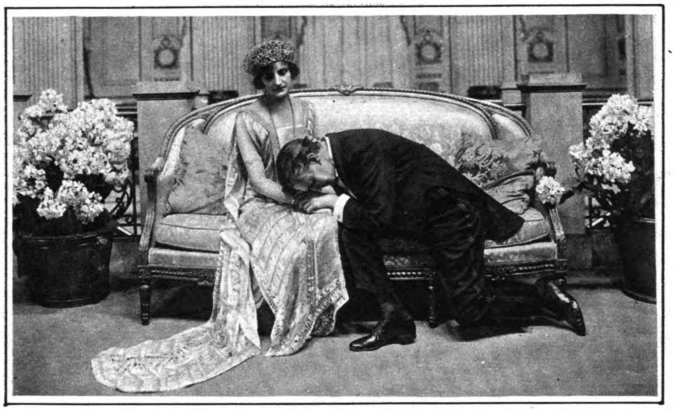
She knew them all to the core—the buxom publican-lady; the shrivelled-up old spinster seeking solace for her solitude in good works; the rotund postmistress so flibberty-gibbety and so coy. "Let him go, let him go," she whispered to herself, "let him go even to Bideford"—or wherever the cathedral city was—"to beguile another well-to-do landlady with a little dinner and a bottle of sherry-wine (which cost him four shillings, worse luck!). He will come back." And he did, the dear old duffer, who willy-nilly and very late discovered that what he sought afar was waiting for him at home, right at hand.

All these little plots and counterplots—these courtships of suave beginnings and rough-tongued endings until at last the good Sweetland, to use his own parlance, is really like a babe, but whom not a regiment of soldiers could move—were delicious. Most delicious of all, the spinster's party, with her rare collection of visitors and refreshments—with the misogynist farm-labourer officiating at the door in gold-braided uniform much too large, and

TEA ON THE TERRACE OF THE (STAGE) HOUSE OF COMMONS: A SCENE IN "LONDON LIFE," BY ARNOLD BENNETT AND EDWARD KNOBLOCK, AT DRURY LANE.

Araminta, still playing her passive game, serving like a superior maid at the buffet—the "boss" of the whole show—laughing at them all—if they had but known it.

It is truly a wonderful little comedy with its types and characters. Churdles Ash, the farm-hand who hates women and growls at all the world—won't he live like Sam Weller and other immortals of Dickens? Phillpotts knows his Devon to the core; the play is racy of the soil; it is as mellow as its cream; the scent of hardy heather wafts through it; one feels the tang of the sea-air that seasons the goodly land of the rugged red cliffs crowned with green.



A ROMANCE OF POLITICS IN "LONDON LIFE" AT DRURY LANE: ORIANA OPPLETREE (MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE) AND SIMON BLACKSHAW (MR. HENRY AINLEY).

As is natural in a play for which Mr. Arnold Bennett is partly responsible, the hero of "London Life," Simon Blackshaw, hails from the Five Towns. An ambitious solicitor who has entered Parliament, he is aided in his political career by Oriana Oppletree, a rich and charming lady from Essex, in whose company he is apt to forget that he is a married man.—[*Photographs by Stage Photo Co.*]

As for the acting—I wish that Mr. Barry Jackson would charter a *Mayflower* and let it sail to the Continent and across the Atlantic. It would show the world what English acting means when it is perfection. It would show, too, that we have temperamental actresses, if we would but seek them. Miss Evelyn Hope's Araminta is simply a masterpiece—as is young Cedric Hardwicke's Ash (a wonderful transformation of a young man into an old and grumpy philosopher of the soil), and Melville Cooper's monumental figure of the mighty, self-willed Farmer Sweetland. But, reverting to temperament, what could be more vivid than Miss Iris Kember's volatile, excitable little postmistress; more yearningly spinster-like than Miss Maud Gill's Thyrza Tapper; more masculine-feminine than Miss Margaret Chatwin's publican-widow; more matter-of-fact yet attractive than Miss Eileen Beldon's Petronell Sweetland; more sweetly daisy-like in her tender secrecy of love than Miss Phyllis Shand? Yet, when all is said, and all the men, too many to name, praised for their excellence, the outstanding figure remains Araminta. For years I have prophesied the coming of Miss Evelyn Hope. I said so when, in Stayton's remarkable play of "The Joan Danvers," she made her first bid for fame. Like Araminta's in the play, hers was a long waiting game. But now we are all agreed. Her Araminta is characterisation of exquisite completeness. She begins in aloofness; gently she takes the lead; there is never obtrusion—no semblance of theatricality. She floats through the play quietly, subtly, impressively. Gradually we felt that she is the mistress of the situation. Then comes the love-scene, and a simple heart bursts forth in simple words warmed by inward fervour. It is a scene of idyllic beauty. "Love makes all hearts gentle."

. . . .

In 1908 I was in Budapest and stayed at the Hotel Ungaria, then one of the finest hotels in the world. I wanted to know what was going on at the theatres, and I asked the porter. He conducted me to an easy chair in the lounge and asked me to unhook the telephone receiver behind it and listen. It was the new sensation of the "Spoken Newspaper"; I heard all about politics abroad, local news, and then another voice announced: "Last night at the Royal Theatre there was produced for the first time Sienkewicz's famous drama 'Quo Vadis,' and these are my impressions"—then followed a graphic description of the play and detailed criticism of the actors. It was a most pleasant way of learning "what 's on" and worth seeing. It was the first attempt at broadcasting, and every fairly well-to-do denizen of Budapest had the "Spoken Newspaper" in his house—a thing then undreamed of in the rest of Europe.

Sixteen years elapsed (as they have it on theatre-programmes) and, having taken up the gauntlet for "2LO" in *The Illustrated London News*, when there was a dispute between the Broadcasting Company and some theatrical managers, I was invited by Mr. Archibald Haddon to listen to one of his early efforts as the Dramatic Critic to the B.B.C.—a pioneer of a new era. There he stood, text in hand, and in measured tones, careful of every syllable, he read into the receiver a pleasant discourse on the activities of Sunday players and the spreading theatrical movement in villages. We two were alone in that room, but we knew that his voice carried his thoughts from Land's End to John o' Groats. I was aware that I was listening to the most heard dramatic critic in the kingdom. For about a year Mr. Haddon had sent forth his weekly message to the listeners-in, and now he has collected his essays in a neat little volume, published by Mr. Cecil Palmer, and with a charming preface by Lord Burnham, himself a broadcaster, who graphically describes the "unseen" pleasure to the lonely folk on the prairie, the lighthouse, the sailor in the Arctic, the soldier at the frontier-post; and confesses to the weird and curious thrill of addressing an unseen audience of half-a-million persons! If but a tithe of these huge audiences will buy Mr. Haddon's book, it will prove one of the "best sellers" and belie the reputation that dramatic criticism in volumes is a drug in the market.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE KING and the Queen had a nice time among the soldiers at Aldershot, and the Queen, as usual, was about the women's quarters and looking after the babies. It seemed very uncertain about the Review, because the rains were so heavy; but there was lots to do and to see, and the soldiers were greatly gratified by the keen interest taken by their Majesties in everything that concerns them. With Ascot the season reaches its zenith, and, despite the vagaries of the weather, has up to now been a very full one. Wembleyitis has, happily, been rampant, and has engendered a very proper crop of pride in being British. The call of London has never been more strong or more eagerly answered than at holiday time, and the visitors stayed for a few days and went home, I 'm sure, with plenty to talk about.

Miss Murray will not return to New York to be a bridesmaid, according to information received from my very reliable American correspondent, as she is being married in Paris to Lord Doune this week, and when she returns to New York will be a bride—therefore ineligible as bridesmaid. We are gaining, I am told, a very charming girl, who will be entertained in London during the latter half of the season. Lord Doune is a handsome man, and a brave one. The family estates in several Scottish counties have been made into a limited liability company—a way adopted by several of our great landowners to their own profit and comfort, I am told. Lord Doune's brother, who married the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's daughter, has a house in town. I hear that the newly married pair will arrive soon in London.

Norfolk House has been taken for the rest of the season by a gentleman from Pittsburg, presumably a millionaire. Pittsburg seems to infer great wealth, and even two months' rent of Norfolk House would make a good hole in an ordinary banking account. One hears that Paris is very jealous of the number of rich Americans who love London and come here to shed upon us some of their superfluous wealth—some also of their energetic and enthusiastic appreciation. The American who runs down England is out of date, quite *démodé*. The new way is to say how little English people know of their own land and how little they appreciate it, how unworthy they

Striped taffeta makes this attractive bathing suit, and Terry towelling the cape. They may be studied in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. (*See page* 1192.)

are of it. It is, therefore, a case of either the place or the people coming under stern criticism. The funny part is that the unappreciative people of our right little, tight little island much prefer being run down themselves to having their country spoken of slightingly. The Americans who came over here and called Queen Victoria "Little Vic," and said they would neither bow nor curtsey to her, are as extinct as the Dodo. The up-to-date Transatlantic visitors are great admirers of our King and Queen, and would like to buy the Prince of Wales—they like him so much.

Balls and dances by the dozen night after night have graced this season, and continue so to do. There

Ready for the fray is this small maiden, clad in a workmanlike swimmer of Egyptian cotton decorated with an amusing embroidered mascot. Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's. (*See page* 1192.)

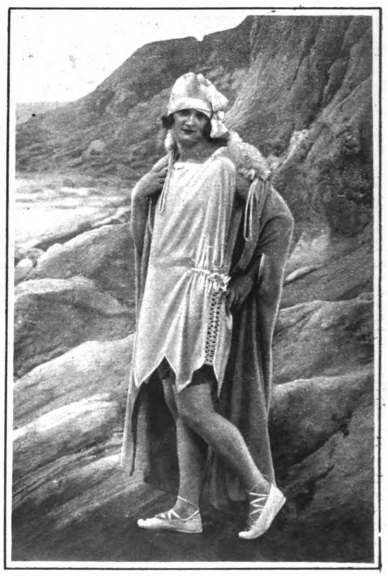
has been at some of the big private ones a return to the old style of lavish entertaining. Hot suppers, bubbly wine without stint, many rare fruits, and sometimes expensive artists to entertain at intervals. During this Labour-governed season Society has spelled itself with a bigger S, and done itself with a greater zest than at any time since the war upheaved the world. A feature of it has been the very real enjoyment of the sweets of office by the Premier and all his merry men, who previously led us to believe that for all such doings and formalities and conventions they had the utmost contempt.

Viscountess Pirrie will have great sympathy extended to her, especially in Northern Ireland, where she was so well known. Queen's Hospital, Belfast, owes everything to her energy and capability. She is a wonderful woman, and was a real helpmate to her husband. Never very fond of society, she went little into the social whirl, but where Ulster people were concerned, there Lady Pirrie was usually to be found. Her life now will have a great gap, for everything for her centred in her distinguished husband. It was as he would have wished it that he died on board one of his own ships. He took a great personal interest in every one built on his stocks, and knew all their excellences; he was a man of wide knowledge and great sense. Northern Ireland has not seen so much of him of late years, but there is very genuine grief there for his death. The London house in Belgrave Square was known for its rose-red blinds always drawn to a certain depth in every window. Lady Pirrie was one of the first ladies to dispense with men servants, which she did long before the war had called them all up. She believes in the efficiency and capability of our sex, and few heads had better-run establishments than hers.

Captain and Lady Mary Herbert had quite a beautiful wedding, albeit the weather was not kind. In the West country—and the Fox-Strangways are of the South-West—there is a saying: "Happy is the bride that the rain rains on." North, South and East, the saying is: "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." Lady Mary had it both ways, for it rained in torrents when she arrived at the church, and very soon after the short ceremony, out came the sun and beamed on her. Anyway, one can be very certain that Lady Mary will be happy, as she is made that way, and her husband is a really nice and manly man. The Oratory looked magnificent, with Royal Horse Guard troopers in review order at frequent intervals up the nave, great bowls full of red roses on the marble parapet of the chancel, the great High Altar, imposing and fine, and the noble proportions of the place making a splendid environment. The bridegroom, tall, fair and handsome; the bride tall, slender, with a creamy complexion, dark hair and eyes, and bright expression, and a very pretty face. Her old lace and old-lace coloured satin bridal attire suited her splendidly, and the nine little maidens carrying red roses, and wearing lace caps with red roses in them and cream-coloured silk dresses veiled in lace, were just right; it was a lovely sight, and there was a great crowd to see it. The Catholics allowed to Lady Mary music and flowers; the singing of Wingham's "Confirma Hoc," with an orchestral accompaniment, by a quartette of boys, was very beautiful; and the Lohengrin "Bridal March," with orchestra and organ, was grand.

Weather of the worst caused Countess Beatty to postpone her garden party and American tennis tournament from Wednesday to Friday. There is, of course, a hard court, as well as two very excellent grass ones, but up to nearly time for proceedings to commence on Wednesday it poured, so the wise decision to postpone was arrived at. Naturally, it meant a great deal of worry, but the weather is considerate for no one.

Dresses with very long fringes of ostrich feathers would probably have become quite a vogue this year had it been dry. Lady Vaux of Harrowden had such a fringe quite half-a-yard deep on her wedding dress, and very light and pretty and fascinating it looked. At Ascot, given anything like Ascot weather—I am writing before the event—ostrich plumes will have a better show. On the top of a sunshade, as one sees them in shop windows, they do not seem to be very appropriate. The Derby started a fashion in smart mackintoshes and all-weather hats. Many people remarked how well our brightest and smartest looked in them. After all, nature does fit every animal to its surroundings, and the female of our species proves as adaptable as others. Men in black coats and tall hats look more out of the picture than women in "macs." Let us hope that Ascot weather will be kind, for the place calls for summer array. Most of



This fascinating tunic of taffeta is worn over a simple stockinette swimmer, and the cloak of Terry towelling has a taffeta collar. They hail from Debenham and Freebody's.

us remember that awful fiasco, when everyone started out in their lightest and most ethereal, and soon after arrival were scuttling for shelter like rabbits to their burrows, and the man who was most pleased with himself was a vendor of rubber shoe-covers, which he sold at great profit, for thousands of womenkind had either to go lunchless or cross the course, and their shoes were not built for navigation through seas of mud.

A. E. L.

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Johnnie Walker: "We still have many Becky Sharp's."

Shade of Becky Sharp: "True, but only one Johnnie Walker."

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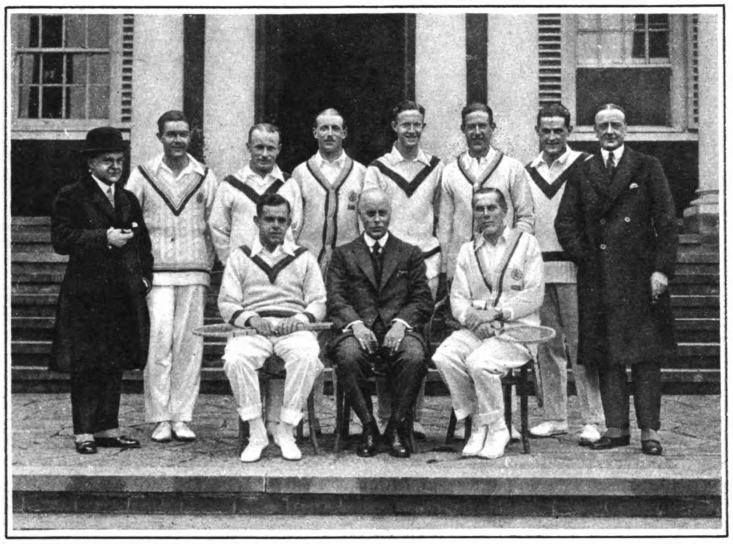
THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE two most famous autobiographies are Berlioz's and Wagner's. For many years English musicians have heard of Rimsky-Korsakov's autobiography, which is a book famous in Russia, but unknown to us, as it has never been translated. But now a translation has appeared under the title of "My Musical Life," by N. A. Rimsky-Korsakov, published by Martin Secker (25s.). The translation, unfortunately, is an American one, and the transliteration of Russian names has been made on some fresh and peculiar system which makes many of them unintelligible at first sight. For example, Tchaikovsky appears as Chaykovski, Tcherepnin as Cheryepnin, Serov as Syeroff, Moussorgsky as Musorgski, etc.

An American critic, Mr. Carl Van Vechten, has written an introduction in which he states that Rimsky-Korsakov's book is "artlessly, even badly written in the original—a fact that has made his translation bristle with almost unsurmountable difficulties." And certainly the book as at present translated is devoid of any literary grace or style. It cannot compete in any sense with Berlioz's "Autobiography" and Wagner's "My Life." Both these latter books are literary masterpieces, quite apart from the musical genius of their authors. Both Wagner and Berlioz had for some period of their lives earned their living by their pen. But, quite apart from the absence of any literary merit, Rimsky-Korsakov's "My Musical Life" is, to me, a bitterly disappointing book. The author gives elaborate analyses of his own compositions and of the librettos of his operas, and tells us in considerable detail what his musical influences were, and how step by step he acquired his training, first by association with Balakirev, Moussorgsky, Borodin, and Cui, but in an extremely dry and matter-of-fact way.



GREAT BRITAIN BEATS SOUTH AFRICA AT LAWN-TENNIS: THE COMBINED TEAMS IN THE THIRD ROUND OF THE DAVIS CUP COMPETITION AT SCARBOROUGH.

The photograph shows (left to right): Standing—Messrs. G. R. T. Taylor (Hon. Referee), J. D. P. Wheatley (Br.), I. Richardson (S. Afr.), Max Woosnam (Br.), J. Condon (S. Afr.), J. B. Gilbert (Br.), P. D. B. Spence (S. Afr.). and Sitting—L. Raymond (S. Afr.), E. R. Clarke (S. Afr., captain), and L. A. Godfree (Br., captain). The result was that Great Britain won the tie by four matches (Singles) to one (Doubles). In the Singles, Wheatley beat Spence, Gilbert beat Raymond, Wheatley beat Richardson, and Gilbert beat Spence. South Africa won the Doubles, Raymond and Spence beating Godfree and Woosnam by 11—9, 7—5, and 6—4.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Not once does he give us a vivid portrait of the personality of any one of his friends or associates. We simply get page after page of wearisome information detailed in the manner of a professional lecture. Rimsky-Korsakov and his friends do not seem to have had an interest in general ideas or in the world about them. We never get a single glimpse into the private, emotional, and intellectual life of any one of them. It is, of course, impossible that they should really have been like this, but Rimsky-Korsakov was quite obviously without any gift for expressing this side of life in his writing. It might even be said that his music also suggests a similar absence of emotional colour, for such of it as is familiar to Western musicians has as its chief characteristic a certain remote, non-human character, although it is full of fantastic colour.

It is not surprising that this naval officer and musical amateur should have developed into such a thorough-going academic professor. When the influence of his friends obtained him the position, at about the age of twenty-seven, of professor of practical composition at the St. Petersburg Conservatory, he was, as he admits, almost completely ignorant of his subject. He says—

"I not only could not decently harmonise a chorale, had not written a single counterpoint in my life, but I had hardly any notion of the structure of a fugue; nay, did not even know the names of augmented and diminished intervals, of chords (except the fundamental triad), of the dominant and chord of the diminished seventh, though I could sing anything at sight and distinguished chords of every sort."

However, once Rimsky-Korsakov became a professor, nobody could have drudged harder at musical grammar than he did, and none of his pupils ever

[Continued overleaf.

REJUVENATION WITHOUT OPERATION

The Secret of the Sun's Life-giving Energy.

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The Medical, Scientific and Lay Press in all parts of the World have acknowledged its virtues and have published innumerable reports of the searching tests that have been conducted in the most noted of Hospitals and Private Practices. One of London's Leading Physicians, A. W. Fuller, M.D. (formerly Medical Resident Officer, Royal Waterloo Hospital), has declared in the *Medical World*:—

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Independent London Hospitals' reports on cases which had previously been treated with all other preparations for a period of twelve months without any results, show that by Phyllosan treatment alone marked improvement was obtained within fourteen days. Each case had been personally treated by the Resident Physician, and reported upon independently by the Clinical Research Association, London. The Resident Physician in Charge of these hospital cases stated:—

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Continued.]

learned more from their professor than Rimsky-Korsakov himself. He worked so hard at exercises that Tchaikovsky wrote to him: "You must know how I admire and bow down before your artistic modesty and your great strength of character! These innumerable counterpoints, these sixty fugues, and all the other musical intricacies which you have accomplished—all these things from a man who had already produced a 'Sadko' six years previously—are the exploits of a hero. . . . How small, poor, self-satisfied, and naïve I feel in comparison with you! I am a mere *artisan* in comparison, but you will be an *artist* in the fullest sense of the word."

Rimsky-Korsakov's strength of character must have been remarkable; but one cannot help wishing that the composer had taken off the bureaucratic mask more frequently when writing his life. Even when he stands aside and criticises himself it is done in a dry and detached way. For example, he says—

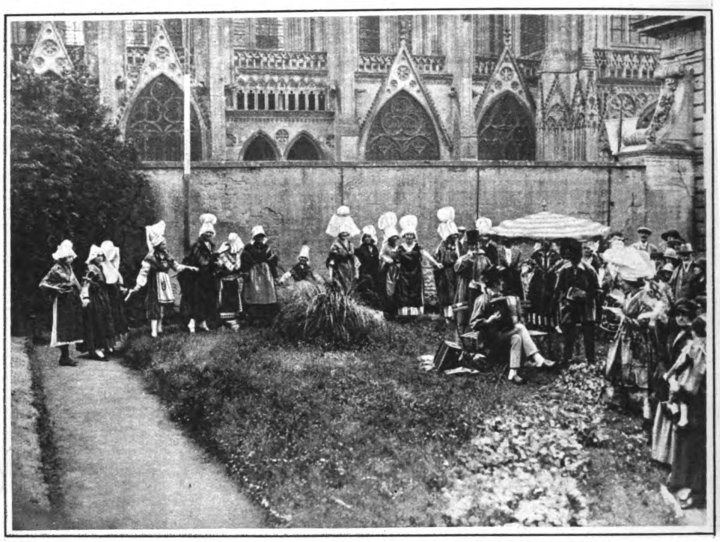
"I was somewhat hot-headed at times when I noted negligence. I remember that during a rehearsal of one of that season's concerts the orchestra's errand man, Yuzefovich, who had forgotten to prepare something, got such a tongue-lashing from me that the musicians actually began to hiss me. I calmed down, as I feared to irritate the orchestra. On another occasion, as I recall it, at a rehearsal of the School I yelled at the librarian of the School, Buslayeff, because he did not bring the music on time, or something of that nature. Be that as it may, I should not have raised my voice, speaking too much in the tone of a superior. The amateur librarian, of course, took offence, but the matter was arranged to our mutual satisfaction. Such fits of taking the tone of a superior occasionally seized me; with growing self-conceit, possibly the lessons of service in the navy were resurrected in my memory."

As I read this I feel that the translator should have added, in the slang of the West, "Can you beat it?" There is to me something inhuman in this dry observation by Rimsky-Korsakov of his fault and it is this inhuman quality which prevents "My Musical Life" from being the fascinating record we had every right to expect from the pen of so remarkable a composer.

Comparatively very little of Rimsky-Korsakov's work is known here. His most familiar composition is the symphonic suite "Scheherazade," but his principal compositions are his operas, of which only one, "The Golden Cockerel," better known as "Le Coq d'Or," has ever been performed in England. Even that has only had a few performances given some years ago.

In Russia, however, many of Rimsky-Korsakov's operas have been extraordinarily successful, and such operas as "May Night," "The Tsar's Bride," and "Czyganorochka" have been successful in Europe. It would do the British National Opera Company great credit if it produced one or two of Rimsky-Korsakov's best operas. The company's repertory badly needs refreshing, and it is quite out of proportion that we should in this country be familiar with so many second or third rate Italian operas while we are almost completely ignorant of Russia's greatest operatic composer.

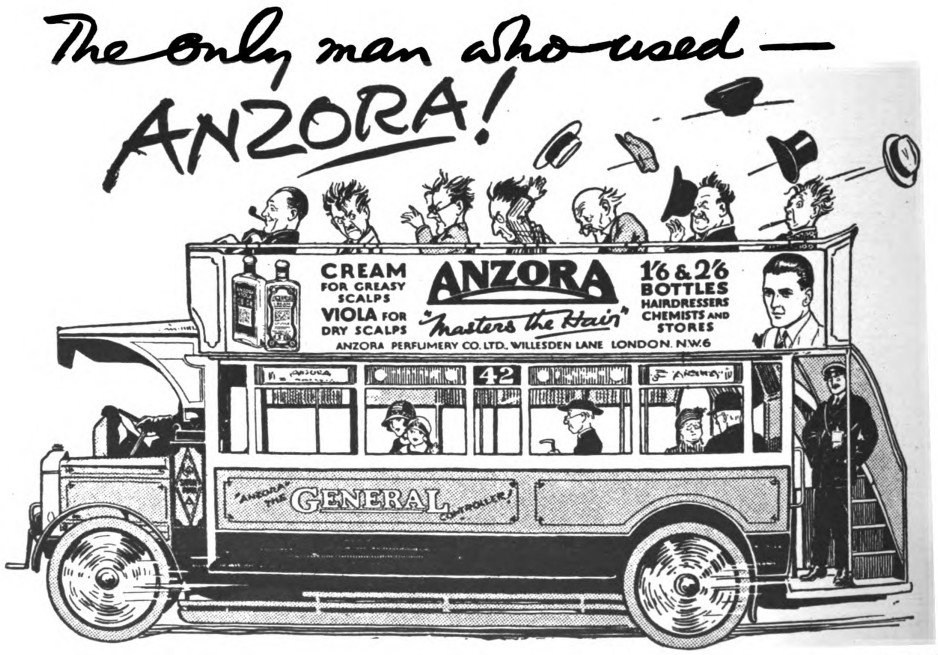
Rimsky-Korsakov was born in 1844, and died in 1908. During the greater part of that period he was professor at the St. Petersburg Conservatory, and many of the famous younger Russian musicians have been his pupils. In fact, the man who was originally a naval officer and an amateur musician became the most scientific teacher and composer in Russia. W. J. TURNER.



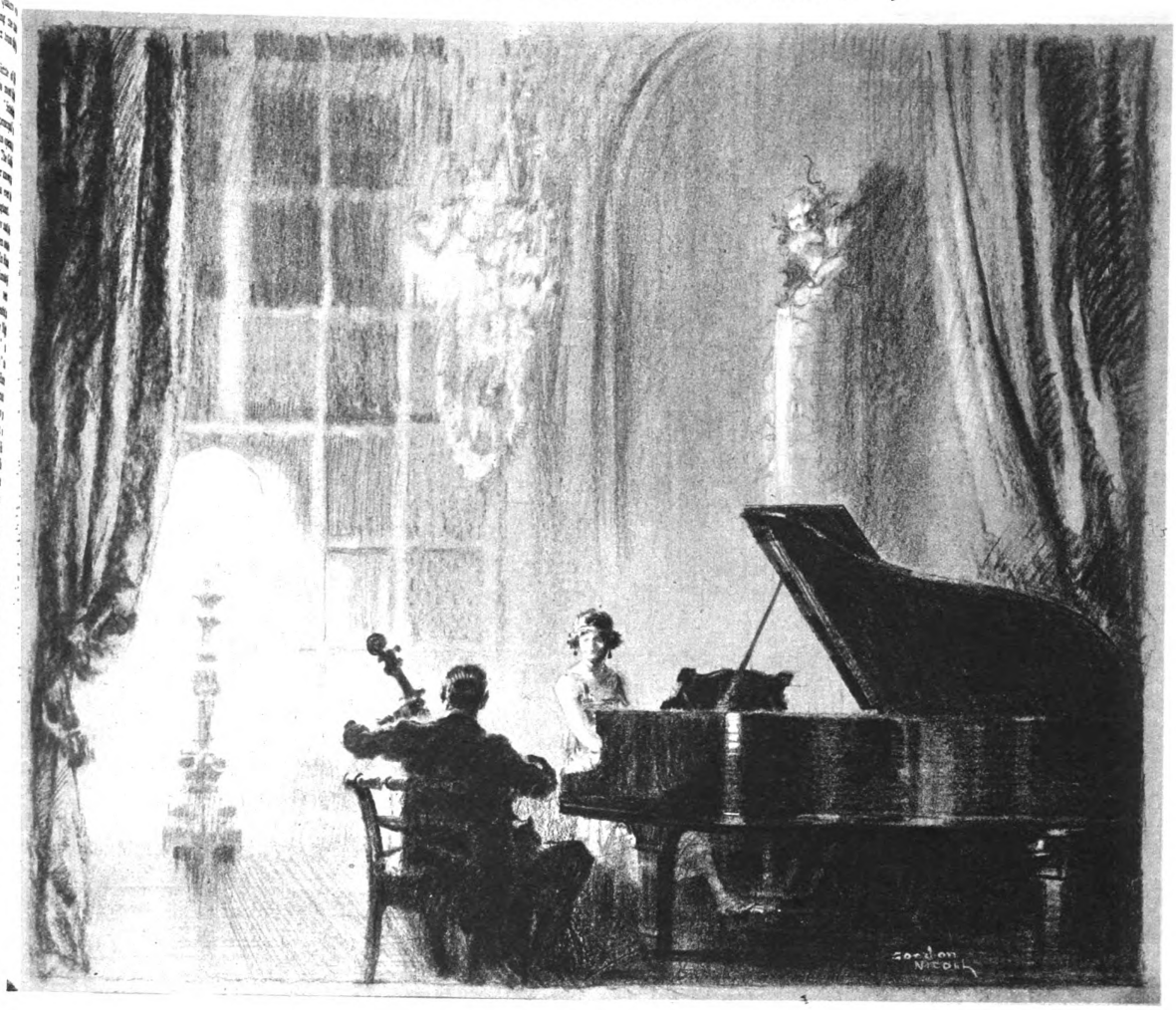
MILLENARY CELEBRATIONS AT THE CITY OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY ILLUSTRATING THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF ENGLAND: PAGEANT PERFORMERS OUTSIDE THE ANCIENT CATHEDRAL AT BAYEUX.

"Bayeux," says a note supplied with this photograph, "is celebrating its thousandth anniversary." The exact event thus commemorated is not specified, but probably it was the settlement of the city by the Normans shortly after it had been captured in 890 by the Scandinavian Chief Rollo. It became a residence of the Dukes of Normandy, one of whom, Richard I., built a castle there about the year 960. The bishopric dates from the fourth century. The cathedral, said to be the oldest in Normandy, was rebuilt in 1077, after a fire, by William the Conqueror. The city is chiefly famous for the great Bayeux Tapestry preserved in the Public Library, and containing contemporary representations of William's conquest of England. It is not so much a tapestry as an enormous "sampler," 230 ft. long by 20 in. wide, and divided into seventy-two scenes.

Photograph by Topical.



We wish to draw visitors' attention to our EXHIBIT, No. A 11 B in the CHEMICAL SECTION, PALACE OF INDUSTRY, of the BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.



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New Notes in Bathing Dresses. Gone are the days of thick serge bathing gowns with voluminous skirts and heavy rows of braid. This summer brightly coloured affairs of taffeta and Milanese silk vie with strictly workmanlike (and diminutive) suits of stockinette, and pictured on page 1186 are three typical models from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. On the right is a fascinating taffeta tunic worn over a plain stockinette swimmer. The prices are 49s. 6d. and 10s. 9d. respectively; while the cape is of Terry towelling with a collar of ruched taffeta, and costs 39s. 6d. The canvas shoes with rope soles (price 4s. 6d.) are decorated with embroidered anchors, and those of coloured rubber are 10s. 6d. a pair. Then there are pure wool swimmers in rich heather mixtures for 16s. 9d., or for 10s. 9d. in plain colours; while attractive beach cloaks in stamped towelling range from 29s. 6d. In the sphere of bathing caps there is a veritable *embarras de choix*. Piquant French caps decorated with flowers, butterflies, and bows can be secured from 1s. 6d. each, and the new Paisley handkerchiefs of satin rubber (price 6s. 6d.) make most fascinating head-dresses for the water. The small maiden pictured in the centre of page 1186 is wearing a swimmer of Egyptian cotton adorned with a quaint embroidered mascot. It can be secured for 7s. 6d.; and children's suits in pure wool stockinette bound with braid are 18s. 9d., obtainable in many lovely colourings.

Furs at Summer Prices. Now is the opportunity to purchase furs for next winter at pleasantly reduced prices, and everyone should visit the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. (first floor), where a summer sale is in progress which will continue until September. Beautiful cross fox stoles can be obtained from 18 guineas, and natural skunk ties from 4½ guineas. Coats of sable marmot have been reduced to 21 guineas, and the model pictured on this page, in natural musquash with a handsome collar of natural skunk, is priced at 35 guineas. It is built of exceptionally fine skins, and will last a lifetime. It must be noted too, that during the summer months alterations and repairs will be carried out at considerably reduced prices, and, further, that any furs purchased now may be stored at the City Fur Store until September, the payment being deferred until then. Such an arrangement offers many obvious advantages which should not be missed.

Natural musquash reinforced with a collar of natural skunk makes this handsome coat from the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

Sports Wraps for the Summer. Knitted coats and jumpers are indispensable items at every season of the year, and this summer they are obtainable in a bewildering variety of original colourings and designs. At Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., there are perfectly fitting cardigans in wool and artificial silk with gaily patterned waistcoat fronts for 35s. 9d., and others in pure wool with boldly checked gilets for the same amount. Multi-coloured affairs which will match every frock are only 27s. 6d., and a delightful tennis wrap-cape in brushed wool is only 12s. 9d. An effective sports jumper fashioned of soft wool artistically embroidered in artificial silk can be secured in many colour schemes for 59s. 6d., fitted with an adaptable collar; and another cut on graceful cross-over lines is only 27s. 6d. The all-important scarf must not be forgotten, and many in bright plaids and checks are obtainable for 6s. 11d. each. A useful brochure of knitted wear, illustrated in colours, will be sent gratis and post free to all readers of this paper.

Pleasure Cruises to Norway. It is difficult to choose a holiday which will please both those in search of rest and also the more energetically inclined, but a cruise amongst the beautiful Norwegian fjords on one of the Orient Line steamers affords a happy solution to the problem. The s.s. *Ormonde*, fitted with every luxury, will make five pleasure cruises during the summer months. There are a band and a large ball-room on board, as well as deck sports of every description. A brochure giving particulars of these cruises will be sent post-free to all readers who apply to the Orient Line, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.

Novelty of the Week. Useful summer frocks of soft lainette, pleated and printed in effective Oriental designs and colourings, can be secured for the modest sum of 11s. 6d. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to give the name and address where they are obtainable.

"But, my dear girl, you're not going to Ronuk the table now—they're waiting for you to make up a set!"

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE RAT." AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

THERE is a type of piece which your actor should, and sometimes does, write uncommonly well, and that is full-blooded melodrama. Melodrama deals so largely with the conventional, and has so little need of actual novelty in its situations so long as they grip; actors have such good memories, alike for what has succeeded on the stage in the past as well as for conning new parts, and have, as a rule, so much less fear than your amateur author of repeating the familiar—that your actor-made play of this genre may on occasions prove very acceptable entertainment. It certainly proves so in the case of "The Rat," which, though credited on the programme of the Prince of Wales's Theatre to a "David Lestrange," is supposed to be the work of Mr. Ivor Novello and Miss Constance Collier in collaboration. Theirs is a story of an Apache, introduced to us first in a Paris drinking den; of a courtesan who takes an interest in him that is rather one of curiosity than of sentiment; and of a girl supposed to grow up a flower of innocence in this underworld atmosphere of crime and vice, and to be ready to risk her neck for the Apache when he is charged with murder. It will be seen that here we have all the ingredients of a first-class drama of "thrills," and that is what we get, with acting to match. Mr. Ivor Novello, whose talents association with the "films," far from injuring, seems to have sensibly matured, starts his portrayal of the Rat rather hesitatingly, but soon warms up to his task and plays with welcome vigour and picturesqueness; Miss Dorothy Batley, a newcomer of great promise, endows innocence with charm and sincerity of feeling; and Miss Isabel Jeans, whose study of the courtesan has refreshing piquancy and colour, once more justifies the praises of those critics who regard her as one of the most accomplished and versatile actresses of the younger generation.

OFFICIAL: THE PRESCRIBED COSTUME FOR BRITISH WOMEN COMPETITORS IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

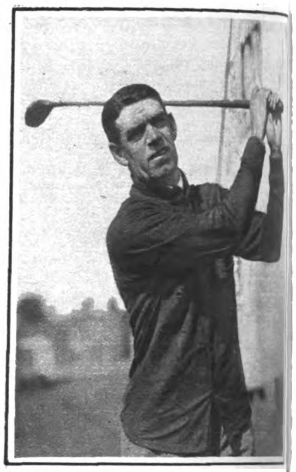
Photograph by Sport and General.

THE GRAND GUIGNOL AT THE COMEDY.

London's Grand Guignol has come to life again—at the Comedy Theatre—and its programme in its new home contains a novelty in the shape of "Peter Weston," an ambitious affair. This play, illustrating the tragic results of a father's tyranny, is the work of American authors, Messrs. Dazey and Osmun, and gives Mr. Norman McKinnel a big part not unlike that he assumed in a recent Galsworthy play which had a similar *motif*. There are lurid incidentals, including murder and electrocution, but one of these violences takes place off the scene, and the strength of the play is its presentation of a clash of wills. Mr. Richard Bird scores another hit; and it need hardly be added that Mr. McKinnel, as the domineering father whose attempt to shape his children's lives miscarries, provides most impressive acting.

"YOICKS!" AT THE KINGSWAY.

The second half of Mr. Donald Calthrop's revue at the Kingsway, "Yoicks," is vastly better than the first, and if he can only set to work quickly and bring the opening part of his programme up to the level of the rest, he ought to be able to command success. Capital are the burlesques of Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Our Betters," and of the sort of versions of "The Babes in the Wood" which the Reandean management and the Russian Ballet might supply. Good also is the turn in which Mr. Mark Lester figures as a scene-shifter, or that in which he sings his "Rambler Rose" ditty. There is a charming dance scene in which Miss Mary Leigh shows to advantage; there are two pretty songs for Miss Marjorie Gordon; and Mr. Donald Calthrop does his own "bit" admirably when he impersonates a hysterical young man in an episode which deals with the future of the sexes and shows women becoming more manly and men more feminine. Nor can there be anything but praise for the concluding tableau, which, with its hobby horses and hunting costumes, goes some way towards justifying the title of the revue. All "Yoicks" wants is a better start.



WINNER OF THE GLENEAGLES £1000 GOLF TOURNAMENT: GEORGE DUNCAN.

George Duncan beat Abe Mitchell in the final of the "Daily Herald" £1000 golf tournament at Gleneagles, on June 8, by 8 holes up and 7 to play, over 36 holes. The match between the two famous golfers excited great interest among devotees of the game.—[*Photograph by Photo. Illustrations Co.*]

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RADIO NOTES.

AT the present time the British Broadcasting Company's family of stations is being increased at the rate of about one every other week. In addition to the eight principal centres, there are now four relay stations: Sheffield, Plymouth, Edinburgh and Liverpool. By the wonderful relay system, listeners in every area in Great Britain served by a local broadcasting station heard greetings expressed by all stations on the occasion of Liverpool station's inauguration. Early in July, Leeds will have its own relay station, and shortly afterwards so will Hull, Nottingham, Stoke-upon-Trent, Swansea and Dundee. All stations will be connected by ordinary telephone lines, and one or all may broadcast a special item, or the full programme, issuing from any individual station.

The much-discussed high-power station at Chelmsford is due to open on June 26, and the interesting announcement has been made that this station may have a profound influence on the development of broadcasting. Crystal-set reception will be possible one hundred miles distant in any direction from Chelmsford. There is a possibility that this station will be used as the centre from which broadcasts intended for simultaneous transmissions will be picked up by radio reception by the other stations and re-broadcast, instead of relaying through the medium of land line communication between stations.

OPERATIC ITEMS BROADCAST FROM DOWNING STREET: THE MICROPHONE AT NO. 11, WITH MRS. CLYNES AND HER SON (LEFT).

On Sunday last, Mrs. J. R. Clynes, wife of the Lord Privy Seal and Deputy Leader of the House of Commons, gave a party at No. 11, Downing Street, Westminster, with the object of drawing greater public attention to the merits of opera in English. Through the medium of the microphone installed temporarily at No. 11, large numbers of the public in their own homes heard by broadcast songs by members of the British National Opera Company—including Miss Maggie Teyte, Miss Muriel Brunskill, Mr. Robert Radford, Mr. Browning Mummery, Mr. Norman Allin, and Mr. Walter Widdop, who entertained the party at Downing Street.—[*Photograph by Barratt.*]

Chelmsford will transmit on a much higher wave-length than any other British broadcasting station. Existing receiving-sets will pick up Chelmsford, provided that, in the case of valve sets, larger tuning coils are plugged in, in place of the ordinary coils. Owners of crystal sets which will not respond to Chelmsford need only to buy, or to make, an extra coil wound with sufficient turns of wire to reach the higher wave-length. One end of the new coil should be connected to the aerial, and the other end of the coil should be connected to the aerial terminal of the set—the earth wire being joined to the earth terminal as usual.

Chelmsford's powerful transmissions may render loud-speaker reception possible direct from a crystal set. At present, a crystal set will only deliver broadcasts at loud-speaker strength with the help of a valve amplifier—costing three or four times as much as the crystal set. A simple and cheap method of obtaining loud-speaker reception from a crystal set without using valve amplification has just been described in *Amateur Wireless*. The success of this method depends chiefly upon using the latest type of Skinderviken "button" microphone—a tiny apparatus which must be attached to the centre of a telephone diaphragm. The crystal set is tuned as usual, but the received currents are taken from the phone terminals to a single headphone fixed vertically. The edge of this telephone diaphragm is wired to a four-volt electric dry battery, or accumulator. The current passes from the diaphragm centre through the little microphone, and to one of the primary terminals of a transformer; the other primary terminal is joined to the local battery, thus completing a circuit. A pair of wires from the transformer's secondary terminals lead to the loud-speaking instrument. When the telephone vibrates in response to the detected radio waves, the vibrations are conveyed to the mica diaphragm of the Skinderviken button. Just behind the mica, and fixed to it, is a small piece of solid carbon, then a channel filled with carbon granules, and finally another piece of solid carbon. As stated above, an electric current passes through the microphone, and this current flows smoothly until vibrations transferred from the telephone cause the carbon granules to be rapidly compressed and decompressed, thus breaking up the strength of the current into pulsations synchronising with the waves of the original broadcast sounds. The current which now carries the electrical effect of the broadcast sounds then passes through the transformer, and so to the loud-speaker.

To-night, June 21, Mr. E. Kay Robinson, President of the British Empire Naturalists' Association, will talk from "2LO" on the subject of "Hedgehogs." At 9.30 p.m., listeners in all parts of Great Britain will hear "Half-an-hour of the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley." On June 23, Act I. of "The Valkyrie" will be broadcast from His Majesty's Theatre; and on June 25, "Aïda," Acts III. and IV.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Road Surfaces and Danger.

It might have been thought that all the research and investigation which has been carried out in connection with roads would have resulted in the discovery of a road surface which would reasonably comply with our ideals of what a road ought to be. It should be dustless, durable as to its wearing qualities, and not of such a character as to become dangerous to traffic in wet weather. It would seem that the newest road surfaces fall a long way short of possessing these primary qualifications, since I hear all sorts of criticisms directed against them on the score of their being absolutely dangerous to traffic when they are wet. The Great North Road and sections of road in Kent which have been surfaced with the latest bituminous compounds, seem to develop the same characteristics of "skiddiness" when the weather is wet, or even damp. It is not that the blame rests on the driver, for I have heard these complaints from the most experienced motorists—so much so that I intend to take an opportunity of trying these roads for myself next time we have a wet week-end.

A PICTURESQUE OLD SURREY INN AND A LUXURIOUSLY MODERN CAR: A 40-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER SALOON LIMOUSINE OUTSIDE THE "WHITE HART" AT WHITLEY.

These complaints have become so insistent that I think it is for the Ministry of Transport to investigate them. Obviously, in the light of present knowledge, road surfaces must of necessity be a matter of compromise, and a surfacing material must be sought which, falling short in some particular, will yet be the best for all practical purposes. I, for one, had thought that the bituminous surface was quite the best discovered so far, but it would seem that the present wet season has brought another story in its train. Clearly, the matter is one for further investigation, because, if these new surfaces are found to be really dangerous for traffic, something else will have to be found.

The Abolition of the Duties.

The number of announcements made by people who import foreign motor-cars that their prices have been reduced in anticipation of the dropping of the McKenna duties must surely give the motor-buying public furiously to think. I have ceased to keep count of them, but it does seem that every concern which is in the import business has lowered its prices by anything from 10 per cent. to 33 per cent. In a way, I suppose, this will please those who hold that it is good that the general public should be able to buy its goods, whether motor-cars or cheese, cheaply. But one is seriously impelled to wonder what is to become of the British industry when we all take advantage of the cheap prices which debased exchanges and the duty-free admission of foreign motor-cars induce. It is all very well to answer the implied question by saying that before the war the British trade was able to hold its own with the rest of the world, and did not do so badly. The trouble is that all the conditions have altered in the last ten years, and what might have been perfectly sound policy then may not be quite as right now. I am not arguing one way or the other, but it is certainly a matter which must set the inquiring mind working. It may not be wide of the discussion to ask what is to become of us if, in the by no means remote contingency of another great war, we should find ourselves without a motor industry, and therefore without the means of producing aircraft motors, engines for tanks, submarines, armoured cars, and all the rest of the internal-combustion engine appliances upon which the successful issues of modern war depend. We were badly caught at the opening of the last war, when we had to import magnetos from America and aircraft engines from our French allies, but the last case may easily be worse than the first.

Anti-Dazzle Laws.

France has passed and made effective legislation dealing with the problem of dazzling headlights. The exact provisions of the new law do not matter much—those who are deeply interested can see the whole text in the pages of the motoring journals—but it does seem that the French are essentially practical in the matter. The law has been

[Continued overleaf.

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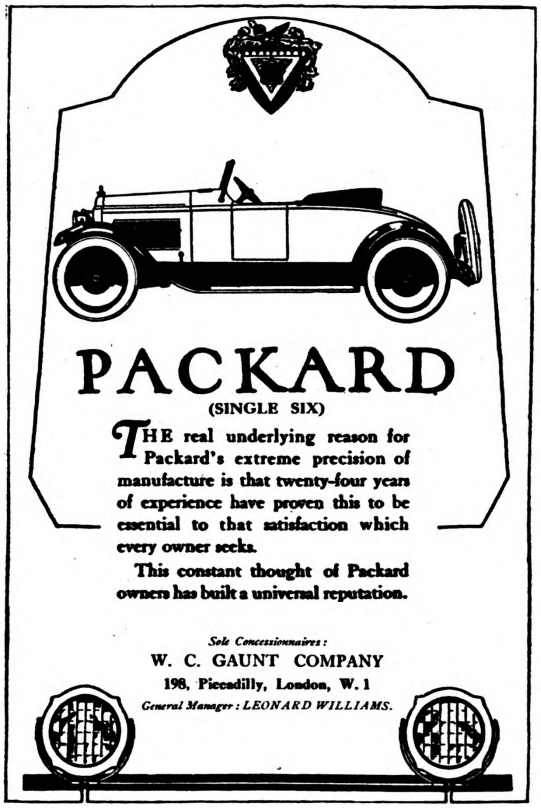

Prattitudes for MOTORISTS by a MOTORIST

Electric Lighting Logic

by H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE average motorist need not trouble one iota whether the electric-lighting system on his car is "double pole," "single pole," "six volt," or "twelve volt." Technicalities are not needed if he provides himself, and always carries on his car, a spare set of lamp bulbs, a foot of "5-ampere" fuse-wire, and a small screwdriver. If he will pull out the plugs of the battery once a month, and fill up the battery cells with pure distilled water—a quart will last him quite a long time, and any chemist can supply it—the motorist can do all the necessary work himself to keep the lighting in due order. That is all the work the ordinary motor-carriage owner wants to do, for if the dynamo burns out it's a "pro's" job, and not his, to tackle.

There are few troubles that can befall the electric-lighting system on any car if the screwdriver already referred to is utilised. As what may happen is that the vibration of the road loosens some connection, thus breaking the circuit with concomitant "blacking out" of the particular part, or maybe the whole, if it is a main connection. Therefore it is wise to occasionally see that the lamp-holders are not shedding screws or small nuts, that terminal connections to either the battery, switchboard or fuses are not getting loose, and that the connections are clean. Dirty connections prevent the electric current flowing through those points and, in fact, acting as a kind of not-wanted insulation of the current.

All troubles in the electric-lighting system are either (1) short circuit or leak that has blown a fuse which has to be replaced, and the leak traced if the second fuse blows again at once; (2) loose wiring connections through vibration of the chassis, which only require being tightened to cure the trouble; (3) lamp bulbs to be replaced when the filaments of the old lamps are burnt out. In the case of (1), if the fuse stands after being replaced it was only an accidental "short," so there is no real trouble. Otherwise it is an electrical engineer's job to find the leak.

Faults that can only be cured by professional aid are (1) battery not being sufficiently charged; (2) dynamo output requires altering; (3) wiring broken down, and re-wiring necessary to eliminate leaks, although sometimes the latter is caused by a faulty lamp-holder. Most motorists can replace a burnt-out fuse, and at any rate a small piece of 5-ampere fuse-wire of two strands, twisted together, will carry 10 amperes, the largest lighting circuit current required, and so get you home with all lights on.

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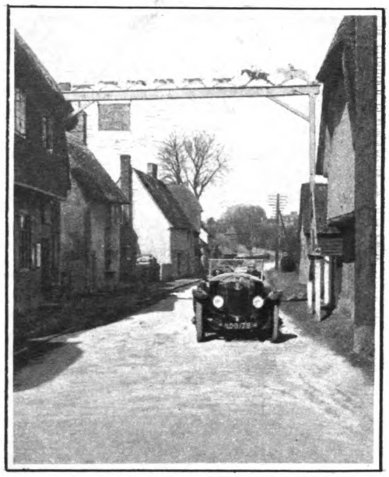
Continued.]

made operative now, so that the motorist, who is principally affected, can have time to get used to its operation before the long dark evenings arrive. They certainly do some things better than we. At the same time, I am becoming more and more confirmed in the opinion I have so many times expressed in these pages—that the solution of this problem will not come through legislation, but will be found from within if only sufficient time is given. It is the motorist himself who is most incommoded by excessive glare, and he is obviously more interested in amelioration than anybody else. We know that some of the best brains of the country are working very hard on the problem, and if they cannot discover a remedy, then I think we can take it that the question is insoluble. Of course, there is always the answer that a partial solution is to cut down the power of lights, but this will not do as a reply. My contention is that you cannot have light without dazzle—even the light of a match will sometimes dazzle. You cannot have safety without sufficient light; and no matter how you strive to reduce the trouble by limiting candle-power and all that sort of thing, you simply cannot get rid of dazzle. Nor do I think that power has anything to do with it. I have never been able to discern that the danger zone, as we must be content to call it, is any greater when meeting very powerful lamps than when encountering lights of much less apparent power.



WHERE THE INN SIGN SPANS THE VILLAGE STREET: A CROSSLEY CAR OUTSIDE THE "FOX AND HOUNDS" AT BARLEY.

Legislation at Hand?

Talking about legislative matters, I see the Minister of Transport has been prophesying that, if the present Government remains in power for a further few months, a Bill will probably be introduced for the purpose of codifying existing motor legislation. The pronouncement is apt to leave one quite cold, because this is the sort of thing we have heard from every successive Administration since the war. Unquestionably, however, such legislation is now overdue, and it cannot be long before it comes to be seriously discussed. It is to be hoped that the motoring organisations are keeping a wary eye on things, and do not intend to be caught napping.

A Correction.

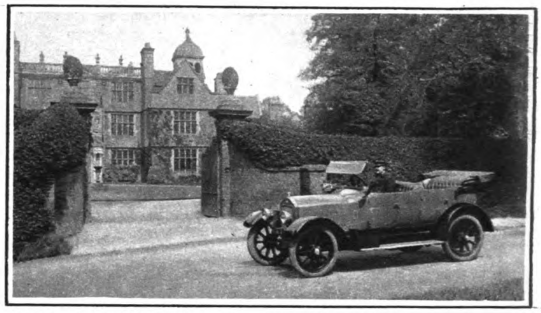
My friend Mr. Walter Groves, of the *Motor*, writes me more in sorrow than in anger to correct a statement I made recently in which I deplored that the collection of ancient motor vehicles which the *Motor* gathered together before the war had been dissolved. He tells me that many of these pioneer vehicles are now, thanks to the journal named, in the South Kensington Museum, while others have found a refuge in show places in the country. I ought to have known this, but we learn as we go. Anyway, it gives me more than pleasure to find that the whereabouts of the collection is known, and that the vehicles will not be lost to posterity.

The World's Largest Motoring Organisation.

The world's largest motoring organisation created yet another record when the Automobile Association, at 4 o'clock on Wednesday (June 4), passed the second 100,000 mark of individual menbers. The formation of the Automobile Association was the result of an experimental cyclist patrol service which was worked between London and Brighton during May, June, and July, in 1905. The duty of these cyclist patrols was to warn motorists against police traps, which at that time were very prevalent. This experimental service to motorists proved of such value that it was decided to create a permanent body, the A.A., to continue the work, and on Sept. 8, 1905, a paid secretary was appointed, with a staff of one, with office accommodation consisting of one room. The annual subscription was fixed at £2 2s., and by April 1906 the membership numbered 600. The membership steadily increased, enabling more patrols to be engaged, and other roads, in addition to the Brighton Road, to be covered. During the next few years the membership grew as follows—

April	1907	-	-	-	-	2,866
,,	1908	-	-	-	-	6,067
,,	1909	-	-	-	-	9,302
December	1909	-	-	-	-	13,600
,,	1910	-	-	-	-	19,513

[*Continued overleaf.*



AT THE PICTURESQUE ENTRANCE GATES OF CASTLE BROMWICH HALL: A 15-H.P. WOLSELEY TOURING CAR.

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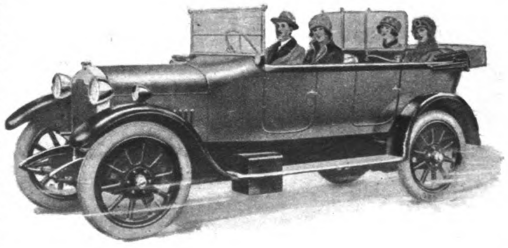
for recent improvements in engine design have amazingly increased power output. It has a 4-speed gearbox, too, and an extraordinarily complete equipment. Again, a lower set of gear ratios can be supplied if the car is continually to be used in hilly districts. The accessibility ot the various parts of the car is another reason why the owner-driver favours the Rover Fourteen.



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¶ YOU buy a Car to Keep—not for a year, but for a lifetime. The few extra pounds you pay when you choose a Morris in preference to a cheap, imported car are repaid to you over and over again in Morris economy, Morris reliability, Morris efficiency.

¶ THE 11.9-h.p. MORRIS Occasional Four is particularly a car for the British motorist, because, like all Morris cars,

1. It is really economical to run.
2. It is built of the best materials procurable and commands an excellent price secondhand.
3. Its petrol and oil consumption are *consistently* low.
4. Its taxation is low, while its power is more than satisfying.
5. It has proper weather-protection and is, in a *British* sense, really comfortable.
6. It is backed by a world-famous Service organisation.
7. It is all British *and provides work and pay for British workmen.*
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9. It is the Car for Everywhere.

¶ REMEMBER—the repeal of the McKenna Duties may bring about a slight reduction in the prices of foreign cars, but their high running cost, high taxation and heavy depreciation will remain the same. The buyer will not get anything like the full benefit of the removal of the 33⅓ per cent. duty.

PRICES:

MORRIS-COWLEY 11.9 h.p.		MORRIS-OXFORD 14/28 h.p.	
Two-seater	£198	Two-seater	£3[illegible]
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Occasional Four	£215	Saloon	£395

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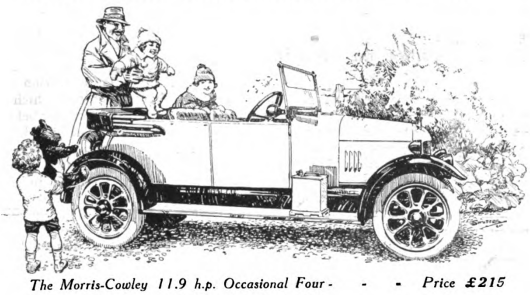

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Here is a car of unique design and exceptional merit. Have you tried it?

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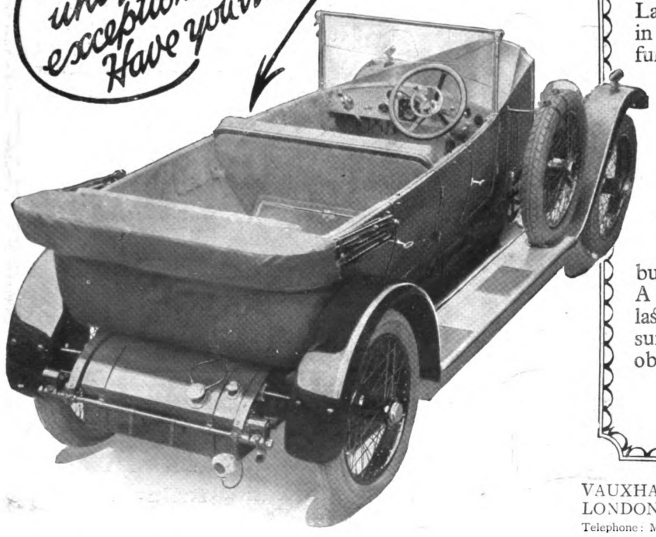

THE design of the 23-60 Vauxhall takes into account not only power but refinement, not only speed but driving ease, not only efficiency but economy.

More than 60 b.h.p. is developed by the engine at a rate of revolution not very high, and vibration being neutralised by the Lanchester harmonic balancer, solely used in the 23-60 Vauxhall, its smoothness of functioning is impressive.

A cruising speed of 40 or 45 m.p.h. is light work for the 23-60, which has an easily attained maximum of about 65 m.p.h. The power-to-weight ratio moreover is such that frequent gear-changing is obviated.

Low expenses are ensured not only by the demonstrated reliability and wearing qualities of the Vauxhall make, but also by its tyre and fuel economy. A user's report shows that a set of tyres lasted for 20,000 miles. A petrol consumption of 20 miles to the gallon is often obtained.

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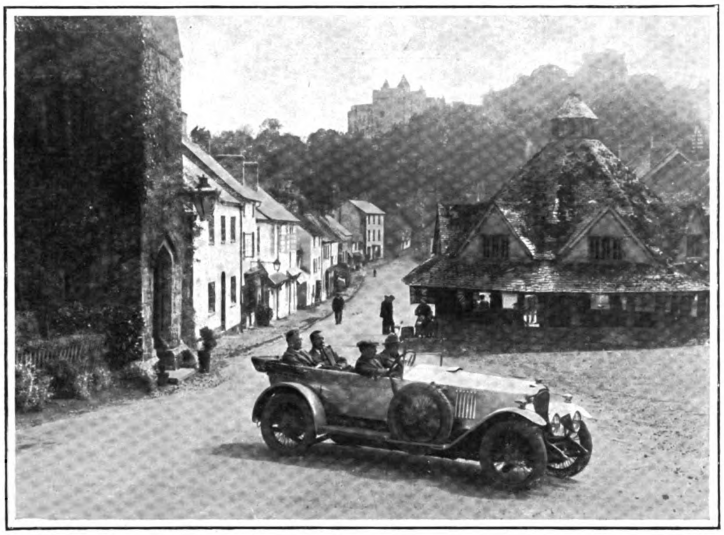
23-60 h.p. Vauxhall 'Kington' touring car

Continued.]

Then followed, in January 1911, the amalgamation with the Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland, which brought the total membership up to 28,040. By July 1912, the membership had grown to 45,000. During the following year another 20,000 new members joined, making the total for July 1913, 65,000, and upon the outbreak of the war the total membership was 83,000. Then followed the war period of five years, during which, for obvious reasons, the membership steadily decreased year by year, until on Armistice Day it was down to 30,000. After the Armistice was signed, and war-time restrictions were removed, the membership continued rapidly to rise, and on the first anniversary of Armistice Day (1919), the membership was 87,246. In February 1920, the 100,000 mark was reached; by April 30 of the same year it was 120,000, and at the end of July it was 140,000. During the following year it mounted to 160,000. Although the period 1921-1922 witnessed extremely difficult conditions in regard to motoring, 29,833 new members joined during the year. During the following twelve months, however, commercial and general conditions improved, and on the date of the annual meeting, July 4, 1923, the membership was nearly 170,000. During the past twelve months, the influx of new members continued, until, on June 4, the membership exceeded 200,000

W. W.

The essentially modern art of the poster-designer touches the general public very closely: for, whether a man be interested in pictures or not, he has to see advertisements, and the movement now afoot for the marriage of art and advertisement in our posters is one over which we all rejoice. The London and North Eastern Railway are among the big business concerns who believe in doing their publicity on artistic lines, and the show of Pictorial Posters for 1924 (the second exhibition of the kind), now taking place at King's Cross Board-room, is well worth a visit. The exhibition is announced, not as a picture show, but as a collection of posters designed to catch the eye, the imagination, and the pocket of people of all kinds, and one feels certain that each design will be successful in its endeavour. The artists showing posters include Frank Brangwyn, R.A., whose "Royal Border Bridge, Berwick," is enough to make anyone desire to go North forthwith; Graham Petrie, R.I., R.O.I.; Fred Taylor, R.I.; Lewis Baumer, R.I., and many others, as well as the well-known *Sketch* artist Gladys Peto, whose "Outings on the N.E.R." is characteristic of her style. The holiday suggestions and holiday series of railway literature are also very attractive, and may be examined at the really interesting exhibition at King's Cross, which is well worth a visit.



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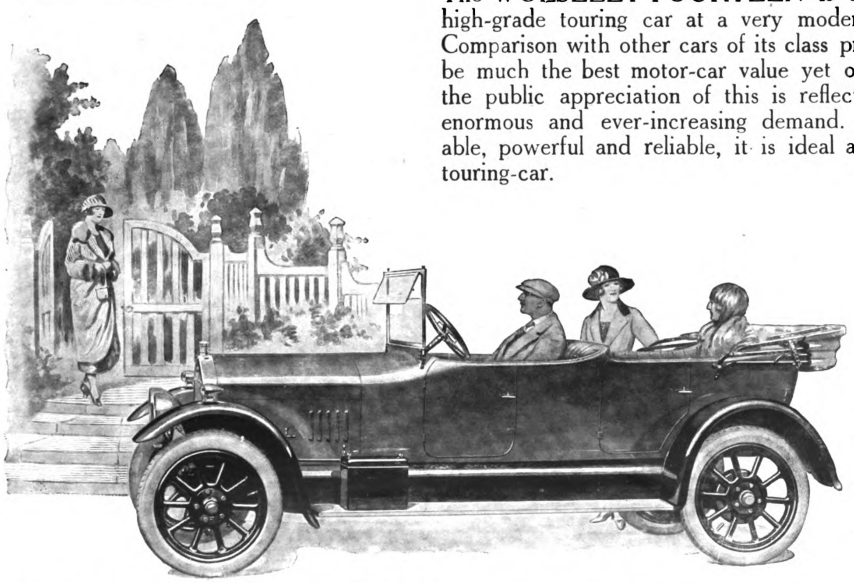
The WOLSELEY FOURTEEN is a full-sized high-grade touring car at a very moderate price. Comparison with other cars of its class proves it to be much the best motor-car value yet offered, and the public appreciation of this is reflected in the enormous and ever-increasing demand. Comfortable, powerful and reliable, it is ideal as a family touring-car.



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Saloon - - - - £695
Single Landaulette £695

Dunlop tyres fitted as standard.

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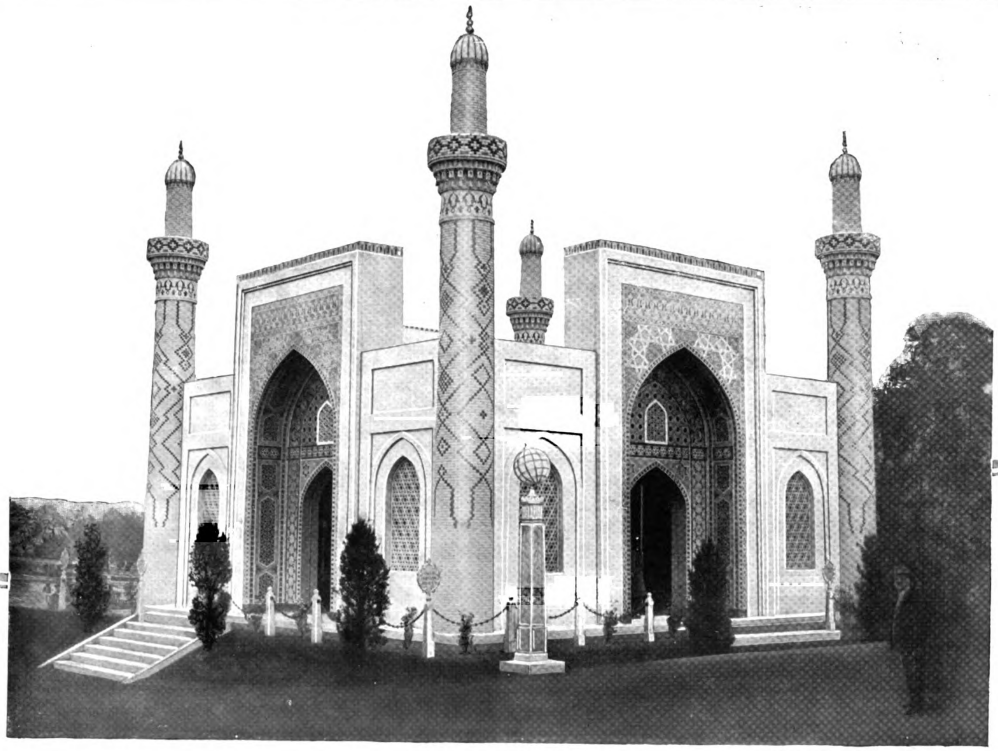

The building at Wembley where "BP" products are exhibited is modelled on the lines of a Persian "Khan"—a caravanserai usually found along the caravan routes—where travellers rest for the night. This distinctively Persian building has been chosen by the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., Ltd., as a compliment to the country from which it draws its crude oil, which is refined in Britain into "BP" motor spirit.

"BP" at Wembley

The "Khan" of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company with its slender towers and its blue-and-green tiled doorways is of characteristically Persian design.

It is a reminder of the beauty and ancient splendour of the land of the Shahs.

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A visit to the building depicted—situated opposite India—will give you a wider and deeper realisation of the great importance of British Petrol, not only to the British motorist, but to the Empire at large.

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CHESS.

To Correspondents.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.*

J M K Lupton (Richmond).—It can be demonstrated that your two-mover is an impossible position. To account for the places of the white and black Pawns, at least eight captures must have been made, while only four pieces are missing from the board. Can you surmount this difficulty?

E Boswell (Lancaster).—Your contribution just escapes a similar criticism to that made above. Its idea is very well expressed, and although a stronger key move would have been all to the good, we hope to publish it shortly.

E G B Barlow (Bournemouth).—In your last composition, taking the variation, 1. —— Q takes Kt, 2. Kt to K 8th, mate; how is Black stopped from 2. —— K to Q 4th? As regards No. 3932, if you play, 1. P takes R, we should reply with, 1. —— *B takes K!*

M Beach (Milton Bridge).—Your problem is solved by 1. Kt takes Kt, dis ch and mate. Have you ever seen, moreover, in this or any other column, a position published whose solution began with a check?

John McRobert, J.P. (Crossgar).—We are afraid your two-movers are of too antiquated a type for our use. Interest now attaches to the ingenuity with which Black's replies are turned to account in the administration of mate, and to the wiles by which a solver may be misled.

R W Hill (Melbourne).—There is no such 'main principle in composing" as that which seems to have been imposed upon you. A problem may have all sixteen White pieces against a solitary Black king, without any violation of written or unwritten law. As regards your problems, they show fair constructive skill, especially in the avoidance of "cooks" but they are so lamentably weak in Black's defences. Black is not supposed in a problem to stand still to be slaughtered; he must fight to avert his fate, and this is the point you will now have to study before you can hope for publication of any of your efforts.

C C W Sumner (Sheldon).—Your three-mover will be published in due course.

A Newman (Brompton).—Our only comment is, dare we publish it? Perhaps in the dog days—if any are to be this year—we may brave the pedants and make the venture.

J C Kruse (Edgware Road).—The difficulty you found is met by 2. P takes K becomes Kt and mates.

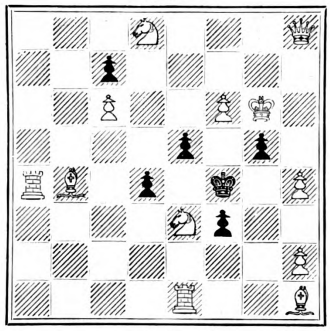
Elizabeth T Rutherford (New York).—We are sorry you are not successful with your solution of No. 3931. The answer to any other move than the right one is, 1. —— P to K 4th. We hope you will try again.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3927 received from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3929 from Howard Staunton (Kolar Gold Fields, India), and G Parbury (Singapore); of No. 3930 from Howard Staunton (Kolar Gold Fields), H K Ilavia (Bombay), and Joseph T Bunting (Secane, Pa., U.S.A.); of No. 3931 from Rev. A D Mearns (Baltimore), and Joseph T Bunting (Secane); and of No. 3932 from E J Gibbs (East Ham), R P Nicholson (Crayke), and J C Kruse (Edgware Road).

Correct Solutions of No. 3933 received from J Hunter (Leicester), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), S Caldwell (Hove), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), C B S (Canterbury), F A French (Lymington), J P Smith (Cricklewood), J C Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R B N (Tewkesbury), and H W Satow (Bangor).

PROBLEM No. 3934.—By Ernest Robins.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 3932.—By C. R. B. Sumner

WHITE	BLACK
1. R (at K 5th) to R 5th	Anything
2. Mates accordingly.	

The variety of mates is the feature of this problem that most impressed our solvers, although some of them are a little wanting in interest. There is not much choice for the key move, but a few sage spirits could not wait for the preliminary defence of R to Q 4th, before playing 1. P takes R, becomes Kt, and mates.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament, at the Hotel Alamac, New York, between Messrs. F. J. Marshall and A. Alekhine.

(*Queen's Pawn Opening.*)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd
3. P to B 4th	P to Q 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
5. P takes P	K P takes P
6. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd
7. P to K 3rd	B to K B 4th
8. B to Q 3rd	B takes B
9. Q takes B	

This exchange of Bishops is generally considered to be to White's advantage.

9.	Q Kt to Q 2nd
10. Castles (K R)	Castles
11. Q to B 5th	

There is evidently to be no want of enterprise on either side, but Black slightly profits by the ensuing exchanges.

11.	Kt to K 5th
12. B takes B	Q takes B
13. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
14. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
15. Q R to B sq	K R to K sq
16. R to B 5th	Kt to Q 4th

An obvious yet most effective resource. The Knight is excellently posted both for attack and defence.

17. K R to B sq	Q R to Q sq
18. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q R 3rd
19. P to Q R 3rd	R to Q 3rd
20. P to Kt 3rd	P to R 3rd
21. Kt to Kt sq	P to K Kt 3rd
22. Q to R 3rd	Q to Kt 4th

The strategic value of this move appears immediately. The wonder is Black did not reap more from its effects.

23. Kt to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
24. Kt takes Kt	

If 24. R to B 4th, Black's Queen is left unattacked, and the road is free for Kt takes K P, with a won game.

24.	P takes R
25. Kt to B 7th	P takes Q P

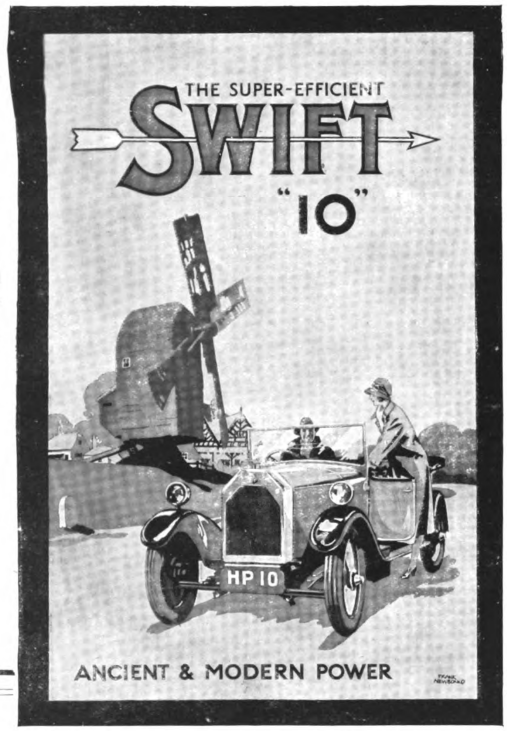
The position is a remarkable one, but it does not seem Black can do anything better. The march of his Q B P across the field is like that of the British infantry at Minden.

26. Kt takes R	P takes P
27. Kt takes R	P takes P (ch)
28. K takes P	Q to Q 7th (ch)
29. K to Kt sq	Q to K 6th (ch)

The Rook must not be taken, as it brings White's Queen into action.

30. K to Kt 2nd	Q to Q 7th (ch)
31. K to Kt sq	Q to K 6th (ch)

and draws.



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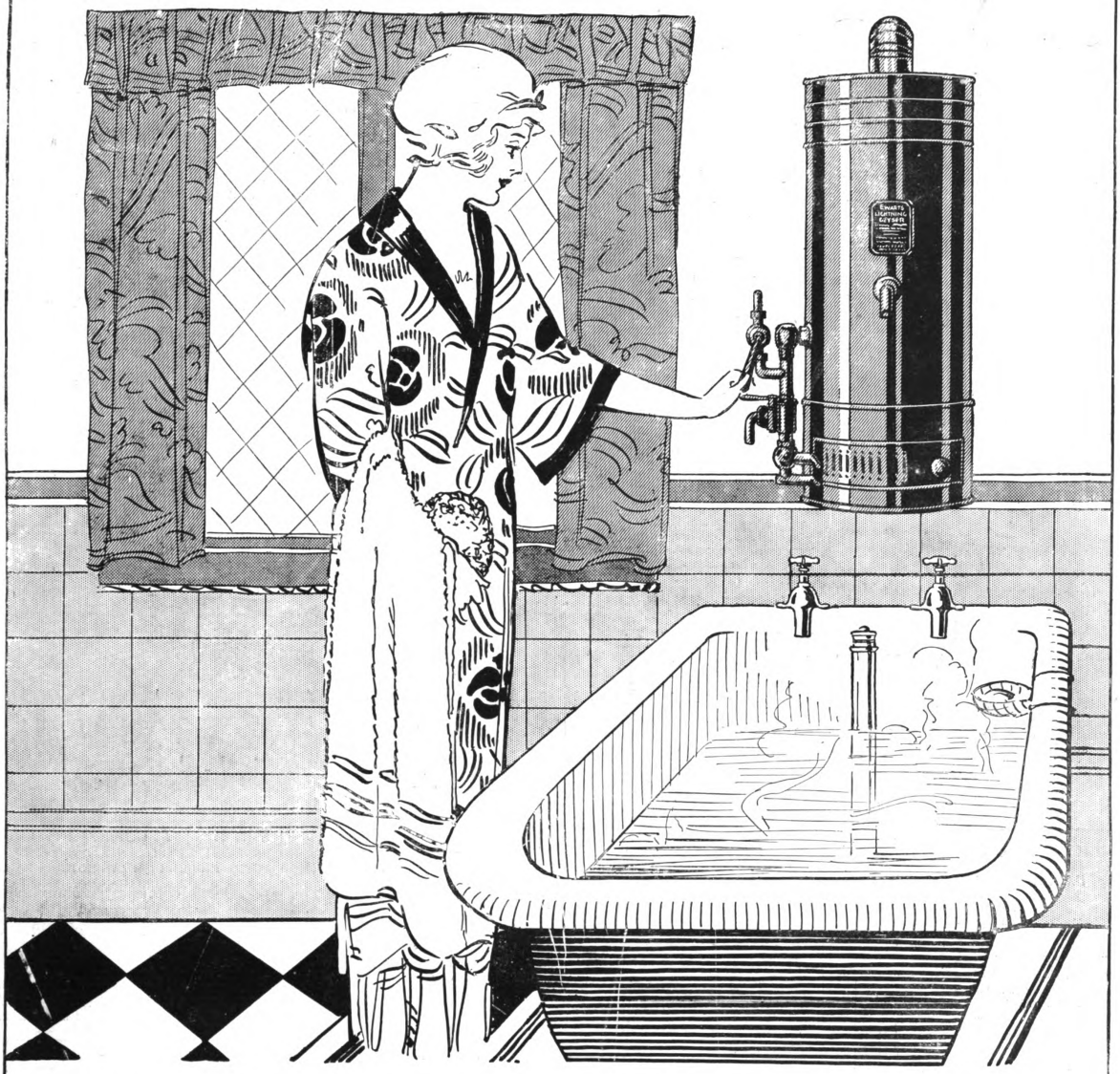

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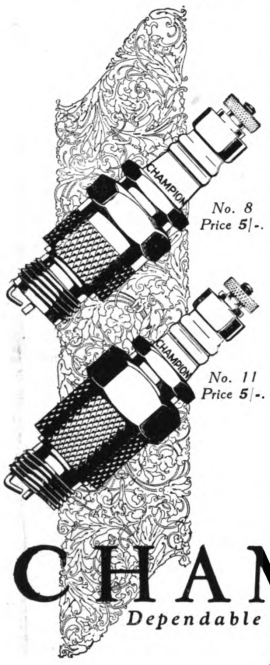

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10-15 H.P.

WITH FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES.

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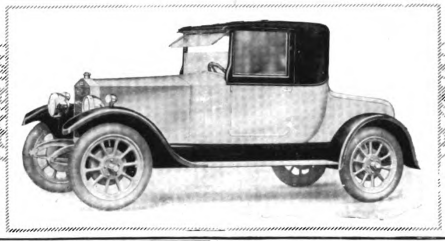

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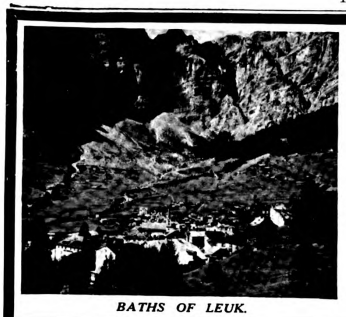

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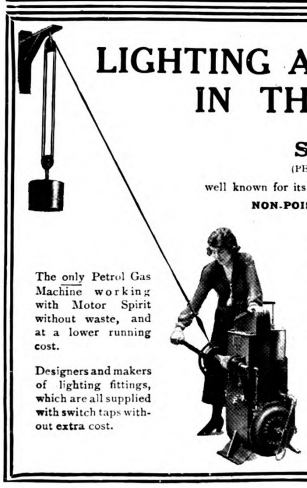

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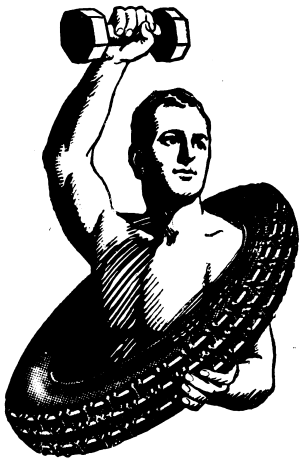

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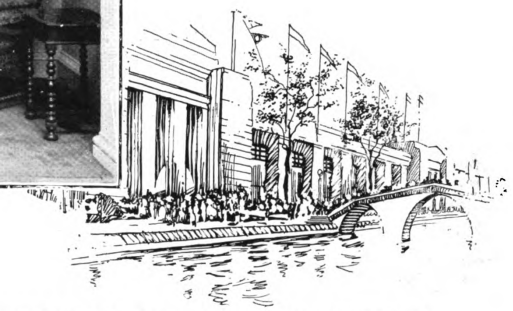

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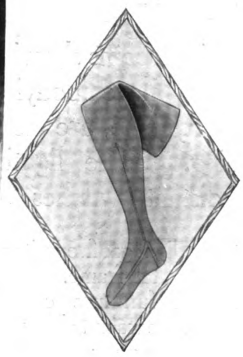

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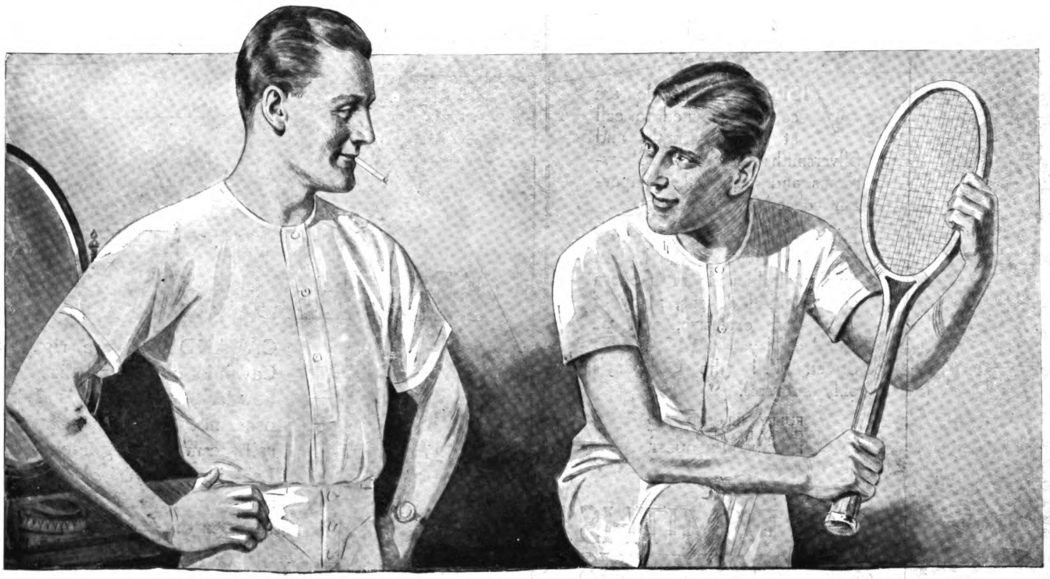

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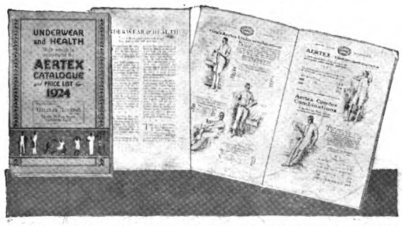

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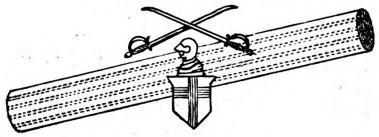

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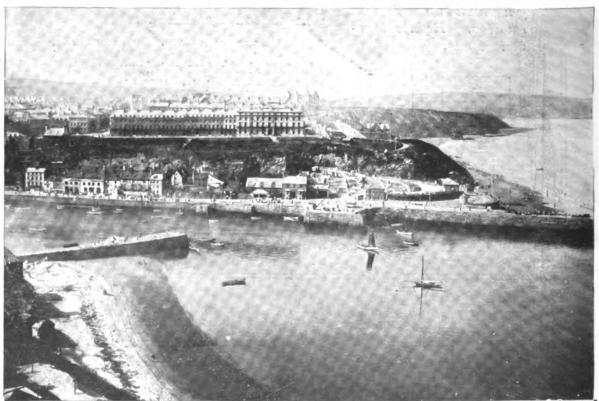

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DESIGNED BY NATURE for IDEAL HOLIDAYS, LOVELY SEASIDE RESORT with a background of MOORS, RIVERS and WOODS. NEW SPA opens 30th JUNE. Municipal Orchestra.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1924.

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THE GREAT "GATE" ATTRACTION FOR WIMBLEDON: MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN, LADY LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION.

Everyone in the lawn-tennis world, whether player or spectator, was glad to hear that Mlle. Lenglen had recovered from her recent indisposition, and felt equal to the ordeal of the Centre Court at Wimbledon, where she ever proves the greatest of "gate" attractions. The interest she arouses is due both to her play, which, with its faultless style and easy precision, is a delight to watch, and also to the factor of temperament and personality. When she arrived in Paris recently from Nice, before leaving later for London, she said that she felt quite well enough to play at Wimbledon, not only in the Ladies' Doubles with Miss Ryan, but also in the Singles. It had been feared that she might have to reserve herself for the Olympic Games. The prospect of her meeting a rival in Miss Helen Wills, the U.S. Lady Champion, was at one time much canvassed, but so far Miss Wills, who went down both to Miss McKane and Mrs. Covell in the Anglo-American match, has not shown herself likely to imperil Mlle. Lenglen's supremacy.

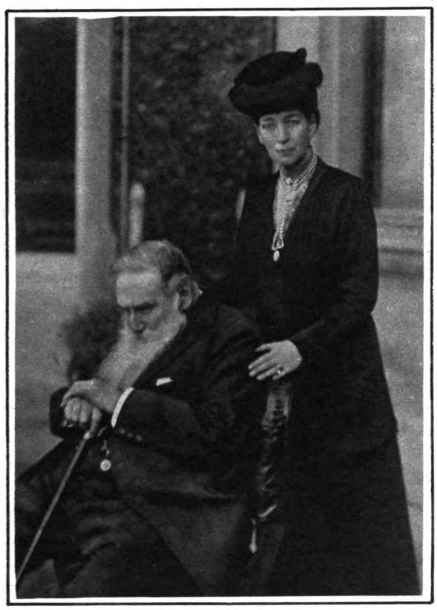
PHOTOGRAPH BY W. CAUDERY.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE seems to have been recently a fuss at Harvard rather like the fuss at Oxford when Dr. Farnell tried to prevent his innocent world of unworldly undergraduates from hearing of the existence of Bolshevism. It was, indeed, much more absurd at Oxford even than at Harvard. Oxford is meant to be a place where people can talk nonsense. It has no other object; and a very noble object, too. Anybody who imagines he can prevent young people from considering Communistic theories at Oxford had better go and try it on in Hanwell. Even at Harvard, a more earnest place, it is foolish; and I agree so far with Mr. H. G. Wells, who lately complained of the Harvard students' being forbidden to listen to Mr. Eugene Debs, the Socialist. But I am interested to notice, in his just criticism of the educational authorities, the traces of an educational theory that I can never quite understand. The Harvard dons are blamed, not because their decision is wrong, but because their decision is final. By this view nothing that we teach can be final; we must always expect our children to go beyond it, or even to go against it. This seems to me to make all belief meaningless, old or new. I do not blame even Dr. Farnell because he thinks he is right. Surely one could only want to follow Mr. Debs because he thinks he is right. And if he thinks he is really right, he thinks he is finally right. But this truism about the nature of truth is now confused with a sophistry about the nature of progress.

One of the queerest jokes of the age is that people go on incessantly demanding something new, and thereby proving themselves unable to provide anything new, even in the way of a demand. It never seems to strike them that this very longing for something advanced is already something antiquated. They can only in effect go on repeating Ibsen's phrase about the rising generation knocking at the door; without remembering that the rising generation that Ibsen knew must now be knocking at doors, and possibly knocking at spiritualistic tables, in the character of the ghosts of our grandfathers. For now nearly four generations men have thus marked time in a stamping and swaggering fashion, and talked about going forward without ever getting any further. The generation of Jeremy Bentham said the old world was wrong and the new world right; and it did right some old wrongs and introduce a great many new ones. It humanised the penal code, but it sharpened the game laws and surrendered the common land to the squires. The generation of Macaulay continued to talk about the old always being bad and the new being better; and it did make some things better and many things worse. It abolished the rotten boroughs, but it created the servile and oppressive workhouses. The generation of John Morley still had nothing new to say except that we must trust what was new. One of the new ideas was Home Rule for Ireland; another was world rule for Prussia. A fourth generation, represented by Mr. H. G. Wells, has failed to free itself from this static superstition of progress. It has often talked progress, even in the full tide of reaction — when the police were positively recovering the coercive powers that liberalism had taken from them; when powers were actually being torn from Parliament and given to dictators and controllers; when officials were actually taking away the liberties that Bentham or Macaulay had gained. This generation continued to prophesy immediate liberation, even while the scientific reformers were abolishing the Habeas Corpus Act and proposing to eliminate trial by jury. These people went on saying that the world must be better, simply because they could think of nothing else to say. In other words, they continued to praise novelty because they could think of nothing new. The praise of novelty was by this time nearly a hundred and fifty years old, and was therefore quite safe and exceedingly easy; it was a groove or a rut. It could not be wrong for a man to copy the optimism of his father by talking optimism about his son. It was quite safe for him to imitate his great-grandfather by eulogising his great-grandchild. The worship of the babe unborn has by this time become the religion of our ancestors; and is as antiquated and stiff as the ancestor-worship of China.

There is a curious contradiction in the attitude about education. Even the most intelligent of those in this progressive tradition, like Mr. Wells himself, always talk as if the young of the next generation would always improve on us, even while affirming that it is our first duty to improve them. The teacher must resolutely teach the pupil; but the pupil must inevitably overthrow the teacher; only to be overthrown in his turn when he begins to teach. But no man can really teach anything unless he believes it to be the truth; and he cannot at the same time believe it to be the truth and believe that his pupil will discover it to be an error. If the rising generation knocking at the door are simply knocking at the door of their own house, which they know better than anybody else, they really have a right to enter without knocking. But in that case they enter on the same property and are faced with the same problem. Unless they think a thing true enough to be taught, they have no right to teach it; and if it is true, the others must be wrong when they contradict it. This sort of sceptical relativity in the relations of old and young really destroys the right of either of them to hold any opinions at all. The old are wrong merely because they are old; and the young are certain to go wrong because they are certain to grow old. Nobody has any notion of what has happened, in all this tangle, to the trivial thing called truth.



WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER, IN WHOSE SERVICE (AND THAT OF KING EDWARD) HE HAD BEEN A TRUSTED FRIEND FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS: THE LATE SIR DIGHTON PROBYN, V.C., AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Gen. Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., who died in his sleep at Sandringham early on June 20, in his ninety-second year, had spent fifty-two years in the personal service of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, both of whom regarded him as a trusted friend rather than as an official. In early life he was a brilliant cavalry officer in India, and won the V.C. at Agra in 1857, during the Indian Mutiny. He also served on the North-West Frontier and in China. In 1872 he became Equerry to King Edward (then Prince of Wales), and in 1877 Comptroller and Treasurer of the Prince's Household. He was Keeper of the Privy Purse throughout King Edward's reign, and since his death had been Comptroller of the Household to Queen Alexandra.

Photograph by Russell.

These progressive prophets are always praising the rising generation; but in one way at least I have a much higher opinion of it than they have. I do not believe that young people are incapable of respecting conviction. I do not believe that they prefer weak and wavering teachers, or want everything submitted to them in this apologetic and agnostic fashion. I doubt whether they really wish to be told in a tentative manner that two and two make four subject to their better judgment. I doubt whether they prefer a teacher who tells them that a triangle has three sides for the present. That sort of hopeful hesitation is not likely to arouse enthusiasm in any young persons I have ever known, including the young person that I have been. When I was young I was much more disposed to say, "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?"

What the progressive professor really means, I fancy, is not that his pupils really dislike being told things, but that he has nothing to tell them. It only means that he is the sort of philosopher who looks for guidance to his own followers, as the followers used to look to the philosopher. He looks to the rising generation, not even from the standpoint of a sinking generation, but rather of a generation that was born sunk. It was a rising generation which never rose—that is, which never rose to the occasion. That generation, or at least that type in that generation, never had the confidence of youth, and therefore never reached the convictions of maturity. These men were never bigoted, never dogmatic, never doctrinal—that is, they were never young. They were born in the frivolity of old age. They were born in a period of scepticism, or at least in a school of scepticism, which paralysed from the first all the generous gestures of affirmation and authority. The teacher was afraid of being thought "doctrinal" or "dogmatic," if he really taught ethics or philosophy. But if he only taught Greek and Latin, he ought to have taught that these words merely mean "teaching." And that raises the real question of scepticism. The real question is not whether we can teach without being dogmatic. It is not whether we can be dogmatic without dogmas. These questions are really contradictions in terms. The real question is whether we have any right to teach at all.

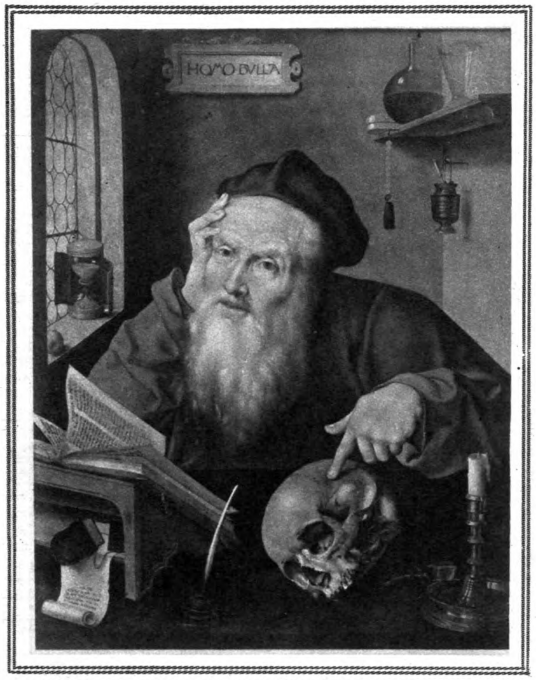
But I think there is another real reason for the revolt against dons. It is that these particular dons really had dogmatism without dogmas. In other words, they were sceptics but not honest sceptics. The academic authorities of a certain type or kind did continue to speak with authority when they no longer believed in anything, even in their own authority. A man would bear the starry and staggering title of a Doctor of Divinity—or, in other words, a direct teacher of divine things—and be at his best a Humanist caring only for human things, and at his worst a Pyrrhonist caring for nothing. But the just rebellion against that sort of old humbug does not prove anything except that men dislike being humbugged. It does not prove that they dislike being taught, or that they dislike being taught with sincerity, or even that they dislike being taught with authority. It does not prove that the young are not roused by a real trumpet, that gives no uncertain sound, even though a certain sort of hypocrite thought he could produce the impression of the trump of doom merely by blowing his own trumpet.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

In this issue we give further examples of our remarkable Anaglyphs—Miss Helen Wills in Action, and Society and Sport at Roehampton. Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 1251, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

"THE PROPERTY OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL": AN INTERESTING ART SALE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



BELIEVED TO BE THE ORIGINAL OF MANY KNOWN VERSIONS: "A PHILOSOPHER," BY QUENTIN MATSYS—TO BE SOLD FOR THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

A RAEBURN AMONG THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S FAMILY PORTRAITS TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S: THE PORTRAIT OF JAMES DUFF, FOURTH EARL OF FIFE.

ONCE ASCRIBED TO VAN EYCK, AND NOW TO THE MASTER OF THE ALTAR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW: A FINE PORTRAIT OF AN ECCLESIASTIC, IN THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S SALE.

ONE OF THREE WORKS BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN THE FORTHCOMING SALE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S PICTURES: THE PORTRAIT OF LADY MARY COKE.

Unusual interest was aroused by the recent announcement that some forty or fifty pictures by Old Masters, the property of the Princess Royal, would be offered for sale at Christie's on July 18. They comprise a number of works of considerable importance, among them three portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds—of Jane, Duchess of Gordon (who raised the Gordon Highlanders), Lady Mary Coke, and of Sir Joshua himself. The family portraits to be sold include that of James, fourth Earl of Fife, by Sir H. Raeburn, and another full-length portrait of James, second Earl of Fife, by Francis Cotes. The "Philosopher" is one of many known versions of a picture attributed to Quentin Matsys. It is described as "so superior in quality to most of the other claimants that it may confidently be set down as the master's original handiwork." The fine "Portrait of an Ecclesiastic," now regarded as by the Master of the Altar of St. Bartholomew, was at one time ascribed to Van Eyck. The tower of a Utrecht church in the background suggests a Dutch origin.

"STARS OF TOURNAMENT": LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS AT WIMBLEDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, L.N.A., ALFIERI, AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

MR. M. SLEEM (India).
MR. S. OKAMOTO (Japan).
MR. J. B. GILBERT (Great Britain).
MR. S. M. HADI (India).
M. R. LACOSTE (France).
MR. S. M. JACOB (India).
M. J. BRUGNON (France).
M. J. BOROTRA (France).
M. J. WASHER (Belgium).
COL. A. R. F. KINGSCOTE (Great Britain).
MR. R. LYCETT (Great Britain).
MR. J. D. P. WHEATLEY (Great Britain).
MR. P. D. B. SPENCE (South Africa).
SEÑOR M. ALONSO (Spain).
MR. F. GORDON LOWE (Great Britain).
MR. A. A. FYZEE (India).
MR. H. TIMMER (Holland).
M. ALAIN GERBAULT (France).
THE UNITED STATES ENTRANTS (THE OLYMPIC GAMES TEAM): (L. TO R.) MESSRS. R. N. WILLIAMS (CAPTAIN), F. T. HUNTER, VINCENT RICHARDS, AND W. M. WASHBURN.
MR. MAX WOOSNAM (Great Britain).

The Lawn-Tennis Championships at Wimbledon, begun on June 23, have, as usual, aroused the keenest interest. A novelty of the draw this year was that, for the first time, it was "seeded"—that is, selected names were put in certain places in an order otherwise chosen by lot—the object being to prevent players who may have travelled a long distance being beaten in the first round by a compatriot. The entrants included representatives of Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, the United States, France, Spain, Holland, Japan, Mexico, and Jamaica. The contest for the Men's Singles Championship promised to be very interesting in the absence of any outstanding figure. Some of the chief Australian players were missing, such as Mr. Patterson, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. O'Hara Wood, but the veteran ex-Champion, Mr. Norman Brookes, was again participating. From the American contingent last year's champion, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Tilden, the previous winner, were both unable to compete in the event this year.

WIMBL

QUEENS OF THE LAWN-TENNIS COURT: WOMEN PLAYERS AT WIMBLEDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, ALFIERI, TOPICAL PRESSPRESS AND L.N.A.

On the feminine side of the Lawn-Tennis Championships (begun at Wimbledon on June 23), the chief interest centred in the question whether anyone would be found to threaten the supremacy of the present Lady Champion, Mlle. Lenglen, a portrait of whom appears on the front page of this number. As mentioned here, the new Lady Champion of the United States, Miss Helen Wills, was at the time expected to be well in the running, until she was defeated recently in the Anglo-American match, both by Mrs. Covell and Miss McKane. It was felt, though, that Miss Wills had not then become quite accustomed to the new surroundings or reached the top of her form. In the draw for the first round the method of "seeding" (explained on our page of men entrants) was adopted also for the women players. The result was that Miss Wills could not meet Mlle. Lenglen before the final, and in order to reach it she would have to beat, among others, Mrs. Beamish and Mrs. Satterthwaite. Meanwhile Mlle. Lenglen would encounter the most successful among Mrs. Mallory, Miss Ryan, Miss M and Mrs. Covell. On June 24 Mlle. Lenglen was drawn against Miss Ellis, and Miss Wills against Miss L. Scharman.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE GOURMET.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE merit of the octopus as food for man—as well as whales—has lately been very freely discussed. and the verdict, on the whole, is greatly in its favour. It is evident, however, that it cannot be eaten raw, like the oyster, and that much depends on the cook. For some have described this viand as tough and tasteless; others are enthusiastic in its praise. "Cut into three-inch lengths," we are told, "and fried a golden brown, after being rolled in egg and bread-crumbs, and handed piping hot, they looked like piles of golden giant macaroni, and the flavour was delicious—a cross between a freshly boiled lobster and the breast of a very tender chicken." Or we might try "the small octopus called 'kalamaraki,' or 'little ink-pot,' from its black juice. . . . Two or three," we are told, "can be put on a plate together; they are quite tender, and are eaten whole. Their flavour is rich and delicate, and may be appreciated by anyone who can get over his prejudice against their appearance." But supposing we can keep our prejudice under proper control, are these delicious morsels to be eaten raw?

On the Continent, as everybody knows, octopus is commonly eaten, especially in Italy and Greece (Fig. 1). In Japan it appears to be largely

FIG. 2.—SHOWING THE BROAD WEB CONNECTING THE BASES OF THE ARMS: AN OCTOPUS AT REST.

used—not so much, apparently, when freshly caught as after drying in the sun. None of those who have recorded their experiences on this theme seem, however, to have realised that the term "octopus" is rather vague. This is unfortunate, since it may lead to the importation by some enterprising restaurant of the wrong "octopus" for the delectation of those of us who are eagerly awaiting a new dish!

The term "octopus" embraces a large number of species, all of repulsive appearance, and all of a very characteristic shape and mode of life. The common octopus of our own seas may be taken as a type. This, when full-grown, has a flask-shaped body of the size of a large coconut, and eight long arms, bearing each a double row of powerful suckers. These arms, which are connected by a broad sheet of membrane extending some distance from the base, have an expanse of about eight feet (Fig. 2). When "sauntering" along it walks on these arms in a spider-like fashion, very "creepy" to behold. But when in a hurry it leaps from the sea-floor and projects itself backwards by means of a jet of water violently forced out through the tube below the head, known as the "siphon" (Fig. 3), covering some eight feet with each ejection. This siphon is used at other times to carry away the water which has been passed over the gills, and other waste products. During these periods of "liveliness" the tentacles are held closely packed together, so as to offer no resistance to progress.

Very few people seem to have seen the octopus feeding when at large. The best description that I know of is that of the veteran marine naturalist, J. Sinel, who tells us that crabs form its favourite prey. These it will sometimes lie in wait for, behind a boulder. As its victim approaches it throws out a tentacle, neatly rolled into a vertical coil. Unwinding gently as the unsuspecting one approaches, the deadly lash at last gives a sudden flick. In an instant the suckers have taken [illegible] the captive is drawn into the lair. If too hungry to play a waiting game, "leather-jerkin" sallies forth, and, sighting a crab in the open, rises above it with tentacles so outstretched that the connecting web forms a sort of parachute. On the next instant it descends like a cloud on its victim.

In the centre of that "parachute"—that is to say, at the bases of the arms, lies the mouth, which is

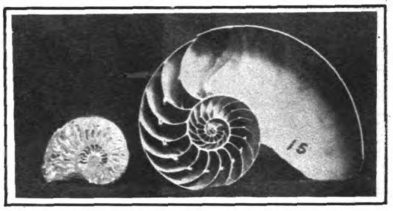


FIG. 4.—A "DISTINGUISHED RELATIVE" OF THE OCTOPUS: THE PEARLY NAUTILUS.

"The shell of the Pearly Nautilus is here seen in section. The animal lives only in the last compartment formed. Beside it is the shell of a fossil nautilus, showing the same arrangement of chambers."

armed with a fearsome, parrot-like beak. But this is not used, as might be supposed, to crush the shells of its quarry. They are simply torn apart by the suckers, when every shred of edible matter is drawn out by the ends of the tentacles and passed to the mouth. For a mollusc it seems to be surprisingly intelligent. For Sinel tells us that he has seen it kill a small rock-fish and lay it out as a bait for crabs, preferring these to fish.

The extraordinary rapidity with which the octopus can change its colour is not the least of the remarkable characteristics of this strange creature. It will change to suit the general colour of its immediate surroundings; when feeling at peace with the world after a full meal, it will adorn itself with orange-coloured papillæ; when fear possesses it, it will turn ashen grey. So much for *the* octopus.

Is it this creature which is so delicious when "fried to a golden brown, and rolled in egg and bread-crumbs,"

FIG. 1.—A SPECIES OF OCTOPUS EATEN IN ITALY: *ELEDONE*, SHOWING THE SUCKERS ON THE ARMS.

Photographs by E. J. Manly.

or is it one of the "squids" or cuttle-fishes (Fig. 3)? These all have ten arms, and a more or less elongated body. Eight of these arms are short, and provided with suckers along their whole length. Two are [illegible] sometimes enormously so, and have suckers only [illegible] their tips. They do not live upon the sea-floor [illegible] the octopus, but in midwater, and swim in shoa[illegible] Some grow to a prodigious size. Architeuthis, [illegible] largest of its tribe, may attain a length of over [illegible] feet, including the tentacle-arms, as the elongat[illegible] pair are called. These may attain a length of [illegible] feet, the shorter arms about ten feet. The eye[illegible] such a giant will measure some fifteen inches acro[illegible] All these free-swimming forms prey upon fish, so[illegible] times creating great havoc among the herring a[illegible] mackerel shoals. On them, in turn, the great sper[illegible] whale and the several species of beaked-whales a[illegible] the bottle-nosed whale feed. Thus the destructi[illegible] of whales, for commercial purposes, reacts on t[illegible] supply of our food-fishes.

Wondrous tales have been told of the attacks [illegible] giant squids on mariners, and now we are grav[illegible] told that certain Japanese species make raids upo[illegible] the potato-fields, where these are near the shor[illegible] Perchance they like potatoes to eat with their fi[illegible] The human race prefers to eat both when fried. O[illegible] cannot discuss the octopus and its kin without at leas[illegible] a brief mention of their distinguished relatives t[illegible]

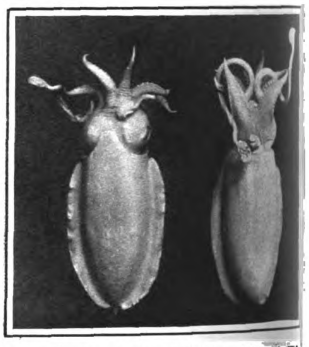


FIG. 3.—SHOWING THE "SIPHON" USED IN SEA[illegible] PROPULSION: THE CUTTLE-FISH "SEPIA."

"The cuttle-fish 'Sepia' is one of the ten-armed tribe. Th[illegible] long tentacular arms bear suckers only at their tips. This anim[illegible] furnishes the internal shell known as 'cuttle-fish bone,' used [illegible] place in bird-cages. The siphon tube is seen at the base of t[illegible] arms in the figure on the right."

Pearly Nautilus, the Paper Nautilus, or Argonaut, and Spirula.

The first-named (Fig. 4), like its ancient and [illegible] since extinct relatives the Ammonites, lives in a shel[illegible] This is remarkable for the fact that, as in the Ammon[illegible] ites, it consists of a series of coiled chambers, onl[illegible] the last-formed of which is occupied. The shel[illegible] of the paper-nautilus is an appanage of the fema[illegible] only, and is used as a "brood-chamber." It is held in position by the embrace of a specially modifie[illegible] pair of arms. These, it was at one time believed, were erected to form a pair of sails, which could b[illegible] spread before the wind to bear the proud occupant about the watery ocean-wastes.

Of Spirula, in a living state, little is known. I[illegible] is remarkable for the fact that its body contains [illegible] loosely coiled shell, which is exposed across its greatest diameter both on the under and upper side of the body. Thousands of these shells can be picked up on th[illegible] beaches of New Zealand, and they are occasionall[illegible] carried across by ocean currents to our own shores, having been found on the beaches of Cornwall and Devon. Spirula, however, is not confined to the Pacific, for it occurs also in the Indian and Atlantic Oceans—hence their appearance in Cornwall.

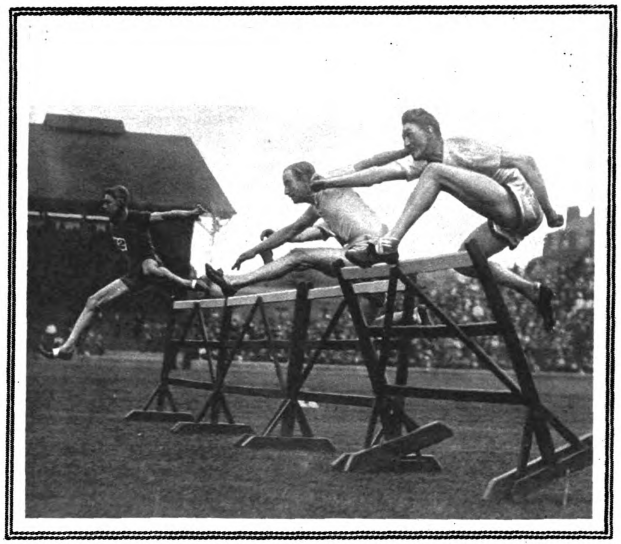
This shell answers to the "cuttle-fish bone" which forms the supporting skeleton of the genus Sepia (Fig. 3) and to the horny "pen" of the squids. The "bone" of the typical cuttle-fish, or Sepia, is fre[illegible] quently placed in parrots' cages to enable the bird to keep the growth of the beak in check; it is also in demand as an ink-eraser. I must end as I began. How are we to know which is the "octopus" which we are to eat "fried to a golden brown"? We have a bewildering variety to choose from, and as like as not we shall choose the wrong one.

CHAMPIONSHIPS TO DECIDE BRITAIN'S OLYMPIC TEAM: FINE ATHLETICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND L.N.A

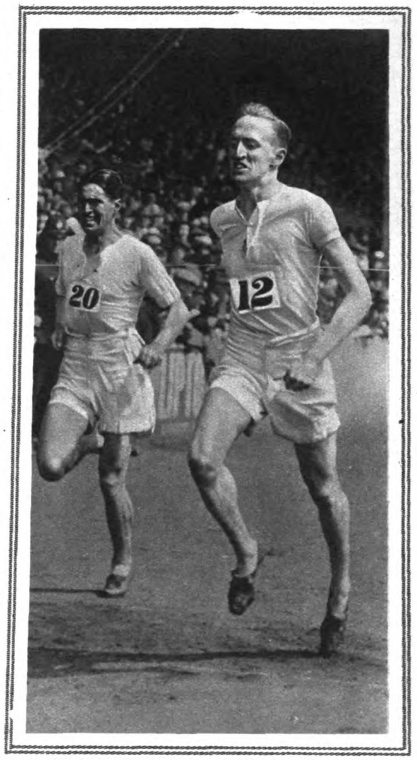
WINNING THE MILE IN 4 MIN. 21 1-5 SEC.: W. R. SEAGROVE (ACHILLES A.C.).

WINNER OF THE 220 YARDS (IN 21 7-10 SEC.): H. P. KUISMAN (SOUTH AFRICAN OLYMPIC TEAM).



A NEW CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD: THE 120 YARDS HURDLES WON IN 15 1-10 SEC. BY S. J. M. ATKINSON (SOUTH AFRICAN OLYMPIC TEAM—LEFT)—THE FIRST HURDLE IN THE FINAL.

ALSO WINNER OF THE LONG JUMP: MR. H. M. ABRAHAMS (CAMBRIDGE) WINNING THE 100 YARDS IN 9 9-10 SEC., WITH W. P. NICHOL SECOND.



A THRILLING FINISH TO THE HALF-MILE: H. B. STALLARD (ACHILLES A.C.—ON RIGHT) BEATING D. G. A. LOWE (CAMBRIDGE) BY ½ YARD (TIME, 1 MIN. 54 3-5 SEC.).

The fifty-fifth annual championships meeting of the Amateur Athletic Association, ›oncluded at Stamford Bridge on June 21, was memorable not only for some ery fast times and a general high standard of quality, but for the fact that it ›nstituted the final trials for the choice of a team to represent Great Britain : the Olympic Games in Paris next month. The number of competitors who ıined standard time and distance medals was much higher than usual, and in veral events eight or nine unplaced men achieved performances within the fixed ındards. One new championship record was set up by Mr. S. J. M. Atkinson, of the South African Olympic team, in the 120 Yards Hurdle Race, which he won in 15 1-10 sec., the previous best having been 15 2-5 sec. Mr. H. M. Abrahams did not quite equal his wonderful sprint at Woolwich, where he did the 100 yards in 9 3-5 sec., but he came very near to it with 9 9-10 sec. In the Long Jump, also, which he won with 22 ft. 8½ in., he did not reach some of his previous performances, and it is expected that some day he will do 25 ft. There were very close finishes both to the Mile (won by 3 yards) and the Ha' Mile (won by only ¾ of a yard)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

IN a summer too long delayed, it seemed lately as if the only consolation would be to sit till Christmas at the enforced fireside and read about the proper seasonable charms of leafy June. But now that some improvement has been granted by a grudging Clerk of the Weather (who has been roundly admonished, not to say "ragged," by the *Evening Standard*), it is possible to sit once more in the garden and enjoy the appropriate literature in more appropriate surroundings. The tail-end of June finds the month one of the most richly leafy of recent years, by reason of the copious rains; but, by the same token, the "rose in June" has seldom been so late. Still, it is coming on, although the best that the Cotswold garden where I write can boast as yet is a borrowed cluster that has strayed over a neighbour's fence. Its luxuriance, however, reminds me of a book at hand which can now be read without tantalising longings for a lagging summer.

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The book is "ALL ABOUT THE ROSE," by Sir J. L. Cotter (Melrose; 6s.), a comprehensive popular treatise by an expert in the most delightful branch of gardening, alike for the professional and the amateur. To this a pleasant companion comes in "THE FLOWER LOVER'S GUIDE TO THE GARDENS OF HAMPTON COURT," by Mr. Ernest Law (Bell; 2s.), another of those masterly little monographs by an author who knows how to combine his knowledge of floriculture with his knowledge of history and literature. Mr. Law, as many readers will remember, gave us not very long ago a charming account of Shakespeare's Garden as it has been reconstructed at Stratford-on-Avon.

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The present spell of fine weather and a recent flying visit to Oxford put me into the right mood for books of that kind, and set me rummaging among the new publications for something that would fit the spell of remembered summer evenings by the banks of Isis and Cherwell. Nothing of that kind has come along, it seems, so one must make what shift one can not to be baulked altogether of a whim that would serve very well to link new book to new book in an article that is to be, this week, more discursive than critical. If Isis offers nothing, however, there is help from Cam; and certain things in a Cambridge book, by a happy chance, carry me back to a war-time summer evening in the garden of Milton's College. This is altogether appropriate; for the author of the volume in question is the Master of Christ's College, whose guest I was on that occasion.

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The passage in "CAMBRIDGE CAMEOS," by Sir Arthur Shipley (Cape; 10s. 6d.), which recalls most pertinently that after-dinner twilight symposium, is the quaint and whimsically learned discussion of the evolution of the two animals that form the supporters of the Christ's College arms. Some turn of talk had fetched them into notice, and later, when the company—mostly wounded officers—had adjourned to the study of the hospitable Head of the House, who was Cambridge's great "Knight Hospitaller" in those days, he brought out a note-book and diagrams and unfolded the curious story of those strange beasts, very much as he has set it down in his "Cameos." Thus one reader at least "hears old songs turn up again," but he has not, like Homer and Homer's audience, "kep' it quiet, same as you." That is only one small gem from the riches of Sir Arthur's charming storehouse of Cambridge lore gleaned for the most part in little-known by-paths of history, literature, and archæology. Nor can natural history (*e.g.*, the fauna of King's College Chapel) be omitted from any work by the distinguished zoologist who wrote that entrancing book, "The Minor Horrors of War," which always reminds me (somewhat perversely, perhaps) of an astonishing poem by that young French poet whose first formal biography in English—apart from the essays of George Moore and Arthur Symons—has just appeared in Mr. Edgell Rickword's "RIMBAUD, THE BOY AND THE POET" (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.). Of Arthur Rimbaud I shall speak more at length in a later article. From this digression I return to say yet one more word in hearty recommendation of "Cambridge Cameos," a finger-post to many avenues which visitors to the University, and even members of the University as well, would miss without such a guide as the Master of Christ's College. He speaks of men and things with an "ease and opportunity" granted only to those who know how to season erudition with quiet humour.

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The literature of high summer has other seasonable contributories, and of these the books on cricket deserve more than a passing glance. A notable example is "MY CRICKET MEMORIES," by J. B. Hobbs (Heinemann; 6s.), a volume of reminiscences written from the professional's point of view, with inevitable knowledge and enthusiasm for the game of which "'Obbs" is so mighty a master. Mr. Fender contributes a preface in which one joke reveals as nothing else could the commanding popularity of the cricketer who here tells the story of a most interesting career. The fact that Hobbs is the idol of cricket-loving youth and age needs no emphasis, but Mr. Fender puts the matter with picturesque cogency when he remarks that "Hobbs has caused office-boys—and others—to lose more relations by sudden death in the summer than anyone realised they could possess." Hobbs's story illustrates also another, and a Shakespearean, point—namely, that "lowliness is young ambition's ladder." There is something very engaging in this great player's confession of his reverent attitude in youth towards the Olympians of those days. He had, at the outset, no undue cocksureness a[bout his] ability. Even when he was beginning to do well, he "would no more have thought of going up to Tom Hayward than of going to see the King." The reminiscences, a most interesting story of struggles and triumphs, make a worthy addition to the literature of King Willow.

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To say the "literature" of King Willow may not be quite exact, in the strictest sense of the word "literature," which, without pedantry, one ought to reserve for something rather different from good workmanlike setting-down of facts and reflections, making no pretensions to literary style and, therefore, not to be judged by the more fastidious standards of letters. But, all the same, there *is* a literature, a rich literature, of cricket; that is to say, cricket in the hands of a great writer is a subject second to none for the art of the heaven-born story-teller who is also a stylist. Your thoughts have leaped at once, beyond all other instances, to "Evan Harrington," Chapter XIII., which is entitled, "The Match of Fallowfield against Beckley."

> To stand before a field, thoroughly aware that every successful stroke you make is adding to the boards of applause in store for you—is a joy to your friends, an exasperation to your foes—I call this an exciting situation and one as proud as a man may desire. Then, again, the two last men of an eleven are twins: they hold one life between them; so that he who dies extinguishes the other. Your faculties are stirred to their depths. You become engaged in the noblest of rivalries: in defending your own, you fight for your comrade's existence. You are assured that the dread of shame, if not emulation, is making him equally wary and alert. Behold then, the two bold men of Beckley fighting to preserve one life.

From this prelude, Meredith sweeps you into the high tide of the stark battle fought for Beckley by Nick Prim and Tom Copping, with subtle analysis of other motives for gallant deeds on the part of players besides the honour of their side; with sharp probings, too, of Fred Linnington's misery when he missed that safe catch as he fielded at a point known in those days as the "long-hit-off." The novelist takes care to give us the right cricket weather. "Heat and lustre were now poured from the sky, on whose soft blue a fleet of clouds sailed heavily." Which brings me back to the new books before me.

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Here is one in the main title of which the word "cricket" does not actually appear; but from "DAYS IN THE SUN," by Neville Cardus (Grant Richards; 6s.), it is not difficult to deduce the idea of the game, even in a season that began with such a negation of true cricket weather as the present. And the second title, "A Cricketer's Journal," saves all ambiguity. He is in some sense a chronicler, and a good one, of great sporting events and a biographer of heroes at the wicket; but he is more—he uses these particulars as material for art, and so this book must take its place in the literature, rightly so called, of the cricket-field. Into the refinements of his technical argument only experts can enter with full gusto, but the book is for all. Even mere literary persons—that is, those literary persons who cannot claim to come within a hundred miles of expert knowledge—will respond to Mr. Cardus's sublimation of the game. A writer who sees the Tonbridge ground, with Woolley batting, as "a pastoral," has touched heights at which leather-hunting melts into poetry. Like its title, this is a sunny book.

The sky is somewhat overcast in Mr. A. C. Maclaren's "CRICKET OLD AND NEW" (Longmans; 6s.), for [the] doughty captain here appears as a staunch laudator *temporis acti*. He cannot consider that English cricket is in a good way, and he gives no uncertain sound as to his convictions. But if he mourns the past and the decay of its orthodox practice, Mr. Maclaren has not written a lamentable book. Far from it. When he goes on to show cause for his opinions, he is, as ever, a most entertaining and instructive companion, and, indeed, the same applies to his lamentations, which, if sombre, are neither lamentable nor lachrymose. His book is full of choice cricketer's lore, practical and theoretical, and cricketers old and new, young will approve and disagree according to their individual persuasion, will find every page stimulating. Nor is the outlook unhopeful. Mr. Maclaren believes that there is promising material coming up, and that former glories may be revived, provided that the younger generation will follow the words of the original Jeremiah—"Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."

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Enough now, of cricket. A veteran's regret for [the] days and former institutions finds a voice in "DAYS THAT ARE GONE," a book of reminiscences, personal and social, by Colonel B. De Sales La Terrière (Hutchinson: 24s.), one of those pleasantly discursive volumes which old soldiers in such good hands at writing, when the time has come, as Colonel Newcome says, "for an old fellow to haul in his sword up." There are memories of Eton and of the Army, of sport, of society, of the South African War, and of later happenings, together with anecdotes and personal sketches about persons and things of other days. Naturally, the author sees the present times at a disadvantage with the past, and politically he mourns, like Francis Allen's parson in the Introduction to "Morte d'Arthur," the general decay of faith

> Right through the world; at home was little left,
> And none abroad: there was no anchor, none,
> To hold by.

The old privileged classes see their day expired, and Colonel La Terrière's opinion it is all due to Mr. Lloyd George. This is not the place to discuss such fine points of controversy, but, apart from its other features of interest, this book is sure of a sympathetic audience among the Do-Hards. And, for quite other reasons, others will find it readable too.

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To the notes given last week here on Dickens's London let me add a word or two upon other recent books dedicated to the Mother City. Among these is "THE ARTIST'S LONDON" (John Castle; 25s.), a sumptuous volume illustrating from the works of Brangwyn, Bone, Lavery and other masters, the picturesque aspect of the Metropolis. "OLD LONDON CITY," by L. and A. Rosa (Simpkin; 3s. 6d.), is a useful little handbook much on the plan of the same author's recent work on London streets. This, with a new edition of Messrs. Wace Lock's ever handy guide to London, entitled the year "LONDON, 1924" (2s. 6d.) will be welcomed by the strangers within our gates who have come from the four quarters of the world to the Empire Exhibition. Apropos both these and stay-at-home people will be grateful to Mr. Donald Maxwell for "WEMBLEY IN COLOUR" (Longmans; 21s.), a wonderful record of the Exhibition Landscape, with the play of light, natural and artificial, upon its gardens and palaces. No more charming souvenir could be imagined than this work of an artist whose pen is as accomplished as his pencil. Mr. Maxwell gives us the latest phase of modernity in garden landscape. By way of contrast, here is another book relating to one of our older and most precious enclosures, that home of ancient peace and beneficent science, which is described by Mr. F. Dawtrey Drewitt in "THE ROMANCE OF THE APOTHECARIES' GARDEN AT CHELSEA" (Chapman and Dodd; 5s.), a desirable little volume.

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This *mélange* of London books reminds me that, as far as title goes, current fiction has something of the same kind to offer to readers who are making up their library lists. This is "A LONDON MIXTURE," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick (Collins; 7s. 6d.), the story of the Paxos girls, who were overtaken by the new hard times and had to fend for themselves in the world, without any previous training in that difficult art. The problem that faces Sylvia, Diantha and Ursula is handled by Mrs. Sidgwick with her wonted lightness of touch and power of shrewd characterisation, and, although it has been used not a few times in recent years, here the setting and treatment make it something entirely individual and new.

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Several points in these apparently random remarks are converging, curiously enough, upon another new novel. It is a tale of present-day unrest and revolt, of London, of sultry nights and days, of problems that beset the younger generation and bewilder the old, and—to draw in one last thread from the foregoing texture—of "twins, that hold one life between them so that he who dies extinguishes the other." It is called by its author "a book for a few people," and perhaps he is right, for it is certainly not a book for everybody that Mr. Michael Arlen has written in "THE GREEN HAT" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), yet everybody is sure to read it. The author still moves in a world that sits very loose to old bonds of conduct—but here he seems to be less concerned to tell an exciting and probably "risky" story than to probe below the frivolity of one section of society there to discover principles in no apparent principle and morality amid the immoral. This may be Mr. Arlen's first serious work, but it is not serious to heaviness.

BOOKS MOST IN DEMAND AT THE LIBRARY.

FICTION.

"DREAMING SPIRES." By Diana Patrick.
(Hutchinson; 7/6.)

"THE GREEN HAT." By Michael Arlen.
(Collins; 7/6.)

"A MUSTER OF GHOSTS." By Bohun Lynch.
(Palmer; 7/6.)

"ORDEAL." By Dale Collins.
(Heinemann; 7/6.)

"PATRICIA ELLEN." By Mary Wiltshire.
(Mills and Boon; 7/6.)

"SCARLET SAILS." By Mrs. Baillie Saunders.
(Hutchinson; 7/6.)

"THE UNHOLY EXPERIMENT."
(Chatto & Windus; 7/6.) By Constance Smedley.

"THE WINDLESTRAW." By J. Mills Whitham.
(Allen and Unwin; 7/6.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

"THE ROAD." By Hilaire Belloc.
(Fisher Unwin; 7/6.)

"AMERICA REVISITED." By the Rt. Hon.
(Cassell; 7/6.) The Earl of Birkenhead.

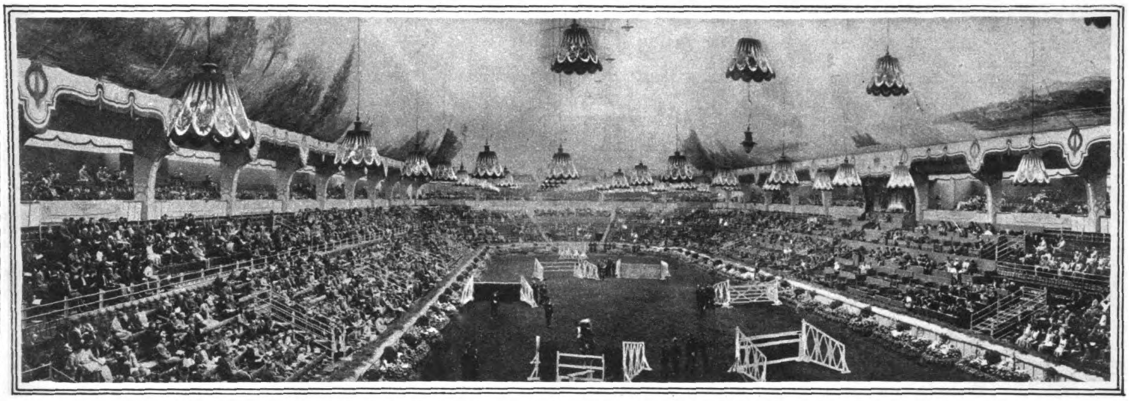
"A PARCEL OF KENT." By F. J. Harvey Darton.
(Nisbet; 12/6.)

"DAYS THAT ARE GONE."
(Hutchinson; 24/-.) By Col. B. De Sales La Terrière.

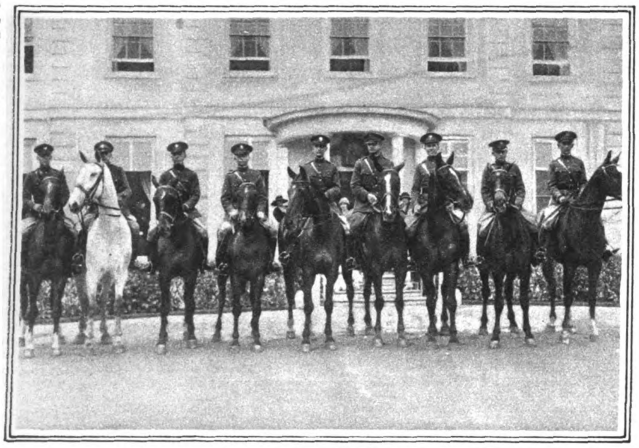
In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

EVENTS OF A GREAT SPORTS WEEK: THE HORSE SHOW; 'VARSITY POLO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, L.N.A. C.N., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.

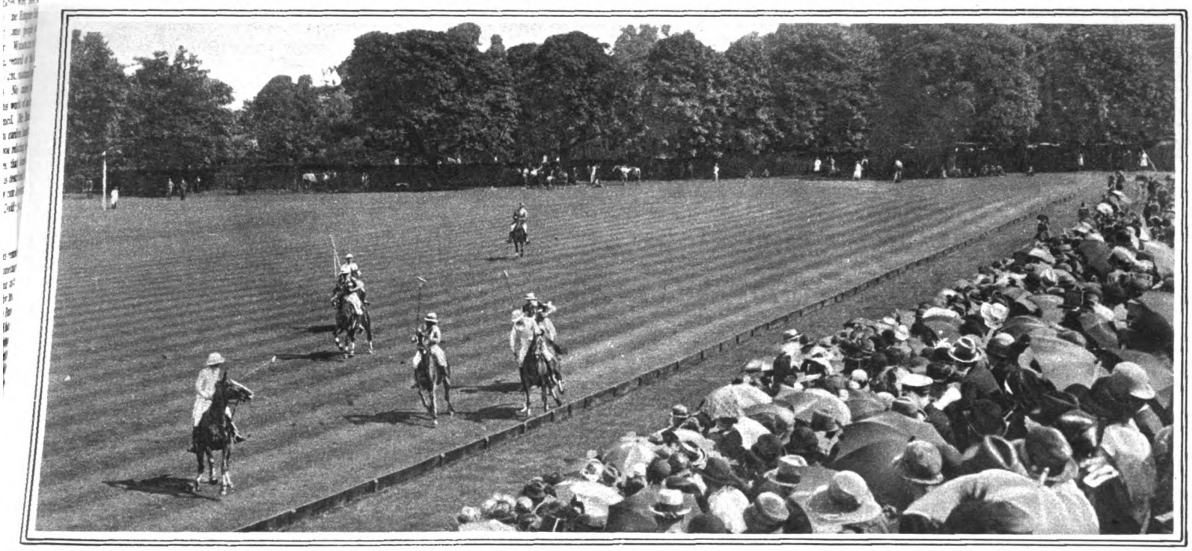


THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, FOR WHICH NEARLY 2300 HORSES WERE ENTERED, FROM MANY PARTS OF EUROPE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF OLYMPIA DURING ONE OF THE EVENTS—SHOWING A COMPETITOR TAKING A STILE FENCE IN THE FOREGROUND.



THE UNITED STATES ARMY REPRESENTED AT THE HORSE SHOW FOR THE FIRST TIME: NINE OF THE TEAM OF OFFICERS FOR THE JUMPING CONTESTS.

JUST THIRTY: THE PRINCE OF WALES (SECOND FROM RIGHT) PLAYING POLO FOR OLD OXONIANS (WHOSE ONLY GOAL HE SCORED) v OLD CANTABS.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POLO MATCH, WHICH WAS WON BY OXFORD BY SEVEN GOALS TO FIVE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GAME AT HURLINGHAM, SHOWING THE BALL NEAR THE BOUNDARY LINE, AND SOME OF THE LARGE CROWD OF SPECTATORS.

The International Horse Show, opened at Olympia on June 20, promised to be a "record" one both in the matter of entries and general interest. The number of horses entered for the various contests was nearly 2300, almost 700 more than last year. The King and Queen arranged to attend on June 23 to watch the jumping for the King George Gold Cup, for which officers of seven armies competed. The United States Army was represented for the first time. Our photograph shows (from left to right) Major E. W. Taulbee, Capt. F. H. Bontecou, Capt. W. T. Bauskett, Major John Barry (captain), Major C. P. George, Capt. J. R. Underwood, Lieut. F. L. Carr, Lieut. P. M. Robinett, and Capt. V. L. Padgett.——The Oxford and Cambridge Polo Match, played at Hurlingham on June 21, resulted in Oxford winning by 7 goals to 5. Afterwards a match took place between teams of Old Oxonians and Old Cantabs. The Prince of Wales played No. 1 for the Old Oxonians, and hit the only goal for his side. The Old Cantabs won by 8 goals to 1. The Prince, it may be recalled, kept his thirtieth birthday on June 23.

The European Goose that Lays the Golden Eggs.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

OUR epoch abounds in anonymous and invisible collective powers, such as the Press, Public Opinion, and Political Parties. Among these anonymous and collective powers, which govern the world without knowing it, one must also count thrift, the mass of hoarders, the great, medium, and small capitalists, who belong to all countries, classes and religions, and who subscribe to State Loans. I heard a banker call them "The International Order of the Knights of the Five Per Cent." That invisible mass holds in its hands to-day the destinies of peoples and empires.

It is, therefore, a great political power, although it cannot yet pride itself on a long history. It also was born in the nineteenth century, after a long and difficult gestation. One might say that during many centuries the world had dreaded its birth. In ancient times Aristotle and an élite of thinkers had forbidden, as contrary to reason and justice, the taking of interest on money, which is the life-breath of modern economics. The Catholic Church accepted this doctrine and forbad, as far as it was able, the lending of money upon interest, as contrary to the dictates of charity. It was Calvin and the reformed religion which acknowledged the right of money to beget money; which explains why even to-day there are so many Jews and Protestants among the bankers in Catholic countries. But it was only after the French Revolution that Capital became a political power. This was due to the great industries, to the dizzy development of production and credit, and to the new forms of modern States.

ITALIAN HORSEMANSHIP DISPLAYED BY THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ITALY: THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT JUMPING AT THE FAMOUS CAVALRY SCHOOL OF TOR DI QUINTO, NEAR ROME.

The Prince of Piedmont, who, with his sister, Princess Mafalda, accompanied his parents, the King and Queen of Italy, on their recent visit to England, is an officer in the Italian Army. As our photograph shows, he is an adept in horsemanship, at which Italian cavalry officers have so often proved their skill at the International Horse Show in London. The Crown Prince is in his twentieth year, having been born on September 15, 1904, at the Castle of Racconigi.—[*Photograph by Paolo Lucchesi, Rome.*]

No one is ignorant of the fact that in Europe and America the State underwent a complete transformation in the nineteenth century. But if everyone knows that during the nineteenth century the State in Europe and America became bureaucratic, democratic, and parliamentarian, people are at the same time ignorant of the most important transformation of all: that it became a formidable financial power, which enjoyed almost unlimited credit. Before the French Revolution, Governments were only able to borrow, with great difficulty, sums which to us appear ridiculously small. They were forced to live on their resources without being able to mortgage the future. After 1815, in proportion as capitalists, great and small, increased and multiplied, and were ready to lend their savings, the State borrowed and spent fabulous treasures, multiplying and developing all the public services and all branches of administration—war—marine—instruction—public works and hygiene.

The modern State, bureaucratic, armed to the teeth, encroaching and ultra-powerful, would never have existed without this anonymous crowd of money-lenders. For it is a crowd, even if it is never united in a single place; a crowd subject to infatuations, illusions, caprices, depressions; a crowd which has its ringleaders, and which, like all crowds, is sometimes led by them and sometimes drives them. These ringleaders are the bankers, the stockbrokers, the fin[illegible] journals, who play the part of inter-me[illegible] the States in need of money and th[illegible]ave. The banks only undertake to launch loans in favour of a State if they consider that the public is already disposed to subscribe, or if they think that they will be able to persuade it to subscribe if it is still undecided.

Finance is a game of collective psychology, like fashion, politics, or journalism. The contractile movements of the soul of this crowd of depositors, confident dilations and distrustful contractions, has reacted during the last fifty years on the politics of the States, in the same way as diplomatic vicissitudes and the oscillations of opinion. Every day we see examples of it. On what in the last resort does the destiny of the nations who desire to restore the ruins of the war depend, if it is not on the possibility of obtaining loans? And on what does that possibility depend, if not on the confidence or distrust of that invisible and dispersed crowd?

Austria has been able to put her affairs into some slight order, because, thanks to the intervention of the League of Nations, and an ingenious system of guarantees, she has been able to find credit. Hungary is striving, with the support of Switzerland, to arrive at an analogous combination.

It is much hoped to-day that the plan put forward by the experts will succeed in at last solving the terrible problem of reparations. But the system of the experts rests entirely on the borrowing of a milliard gold francs (800 million marks), which it would be necessary to concede to Germany, in order that she might reorganise her finances. Without that loan the whole system crumbles to pieces. It will be necessary, therefore, to have recourse once more to international savings. All the agreements which the Governments may make among themselves, must be ratified by the anonymous power which will give or withhold its approbation, by subscribing or not subscribing to the loan.

But that is not yet all. One might say that in a certain sense the crowd of investors in Europe and America have the destinies of the Russian revolution in their hands. The matter is so curious that it merits a rather deeper examination.

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It is known that, having abolished capitalism at home, the Russian revolution set out to look for capital abroad, as was done by the Russia of the Tsars. She had already asked for a dozen milliards from the Genoese Conference, but was refused. Not discouraged by this first check, she continued.

A campaign, well supplied with optimistic information on the situation in Russia, supports her attempts. We are assured that agriculture is again flourishing, that industry is being reorganised, that commerce is developing, that the people are look[illegible] forward to the future with confidence. The pe[illegible] who still remember, for it was only yesterday, [illegible] they were given terrifying descriptions of the ru[illegible] and disorder in which the war and revolution [illegible] plunged Russia, no longer knows what to beli[illegible] It asks itself whether it was deceived yesterday [illegible] whether it is being deceived to-day.

It was not deceived yesterday, and one can[illegible] say that it is being deceived to-day, even if one ex[illegible] recognises that the news which has been circula[illegible] for some time past is the customary exaggera[illegible] of official optimism.

The Russian revolution might be defined as [illegible] decay of the Roman Empire, *à grande vitesse*. [illegible] empire of the Tsars succumbed in ten years to [illegible] the evils which destroyed the Roman Empire in [illegible] centuries. In both empires legality was overthrow[illegible] a violent and feeble military dictatorship seized [illegible] power, civil war became permanent, the super[illegible] classes of the ancient régime disappeared, and [illegible] replaced by a mixture of different elements in wh[illegible] the former subj[illegible] races predomina[illegible] The frontier pr[illegible] vinces of the emp[illegible] have seceded, [illegible] its unity is in je[illegible] pardy. Populatio[illegible] has diminished, com[illegible] munications have b[illegible] come more difficu[illegible] many secondar[illegible] towns are disco[illegible] in favour of a fe[illegible] *big* centres. Th[illegible] good coinage ha[illegible] disappeared, power[illegible] has increased. Lite[illegible] ature has vainly en[illegible] deavoured to hid[illegible] under apparent ac[illegible] dacity, its want o[illegible] direction and th[illegible] agony of its ap[illegible] proaching extinction.

But the same thing happens after great historic catastrophes as it does after earthquakes. Terror and discouragement once passed, the survivors want to reconstruct their houses on the ruins. They never reconstruct them as they were; they must build them as they can, smaller or larger, more beautiful or more ugly. But, sooner or later, a new town rises up on the site of the old one. It is the same with civilisations. And as everything is made or unmade more rapidly to-day than formerly, if ten years destroyed as much in the Russian Empire as three centuries in the Roman Empire, it will not require six centuries, as in the case of the Roman Empire, to reconstruct what has been destroyed.

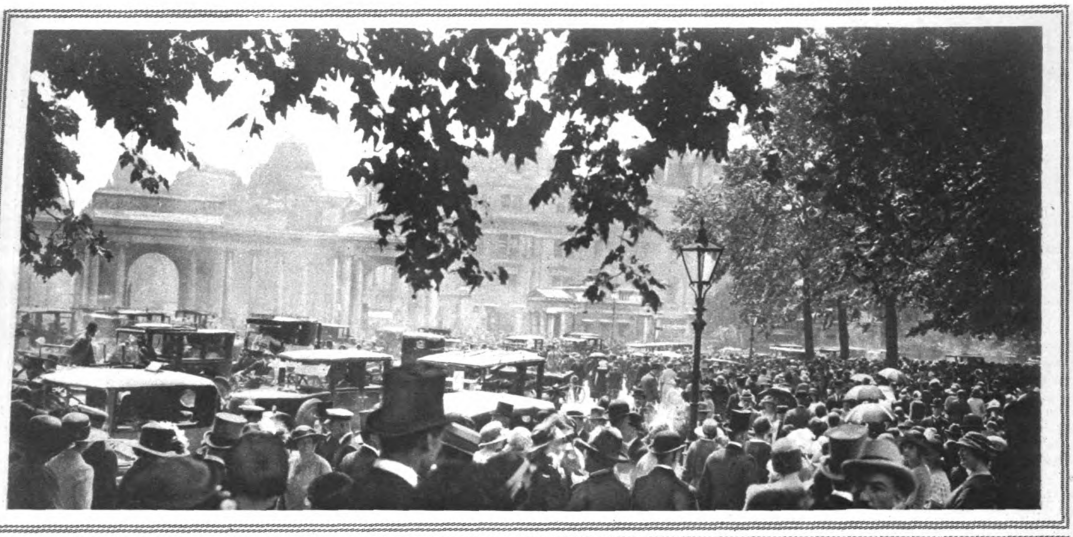
The optimistic information which has been circulated for some time about Russia means only that, even in Russia, the people are beginning to reconstruct under a new form what the war and revolution have destroyed. Russia to-day is much poorer than she was in 1914; but she has returned to work in order to recover her former riches, and she wishes to recover them *as quickly as possible*. It is for this reason that the Soviet Government is seeking foreign capital.

Are not the great international loans organised by the capitalism of the nineteenth century realising a world-wide collaboration, having for their result the saving of time? Formerly, owing to the isolation in which the nations and civilisations lived, each country had to remake by its individual work its economic stock of tools, if it had been destroyed by a war, which took a great deal of time. For what reason had the people of Europe who survived the catastrophe of the Roman Empire, to toil for six centuries in order to find again, with a certain amount of affluence, the possibility of a superior culture? Because they had to remake all that the invasions of barbarians and the civil wars had destroyed, by

[Continued on page 1236.

THE PAGEANT OF ASCOT SUNDAY—IN THE PARK AND ON THE RIVER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND I.B.



CROWDED WITH PRIVATE CARS, TAXIS, AND PEDESTRIANS: THE END OF THE LADIES' MILE IN HYDE PARK.

GAY AS A *PARTERRE* IN A LUXURIANT GARDEN: THE CROWD OF RIVER PICNICKERS AT BOULTER'S LOCK.

Ascot Week—which is usually considered to be the apex of the London season—enjoyed ideal June weather this year, and the week-end which followed the great social and racing carnival was a perfect example of what green-and-gold English summer days can be when they live up to their reputation. Ascot Sunday was celebrated with due pageantry, both in London and on the river. In the Park—which is now one of the most crowded quarters of town, as it can be frequented by taxis as well as private cars—a regular fashion parade was enjoyed, as many Ascot dresses were worn at the After-Church Promenade which still remains a characteristic feature of London life. The river is always largely patronised on Ascot Sunday, and this year the scene at the famous Boulter's Lock was extremely beautiful, as the light colours of the summer frocks were seen to every advantage in the brilliant sunlight. The pageant was as enchanting as any stage setting, and the dainty fabrics, light colours, and picturesque hats showed off the charm of the English girls wh[illegible]

CRETE UNDER THE CÆSARS: NEW DISCOVERIES AT GORTYNA.

By PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR, of the University of Rome, the Distinguished Archæologist.

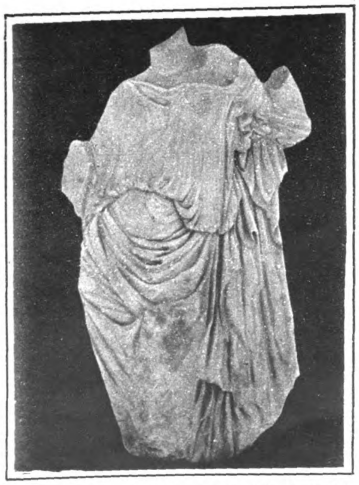
IN *The Illustrated London News* for March 11, 1922, appeared a summary of the excavations carried out, up to 1921, by the Italian Archæological Mission in Crete, with the object of exploring the Roman strata of ancient Gortyna and other cities, and of preparing a complete illustration of Cretan art and culture in the period of its renaissance under the Cæsars.

The work was resumed, during the summer and autumn of 1922, along with a new general survey of the island, and a further campaign at Gortyna, which has since been continued. Topographical investigations in this place were somewhat helped by new casual discoveries due to the progress of cultivation, but more considerably by the works undertaken by the Greek Government in order to replace the old mule-paths of the midland provinces with modern carriage-roads.

The new route, connecting the city of Candia with the agricultural centres of the Messara Plain divides the ancient area of Gortyna into about two halves, running from east to west upon an old track, which followed probably the *decumanus maximus* of the Roman town. This road crosses the Lethæus River, just below the ancient *Agora*, or Forum, with a newly-built bridge, occupying nearly the same place as the bridge of the Agora mentioned in the earliest Gortynian inscriptions. In Hellenistic and Roman times, huge structures were built along and across the river, in order to regulate its stream, both by impeding overflow in winter and collecting its scarce waters in summer. These high stone archways —under which, according to the descriptions of the Venetian period, one could pass on horseback— together with other remarkable remains of vaulted edifices, near its right bank, have been now again

A REPRODUCTION OF THE "POTHOS" (DESIRE) OF SCOPAS: FRAGMENTS OF AN ORNAMENTAL STATUE FROM THE FORUM AT GORTYNA. NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT CANDIA.

Photographs by Courtesy of Professor Federico Halbherr.



PROBABLY A COPY FROM A PHIDIAN ORIGINAL: A FINE HEADLESS STATUE OF A DRAPED VENUS (APHRODITE) FROM THE QUARTER OF THE PYTHIUM AT GORTYNA.

brought to light. But a more imposing building is to be seen on the left bridgehead, broken, unfortunately, and divided into two by the road, but still showing features of its original plan.

It rises with strong stone and brick walls upon a rectangular platform at the southern end of the Agora, looking towards the river and the Acropolis. Its vicinity to the market-place makes the supposition probable that it was the seat of the Agoranomoi, or Ædiles; that is, the Agoranomeion, or police-court, while a Latin inscription, discovered amongst its ruins, with the name of a Roman governor of the fourth and third years before the Christian era, if really belonging to it, as it seems, would permit us to date its construction from the very time of Augustus. A dedication to the same Emperor from another public or sacred building, as also a fine marble portrait showing him in youth, had been previously recovered in the Forum, amongst the score and more of Roman statues, heads, busts, and other sculptural fragments which came to light there after the discovery of the great Gortynian inscription of the Laws. This fact tends to prove that the first works for the embellishment of this quarter date back to his time.

At the present stage of the exploration, we may draw for ourselves an approximate picture of what was the Forum of this provincial city in the great days of the Roman Empire. In front of the Odeum, restored by Trajan, a large paved square extended along the left bank of the Lethæus, with an *exedra* on its northern side and a shrine of Æsculapius on its southern one. It was thronged with marble statues — some of them colossal — of gods, heroes, and men; amongst the latter, one could see those of old Cretan statesmen, lawgivers, and philosophers, like Epimenides, and those of the Roman Emperors and other members of the Imperial family; together with the most prominent officers of the Roman administration. Copies of celebrated works of art of the ancient masters adorned its monuments and porticoes. To these belong a beautiful Venus torso of Praxitelean type, found near the Odeum, and the fragments of a fine reproduction of the so-called Pothos (Desire) of Scopas, which were discovered some years ago, and have since been put together and transferred to the Candia Museum. The two most conspicuous Imperial statues of colossal size, still kept in the courtyard of the Archæological Depot of Gortyna, near the village of the Holy Ten, are that of the young Tiberius, with the sacrificial toga folded over his head, and the very fine one of a noble matron richly draped in her costly *himation*, or mantle, a figure full of dignity, in whose face, however, we are yet unable to distinguish the features of any known Roman Empress. It may be the personification of some abstract conception, as used largely in Roman art, or the idealised figure of an actual Empress or Princess, represented in the proud semblance of Juno.

The statue of Tiberius is one of the two finest and most complete sculptures of Roman Cæsars yet found in Crete, the second being that of the Emperor Hadrian from the Temple of Dictynna, near Canea, now in the Museum of that city. Photographs of both are here published. (See facing page.)

At the southern end of the Forum, between this and the supposed police-court (Agoranomeion) mentioned above, there was built in the sixth century, that is, in full Byzantine times—as the distinguished architect, Mr. Theodore Fyfe, is inclined to think—or perhaps even during the fourth century, the finest Christian church of ancient Crete, in honour of St. Titus, the first Bishop appointed by St. Paul in the island. His latest successor, the present Bishop of Gortyna, the Right Reverend Basilios, took care to consolidate and restore the surviving walls and apses of the church, while the Italian Mission and the Cretan Department of Antiquities, in three consecutive campaigns, succeeded in excavating the whole of its area. This church is now to be ranked amongst the most interesting monuments of ancient Gortyna.

The other localities, beside the Forum, which are more conspicuous for ancient monuments, both of architecture and of sculpture, are—as already pointed out in the previous article—the quarter of the Pythian Temple (or Pythium), the Prætorium (or Basilica), the Nymphæa, and the shrine of the Egyptian deities, all, now, entirely or partially excavated. The Imperial Baths (or Thermæ), the Amphitheatre, the large theatre at the foot of the Acropolis and the Acropolis itself, with its imposing Byzantine walls and barracks, are still awaiting further exploration.

The quarter of the Pythium, like that of the Agora, was also entirely renewed under the Imperial administration. The *cella* of the Temple itself, rebuilt probably after an earthquake at about the end of the second century, bears upon one of its columns an inscription in honour of Septimius Severus, dated from the beginning of the third century; that is, from the time of his Britannic expedition in A.D. 208.

Some yards south-west of the temple, another inscription has been found, with the names of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, showing that there was a shrine dedicated to the worship of the Emperors

THE ROMAN EMPEROR IN WHOSE TIME GORTYNA WAS ADORNED WITH NEW BUILDINGS: A MARBLE BUST OF AUGUSTUS AS A YOUTH, FOUND IN THE FORUM THERE.

the Compitum Augustorum. At the back of the cella of the Pythium rose the smaller theatre, a large brick structure, which was still fairly well preserved in Venetian days, and down till the time of Pococke, though Captain Spratt, in 1852, saw it in ruins. These buildings were almost entirely destroyed, some few years ago, by peasants in search of building materials.

To the north of the Pythium and the Basilica, amid luxuriant vegetation, have recently been observed remains of the Roman aqueduct which supplied water to that quarter and to its Nymphæa. Many Roman statues and inscriptions, besides the monuments in the Prætorium, have also been discovered, scattered here and there over this ground, and showing the thorough transformation which Gortyna underwent during the Roman Empire, when, with the title of *Civitas splendidissima*—"the very splendid city"—it became the metropolis, or capital, of the Proconsular Province of Crete.

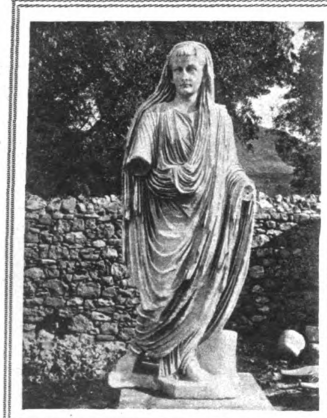
[*Professor Halbherr's article on the excavations in the Forum at Rome, which we announced in our issue of June 14 would appear in the next number had to be held over for lack of space, and will be published later. Meanwhile we give the above article from his pen as being of more immediate interest owing to the new discoveries in Crete.*]

IN THE ISLAND CRADLE OF EUROPEAN CIVILISATION: ROMAN GORTYNA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.

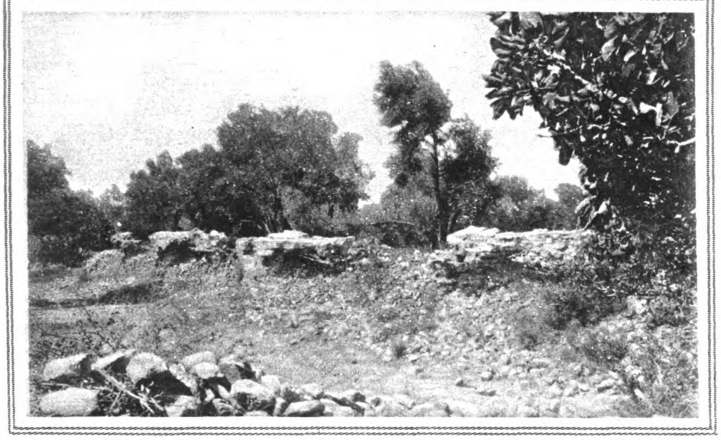
BUILT WHEN THE ISLAND OF MINOS WAS A ROMAN PROVINCE: THE WESTERN WING OF THE PRÆTORIUM (BASILICA) AT GORTYNA, THE ROMAN CAPITAL OF CRETE—SHOWING A HEADLESS STATUE OF A PROCONSUL.

TYPICAL OF A ROMAN MATRON'S DIGNITY: A COLOSSAL STATUE (PERHAPS AN EMPRESS) FROM THE FORUM OF GORTYNA.



CLAD IN A SACRIFICIAL TOGA: TIBERIUS AS A YOUTH—ONE OF THE FINEST IMPERIAL STATUES FOUND IN CRETE, FROM GORTYNA.

THE BEST-PRESERVED NYMPHÆUM (OR WATER-RESERVOIR) DISCOVERED AT GORTYNA, CRETE: EXCAVATIONS IN THE QUARTER OF THE PYTHIAN TEMPLE (OR PYTHIUM), WITH FRAGMENTS OF COLUMNS AND STATUARY.



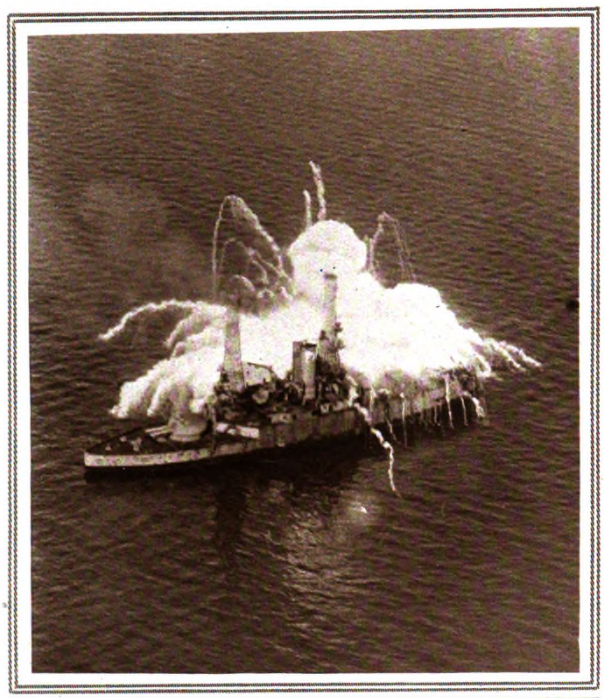
HOW WATER WAS CONVEYED TO THE NYMPHÆA (RESERVOIRS) IN THE PYTHIAN TEMPLE QUARTER AT GORTYNA: REMAINS OF AN OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT, DISCOVERED AMID LUXURIANT VEGETATION NEAR THE SITE OF THE CITY.

ONE OF THE TWO FINEST IMPERIAL STATUES FOUND IN CRETE: A COLOSSAL MARBLE FIGURE OF HADRIAN, FROM NEAR CANEA.

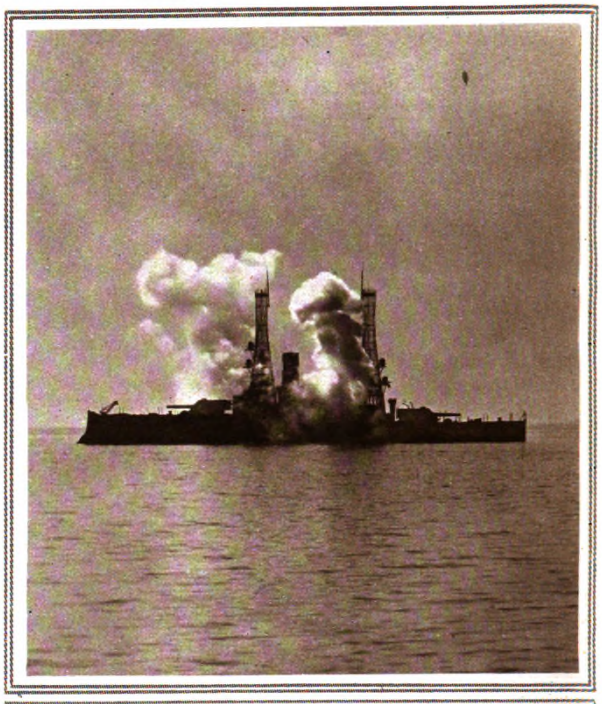
The fact that Crete in the Minoan Age, some 3500 years ago, was the cradle of European civilisation, has recently been emphasised by the new discoveries at Knossos announced by Sir Arthur Evans. Discussing these, Mr. A. J. B. Wace, Director of the British School of Archæology at Athens, writes: "We proudly trace the origin of our own culture through Rome back to classical Greece, and so ultimately through Mycenæ to Knossos." It is, therefore, an appropriate moment to recall a later period in the history of Crete, when that island became a province of Imperial Rome, some sixteen centuries after the empire of Minos. Our photographs illustrate the very interesting and important discoveries at Gortyna, the Roman capital of Crete, made in recent years by the Italian Archæological Mission in the island. On another page will be found a full account of the subject by Professor Federico Halbherr, the well-known archæologist, of the University of Rome, whose present article forms a sequel to that which he contributed, with earlier photographs, to our issue of March 11, 1922. He notes that the statues of Tiberius and Hadrian are the two finest and most complete sculptures of Roman emperors yet found in Crete. That of Hadrian was not discovered at Gortyna, but at the Dictynnæum (or Temple of Diana Dictynna) on Cape Spada, near Canea.

AKIN TO THE ACTION BY NAVAL AIRCRAFT IN THE R.A.F.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE UNITED STATES ARMY AIR SERVICE PHOTO SCHOOL.

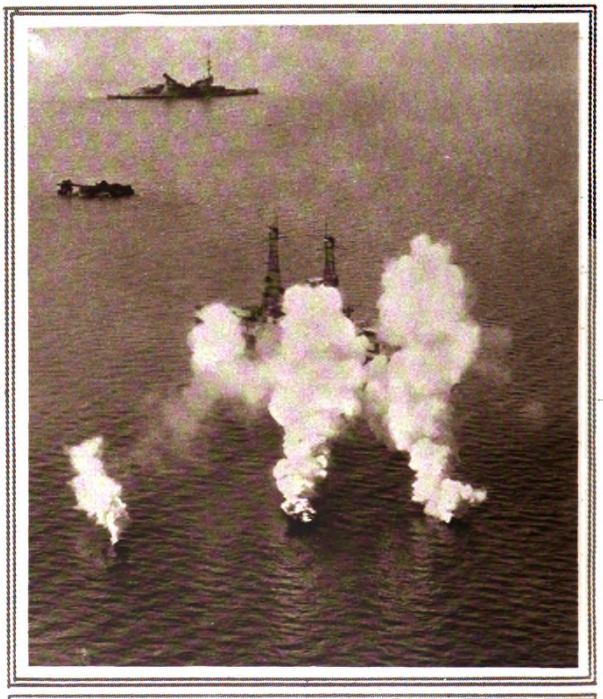


"ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS ON THIS SHIP WOULD HAVE BURNING PHOSPHORUS FOGGING THEIR GAS-MASK GOGGLES AND RUNNING DOWN THEIR NECKS": TWO 25-LB. PHOSPHORUS BOMBS BURSTING ON A BATTLE-SHIP.



AN OBSOLETE BATTLE-SHIP USED AS TARGET FOR A BOMB-DROPPING DEMONSTRATION: THE EXPLOSION OF A 300-LB. DEMOLITION BOMB ON AN AMERICAN WAR-SHIP DURING TESTS OFF THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA.

A MARTIN BOMBER LAYING A SMOKE-SCREEN BY DROPPING SMOKE-BOMBS ON THE WATER, TO CONCEAL FROM THE BATTLE-SHIP (ON THE LEFT) AEROPLANES ABOUT TO BOMB HER: UNITED STATES AIR SERVICE TESTS.

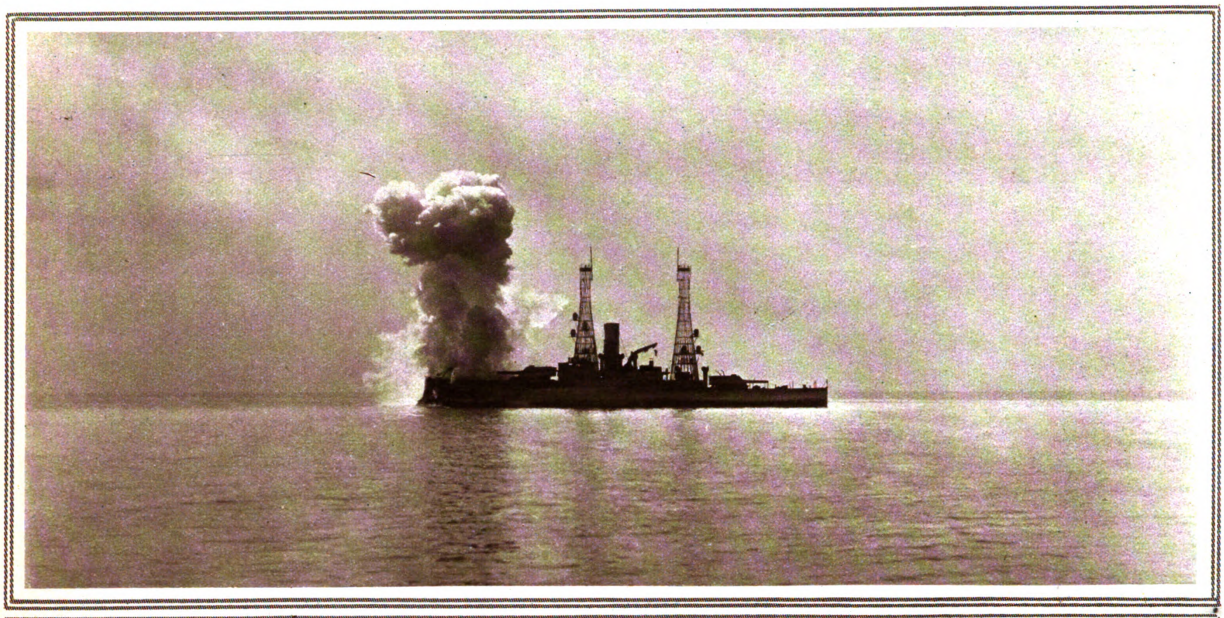


MONSTERS DESTROYED BY MIDGETS: SMOKE-BOMBS DROPPED BY AN AEROPLANE FORMING A SCREEN OVER THE U.S.S. "ALABAMA," THROUGH WHICH SHE COULD BE BOMBED WITH IMPUNITY.

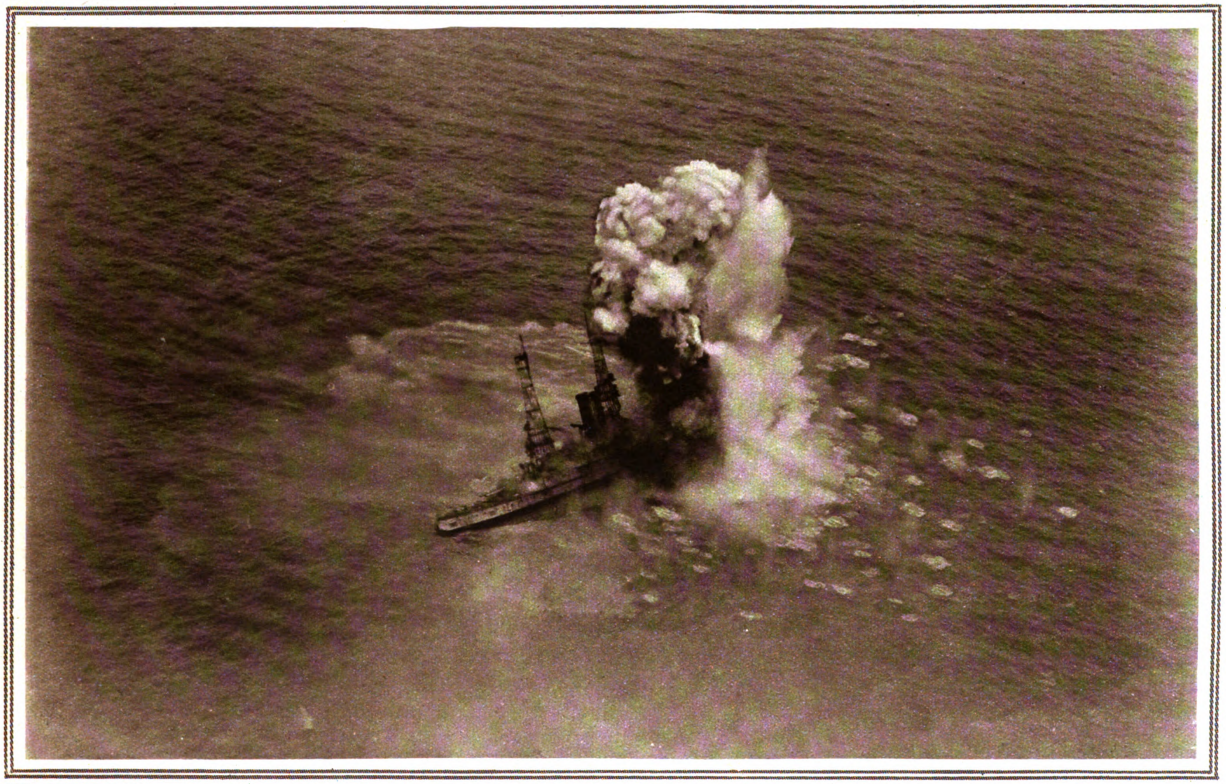
These remarkable photographs of bombing tests carried out by United States aeroplanes, with obsolete battle-ships as targets, are of particular interest in connection with the Royal Air Force Pageant, which was arranged to take place at Hendon on June 28, and in which naval aircraft took a much larger part than usual. This year's display included some of the new types of British naval and military aircraft evolved for home defence and other purposes, and never seen before in public. The big bombing machines show the great increase in the carrying capacity of such aeroplanes. The Handley Page Hyderabad, for example, a medium-range bomber, with a heavy load of bombs, can travel at over 100 miles an hour. One of the spectacular events in which naval aircraft were chosen to take part—a complete novelty in the pageant—was the rescue of a tramp steamer from a commerce destroyer. The above photographs illustrate American bombing tests off the coast of California, as did the photograph given on the front page of our issue of June 14.

PAGEANT: AMERICAN TESTS IN BOMBING BATTLE-SHIPS.

BY COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



THE PERIL FROM THE AIR THAT THREATENS THE CAPITAL SHIP IN ANY FUTURE WAR, OWING TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF AEROPLANES AND BOMBING TACTICS, BY MEANS OF PRELIMINARY SMOKE-SCREENS AND PHOSPHORUS BOMBS: A PHOTOGRAPH ENTITLED "S.E.5 ATTACK," SHOWING THE EXPLOSION OF A BOMB ON A WAR-SHIP.



THE DEVASTATING EFFECT OF TWO 1100-LB. DEMOLITION BOMBS DROPPED ON A BATTLE-SHIP: THE HUGE EXPLOSION CAUSED BY THE TYPE OF MISSILES THAT WOULD BE USED AFTER THE LAYING OF A PRELIMINARY SMOKE-SCREEN OR THE DROPPING OF PHOSPHORUS BOMBS, TO RENDER THE SHIP'S ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE INEFFECTIVE—AN IMPRESSIVE AMERICAN TEST ATTACK ON AN OBSOLETE WAR-SHIP.

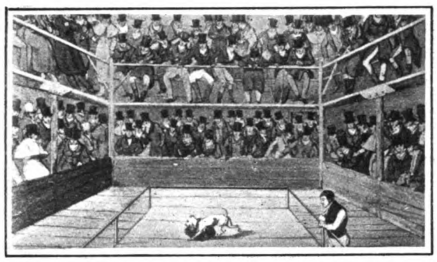
Describing the tactics of an air attack on battle-ships, as thus demonstrated, the "Scientific American" said: "Two or three fast and small airplanes . . . circle the targets with smoke-screen, or curtains. Their speed of about 200 miles an hour would provide a humming-bird sort of target to anti-aircraft gunners. The bombers following up could sweep down behind the screen, break through at an unexpected point, drop the bombs upon their targets and disappear behind the smoke screen on the other side. . . . The first attacking planes would be of the fast type, carrying light-weight poisonous gas or liquid-flame bombs, which they would drop upon the battle-ships. This would force the *personnel* into gas-masks, or below deck, so that manning the anti-aircraft guns would be out of the question." A smoke-screen over a ship, it is explained, conceals aircraft from those on board, though experience has proved that the airman would be able to see the ship through it from above.

Man and the Beast: Information and Action.

"A CENTURY OF WORK FOR ANIMALS." By EDWARD G. FAIRHOLME AND WELLESLEY PAIN.*

IN this month, a hundred years ago—it was on the sixteenth—Old Slaughter's, in St. Martin's Lane, the Coffee House on the Pavement which was famous as a resort of painters and sculptors and as a place of call for Frenchmen, saw a meeting for the formation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Rev. Arthur Broome convened it, and "Humanity" Martin, often credited with the foundation, was one of the first to hail him as the "originator and father," although he himself must be ranked equally as a pioneer, for, as "eccentric" M.P. for County Galway, he had introduced and fought fiercely, good-humouredly, and forensically for that Act, known by his name, which was the first law for the protection of animals—in 1822!

The time was ripening, for protests against the brutality generally shown to beasts were no longer rare. An occasional sermon was preached on the subject; writers had the courage to condemn; even, in the days of Charles II., Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice, had been constained to confess: "I have ever thought that there is a certain degree of justice due to the creatures"; while Pepys had called bull-baiting "a very cruel and nasty pleasure"; Evelyn had returned from the Bear Garden to note "I most heartily weary"; Humphrey Primatt's "Dissertation on the Duty of Mercy and Sin of Cruelty to Brute Animals" had provided the foundation-stone for the R.S.P.C.A.; and Hogarth had produced his "Four Stages of Cruelty" and had said: "If my pictures have the effect of checking cruelty to dumb animals I am more proud of having been their author than I should be of having painted Raphael's cartoons."



A MONKEY WHO FOUGHT TO THE DEATH IN THE PIT: JACCO MACCACCO BATTLING WITH A DOG.

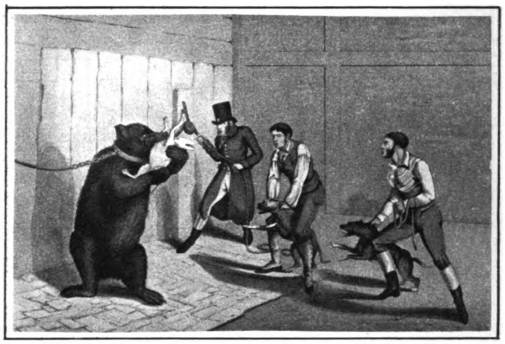
added a cockpit to the palace at Whitehall, and James I. patronised the sport regularly twice a week. . . . In a Welch Main, which Strutt described as 'a disgrace to us as Englishmen,' fourteen pairs of birds were generally used; the birds fought until half of them were killed, then half of the conquerors fought the other half, and the sport was continued until only one bird remained."

As to bull-baiting—made illegal in 1835: "The early humanitarians were certainly courageous in beginning their campaign against cruelty to animals by trying to suppress this sport, which had been one of the favourite amusements of the people since the reign of Henry II. At one time there was scarcely a town or village of any magnitude which had not its bull-ring, and butchers were forbidden by law to kill a bull until it had been baited. Queen Elizabeth was specially fond of the sport; and even the clergy, at one time, took pleasure in witnessing the spectacle of a bull tied to a stake, being tormented by dogs," whose aim it was to pin him by the nose and avoid being tossed. In 1802 a "Remonstrance" declared: "At Chester they sawed through his horns to the quick; to heighten the entertainment which they were to receive, from intolerable anguish and ineffective rage"; and, before that, in 1730, was advertised for a baiting at "His Majesty's Bear Garden," Clerkenwell: "A mad bull, dressed up with fireworks, is to be turned loose in the same place; likewise a dog dressed up with fireworks; also a bear to be turned loose. N.B.—A cat to be tied to the bull's tail."

Bear-baiting, which was abolished in the same year, was at least as bad; and there were many other torturings. At various dates there were, for example, "duck-hunting . . . where the bird was pinioned, and thrown into a pond with a spaniel, from which it could only escape by diving"; badger-baiting, which long survived in London cellars; cock-throwing, which "consisted of throwing sticks at a fowl tied to a post until the bird was fatally injured, and to make the game last the longer the bird's feathers were sometimes greased so that the sticks would glance off its back"; and bull-running, a variant on bull-baiting: "A bull was brought into the town. The roads were blockaded to prevent the bull from escaping, the animal was hunted about until it was exhausted, and then the dogs were set upon it."

These were "sports." There were other pleasantries—of a more utilitarian character! Amongst them "nailing down fowls by their feet 'in order to cram them more conveniently'"; the crimping of fish—"cutting them to pieces whilst they are alive, and frying the pieces yet stirring with life"; plucking live geese; skinning cats alive, "whipping off their jackets" for the pelt; blinding birds in the belief that they would sing the better; half-roasting the turnspit as he spun the joint; and flaying sheep alive. Add to these such things as the cabs drawn at night by condemned horses, dogs as draught animals struggling to draw "impossible" loads, the close-cropping of the ears of fighting-dogs; even those slightly lesser evils—over-small cages for pet birds, the squirrel's "tread-mill," the six-pound funeral plume for horses, the brakeless bus which was so severe a strain upon the horses, and, certainly, the unspeakable, almost unimaginable, brutalities of the old knacker's yards and the blood-reeking slaughter-houses that knew neither the humane-killer nor the "Judas" leading its fellows quietly to their end—and you have a true Chamber of Horrors. Nor must be forgotten the lot of certain pit ponies in days that are past; the still persistent export of worn-out horses—for more work, often enough, and then butchery for cheap food (a phase several times convincingly illustrated in this paper); the animal that is not trained by kindness; the sick horse in harness; the destruction of birds for their plumage; the tragedy of the unwanted, diseased and homeless cats and dogs.

MADE ILLEGAL IN 1835: BULL-BAITING—THE TETHERED BULL TOSSING THE DOG WHO HAS SOUGHT TO PIN HIM BY THE NOSE.



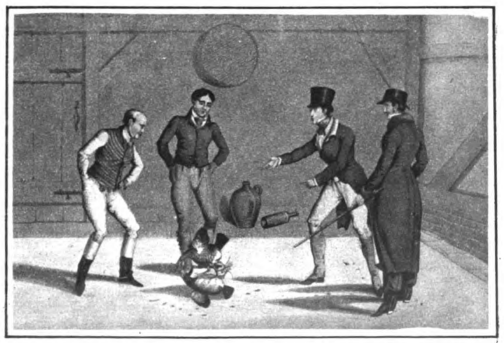
AS BRUTAL AS BULL-BAITING AND ABOLISHED AT THE SAME TIME: BEAR-BAITING—A DOG CAUGHT BY THE CHAINED BEAR.

Might had been merciless; it was to become merciful; but after a dreary, disheartening struggle against ignorance, callousness, thoughtlessness, contempt, ridicule, and vote-seekers who feared to meddle with the "amusements of the lower orders," amusements in which, incidentally, they themselves shared.

For many a year England was, indeed, not only "The Hell of Horses," but the home of "sports" blatantly bestial. Let us take, first of all, those illustrated on this page.

The printed notice of one of the events in the Westminster Pit was: "'Jacco Maccacco, the celebrated monkey, will this day fight Tom Crib's white bitch, Puss. Jacco has fought many battles with some of the first dogs of the day and has beat them all, and he hereby offers to fight any dog in England of double his own weight.' The battle advertised in that notice lasted for upwards of half an hour; by that time both animals were badly injured, and two hours afterwards they died." Martin told the House of this, and the Members jeered and laughed again and again.

Cock-fighting, which did not become illegal until 1840, was peculiarly hard to put down, for it dates from about the twelfth century in this country, and was considered a most innocent, childish affair. "Later on it became a fashionable amusement, but it was prohibited in 1366 by public proclamation as an 'idle and unlawful pastime.' Little attention seems to have been paid to the proclamation. Henry VIII.



A MUCH OLDER "SPORT" THAN BULL-BAITING AND VERY DIFFICULT TO SUPPRESS: COCK-FIGHTING.

Reproductions from "A Century of Work for Animals"; by Courtesy of the R.S.P.C.A., and the Authors. (Published by John Murray.)

Much has been done. There is much more to do. That is for the R.S.P.C.A., its officials and its voluntary workers. That the general conscience is alert is evident. "In 1921, 12,926 complaints were investigated; in 1922, the number had grown to 15,335; while in 1923 the complaints had increased to 18,470—and all these came from members of the public eager to right a wrong and end some special cases of unnecessary suffering. . . . It can be readily understood that the Society's post-bag is a pretty heavy one each day. For instance, 68,000 letters were received and 75,000 were sent out in 1923, without counting the many circular letters, letters to the Press, etc."

The Society is, in fact, an affair of information and action, of inspectors, propaganda, prosecutions—and persistence. That it is doing most beneficent work none can deny; that it will do more is assured. The animal lover has but to lend his aid, and, if he be not convinced already, "A Century of Work for Animals" will provide him with abundant proof of well-directed effort and of the need for continuance.

E. H. G.

* "A Century of Work for Animals: The History of the R.S.P.C.A., 1824-1924." By Edward G. Fairholme, Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A., and Wellesley Pain, Editor, R.S.P.C.A. Foreword by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G. Introduction by Lord Lambourne. "Compassion," an Ode, by Thomas Hardy. (John Murray: 7s. 6d. net.)

AMERICA'S LADY LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION "ANAGLYPHED" AT WIMBLEDON.

These Reproductions will Appear in Full Stereoscopic Relief when Looked at Through the Viewing Mask which we Supply Gratis [illegible]

LIKE A STATUE "IN THE ROUND" WHEN SEEN THROUGH THE MASK: RETURNING A SERVICE.

SHOWING THE BALL AS WELL AS THE PLAYER "IN THE ROUND" THROUGH THE VIEWING-MASK: MISS HELEN WILLS TAKING A BACKHANDER ON THE BASE-LINE BEGINNING OF STROKE.

STANDING OUT LIKE A LIVING FIGURE THROUGH THE MASK: MISS HELEN WILLS JUMPS FOR A VOLLEY.

SHOWING THE MOMENT OF CONTACT BETWEEN BALL AND RACKET: THE SECOND PHASE OF THE BACKHAND STROKE SHOWN ABOVE, THE ACTUAL HIT.

DISPLAYING HER BACKHAND GRIP FOR THE BENEFIT OF OUR READERS: MISS HELEN WILLS AT WIMBLEDON A VIVID ANAGLYPH.

LOOKING ALMOST ALIVE WHEN SEEN THROUGH THE VIEWING-MASK: MISS HELEN WILLS JUST AFTER TAKING THE BACKHAND STROKE SHOWN IN THE [illegible] ABOVE.

As our readers will remember, we have already published Anaglyphs of the Amateur Golf Champion and the Lady Golf Champion. Now it is the turn of lawn-tennis, and we have selected for Anaglyph treatment the most talked-of woman player of the day, Miss Helen Wills, who is Lady Champion of the United States. The prospect of her wresting the world championship from Mlle. Lenglen seemed remote when she was beaten at Wimbledon by Mrs. Covell and also by Miss McKane in the Anglo-American International match. It may be that she suffered then from inexperience of English conditions, and that she will show to more form later on. Through the viewing-mask, the photographs stand out in vivid relief. Readers who have not already got a mask may obtain one by filling up the coupon on page 1251, and sending it with stamps to the value of 1½d. (plus 2d. for postage) to "The Illustrated London News" Anaglyph, 15, Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT & GENERAL, PREPARED FOR ANAGLYPH REPRODUCTION BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

ANAGLYPHS OF SOCIETY AND SPORT AT ROEHAMPTON.

[illegible] Full Size of the Pictures Looked at Through the Viewing-Masks which we Supply Gratis. (See below.)

PROBABLY THE FIRST ANAGLYPH OF A POLO MATCH: SPECTATORS AT ROEHAMPTON WATCHING THE FIFTH INTERNATIONAL TRIAL MATCH.

WITH MISS HELEN WILLS (NEAREST CAMERA), U.S. LADY LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION, SERVING, AND THE BALL IN THE AIR: WOMEN'S DOUBLES AT ROEHAMPTON.

WITH TREES, BUILDINGS, AND HOUSES SHOWN IN VIVID RELIEF WHEN SEEN THROUGH THE VIEWING-MASK: TEA-TIME AT ROEHAMPTON.

A THREE-DEE GATHERING WHEN LOOKED AT THROUGH THE VIEWING-MASK: ANOTHER CORNER OF THE PICTURESQUE TEA-GARDEN AT ROEHAMPTON.

The [illegible] examples of Anaglyph photography were taken at Roehampton on June 16, the day of the fifth International Trial Match, between a Trial Side and R[illegible]. The Trial Side consisting of Colonel Melvill, Major Phipps-Hornby, M[illegible], and Mr. Lacey beat Roehampton represented by Mr. H[illegible], Major Hurndall, and Mr. Traill by six goals to four. Later was an attraction on the lawn-tennis courts, a match of women's doubles including Miss Helen Wills, the U.S. Lady Champion, of whom we give some individual Anaglyphs on another page. When looked at through the special viewing-mask, the above photographs appear in vivid stereoscopic relief. Readers who have not already got a mask may obtain one by filling up the coupon on page 1251 and sending it with stamps to the value of 1½d. (Inland) or 2½d. (Foreign) to "The Illustrated London News" Anaglyph, 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

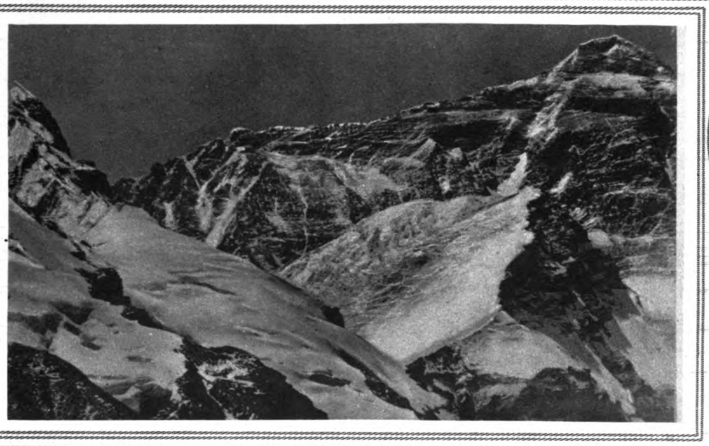
SPECIAL [illegible] PRINTED IN FRANCE BY [illegible], AND PREPARED FOR ANAGLYPH VIEWING BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

EVEREST THE MERCILESS AND STILL UNCONQUERED: A CLIMBING TRAGEDY.

WORLD COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES." PORTRAIT OF MR. IRVINE BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

"THE THIRD TIME WE WALK UP EAST RONGBUK GLACIER WILL BE THE LAST, FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE": A VIEW OF THE GLACIER, SOME 8000 FEET BELOW THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT EVEREST, SHOWING MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION WHICH RESULTED IN THE DEATHS OF MR. MALLORY AND MR. IRVINE.

MOUNT EVEREST FROM THE PASS BETWEEN SHEKAR DZONG AND THE RONGBUK VALLEY, FORTY MILES AWAY: A GREAT CONICAL PEAK RISING MAJESTICALLY ABOVE A LOFTY RANGE.



THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAK, WHICH HAS RESISTED THREE ATTEMPTS TO CLIMB IT: MOUNT EVEREST—A TELEPHOTO VIEW FROM THE BASE CAMP IN THE RONGBUK VALLEY.

SEEN FROM THE HIGHEST POINT (26,985 FEET) REACHED DURING THE FIRST CLIMB ON MAY 21, 1922: THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT EVEREST.

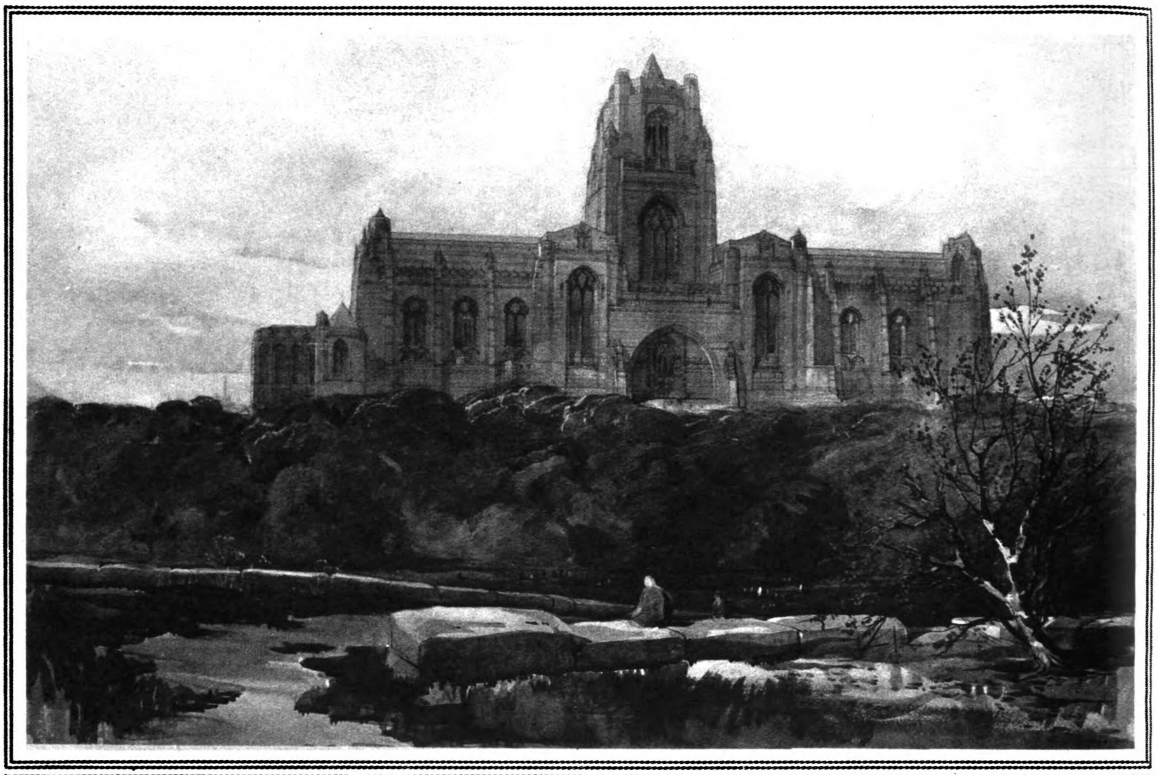
KILLED ON HIS THIRD ATTEMPT TO REACH THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST THE LATE MR. GEORGE LEIGH MALLORY.

KILLED DURING THE LAST ATTEMPT TO CLIMB MOUNT EVEREST: THE LATE MR. A. C. IRVINE.

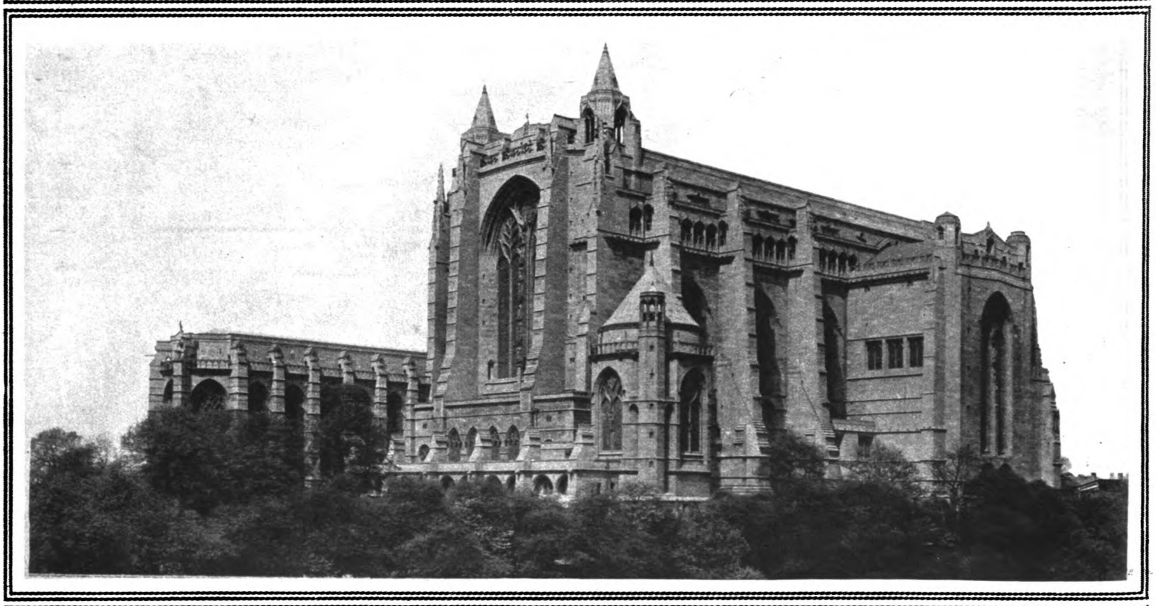
The tragedy of Mount Everest was announced on June 21 in the following telegram from the leader of the Expedition, Lieut.-Colonel E. F. Norton, sent from Phari Dzong on June 19: "Mallory and Irvine killed on last attempt. Rest of party arrived at base camp all well." At the moment of writing, fuller details of the disaster have not arrived. Only a few days ago there was published a description, written by Mr. Mallory himself, of the previous effort made recently to reach the summit, which was frustrated by bad weather conditions. It involved a fine rescue, in which Mr. Mallory took part, of four native porters who had lost their nerve during the descent, had stayed behind and been marooned. Mr. Mallory's words have a sad significance now. "Action," he wrote, "is only suspended before the more intense action of the climax. The issue will shortly be decided. The third time we walk up East Rongbuk Glacier will be the last, for better or for worse. . . . We know now what we have to do to make safe the way. We expect no mercy from Everest." Mr. Mallory, who was thirty-eight, was a son of Canon Leigh Mallory, of Birkenhead, and a scholar of Magdalene College, Cambridge. He accompanied all the three Everest expeditions, and during the first, in 1922, with Colonel Norton, reached the record height of 26,985 ft. Mr. A. C. Irvine, who was twenty-two, rowed in the Oxford boat of 1922 and 1923, and last summer went with the Oxford Expedition to Spitzbergen. He was a son of Mr. W. F. Irvine, of South Birkenhead.

TO BE THE LARGEST IN BRITAIN: LIVERPOOL'S NEW CATHEDRAL.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEWART BALE, LIVERPOOL.



AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED, AT AN ESTIMATED COST OF £2,000,000: A PERSPECTIVE DRAWING OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL, A MODERN BLEND OF GOTHIC AND CLASSICAL ARCHITECTURE—SHOWING THE PROJECTED CENTRAL TOWER (357 FT.), WITH THE PART ALREADY FINISHED TO THE LEFT.



TO BE DEDICATED NEXT MONTH IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING: THE COMPLETED PORTION OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL (ONE THIRD OF THE WHOLE DESIGN, SHOWN ABOVE)—THE "EAST" END, WITH THE CHAPTER HOUSE AT THE "NORTH-EAST" CORNER, AND THE LADY CHAPEL (ON THE LEFT).

The dedication, on July 19, in the presence of the King, of the already completed portion of Liverpool Cathedral, which on June 24 was opened to the public for a few days, will mark an important stage in one of the greatest British architectural efforts of the twentieth century. Liverpool, it has been said, already possesses in St. George's Hall the finest example of modern classical architecture in this country, and in the new Cathedral it will also have the finest example of modern Gothic. It is a remarkable fact that both these great buildings were designed by young architects who were not more than twenty when they began their task. The architect of Liverpool Cathedral is Mr. Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A. Liverpool Cathedral is described as being "Gothic in feeling, and Classical in proportion, a blend of the two great architectural traditions." So far only about one-third of the whole design for the new cathedral has been carried out, but even this portion looks very imposing. As in many famous Continental churches, the usual orientation has been disregarded at Liverpool, and the Choir really looks almost due south, though its great window (the largest in England) is called the "East" window in the liturgical sense. At the "North East" corner

[*Continued opposite.*

OPENED; SOON TO BE DEDICATED: LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL—INTERIOR.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY STEWART BALE, LIVERPOOL.

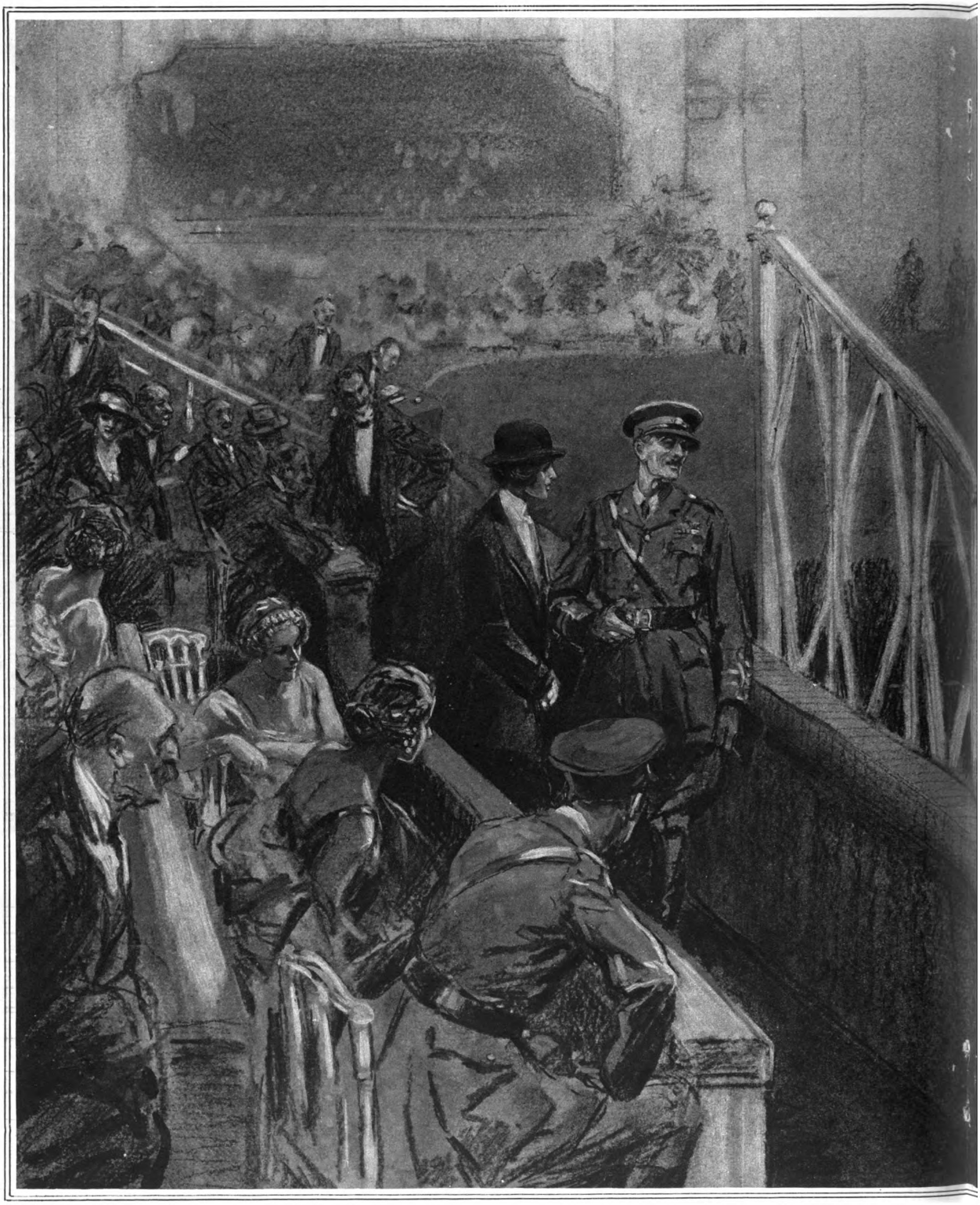
WITH PANELS OF THE LAST SUPPER (BELOW) AND THE CRUCIFIXION (ABOVE): THE BEAUTIFULLY SCULPTURED REREDOS OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL, IN A LIGHTER STONE THAN THE REST OF THE BUILDING, SEEN FROM THE NORTH CHOIR AISLE.

Continued.]

is the octagonal Chapter House, with its conical roof, and to the "West" is the apse-ended Lady Chapel of six bays, opened in 1910. The Cathedral is built of local reddish-brown sandstone. In the interior a lighter stone has been used for the beautifully sculptured Reredos. The total cost of the Cathedral, it is estimated, will amount to £2,000,000. The next section of the building to be undertaken will be the central portion under the proposed tower, and for this (excluding the tower itself) a special appeal is to be made to the public for £300,000. If there is a satisfactory response, this section may be finished in a little over six years. It is hoped that some munificent donor will come forward to defray the cost of the tower, which will be 357 ft. high and will form a magnificent object dominating the city, and visible from all the reaches of the Mersey. Since the inception of the scheme twenty-three years ago, there has been contributed a sum of £912,000. When completed, in some fifteen or twenty years, it will be the largest cathedral in this country, and almost as big as St. Peter's at Rome. The highest part of the roof is 116 ft., as against 102 ft. interior height in Westminster Abbey, the loftiest existing English church.

RACING AGAINST THE CLOCK IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST

FROM THE DRAWING BY LO

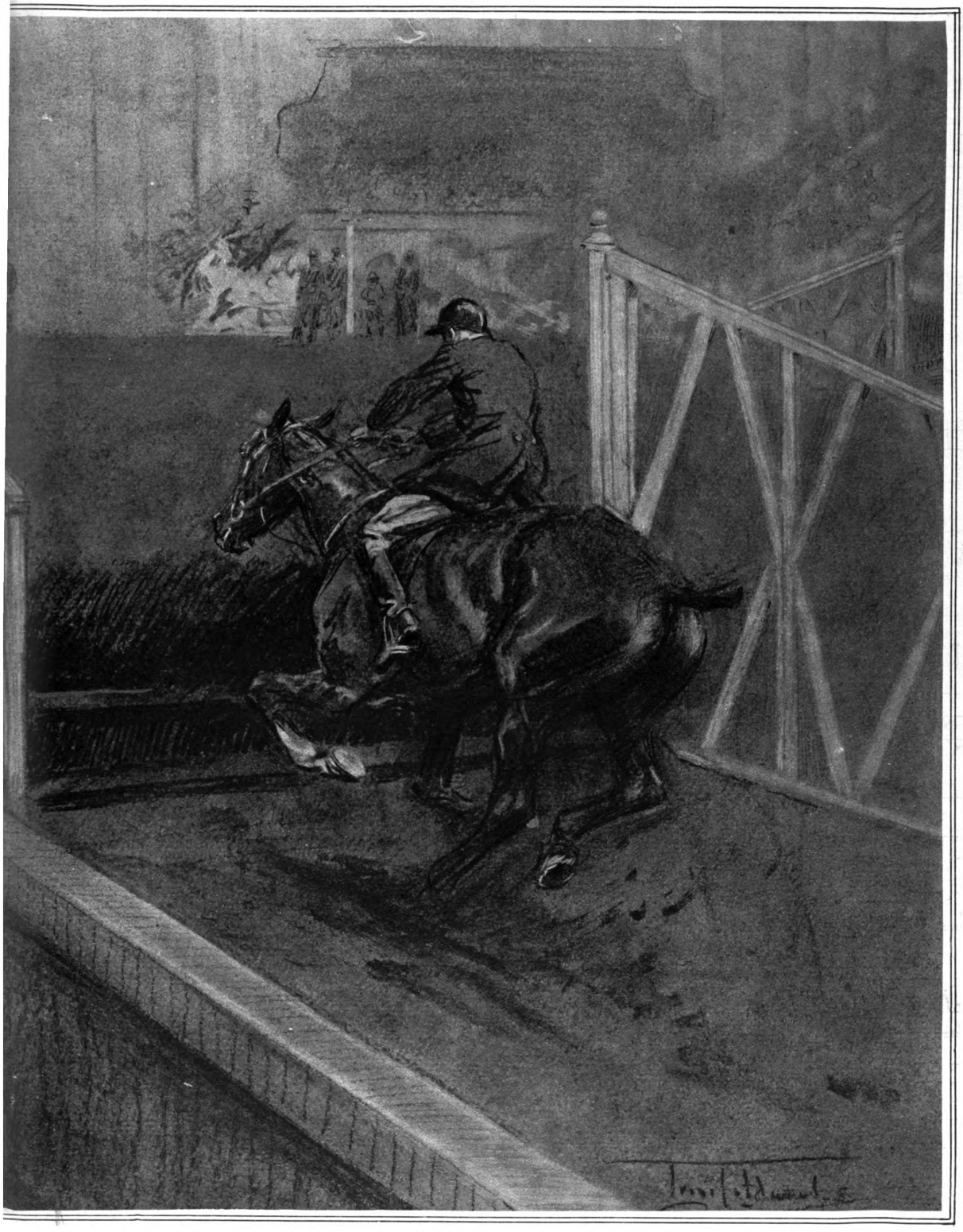


WON BY THE COMPETITOR WHO COVERS THE GROUND IN THE SHORTEST TIME, WITH T

The International Horse Show, held at Olympia this year from June 20 to June 28, is generally regarded as the world's greatest exhibition of trained horses and horsemanship, military and sporting. The entries on this occasion numbered over 2000 and were considerably more than those of 1923. Seven armies were represented in the jumping contest for the King George V. Gold Cup, fixed for June 23, the gala day of the Show. The event illustrated in

[HORSE SHOW: THE SCURRY STAKES AT OLYMPIA.

NEL EDWARDS.

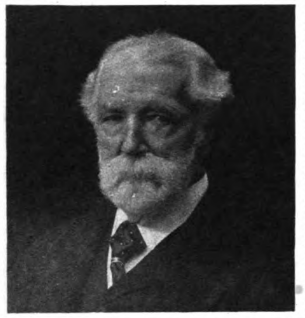


THE FEWEST FAULTS: THE SCURRY STAKES AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

the above drawing by Mr. Lionel Edwards, the well-known sporting artist, is called the Scurry Stakes, and was added to the programme for the first time last year. Six obstacles have to be cleared, and the winner is the competitor who succeeds in covering the ground in the shortest time, and in doing so makes the fewest faults.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OI

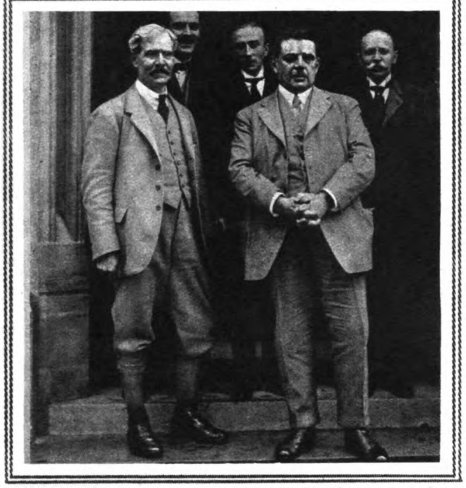
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, ROUCH, G.P.U., BARRATT, BASSANO, PHOTOPRES



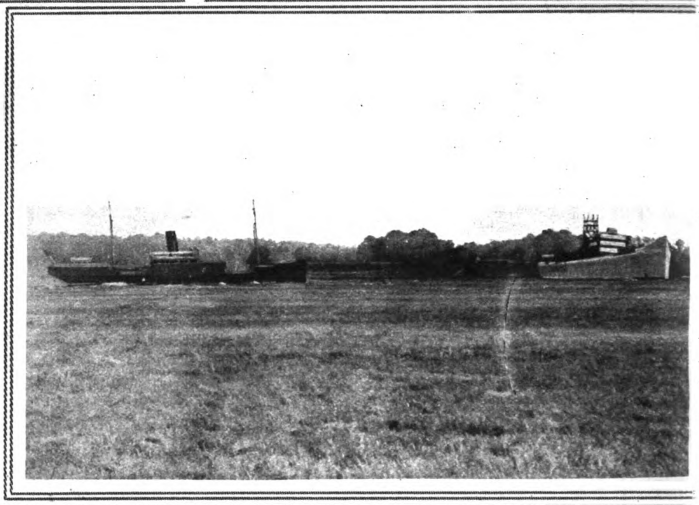
A CAMBRIDGE HISTORIAN DEAD: THE LATE SIR ADOLPHUS WARD, MASTER OF PETERHOUSE.

WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE CUP AT THE HORSE SHOW: CAPTAIN COUNT BORSARELLI (ITALY) WITH HIS HORSE, DON CHISCIOTTE.

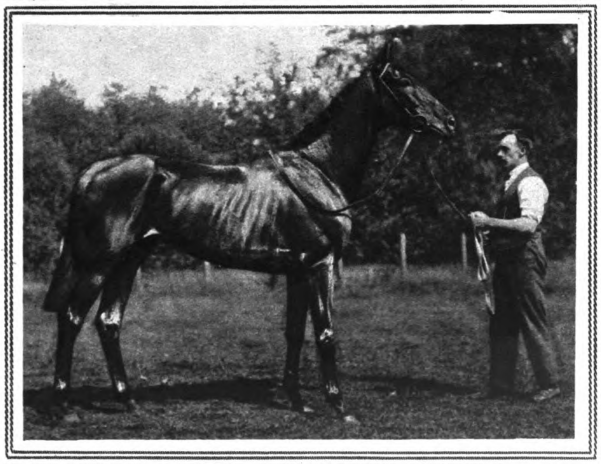
A GREAT PARADE OF LONDON TERRITORIALS IN HYDE PARK: THE LONI THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER, AT THE SALUTING POINT, DURING T



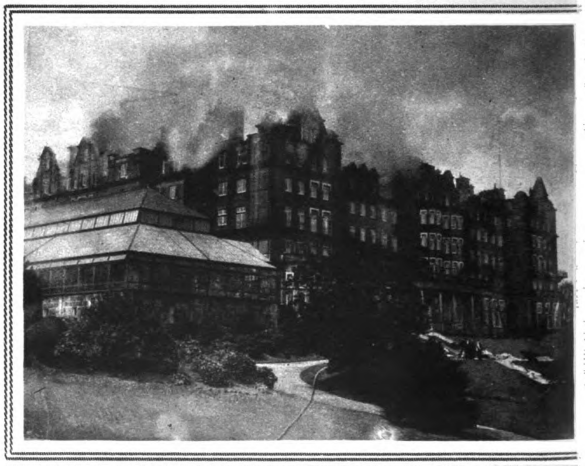
THE ENTENTE OF THE FRENCH AND BRITISH PREMIERS: M. HERRIOT (RIGHT), WITH HIS HOST, MR. MACDONALD, AT CHEQUERS.



SHIPS BUILT ON LAND, FOR THE R.A.F. PAGEANT: THE "STAGE" SET AT HENDON AERODROME FOR THE RESCUE OF A "TRAMP" STEAMER FROM A COMMERCE-DESTROYER BY NAVAL AIRCRAFT.



WINNER OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP AT ASCOT BY A NECK FROM THE KING'S WEATHERVANE: MRS. JEFFREY'S COLT, DINKIE.



WHERE TWO MAIDS WERE TRAPPED BY THE FLAMES AND RESCUED FROM THE ROOF AMID EXCITING SCENES: THE MAJESTIC HOTEL AT HARROGATE ON FIRE.

Sir Adolphus Ward had been Master of Peterhouse, the oldest Cambridge college, since 1900, and was Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1901-2. He was one of the founders (in 1880) of the University of Manchester, where, in 1866, he became Professor of English at Owens College, and in 1889 Principal of the University. As a historian and man of letters he is best known for his standard "History of English Dramatic Literature," and his editorship of "The Cambridge Modern History" and "The Cambridge History of English Literature."——Captain Count Borsarelli, of the Italian Army, won the King George V. Gold Cup for jumping at the International Horse Show, on his horse, Don Chisciotte. The King and Queen were present, with the King and Queen of Denmark, who arrived at Harwich, on a private visit to this country, on June 22, and were met at Liverpool Street by their Majesties and the Prince of Wales.——The infantry of the 47th (2nd London) Division of the Territorial Army were inspected in Hyde Park on June 22 by the Divisional Commander, Major-General Sir William Thwaites. There were twelve battalions of the London Regiment on parade, including the London Scottish.——It was expected that General Hertzog would become Premier and Minister for Native Affairs in a new South African Cabinet, after the resignation of General Smuts on

CURRENT NEWS—PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

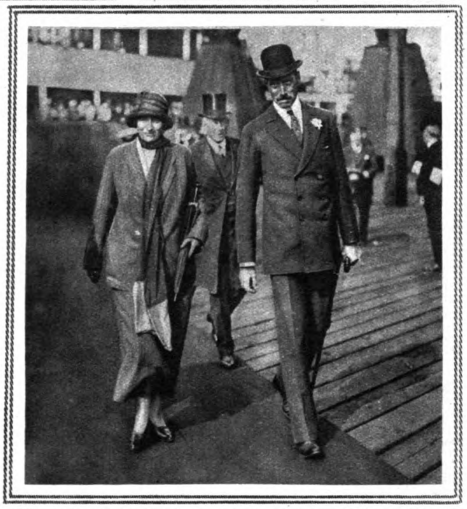
ORT AND GENERAL, CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, L.N.A., AND C.N.

OTTISH MARCHING PAST MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM THWAITES, SPECTION OF THE INFANTRY OF THE 47TH (2ND LONDON) DIVISION.

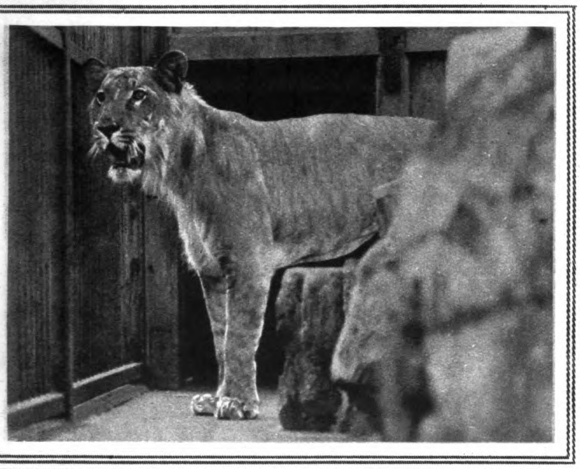
EXPECTED TO BE PREMIER OF SOUTH AFRICA: GENERAL HERTZOG, THE NATIONALIST LEADER.

A PROSPECTIVE LABOUR GOVERNOR DEAD: THE LATE MR. W. S. ROYCE, M.P.

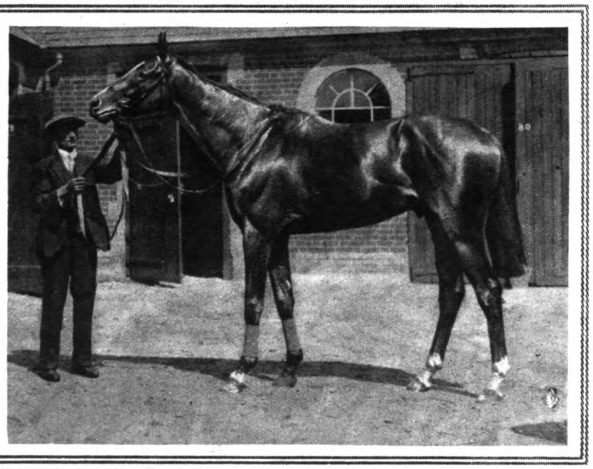
WHERE 400 OFFICERS AND 7197 MEN FROM YORKSHIRE FELL: THE UNVEILING OF THE WAR MEMORIAL TO THE 49TH (WEST RIDING) DIVISION, AT ESSEX FARM, NEAR YPRES, BY GENERAL SIR E. M. PERCEVAL.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK: THEIR MAJESTIES LAND AT PARKESTON QUAY, HARWICH.



THE FIRST LION-TIGER HYBRID EVER SEEN AT THE "ZOO": THE SON OF AN AFRICAN LION AND A TIGRESS—PRESENTED BY THE MAHARAJAH OF NAWANAGAR ("RANJI").



A FRENCH TRIUMPH IN THE GOLD CUP AT ASCOT: M. HENRI TERNYNCK'S COLT, MASSINE, WHICH WON BY A SHORT HEAD FROM ANOTHER FRENCH HORSE, FILIBERT DE SAVOIE.

June 23.——Mr. W. S. Royce, M.P. (Labour) for the Holland-with-Boston Division of Lincolnshire, died suddenly in an omnibus in London on June 23. He had just decided to accept the post of Governor of Tasmania.——M. Herriot, the French Premier, visited Mr. Ramsay Macdonald at Chequers on June 21-2, for an informal talk (described as very satisfactory) on the European situation.——The R.A.F. Pageant arranged for June 28 at Hendon included a spectacular event, the rescue of a steamer from a commerce-destroyer.——An obelisk of Belgian granite, 60 ft. high, was unveiled by General Sir E. M. Perceval, at Essex Farm, near Ypres, on June 22, as a memorial to the 49th (West Riding) Division.——In the Ascot races the Royal Hunt Cup was won by Mrs. Jeffrey's colt, Dinkie, and the Gold Cup by M. Henri Ternynck's colt, Massine.——The Majestic Hotel, one of the largest in Harrogate, was much damaged by fire on June 20. There was an exciting rescue of a French maid (who was screaming on the parapet and seemed about to jump) by Fireman Lawson and a waiter named John Lester. Another maid was also brought safely down.——A male lion-tiger hybrid, offspring of an African lion and a tigress, and the first of its kind seen in London, arrived at the "Zoo" on June 21. It was bred at Nawanagar by the Maharajah (Prince Ranjitsinhji, of cricket fame), who presented it.

THE MATTEOTTI CRIME THAT HAS SHAKEN ITALY.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

ONE OF THE FASCIST QUADRUMVIRATE ARRESTED: SIGNOR MARINELLI.

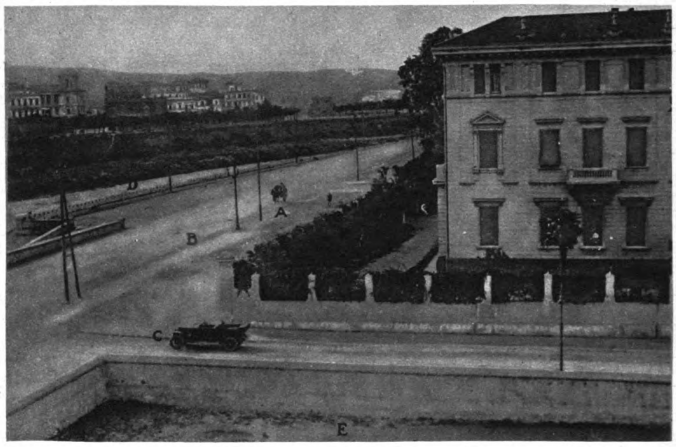
SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED IN THE ABDUCTION AND SUPPOSED MURDER OF SIGNOR MATTEOTTI, THE SOCIALIST DEPUTY: A GAG FOUND BY A DETECTIVE.

ABDUCTED AND ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED: SIGNOR MATTEOTTI, THE SOCIALIST LEADER.

EX-CHIEF OF THE FASCIST PRESS BUREAU: COMMENDATORE ROSSI, WHO SURRENDERED.

AN ENFORCED RESIGNATION: SIGNOR FINZI, ITALIAN UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE INTERIOR.

CAPTURED AFTER ATTEMPTING FLIGHT: SIGNOR FILIPELLI, EX-EDITOR OF THE "CORRIERE ITALIANO," IN CHARGE OF DETECTIVES.

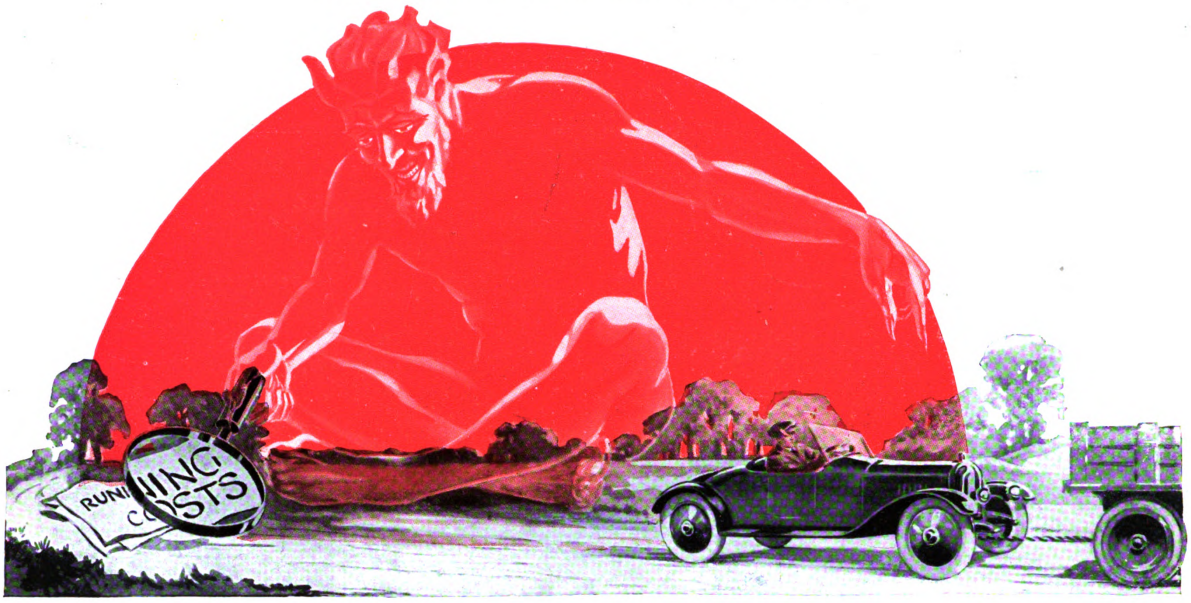


THE SCENE OF THE ABDUCTION OF SIGNOR MATTEOTTI: THE ROAD OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE—SHOWING (*A* TO *E*) POSITIONS OF FIVE ASSAILANTS AND THAT OF THE CLOSED CAR (HERE REPRESENTED BY ANOTHER).

BEARING TRACES OF A SEVERE STRUGGLE, WITH MARKS OF BLOOD INSIDE: THE CAR USED TO KIDNAP SIGNOR MATTEOTTI, LEFT TWO DAYS LATER IN A SMALL GARAGE ON THE VIA FLAMINIA, BY TWO MEN WHO ESCAPED (AS GARAGES WERE NOT WATCHED)—ON LEFT, A DETECTIVE QUESTIONING A MECHANIC.

CHILDREN OF THE MISSING DEPUTY: SIGNOR MATTEOTTI'S LITTLE BOYS LEAVING ROME AFTER THE CRIME

The abduction and alleged murder of Signor Matteotti, the Italian Deputy and leader of the Moderate Socialists, caused a profound sensation throughout Italy, and struck a grave blow at the prestige of the Government. Signor Mussolini, however, instituted vigorous measures to bring the offenders to justice. Several prominent Fascists were arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the affair as instigators, while others surrendered themselves to the authorities with a view to the charges against them being investigated. It was stated that up to June 23 ten arrests had been made, and that the police were still searching for the body of Signor Matteotti, which they believed must be in the woods or the lake near Vico. Signor Matteotti, it may be recalled, was kidnapped on June 10. He left his house near the Tiber embankment, to go out and buy some cigarettes, and never returned. Witnesses stated later that he had hardly turned the corner when he was seized by five men, hustled into a closed car, and driven rapidly away. The police neglected to watch garages, and late on June 12 the car was driven into a small garage on the Via Flaminia by two men, who left it there and went off scot free. It was found to bear traces of a struggle, and there were marks of blood. Signor Matteotti's family issued an address, saying: "May his sacrifice conduce to the redemption and peace of the country."



Friction—the Unseen Enemy of Power

"Bargain" Lubrication —*A Warning*

It is short-sighted to buy "bargain" or low-priced oil and expect good results and running economy.

The bargain-hunter, proud of his low-priced lubricating oils, forgets that power losses, repair bills and replacement costs are included in the bargain.

Claims made for the merits of low-priced or unsuitable oils may be pleasant to listen to, but the damage they cause is not so pleasant to pay for.

There is only one safe guide in the selection of a lubricant for your car. Select an oil that meets the lubricating requirements as determined by experts and manufactured by a company which specialises in the production of high-grade lubricants. Such an oil is Gargoyle Mobiloil.

The consistent use of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil as specified in the Chart of Recommendations offers you the most economical lubrication you can buy, not always in price per gallon, but always in what you pay for—lubrication results.

Remember:

Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say, "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB", or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

If you purchase Gargoyle Mobiloil "loose," see that it is drawn from a container bearing the trade mark shown in this advertisement. A fair average price for Gargoyle Mobiloil from bulk is 1/9 a quart.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

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HEAD OFFICE: *Caxton House, London, S.W. 1* WORKS: *Birkenhead and Wandsworth*

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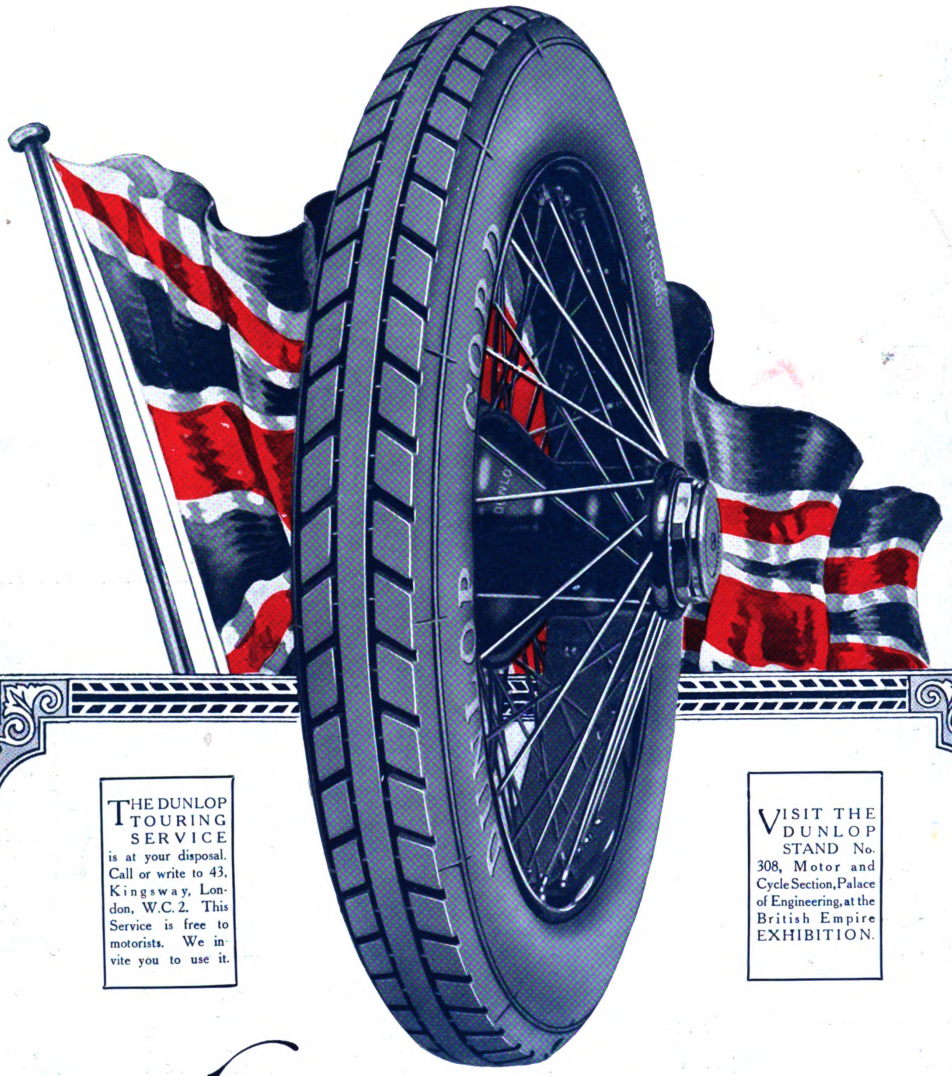

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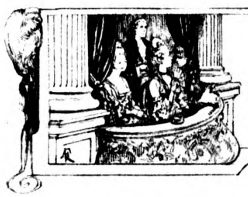

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE STAGE GUILD.—THE OLD VIC.

THOSE who remember the early days of the Actors' Association—its birth in enthusiasm, its parlous days, its resurrection, and now its decline because it fostered internecine war—will welcome the new Stage Guild with cordiality and some apprehension. It looks all *couleur de rose*: the applications for membership are numerous; the Council is a galaxy of names; the promise to adhere to the Valentine contract, and its main principles of a living-wage minimum and payment for rehearsals when the salary is under £10, herald well for the future. But already there is a debatable point in the principles of its constitution. Qualification for membership means, so it is reported, a forty weeks' engagement during a period of two years.

It sounds reasonable, but is it? One daily meets young actors, well endowed and trained, who have been vainly trying to obtain an engagement for months and months, and who could never piece together the forty weeks in one hundred and four. Some of them may not have given satisfaction to their management—but is that a criterion? As I write I think of an actor of repute, who after a sixteen-weeks' tour and every prospect of retaining his part when the play comes to town, was cast aside because they wanted "names." Suppose he were a novice, would he be disqualified? Again, would actors, who, in bad luck, had engagements in tours that failed, and could only record a part of the weeks of work during two years, be ineligible? Surely they are victims of circumstances, and their case should be examined on personal merits rather than on numerical achievement. Thirdly, is training at one of the recognised Academies and Schools of Dramatic Art not to be considered as an equivalent of experience? Mr. Kenneth Barnes, the Principal of the R.A.D.A., hits the nail right on the head when he says—

> Speaking candidly, I think the Stage Guild, if it is really to take useful and definite shape and to be an influential body in the theatrical profession, should take account of those beginners who have obtained diplomas at a recognised School of Dramatic Training. This in itself should be a step towards qualification, and if it did not entitle the diplomatist to full membership, there should, at any rate, be some kind of probationary membership to which a diploma at a recognised school would entitle a beginner.

When I look at the primordial Council, and find many among them, such as Miss Eva Moore, who have ever fought warmly for the cause of the lesser brotherhood, I feel sure that it will decide on qualification in a spirit of equity and largesse. But it is as well that from the beginning the constitution should be so framed that there cannot be any misunderstanding, nor a bar to those who are worthy of membership because their actual experience is not commensurate with their aptness.

Another point of difficulty will be the case of the interloper. Who is to judge the moral aspect of the question? Plainly, is a hard-working chorus girl, who may not lead an impeccable private life, to be refused? If so—and not to enlarge on an unpleasant subject—where will the line be drawn? And if a person comes along who has money and takes a theatre giving honest employment to many people—is he or she a pariah because having means and no talent? Would a Society lady who has both name and talent (I think of a very concrete case of recent date) and who makes good, be prevented from joining the fraternity because she chooses to divide her time between stage-work and leisure? Truly the question is as knotty as the remnants of "Dora" whereby the Board of Trade was to decide which aliens should enter the kingdom or be kept out—a regulation which is constantly and surreptitiously infringed or evaded by subtle devices and ingenious pretexts.

The Guild, so we read: "declines to admit those who, *not having artistic merits and having failed in all else* [my italics, and "in all else" is good], or for the sake of notoriety seek to enter the theatrical profession"!

These be brave words, but dangerous in practice. In a glass darkly, I foresee libel actions, heavy costs, and maybe damages. Has the Council ever considered these eventualities; and, if so, will they start with sufficient funds to be able to face them? Such restrictions may be all very well for truly learned professors—doctors, dentists, lawyers, and the like; but our actors, in their desire to fight for qualification and purity, must not forget that acting is a profession only in name, not in deed. Academy training is a recommendation, but no necessity. Countless actors have graduated by no other schooling than experience—which is the best of all. To "diplomatise" acting, as I said when the London University published its stupendous and amazing syllabus, is hot-house culture, and can never attain what nature vouchsafes as an innate gift.

If the Guild is wise it will grant open sesame to all who wish to enter and declare in their application for membership that they mean to follow their calling "zealously and honourably." The sifting of the corn from the chaff will take place by automatic process.

. . . . . .

It was an unhappy thought to let the world know that the Old Vic was doing poorly at the start of its first experiment in the centre at the New Oxford. Nor was the date of the bad record rightly chosen. Whit Monday and the next day are—except in very inclement weather—notorious enemies of the box-office. People prefer to seek their pleasures "al fresco" on the Monday, and the Tuesday means Bank Holiday lassitude. Besides, this year there is Wembley! With one thing and another it is too early to judge.

But, strange as it seems, the beginning would have been more profitable if another play had opened the ball. For some reason or other, "The Taming of the Shrew" is not popular with our public. Only once, years ago, when Lily Brayton and Oscar Asche, under Otho Stuart's artistic management at the Adelphi, played Katherine and Petruchio, did it draw large audiences. Even Cécile Sorel, with the glamour of the Comédie Française around her, played to half-empty houses. One would have thought that our playgoers were keen to see Shakespeare in French; but the reverse was the case. Perhaps the result justified their absence, for Cécile Sorel was not a good Katherine, nor M. Delair's version Shakespeare. Still, the fact remains—while the Shrew is one of the greatest favourites abroad, in England she is better liked in the suburbs and the provinces than in London. I do not know what fate awaits "As You Like It"—another play fraught with indelible memories of the old Lyceum and Daly's.

But the first two weeks at the New Oxford are not the real test of the experiment. That will come when there will be two Hamlets in the field, Ion Swinley and Ernest Milton. I wager that the receipts will rise as the thermometer when some days ago June began to flame. Again, "Twelfth Night" is an excellent card to play. Played as it is by the Old Vics, as an idyll and a frolic, it will form a delightful entertainment even on a summer's evening. But, supposing that, in spite of all expectations, the material reward were not commensurate with the artistic effort, it would not go to prove that London, on this side of the water, wants neither Shakespeare nor the Old Vic.

This is in every respect an abnormal year that has belied all prophecies founded on the Empire Exhibition. We all hoped piously that the Sons of Empire would flock to the theatres to tell at home of our plays and players. But we all left out two factors in our estimate—fatigue and the amusements in the Exhibition grounds—and it explains why we hear the bitter cry of the box-office. Of course, there are a few plays—such as "Saint Joan" and "Our Betters"—which fashion dictates a visitor must go and see *malgré tout*; and there is always a large public of the resident population to patronise "Toni" and a few successful revues. But, on the whole, this season, even despite its belated summer, is dead against the theatre.

A FIRST-RATE "THRILLER": "IN THE NEXT ROOM," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S—(L. TO R.) THE NERVOUS FOOTMAN (MR. GILBERT RITCHIE), LORNA WEBSTER (MISS NORA SWINBURNE), JIM GODFREY (MR. FRANCIS LISTER), AND PHILIP VANTINE, THE MURDERED CURIO-COLLECTOR (MR. H. R. HIGNETT).

"In the Next Room," by Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford, is a mystery play which has proved as popular in London as it was in New York. The plot moves round an antique cabinet bought in Paris by a curio-collector, and two people (one of them the collector himself) are found dead, with strange punctures in the head smelling of prussic acid, shortly after entering the adjoining room where the cabinet stands. A love element is supplied in the characters of Jim Godfrey, a young journalist, and Lorna Webster.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]

A DANISH DRAMATIST WHOSE PLAY, "TIGER-CATS," WAS RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE SAVOY: MME. KAREN BRAMSON.

Mme. Karen Bramson's play, "Tiger-Cats," was produced by Mr. Leon M. Lion at the Savoy on June 19, for a series of matinées, with Miss Edith Evans and Mr. Robert Loraine in the principal parts. Mme. Bramson is a Dane, who has lived for some years in Paris, and now writes in French. Several of her plays, including "Les Félines" and "Le Professeur Klenow," have been successful at the Odéon. One of her earlier works, "The Last King," was banned in Copenhagen because of its title, but the King of Denmark, hearing of it, had the ban removed, and himself, very sportingly, attended the first night.

Photograph by Génia Reinberg, Paris.

The World of Women

This practical cardigan of copper wool hails from Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W. (*See page* 1244.)

OUR Dominion visitors who saw Ascot on the opening day saw it all at its very best. The place looked beautifully fresh and green, and the flowers and lawns were at perfection point. The Royal Procession up the course was, as it always is, a stately yet an eminently picturesque sight; the racing was very good—there was not a crumple in the Ascot rose-leaves. More enjoyable weather could not have been provided, and dress was summer-like and lovely. One heard on all sides expressions of delight, and many said, "Well, if England wants to hand out a fine day she certainly can do it." This was rather handsome of our visitors, for the Mother Country had previously wept much too copiously over her visiting children.

The Queen appeared in the best of spirits and in the best of good looks. The shade of blue of her Majesty's dress, a soft one of pervenche, suited her well, and the dress itself was a pretty one. The hat, in blue with a pattern in soft beaver tint, was very becoming. There was a high trimming in front of small curled ostrich feathers the same blue, some of them shaded into soft brown. The Queen's only jewels were pearls, of which she wore a double row. On entering the Royal Pavilion her Majesty greeted affectionately first the Duke of Connaught, then the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, and then King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria. That little lady, who always dresses well, wore a gown of printed chiffon in a chené pattern and in tones of dark-blue, violet, and green. An emerald-green satin hat, with a green and deep-violet feather fringe falling down at one side, completed a pretty costume.

Princess Arthur of Connaught, Lady Patricia Ramsay, and Lady Maud Carnegie all wore dresses of the favourite tones of biscuit, mastic, and golden fawn. Princess Arthur's little soft red hat suited her. Lady Patricia wore a wide-brimmed French sailor-shaped one of guipure lace, with a big cluster of gardenias up one side of the crown; and Lady Maud Carnegie had on a very pretty one to match her gown. All these ladies made frequent expeditions into the Paddock. There was no one whom the Dominion visitors admired more or tried harder to get glimpses of than the dainty little Duchess of York, whose first Ascot, as such, it was. Her Royal Highness was looking her very prettiest too. Her dress was of pale écru lace—really a deep-cream colour—over georgette the same shade. Her hat was of the picturesque, rather old-world bonnet shape which she always affects, and it was of lace like her dress, wired out and finished with long, creamy-hued, uncentred and uncurled ostrich feather. This style of feather was much seen on all days at Ascot; there is no particular name for it, but it is soft, handsome, and graceful—more so than the old-world kind with a spine down the middle.

The Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston had a long stole of it, which, as a rule, she carried. It was black, like her dress and hat, the only colour coming from some purple and pale-mauve orchid blooms. The Marchioness Camden, with her golden-brown lace and embroidery gown, had a deep collar of *café-au-lait* spineless feather. It was to be seen after this manner on all sides, but, so far as one could personally see, no dresses were trimmed with it—certainly no sunshades were. Not many of these were in evidence—not because there was no sunshine, but I think as a sign of want of confidence in the weather. Women starting out early could not screw their courage higher than *en tout cas*.

Ascot's second day was as brilliant as its first, and, so far as stands and enclosures and Paddock were concerned, scarcely less crowded. The King was in excellent spirits. The Queen was exquisitely gowned in soft satin and net in a pale shade of cyclamen-mauve, and wearing a hat to match in folded chiffon, the upturned brim embroidered in cyclamen colouring. Her Majesty wore a sautoir of diamonds with a circular pendant, and diamond cluster ear-rings. While driving up the course a white ostrich cape was worn, and a sunshade to match the dress used. On arrival the Queen looked rather pale, but later seemed to regain her pretty colour. The party was the same as on the opening day, save that King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria were not of it; and I did not see the Marquess of Crewe.

Thursday was again perfect as to weather, and old habitués declared the attendance, if not a record, certainly one of the largest ever seen at Ascot Gold Cup. The Queen wore a specially lovely dress of pale-blue embroidered in gold and silver with a very fine design. A blue chiffon and gold and silver tissue toque was worn, with a double-headed diamond pin through the folds, and her Majesty's ornaments were diamonds and pearls. The King, looking very well and jolly, was in dark-grey park suit, a pale-grey waistcoat, and wore a grey top hat, and a white carnation in his button-hole. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry were all present; also, of course, the Duchess of York, whose white satin dress was finished with white lace, and who wore a white crinoline straw hat with gold filigree roses round it. The Queen affectionately greeted her guests, who had arrived before her. Among them were King Manoel, Queen Augusta Victoria, Princess Marie of Greece (whom we knew as the Grand Duchess George of Russia, and who is the wife of Rear-Admiral Ionides of the Greek Navy, who was also in the Royal Pavilion), Princess Andrew of Greece, and the Duke of Connaught and his house party, also the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge. Dress reached its zenith of beauty; the bookies did better than the backers—not an unusual experience—but everyone thoroughly enjoyed Gold Cup Day. A. E. L.

Two useful models for cool days, which must be placed to the credit of Dickins and Jones's. The one on the left is in mixed wool and artificial silk, and the second in soft beaver-coloured wool. (*See page* 1244.)

Light wool worked in a lace-stitch pattern expresses this pretty jumper coatee from Dickins and Jones's. (*See page* 1244.)

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Fashions and Fancies.

Summer Sales. Next week is virtually the beginning of sale time in London, and this year there is an amazing number of really wonderful bargains to be obtained. Sketched on page 1242 are a few of the many included in the sale at Dickins and Jones', Regent Street, W., which begins on June 30 and continues until July 18. The useful little cardigan on the left, obtainable in many colours, can be secured for 12s. 9d., and the graceful cross-over jumper opposite is only 20s. In the centre is portrayed a coat and skirt which is reduced from £4 19s. 6d. to 79s. 6d., and the attractive woollen frock on the right is only 59s. 6d. Tailor-made coats and skirts of fine tweed for the late summer and early autumn can be purchased for 78s., and country wrap-over skirts for 19s. 9d. All Paris models have been drastically reduced to practically half their original prices, and equally advantageous bargains are to be found in every department. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free to all who mention this paper.

A Sale of Irish Linen. A sale of house linen at Walpole Brothers' (89, New Bond Street, W.; 108, Kensington High Street, W.; and 175, Sloane Street, S.W.) is a fact well worth recording, and this year it takes place from June 23 to the end of July. An illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free on application. There is a wide choice of beautiful table-cloths in pure Irish linen double damask ranging from 24s. each; and a limited number of cloths in wool damask to be secured for 15s. 9d. each, size two-by-two yards. Reinforced cotton sheets for single beds can be secured for 29s. 6d. a pair; and hemmed Irish linen sheets are 35s., size two by three yards. Naturally, everything in the other departments is also substantially reduced, and readers should apply for a sale catalogue to any of the branches.

Autumn Models at Sale Prices. Amongst the multitude of gilt-edged investments to be found in every department of Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., during their sale (which is being held from July 7 to 19) are some wonderful bargains in the sphere of early autumn models. Coats and skirts of handsome woollen brocade, bordered with fur and formerly ranging from 12½ to 19½ guineas in price, have been reduced to 8½ guineas; and well-tailored Cumberland tweeds are only 6½ guineas. Delightful holiday three-piece suits in loosely woven hopsack, some with straight jersey frocks, are 8½ guineas. Then there are beautiful beaded evening frocks in exquisite designs and colourings offered at 6½ guineas. Really well-made cotton frocks range from 35s. 6d. upwards; while jumpers and overblouses of fancy crêpe-de-Chine and georgette can be obtained from 21s. 9d. On the second floor there will be a splendid selection of knitted jumper suits and dresses ranging from 15s. 6d. to 42s. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on application.

A few of the exquisite table-cloths of pure Irish linen damask which can be secured at well-reduced prices during the sale at Walpole Bros.', 89, New Bond Street, W.

For Six Days Only. There are only six days in which to secure the many bargains offered by Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., in their great summer sale (July 7 to 12), and an early visit is essential. There are fifty frocks of striped satin to be disposed of for 25s. each, and a hundred coats and skirts in various materials for 50s. Uncrushable pull-on felt hats, ideal for sport or country, are practically given away for 2s. 6d. each; and featherweight rubber Jap silk mackintoshes are 35s. Paris models have been ruthlessly cut to practically half price; and in the children's department there are many pleasant possibilities for summer outfits. Readers should apply for the illustrated catalogue.

A Quality Sale. Everyone is sure of making gilt-edge investments who visits Woolland Bros.' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) sale, which begins on June 30 and continues until the end of July. Everything has been drastically reduced. There are charming summer frocks in striped linen lawn for 25s. 9d., and twenty-two crêpe-de-Chine skirts to be sold for the modest sum of 21s. each. Well-tailored checked or striped tweed skirts can be secured for 15s. 11d. In the domain of lingerie there are fascinating hand-made embroidered cotton sets for 16s. 9d.; while useful Tussore Princess petticoats are 12s. 9d. By the way, every Thursday is a half-price remnant day. An illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention this paper.

Lingerie and Tea Frocks. June 30 to July 26 is the time allotted to the great sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., where the bargain-seeker will find many prizes. Thick opaque satin petticoats which are absolutely shadow-proof have been reduced to 42s., and washing striped silk ones are only 12s. 9d. Then delightful satin-backed dressing-gowns trimmed with marabout are priced at 45s. 9d., and there is a varied selection at 18s. 9d.; while useful dressing-jackets of light wool can be obtained for 25s. 9d. In the tea-gown department copies of French models can be secured for 8½ guineas. Then dinner frocks usually priced from 8½ guineas to 10½ guineas have been reduced to 6½ guineas. An illustrated catalogue giving full particulars will be sent post free.

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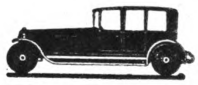

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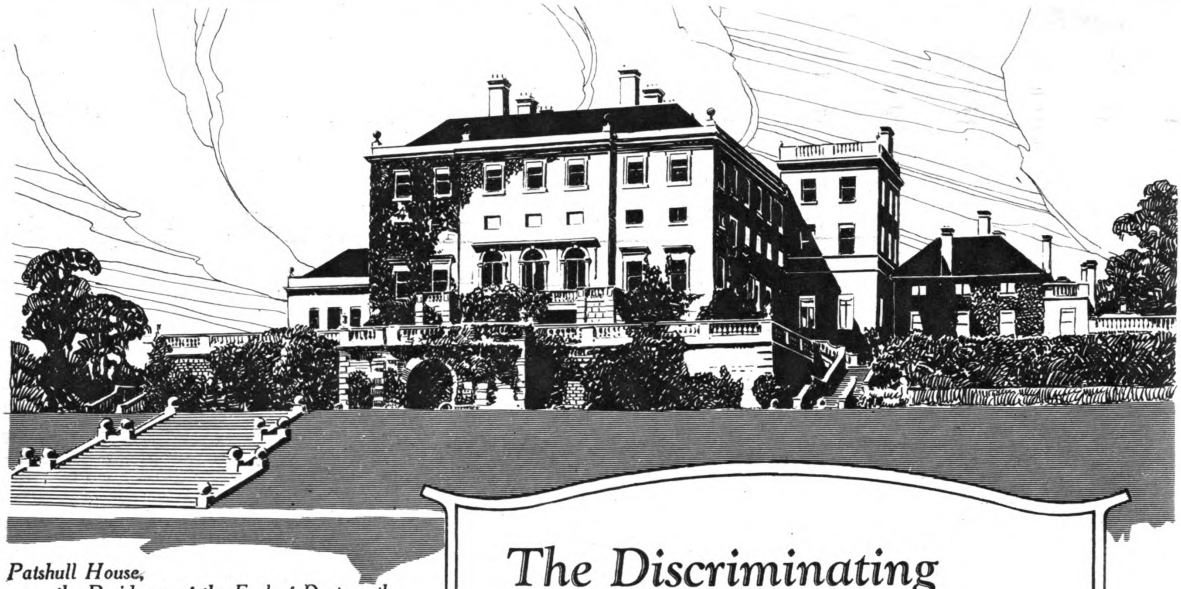

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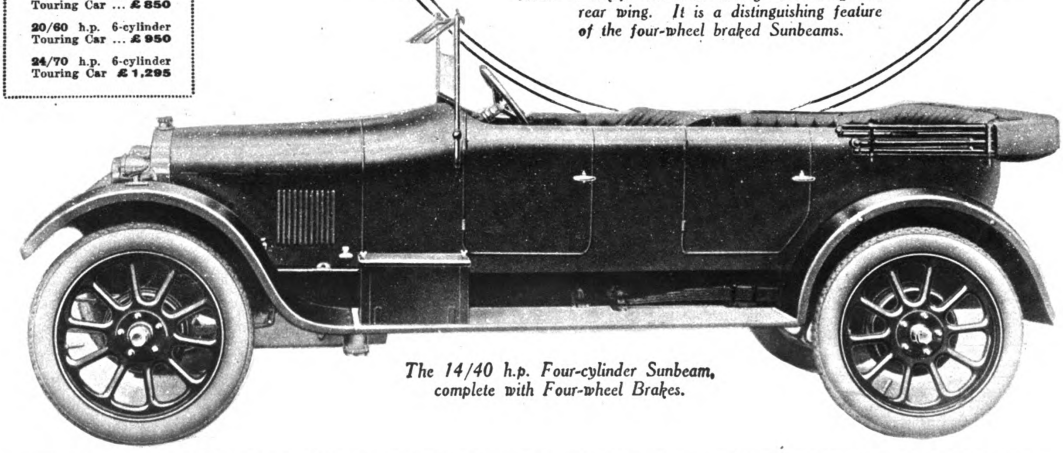

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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

AUGUSTUS CARP, ESQ. By HIMSELF. BEING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REALLY GOOD MAN. With ILLUSTRATIONS by ROBIN. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

Humorous fiction is all too rare nowadays, and deserves encouragement. Therefore we lead off with this delicious "autobiography" of a modern suburban Chadband, the perfect type of a sanctimonious hypocrite and egotist. He felt it to be his duty to place some higher example before the world, "in an age when every standard of decent conduct has either been torn down or threatened with destruction; when every newspaper is daily reporting scenes of violence, divorce and arson; when quite young girls smoke cigarettes, and even, I am assured, sometimes cigars; when mature women, the mothers of unhappy children, enter the sea in one-piece bathing costumes; and when married men, the heads of households, prefer the flicker of the cinematograph to the Athanasian Creed." Hence the self-told life-story of Augustus Carp, sidesman and "commercial Xtian." The real author, who remains anonymous, is well seconded by his illustrator, who has provided an equally delicious set of portraits of the Carp family.

THE CRICKET MATCH. By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net.)

Somebody once wrote a little book called "A Day of My Life at Eton." On the same principle, extended to a community, Mr. de Selincourt has described a day in the life of "Tillingfold," a Sussex village, on the occasion of a cricket match against a team from its neighbour, "Raveley." "First we have a bird's-eye view at dawn of the village nestling under the Downs; then we see the players awaken in all the widely different circumstances of their various lives, pass the morning, assemble on the field, play their game, united for a few hours, as men should be, by a common purpose—and at night disperse." Tillingfold, of course, is not in the gazetteer under that name, but it is typical of many villages that are, and this genial record of the national game as they play it makes a pleasant picture of a healthy rural life that happily still exists in England. Incidentally, the story contains neat thumb-nail sketches of local character. It is a book that would lend itself well to illustration, as a modern counterpart to the famous cricket match between Dingley Dell and All Muggleton, in "Pickwick."

THE VOYAGE. By J. MIDDLETON MURRY. (Constable; 7s. 6d. net.)

Highbrow dialogue as the medium of a story is apt to be irritating when the reader is left too long in the dark as to who the speakers are, and what it is all about. It is like listening to a conversation between strangers—clever perhaps, but unintelligible without a key to its meaning. In short, one must persevere some way through this book before getting into touch with the characters and their purposes. It concerns a scheme, devised by a group of young idealists in search of "soul perfection," for running a bookshop and club in Long Acre. There is talk, too, of a "colony," and a schooner to voyage the South Seas. Before the "voyage" is begun, however, the ship of ideals is wrecked on the rocks of sensuality, through the intrusion into the group of enthusiasts of a woman from another social world. The story tells of a twofold struggle, on the one hand between idealistic love and a commonplace intrigue; and, on the other, between disinterested action for a common cause and personal vanities.

UNCHARTED WATERS. SOUTH-SEA STORIES. By RALPH STOCK. (Heinemann; 6s. net.)

There is nothing symbolical or idealistic about the various "voyages" and other adventures described in "Uncharted Waters," nor is the reader kept waiting to catch the author's drift. He is plunged at once into stark realism by the very first words of the very first story: "Troar felt his arms seized as in a trap, and himself jerked into the deeper shadows of Wattle Street." The story is called "What For?" because Troar's strange association with his assailant taught him that his existence was not entirely without purpose and usefulness. There is a similar motive, more tragically elucidated, in the last of the eighteen stories that compose the book. It is called "Worth While," and tells how, during the war, a certain planter in Papeete, reputed to suffer from "mat fever" because he saw nothing in life worth a struggle, eventually found something to his hand that was worth doing. What, it may be asked, is mat fever? It is a South Pacific term denoting a "slacker," that is, one who loves his sleeping-mat.

THE PLAY BOX. By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

The fact that only eleven stories go to make this volume indicates a more extended scale, affording more scope for character-drawing, as opposed to the short story of incident. Not that Mrs. Dudeney's tales are lacking in that respect, but their incident is of a more domestic type, arising from everyday life. One of them, however, "The Pleasure Trip," is certainly beyond the bounds of ordinary experience, and suggests a certain analogy with the play, "Outward Bound." Two brothers come down to breakfast in a seaside hotel and discuss a steamer accident in which they and their families were involved on the previous day. Presently it dawns on them that they are dead, and that they must have been drowned in the disaster. The title story, "The Play Box," presents yet another variant of that ever-intriguing situation known as the "eternal triangle." So also, in more tragic circumstances, does "The Emigrant."

THE RED LACQUER CASE. By PATRICIA WENTWORTH. (Andrew Melrose; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a well-knit story of mystery and love woven round a familiar plot. A certain Swiss scientist has invented a deadly poison gas which he wishes England to possess, because England loves peace. While he is negotiating with the War Office—always a matter of time, apparently, in these affairs—he is pestered by foreign spies and driven to a despairing state of indecision. The formula for making the gas, written on a sheet of paper, is concealed in the secret pocket of a red lacquer case. Unable to make up his mind what to do with it, he gives it to his niece, Sally, and shows her how to open it. While they are talking, she sees a hand at the window. That night the inventor disappears, leaving a letter stating where he has put the case. It is not there: it must have been stolen! The foreign spies will be on Sally's track, for she is the only person who knows how to open it. Then Major Armitage from the War Office turns up. Sally was once engaged to him, but broke it off when she became a Suffragette before the war. Such is the situation that develops into the customary thrills.

DUSK AND DAWN. By C. C. TURNER. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

Here again an attractive English girl is the heroine of exciting events, this time in Central Africa. Joan Lake, young, beautiful, and adventurous, sets out to find the People of the Sun. When her expedition reaches its goal, after many vicissitudes, she discovers a tribe ruled by a queen, who becomes her friend, but before long political troubles arise among the queen's subjects, followed by violence and bloodshed. Danger threatens the travellers, who have been joined by a British explorer, and they set out to escape, with the aid of an old native priest. How they fare, and what happens to the rubies and the mysterious papyrus manuscript which came into their hands; and, above all, how Joan finds love in the course of her adventures—those who read will duly learn.

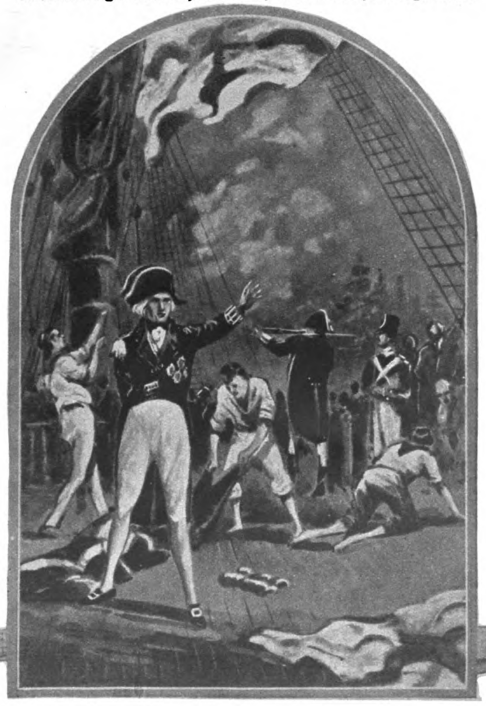
SHERIFF'S DEPUTY. By G. V. MCFADDEN. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

The West Country in a past century—the days of post-chaises—is the scene of Mr. McFadden's new story, which opens in the Sheriff's house in "the county town of Dorset." The Sheriff had made himself very unpopular for his share in getting a man condemned to be hanged for rick-burning, and his house is besieged by an infuriated mob, who have to be dispersed by soldiers. Moreover, the Sheriff is troubled by the thought that, in the absence of a deputy, he may have to carry out the execution with his own hands. At this promising juncture, a young man and his sister, new arrivals in the town, claim the Sheriff's interest as being the children of an old friend. That night there is a ball in Dorchester, at which a mysterious shooting attack is made on the Sheriff's brother. The young man has gone to the ball dressed as a girl, and his sister as a man. Hence further complications. How it all works out, the reader must be left to discover, but elements of love and villainy, it may be said, go to the thickening of the plot.

HISTORIC SIGNATURES

Horatio Nelson
Horatio Nelson

Facsimile signatures before and after the loss of his right arm.



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What antiquity of Wold and Marshland lies behind Youth romping on the dunes! Many are the charming excursions to be taken—to Boston "Stump" and the ancient Guildhall, in whose gloomy cells the Pilgrim Fathers were imprisoned; to Willoughby, the birthplace of that romantic explorer, John Smith, the "Admiral of New England"; to Lincoln, with its magnificent cathedral dating from 1088; to Crowland, with its still older Abbey and quaint Triangular Bridge.

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(Continued from Page 1222.)

degrees, without being assisted by any other nation: the towns which had been ruined, the roads which had been destroyed, the farms which had been levelled to the ground.

Life is easier to-day, even for the unfortunate nations. The countries which to-day require to remake or to develop their economic tool outfit are no longer forced to create it entirely themselves. They can, by means of loans, get a portion of what they require given to them—such as primary materials, machines, manufactured articles—by countries which are richer, or who possess a tool outfit which is complete and in working order.

That is what the new Russia would like to do in order to clear away more rapidly the ruins left by the war and revolution.

All this is very understandable and very natural, according to the ideals of the nineteenth century; but it forms no part, and is even a flagrant contradiction, of the Russian revolutionary spirit. The only serious means of proscribing capital is by no longer needing it in the mobile and cosmopolitan form which it had assumed during the last century. Marvellous civilisations flourished when taking interest on money was forbidden as a crime. Those who hold the doctrine which wishes to proscribe capital as the curse of humanity ought to endeavour to create, if they are capable of so doing, a civilisation of that kind, by enduring patiently all the necessary privations, and by resigning themselves to the slowness with which riches increased in those days. But to proscribe capital at home, and at the same time to demand from those who save in Europe and America that they should give their last farthing to hasten the development of Russia, is to juggle with logic and lay a trap for reality.

A "HAPPY" AUGURY FOR THE OXFORD ARCTIC EXPEDITION: THE LEADER, MR. GEORGE BINNEY, RECEIVES A MASCOT "FELIX" AT NEWCASTLE FROM BRITAIN'S YOUNGEST LADY MAYORESS.

The Lady Mayoress of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the youngest one in the country, is here seen presenting a mascot "Felix" to Mr. George Binney, leader of the Oxford University Expedition to Spitzbergen, which recently sailed from Newcastle in the "Polar Bear," with a party of twenty-two. The Prince of Wales presented them with a silver shield, bearing his good wishes, to be hung in the mess-room. Mr. Binney, who led last year's Oxford expedition, hopes this time to beat the farthest north record for sailing in navigable waters, and possibly to discover new land. He is taking a seaplane and wireless apparatus, including broadcast receiving-sets. The party expects to return in September.—[*Photograph by Rennison, Seaton Delaval.*]

We live in a very strange epoch. It appears as if it were the most revolutionary of all epochs, for it amuses itself in smashing Empires and States as if they were mere toys. In reality, nothing is changed. The problem is a very simple one. So long as the State remains as it was created by the nineteenth century, it will need much money, and very easy credit. So long as she has need of a great deal of money and very easy credit, and finds both, nothing essential will be modified, either structurally or in her spirit. The most that can be done will be to change the names of the hierarchies, the colour of the flags, and the people charged with power.

That is why I sometimes ask myself whether the Russian revolution—the real revolution, that of which no one has ever thought, will indeed begin in the near future. It seems to me highly improbable that the Russians will find either in Europe or America the capital that they need. "*Vestigia terrent,*" the capitalists will reply, especially the medium and little ones, when they remember the unfortunate fate of the creditors of the empire plundered by the revolution. Many countries have found themselves in the position of being unable to meet their engagements, and have asked their creditors for reductions. But they were never for that reason completely excluded from credit, so long as they recognised the obligation to pay. For the Russian revolution, bankruptcy was no longer a temporary and deplored misfortune; it became a principle, the vindication of a right, a declaration of war on the capital of the entire world. However wanting in clear-sightedness the capitalists may be, it will require much time before they forget that defiance.

[*Continued overleaf.*

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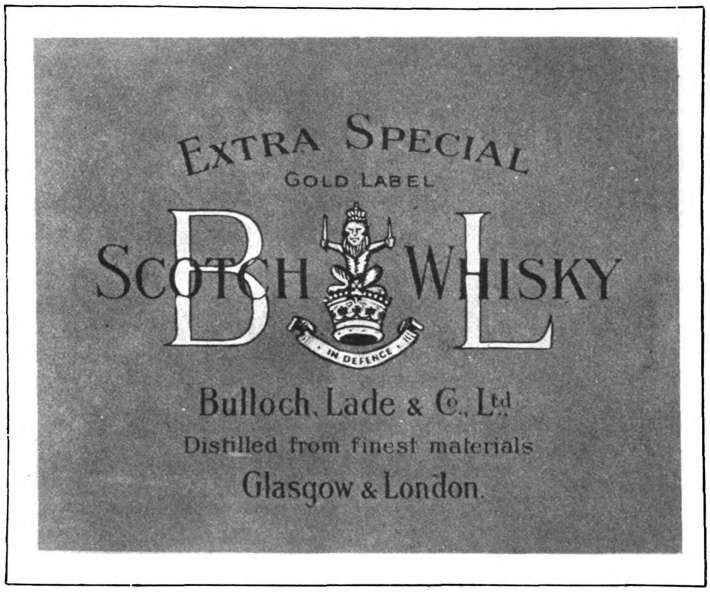

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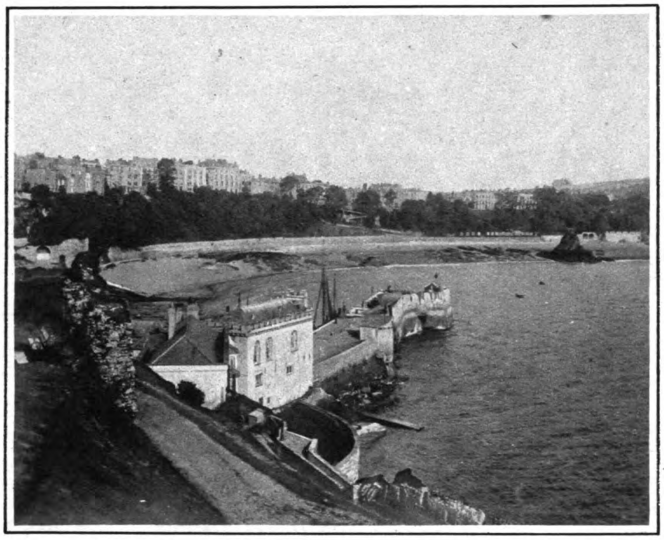
Continued.]

Some day or other the Russian revolution will have to realise its illusions, and acknowledge that it can no longer find credit in the proportions which would be necessary for a modern State of its power and size. That day probably the true Russian revolution will begin, for the State will find itself obliged to live on its own limited resources without mortgaging the future, like a State in the eighteenth or seventeenth centuries, and will be forced to depart from the ideas and principles of the nineteenth century, in which it has, despite declarations to the contrary, lived till the present time.

The experience which, if these previsions are correct, will then begin in Russia may have a universal importance far greater than all that the revolution has done up till now, because the situation in which the Russian State will find itself will be reproduced sooner or later in all European States, former belligerents or neutrals. All of them have abused their credit to such an extent in the last ten years that they have considerably reduced the possibility of making new debts for a long time to come. The credit of all of them has diminished, and it seems in an irreparable manner; for, if the States do not fulfil their obligations, the confidence of the mass of investors will be destroyed; if they do keep them they will be so crushed by the burden of their old debts that it will be impossible for them to make new ones. But this limitation of credit will oblige them all to modify more or less the traditional policy which they have pursued for a century.

That is perhaps the great change in the history of Europe which is impending. The first signs of it are already to be seen in that kind of uncertainty which lately seems to have caused all the European States, victors and vanquished alike, to hesitate before invisible obstacles. It appears as if they had begun to perceive that some mysterious irremediable alteration had taken place, either in themselves, or outside them. Probably they are not wrong. The facility of credit was for a century the goose that laid the golden eggs for the States of Europe. But they killed it during the war. . . .



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Though Ciro pearls are known all over the world, there exists considerable doubt as to the right way to pronounce "Ciro." Some people say "Sy-ro," others "Ky-ro," and there are other variations which are confusing and equally incorrect. Bearing this in mind, Messrs. Ciro Pearls, Ltd., are starting to educate the public to describe their pearls uniformly. The want everyone to know that "Ciro" should be pronounced "Seero."

A very convenient little folder is being issued by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Company giving a plan of the British Empire Exhibition, and showing the position of the L.M.S. Station to the Exhibition. It also shows the connections of the L.M.S. Railway Company from all parts of London to Wembley Station. The folder is obtainable at any agency in London and the South of England.

How many lemons do the groves of Sicily and other Mediterranean countries produce per year? It would be difficult to arrive at a conclusive figure, but as one English firm alone—Messrs. Foster Clark, manufacturers of "Eiffel Tower" lemonade—consume thirty-five million Messina lemons in one summer's output, the total crop must reach into figures conceivable only by the mind of a Galileo.

Men visiting London for the first time may need a little "pointer" to the best shops for them. A stranger can easily blunder into a shop in the West End and come away with a suit made of inferior cloth with no more style than there is in a pillow-case. He will do well by going to Mr. D. S. Morris, of 28, Sackville Street, Piccadilly. Mr. Morris has been in business for thirty years, and studies each man going to him for clothes. He uses the best materials and charges reasonable prices.

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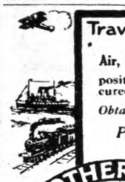

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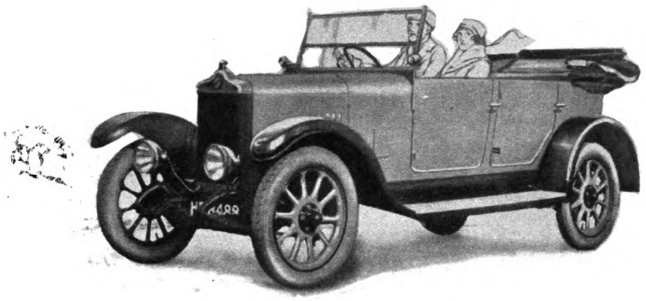

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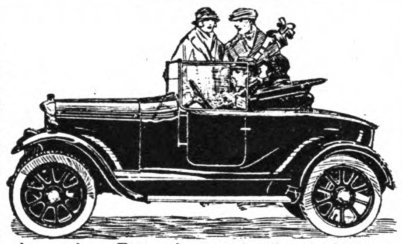

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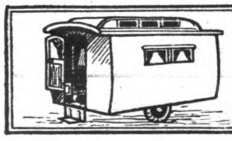

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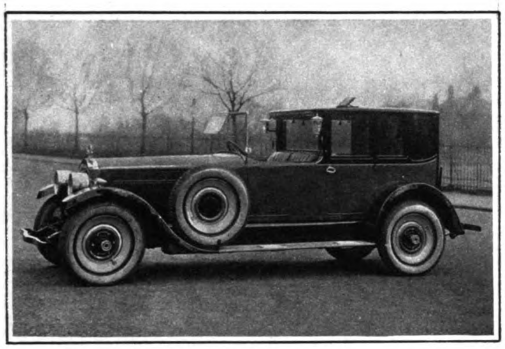
I.L.N., 28.6.1924.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Imported Car Prices.

If one is to judge by what is appearing in the pages of the motoring journals, a good deal of disappointment is being felt at the fact that reductions announced in consequence of the removal of the McKenna duties are not as high as anticipated. Weeks ago I pointed out in these columns that it was absurd to expect that the abolition of the duties would result in foreign car prices being dropped a third. This view was also impressed upon the public by all the technical papers, and by every responsible writer on automobile topics. In spite of this, many people appear to think they have something like a grievance because the average reduction made is much nearer ten per cent. than thirty. There are many reasons for this. In the first place, the duty is not levied on the selling price of the car, but on the wholesale invoiced cost—a very different thing indeed. Then tyres, which are a considerable item in the cost of cars, pay no duty at all. In the case of cars which pass as American, it should be remembered that most of these now come from Canada, and therefore receive a rebate of one-third of the duty. Packing and freight costs across the Atlantic have recently been substantially increased; while, to crown all, the exchange has moved against us since the beginning of the year. All things considered, therefore, it is scarcely surprising that the price reductions which have been announced do not come up to the most optimistic expectations. The case of Continental cars is a little different; but even here the reductions will not be much heavier than in that of the Americans. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good; and if the case of the British manufacturer is not as bad as it might have been, then so much the better for him and the home industry.



FITTED WITH A COUPÉ LIMOUSINE BODY BY THE WEST COAST MOTOR COMPANY, OF LIVERPOOL: A NEW PACKARD "STRAIGHT EIGHT" CHASSIS.

The "Two Hundred."

The regulations for the Two Hundred Miles' Race, which is to be held at Brooklands on Sept. 20 next, have just been issued by the Junior Car Club. There are to be three classes: (1) for cars with engine capacity not exceeding 750 c.c.; (2) for cars with engines not over 1100 c.c.; and (3) for cars not exceeding 1500 c.c. The regulations themselves do not appear to differ materially from those in force last year, save that the one dealing with silencers has been brought into line with the latest Brooklands requirements. Now that we know all about it—at one time it was freely predicted that the race could not be held this year on account of the objections of a few residents near the track—the interest centres on the cars that are likely to take part. I take it the Alvis concern will endeavour to repeat their meritorious victory of 1923. Then, I should say, the Talbot-Darracq people will probably put in a team, in which case we may be sure that the race will be run at a cracking speed. One point upon which everybody will be curious is whether Fiats will come over to show that last year's accidents to both cars they had in were a matter of unusual bad luck, as indeed they were. Of course, one likes to see a British car win; but from the purely sporting point of view, I would rather it won absolutely on its speed merits than that it should be let in by unexpected accidents to much faster competitors. So I have a lurking hope that Fiats' will try their luck again. If they do, I should like to see them beaten by a British car, but not on account of unforeseen breakdown. The Aston-Martin is another car I want to see in. Still, whoever is in or out, the race ought to justify its reputation of the best sporting event of the year.

A New Motoring Organisation.

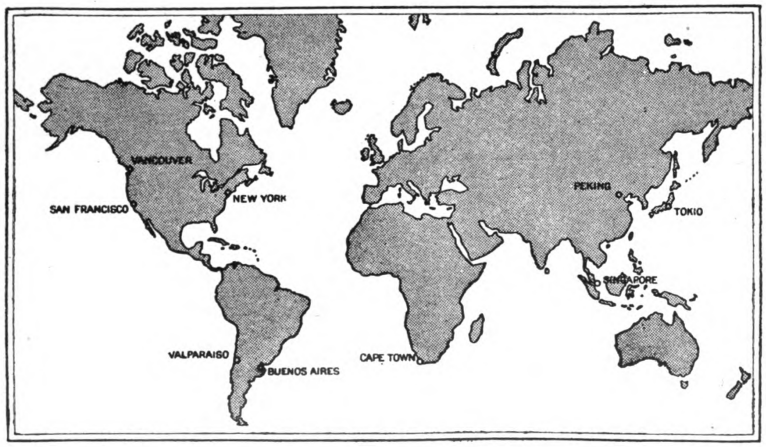
A new motoring organisation has sprung into being, in the shape of a body known as Federated Motor Clubs. It has its genesis in the general dissatisfaction felt at the action of the R.A.C. in raising the capitation fee payable by provincial clubs to 21s. this year, and to 25s. in 1925, in respect of every

[*Continued overleaf.*

CONVENIENT ON LONG JOURNEYS WHERE INNS ARE FEW: A REFRESHMENT CABINET IN LORD MICHELHAM'S NEW CUNARD ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE.

This car, recently designed and built for Lord Michelham by the Cunard Motor and Carriage Company, is fitted with a neat cabinet containing a decanter, siphon, and glasses, the flat top acting as a table.

ROLLS-ROYCE AIR TRIUMPH



The distance from London to any of the cities shown on this map is not greater than that of the flight of 8,500 *miles round the Australian continent recently made on a Fairey III. D Seaplane with a Rolls-Royce "Eagle" engine.*

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DODGE BROTHERS TOURING CAR
WITH ENGLISH BODY

Dodge Brothers (Britain) Limited, announce a new 5-seater Touring Car with body of English design and construction. This car is the result of two years of test and experiment in keeping with the Company's policy of utilizing the maximum amount of English labour and materials.

Dodge Brothers chassis needs no introduction as over 1,000,000 of them in use have established a world-wide good name. The new body, however, is especially designed to meet the exacting requirements of the English buyer. It is extremely attractive in line, finish, colour and detail of equipment and is unusually roomy and comfortable.

Among the fittings are nickelled radiator and windscreen, rigid (demountable) side shields, automatic screen wiper, folding luggage grid, spare tyre and rim carried on running board, fully fitted mahogany instrument board, rear "stop" light and tool box.

Upholstery is in three colours and of genuine antique leather. Paintwork is in blue, maroon, or moleskin grey.

Write for particulars to Dodge Brothers (Britain) Limited, Stevenage Wharf, Fulham, S.W. 6. Showroom: 18 Grafton Street, Bond Street, W. 1. Telephone: Regent 6130.

The First Cost is Practically the Last

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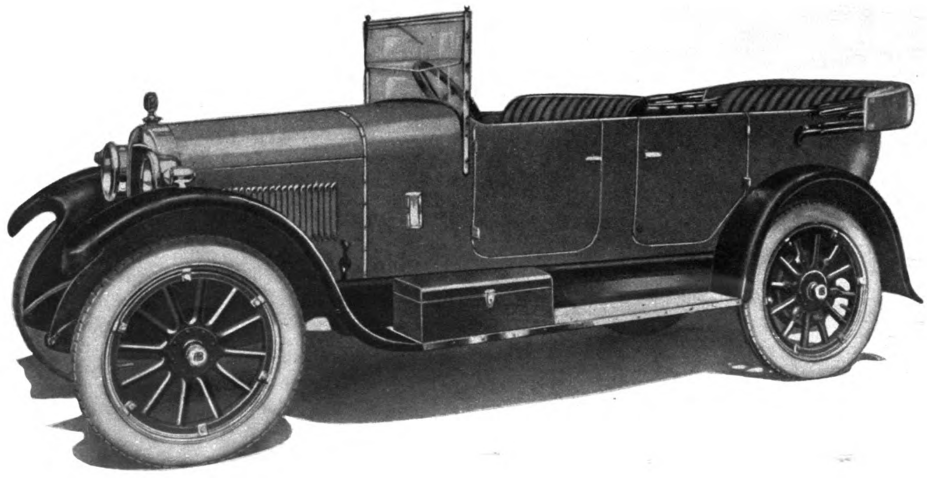

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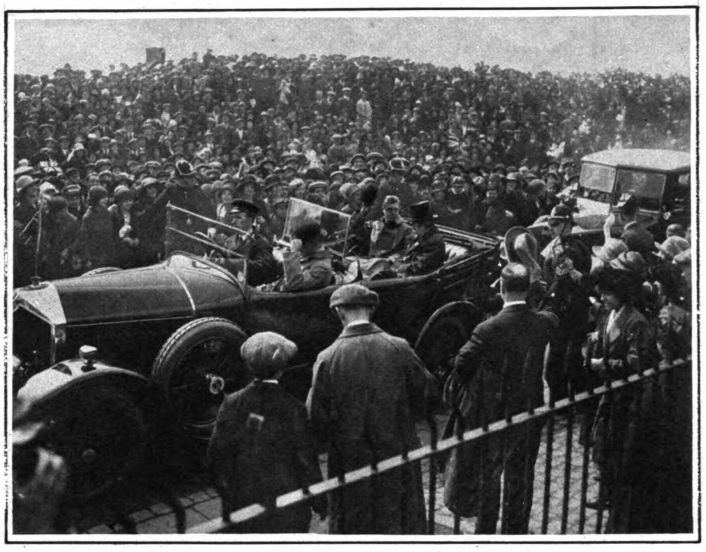
member. It is some years since I was a member of the General Committee of the R.A.C., and I am thus not quite conversant with the present cost of administering the Associate scheme. It is, naturally, a good deal higher than it was before the war, when the capitation fee stood at 7s. 6d.; but it surely ought not to be so high as to require a contribution of 25s. per head from all the Associated Club members. However, I do not intend to take sides in the matter, the more so as I am not directly in touch with provincial club doings now. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing regret that something which looks very like a serious split in the ranks of automobilism should have occurred. The provincial clubs who have set up the new Federation think they can run it, and that they can give all the benefits that matter for a capitation fee of about five shillings. Perhaps they can, but this will mean a great deal of honorary work. It is, I think, a mistake to try it on these lines. I know exactly what happens. People start off full of enthusiasm, and as the movement grows their enthusiasm increases — up to a point. Very soon the movement gets too big for honorary administration, paid officials have to be engaged, expenses mount up, and fees have to be raised. Then comes a kick from the members, and in the end it is found that there is such a thing as false economy. It would have been far better to make a desperate effort to come to terms with the parent club.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN A CROSSLEY CAR DURING HIS VISIT TO THE POTTERIES: ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF A DENSE CROWD AT STOKE-ON-TRENT.

Water for Petrol.

A member writing to the Secretary of the R.A.C. says he recently had a most unpleasant experience, which might quite easily have had serious consequences. When in the neighbourhood of Lancing (near Worthing), he ran out of petrol and, stopping a taxi driver, obtained a spare tin from the man, for which he paid 3s. 6d. Incidentally, he also gave the man a tip. After the driver had left, he discovered that the man had put two gallons of very impure water into his tank, with the result that the carburetter and all the leads

[*Continued overleaf.*

Harrods Men's Wear Section Ground Floor—separate entrance in Hans Crescent.

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Made from a woven mixture of Blue Silk and Merino—fully fashioned to give that comfortable fitting so essential in summer weight underwear. These garments are specially spliced in the hard wearing parts. The UNDERVESTS are made with half sleeves in 34 to 44 in. chest. PANTS 32 to 44 in. waist. All One Price, PER GARMENT **14/6**

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"To average 17 m.p.h. up a mile of Porlock on a 17 to 1 gear required some doing. I made up 50 minutes' delay before Beggar's Roost, which speaks volumes for the brakes, springs, and engine of your car. I cannot find sufficient praise for your car's apparently unlimited capabilities. You told me before the London-Exeter at Christmas (in which I obtained a Gold Medal) that it should do all I asked of it. It has amply backed up your contention. My requirements you can tell are therefore mostly: Reliability, Ease of Control, Ease of Maintenance, Comfort, Weatherproof-ness, and Foolproof-ness. The London-Exeter amply confirmed my choice of the Bayliss Thomas car for comfort under the worst conditions. You will remember we started in a blizzard." E. P. PAXMAN, *Manchester.*

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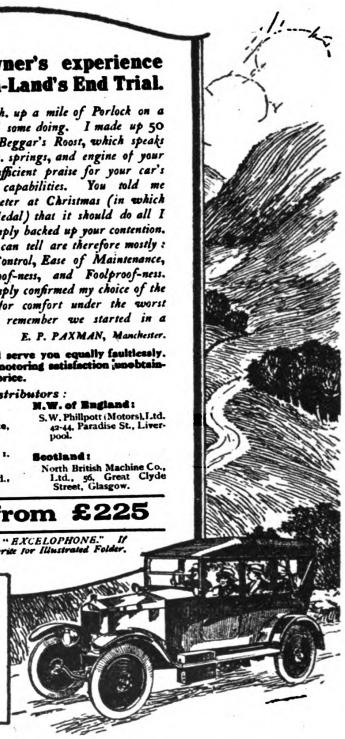

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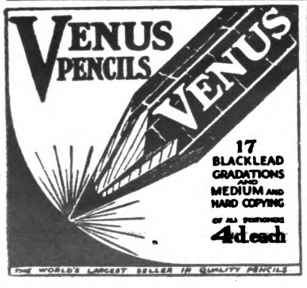

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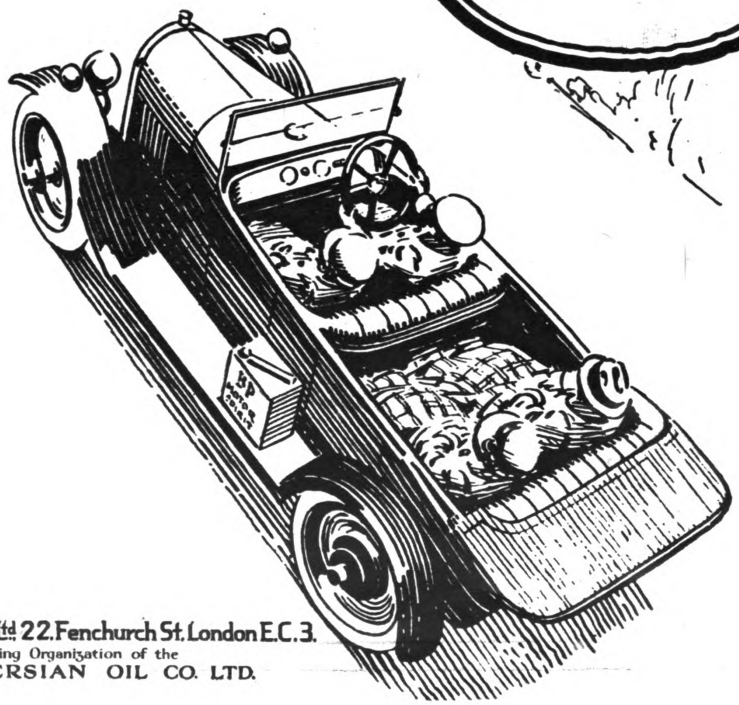

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Continued.]

were flooded. This took two hours to clear. The only thing to be obtained in order to carry on was a tin of benzine, and, owing to a high exhaust and the black clouds of smoke emitted from the tail end of the car, the motorist missed the road in the dark, turned down a narrow lane near Angmering, and drove right into the sea.

Approach Routes to Wembley. The Touring Department of the Royal Automobile Club has prepared a very clear map of the approach routes from the main trunk roads to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, based upon the recommendations of the Commissioner of Police. Members and Associate Members of the R.A.C. can obtain copies of the map upon application.—W. W.

The chairman of the Hurlingham Club, on behalf of the Committee, has sent a formal invitation to the American Polo Association, asking the American Army Polo Team to visit England as the guests of the Club during the polo season of 1925, to play a return match against the British Army.

A "MECCA" OF SPORT IN SCOTLAND: THE HUGE AND LUXURIOUS GLENEAGLES HOTEL, WHOSE GROUNDS INCLUDE TWO FAMOUS GOLF COURSES.

Gleneagles Hotel, in Perthshire, which can claim to be the biggest country hotel in Great Britain, was recently opened by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway with a view to its becoming a Mecca of sport. Its grounds, which cover 600 acres, include two of the most famous golf courses, and ten tennis courts, besides bowling greens, croquet lawns, and lakes for fishing and boating. Although it is a sports hotel, its standard of luxury is equal to that of the Riviera.

Several miniature replicas of a bottle of Eno's "Fruit Salt" are to be seen in the bath-rooms and bed-rooms of the Queen's Dolls' House, now at Wembley. Each tiny bottle stands barely half an inch high, but is perfect in every detail. Visitors to the British Empire Exhibition will be able to see a duplicate of these interesting reproductions at the Eno Kiosk in the King's Way.

Our Anaglyph pages in this number are devoted to lawn-tennis and polo. Those of Miss Helen Wills, the lawn-tennis lady champion of the United States, are of especial interest in view of the world championships meeting at Wimbledon, where she is one of the most-talked-of competitors. The other Anaglyph page shows her again, playing in a recent match at Roehampton, while the other subjects on the page illustrate polo and spectators.

British Empire Exhibition, Palace of Engineering, Exhibit 63.

Lanchester Cars

THE name "Lanchester" is a synonym for superlative Motor Cars; built of the finest quality materials, and on principles that by long and exhaustive tests have *proved* to be best. Every element of design has a practical purpose, resulting in a Car that is sound in every detail, scrupulously accurate in workmanship and exclusive in its refinements.

Personal experience will convince you that our claims are more than justified. We shall be delighted to arrange a trial run at any time to suit your convenience. Will you make an appointment?

In addition to the well-known Lanchester 40 H.P. Car we are now producing a new 6-cylinder Model of 21 H.P., designed to meet the demand for a high-grade Car of medium power. It is almost a replica of the "Forty," but in no way supersedes or competes with it. Particulars will be gladly sent on request.

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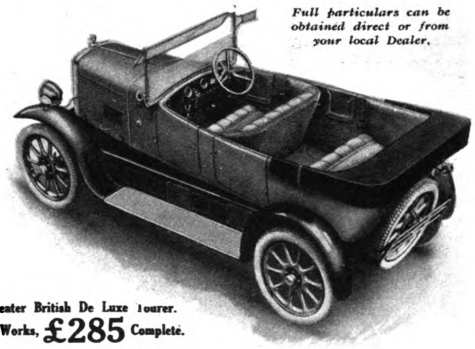

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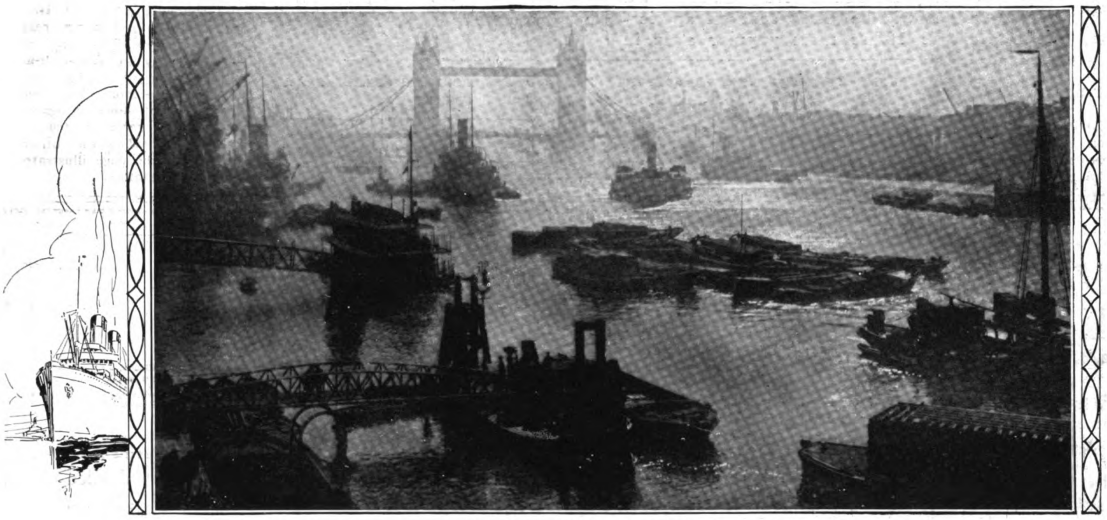

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This is the golden rule of health: first thing every morning drink a glass of water (warm or cold) sparkling with a 'dash' of ENO.

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GAMAGES "Perfect Grip" Gauntlets

Something New!

Your Driving Wheel never slips through the fingers with this Glove, made on a principle advocated by leading motoring authorities. A Man's English Tan Cape Gauntlet, the palms fully faced with dark Tan Mocha Deerskin of velvet finish. Double the wear of an ordinary motor gauntlet. Unlined, with full gussetted Wrist Gauntlet, and Boulton thumbs.

Per pair, post free **14/11**

To-day's Value 21/-

34 LIVERY STYLES

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A very smart and favoured style—THE "CARLTON"—More popular and smarter for the Summer by reason of its comfortable yet dignified turned-down collar. Double-breasted Jacket with full cut Breeches. Made by our own livery experts in Dark Blue, Dark Grey, Dark Brown, and Dark Green Melton Cloth, or Indigo Blue Serge, stocked in full range of sizes and fittings or made to measure.

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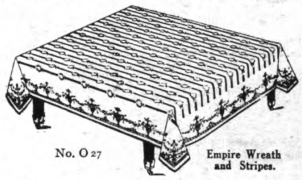
75 doz. **All-Linen Dinner Napkins.** Double Damask. Size 24 × 24 in.

Bargain Price **21/- doz.**



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Napkins	**doz.**		**doz.**
22 × 22 in.	26/9	26 × 26 in.	37/6

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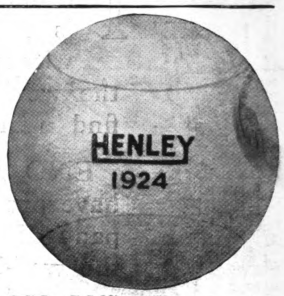

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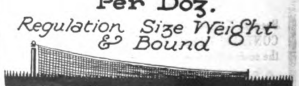

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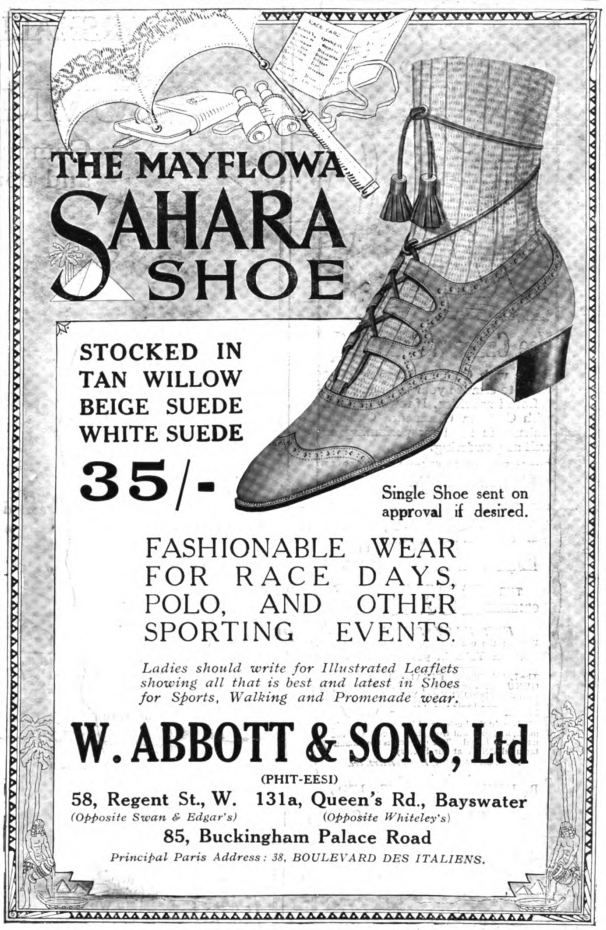

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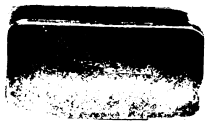

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